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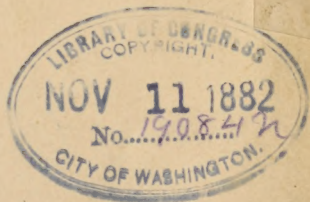
BEING AN ATTEMPT TO TRACE  
TO THEIR SOURCES

PASSAGES AND PHRASES  
IN COMMON USE.

By JOHN BARTLETT.

"I have gathered a posse of other men's flowers, and nothing but  
the thread that binds them is mine own." — MONTAIGNE.

EIGHTH EDITION.



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TO

REZIN A. WIGHT, Esq.



ADVERTISEMENT  
TO THE EIGHTH EDITION.

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THE first edition of "Familiar Quotations" was published in 1855, the seventh in 1875. The present edition contains quotations from one hundred and twenty-five authors who are not represented in any former edition; and more than six thousand lines have been added to the Index.

CAMBRIDGE, October, 1882.



# PREFACE

TO THE SIXTH EDITION.

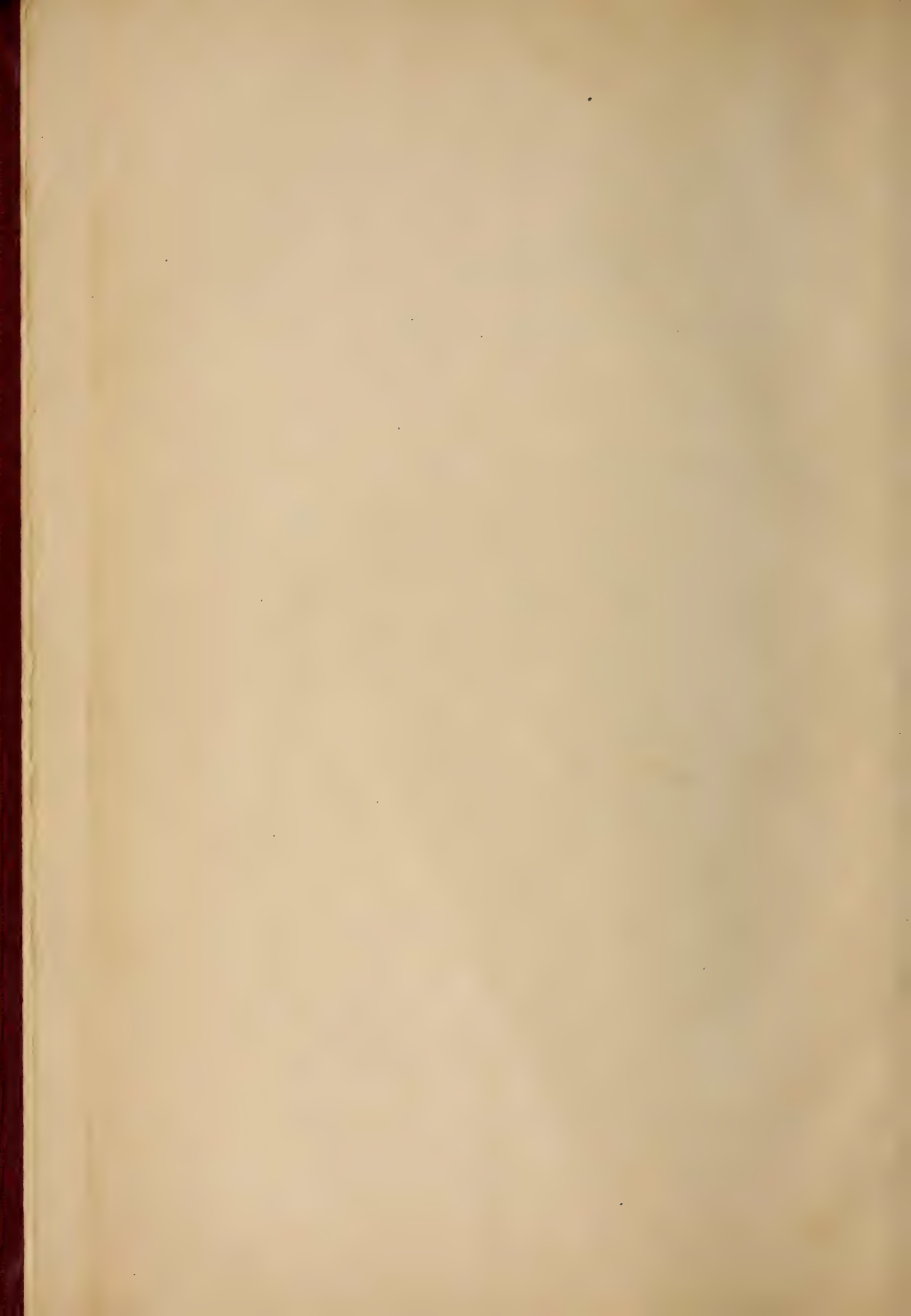
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THIS edition embodies the results of the later researches of its editors, besides the contributions of various friends, and includes many quotations which have long been waiting a favorable verdict on the all-important question of familiarity. A few changes have been made in the arrangement, and the citations from Shakespeare have been adapted to the principal modern editions.

The former edition has been freshly compared with the originals, and such errors removed as the revision has disclosed. The editorial labors have been shared with REZIN A. WIGHT, Esq., of New York, who has been a generous contributor to the former editions.

The editor takes pleasure in acknowledging his renewed obligations to PROF. HENRY W. HAYNES, of Burlington; D. W. WILDER, Esq., of Leavenworth; JUSTIN WINSOR, Esq., and JAMES J. STORROW, Esq., of Boston; and to many other friends.

CAMBRIDGE, June, 1868.



# INDEX OF AUTHORS.

	Page		Page
ADAMS, JOHN . . . . .	338, 465	BEATTIE, JAMES . . . . .	366
ADAMS, JOHN QUINCY . . . . .	398	BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER . . . . .	152
ADAMS, SARAH FLOWER . . . . .	531	BEAUMONT, FRANCIS . . . . .	152
ADDISON, JOSEPH . . . . .	249	BELLAMY, G. W. . . . .	496
ESCHINES . . . . .	632	BELLINGHAUSEN, VON MÜNCH . . . . .	578
ESCHYLUS . . . . .	176	BENSERADE, ISAAC DE . . . . .	574
AKENSIDE, MARK . . . . .	334	BENTHAM, JEREMY . . . . .	627
ALANUS DE INSULIS . . . . .	635	BENTLEY, RICHARD . . . . .	243
ALDRICH, JAMES . . . . .	546	BERKELEY, BISHOP . . . . .	269
ALISON, RICHARD . . . . .	142	BERNERS, JULIANA . . . . .	166
ALLEN, ELIZABETH A. . . . .	568	BERRY, DOROTHY . . . . .	415
AMELIA, PRINCESS . . . . .	445	BETTELHEIM, A. S. . . . .	309
AMES, FISHER . . . . .	233	BICKERSTAFF, ISAAC . . . . .	354
ANGELO, MICHAEL . . . . .	570	BLACKER, COLONEL . . . . .	517
ARIOSTO . . . . .	483	BLACKSTONE, SIR WILLIAM . . . . .	333
ARISTIDES . . . . .	373	BLAIR, ROBERT . . . . .	300
ARISTOPHANES . . . . .	624	BLAND, ROBERT . . . . .	228
ARISTOTLE . . . . .	239, 623	BOBART, JACOB . . . . .	583
ARMSTRONG, JOHN . . . . .	398	BODINUS . . . . .	369
ARNOLD, S. J. . . . .	332	BODLEY, SIR THOMAS . . . . .	314
AVONMORE, LORD . . . . .	406	BOETHIUS . . . . .	549
BACON, FRANCIS . . . . .	137	BOILEAU . . . . .	227, 287
BAILEY, PHILIP JAMES . . . . .	561	BOLINGBROKE . . . . .	259, 273
BAILLIE, JOANNA . . . . .	397	BOOTH, BARTON . . . . .	292
BANCROFT, GEORGE . . . . .	260, 517	BORBONIUS . . . . .	274
BARBAULD, MRS. . . . .	374	BRAINARD, JOHN G. C. . . . .	509
BARÈRE, BERTRAND . . . . .	577, 629	BRAMSTON, JAMES . . . . .	396
BARKER, THEODORE L. . . . .	558	BRERETON, JANE . . . . .	269
BARNFIELD, RICHARD . . . . .	145	BROOKE, LORD . . . . .	9
BARRETT, EATON S. . . . .	499	BROUGHAM, LORD . . . . .	497
BARRINGTON, GEORGE . . . . .	391	BROWN, JOHN . . . . .	333
BARROW, ISAAC . . . . .	259	BROWN, TOM . . . . .	240, 276, 346
BARBY, MICHAEL J. . . . .	559	BROWNE, SIR THOMAS . . . . .	177
BASSE, WILLIAM . . . . .	168	BROWNE, WILLIAM . . . . .	148, 153
BAXTER, RICHARD . . . . .	213	BROWNING, ELIZABETH . . . . .	557
BAYARD, CHEVALIER . . . . .	6	BROWNING, ROBERT . . . . .	557
BAYLE, PETER . . . . .	533	BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN . . . . .	515
BAYLY, T. HAYNES . . . . .	508	BRIDGES, SIR S. EGERTON . . . . .	397

BUFFON . . . . .	633	COTTON, NATHANIEL . . . . .	309
BUNN, ALFRED . . . . .	527	COWLEY, ABRAHAM . . . . .	173
BUNYAN, JOHN . . . . .	213	COWPER, WILLIAM . . . . .	356
BURKE, EDMUND . . . . .	348	CRABBE, GEORGE . . . . .	382
BURNS, ROBERT . . . . .	384	CRANCH, CHRISTOPHER P. . . . .	563
BURTON, ROBERT . . . . .	332, 481, 582, 634	CRASHAW, RICHARD . . . . .	169
BUTLER, SAMUEL . . . . .	215, 311, 493	CRAWFORD, ANNE . . . . .	382
BYRD, WILLIAM . . . . .	8	CUNNINGHAM, ALLAN . . . . .	446
BYROM, JOHN . . . . .	297	CURTIUS, QUINTUS . . . . .	13
BYRON, LORD . . . . .	470	DALRYMPLE, SIR JOHN . . . . .	481
CALHOUN, JOHN C. . . . .	625	DANCE, CHARLES . . . . .	510
CALLIMACHUS . . . . .	439	DANIEL, SAMUEL . . . . .	146
CAMPBELL, LORD . . . . .	497	DANTE . . . . .	483, 549, 570
CAMPBELL, THOMAS . . . . .	441	DARWIN, ERASMUS . . . . .	367, 372
CANNING, GEORGE . . . . .	309	DAVENANT, SIR WILLIAM . . . . .	170
CAREW, THOMAS . . . . .	154, 228	DAVIE, ADAM . . . . .	6
CAREY, HENRY . . . . .	244	DAVIES, SCROPE . . . . .	496
CARLYLE, THOMAS . . . . .	506, 631	DAVIES, SIR JOHN . . . . .	145
CARPENTER, JOSEPH E. . . . .	561	DAVIS, THOMAS O. . . . .	559
CARRUTHER, ROBERT . . . . .	497	DECATUR, STEPHEN . . . . .	469
CATULLUS . . . . .	253	DE CAUX . . . . .	340
CENTILVRE, SUSANNAH . . . . .	252	DEFOE, DANIEL . . . . .	239
CERVANTES . . . . .	536, 572	DEKKER, THOMAS . . . . .	166
CHAMBERS, ROBERT . . . . .	372	DE LISLE, J. R. . . . .	578
CHAPMAN, GEORGE . . . . .	15	DEMODOCUS . . . . .	344
CHARRON . . . . .	270	DENHAM, SIR JOHN . . . . .	171
CHASE, SALMON P. . . . .	524	DENMAN, LORD . . . . .	454
CHAUCER, GEOFFREY . . . . .	1	DENNIS, JOHN . . . . .	240
CHERRY, ANDREW . . . . .	394	DIBDIN, CHARLES . . . . .	381
CHESTERFIELD, EARL OF . . . . .	298, 313	DIBDIN, THOMAS . . . . .	494
CHILD, LYDIA MARIA . . . . .	529	DICKENS, CHARLES . . . . .	558
CHOATE, RUFUS . . . . .	517	DICKINSON, JOHN . . . . .	338
CHORLEY, H. F. . . . .	568	DICKMAN, FRANKLIN J. . . . .	517
CHURCH, BENJAMIN . . . . .	441	DIODEGENES LAERTIUS . . . . .	140, 298, 397, 629, 632
CHURCHILL, CHARLES . . . . .	353	DIONYSIUS OF HALICARNASSUS . . . . .	259
CIBBER, COLLEY . . . . .	247	DISRAELI, BENJAMIN . . . . .	316, 525, 530
CICERO . . . . .	295, 400	DODDRIDGE, PHILIP . . . . .	307
CLARENDON, EDWARD HYDE . . . . .	163	DODSLEY, ROBERT . . . . .	305
CLARKE, MACDONALD . . . . .	519	DOMETT, ALFRED . . . . .	557
CLAY, HENRY . . . . .	398	DONNE, JOHN . . . . .	144
CODRINGTON, CHRISTOPHER . . . . .	256	DOWLING, BARTHOLOMEW . . . . .	569
COKE, SIR EDWARD . . . . .	9	DRAKE, JOSEPH RODMAN . . . . .	498
COLERIDGE, HARTLEY . . . . .	498	DRAYTON, MICHAEL . . . . .	146
COLERIDGE, S. TAYLOR . . . . .	432	DRENNAN, WILLIAM . . . . .	626
COLLINS, WILLIAM . . . . .	336	DRYDEN, JOHN . . . . .	221
COLMAN, GEORGE . . . . .	391	DUFFERIN, LADY . . . . .	541
COLTON, C. C. . . . .	429	DUMAS . . . . .	630
CONGREVE, WILLIAM . . . . .	257	DUNCOMBE, LEWIS . . . . .	394
CONSTABLE, HENRY . . . . .	415	DWIGHT, TIMOTHY . . . . .	390
COOK, ELIZA . . . . .	563	DYER, JOHN . . . . .	299
COOPER, J. FENIMORE . . . . .	511		



INDEX OF AUTHORS.

xi

DYER, EDWARD . . . . .	8	GRAVES, RICHARD . . . . .	321
DYER . . . . .	320	GRAY, THOMAS . . . . .	325
EDWARDS, RICHARD . . . . .	7	GREEN, MATTHEW . . . . .	298
ELLIOT . . . . .	337	GREENE, ALBERT G. . . . .	519
ELLIS, GEORGE . . . . .	242	GRESWELL . . . . .	315
EMERSON, RALPH WALDO . . . . .	532	GREVILLE, MRS. . . . .	323
EMMET, ROBERT . . . . .	440	GRIFFIN, GERALD . . . . .	528
ENGLISH, THOMAS DUNN . . . . .	567	GUALTIER, PHILIPPE . . . . .	39
ERASMUS . . . . .	345	HABINGTON, WILLIAM . . . . .	444
ESTIENNE, HENRI . . . . .	322	HALIBURTON, THOMAS C. . . . .	511
EURIPIDES . . . . .	159, 230, 628	HAKEWILL, GEORGE . . . . .	140, 584
EVERETT, DAVID . . . . .	394	HALL, BISHOP . . . . .	146
EVERETT, EDWARD . . . . .	505	HALL, ROBERT . . . . .	397
FABER, F. W. . . . .	560	HALLECK, FITZ-GREENE . . . . .	500
FANSHAWE, CATHERINE M. . . . .	393	HALLIWELL, J. O. . . . .	519
FARQUHAR, GEORGE . . . . .	259	HARE, ROBERT . . . . .	222
FÉNELON . . . . .	313	HARRINGTON, SIR JOHN . . . . .	141
FERRIAR, JOHN . . . . .	396	HARRISON, WILLIAM . . . . .	579
FIELDING, HENRY . . . . .	307	HARTE, FRANCIS BRET . . . . .	568
FIRDOUSI . . . . .	373	HARVEY, STEPHEN . . . . .	234
FLETCHER, ANDREW . . . . .	239	HAWKER, ROBERT . . . . .	390
FLETCHER, JOHN . . . . .	150	HAYES, EDWARD . . . . .	517
FLETCHER, PHINEAS . . . . .	281	HEBER, REGINALD . . . . .	463
FONTAINE . . . . .	310	HEGGE, ROBERT . . . . .	167
FOOTE, SAMUEL . . . . .	337	HEMANS, FELICIA D. . . . .	495
FORDYCE, JAMES . . . . .	335	HÉNAULT, C. J. F. . . . .	279
FORTESCUE, SIR JOHN . . . . .	216	HENDYNG . . . . .	5
FOUCHÉ, JOSEPH . . . . .	576	HENRY, MATTHEW . . . . .	233, 637
FOURNIER . . . . .	623, 632, 633	HENRY, PATRICK . . . . .	371
FOX, JOHN . . . . .	414	HERBERT, GEORGE . . . . .	160
FRANCIS THE FIRST . . . . .	622	HERODOTUS . . . . .	621
FRANCK, RICHARD . . . . .	259	HERRICK, ROBERT . . . . .	164
FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN . . . . .	310	HERVEY, THOMAS K. . . . .	518
FRANKLIN, KATE . . . . .	530	HESIOD . . . . .	628
FRENEAU, PHILIP . . . . .	381	HEYWOOD, JOHN . . . . .	141
FRERE, J. HOOKHAM . . . . .	399	HEYWOOD, THOMAS . . . . .	170
FROTHINGHAM, RICHARD . . . . .	310	HILL, AARON . . . . .	261
FULLER, THOMAS . . . . .	15, 212, 414	HIPPOCRATES . . . . .	535, 570
GAGE, THOMAS . . . . .	467	HOBBS, THOMAS . . . . .	155
GARRICK, DAVID . . . . .	332	HOFFMAN, CHARLES F. . . . .	542
GARTH, SAMUEL . . . . .	167, 256, 338	HOLCROFT, THOMAS . . . . .	374
GAY, JOHN . . . . .	294, 367	HOLLAND, SIR RICHARD . . . . .	16
GIBBON, EDWARD . . . . .	355	HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL . . . . .	544
GIBBONS, THOMAS . . . . .	333	HOLT, SIR JOHN . . . . .	636
GIFFORD, RICHARD . . . . .	354	HOME, JOHN . . . . .	335
GOETHE . . . . .	480, 533, 535, 539, 631	HOOD, THOMAS . . . . .	512
GOLDSMITH, OLIVER . . . . .	338, 521	HOOKER, RICHARD . . . . .	18
GOOGE, BARNABY . . . . .	5	HOOPER, ELLEN STURGIS . . . . .	560
GOSSON, STEPHEN . . . . .	5, 624	HOPKINS, CHARLES . . . . .	508
GRAFTON, RICHARD . . . . .	579	HOPKINSON, JOSEPH . . . . .	401
GRANT, ANNE . . . . .	389	HORACE 182, 349, 353, 368, 390, 486, 627	

HORNE, BISHOP . . . . .	624	LINLEY, GEORGE . . . . .	510
HOWARD, SAMUEL . . . . .	324	LIVY . . . . .	6
HOWELL, JAMES . . . . .	508	LOYD, DAVID . . . . .	266
HOWITT, MARY . . . . .	529	LOCKHART, J. G. . . . .	501
HOYLE, EDMUND . . . . .	634	LOGAN, JOHN . . . . .	377
HUDSON . . . . .	623	LOGAU, FRIEDRICH VON . . . . .	574
HUME, DAVID . . . . .	522, 582, 626	LONGFELLOW, HENRY W. . . . .	535
HUNT, LEIGH . . . . .	491	LOVELACE, RICHARD . . . . .	172
HURD, RICHARD . . . . .	335	LOVER, SAMUEL . . . . .	524
HURDIS, JAMES . . . . .	395	LOWE, JOHN . . . . .	389
HUTCHESON, FRANCIS . . . . .	627	LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL . . . . .	563
INGRAM, JOHN K. . . . .	526	LOWTH, ROBERT . . . . .	304
IRVING, WASHINGTON . . . . .	468	LUCRETIUS . . . . .	471
JACKSON, ANDREW . . . . .	398	LUTHER, MARTIN . . . . .	571
JAMES, G. P. R. . . . .	530	LYLY, JOHN . . . . .	140
JAMES, PAUL M. . . . .	469	LYTTELTON, LORD . . . . .	321
JEFFERSON, THOMAS . . . . .	369	LYTTON, SIR E. BULWER . . . . .	525
JEFFERYS, CHARLES . . . . .	534	MACAULAY, THOMAS B. . . . .	520, 627
JOHNSON, SAMUEL . . . . .	311	MACKAY, CHARLES . . . . .	559
JONES, SIR WILLIAM . . . . .	373, 457	MACKINTOSH, JAMES . . . . .	246, 395
JONSON, BEN . . . . .	147	MACKLIN, CHARLES . . . . .	305
JUVENAL . . . . .	152, 222, 547	MAHON, LORD . . . . .	412, 632
KEATS, JOHN . . . . .	502	MANNERS, LORD JOHN . . . . .	347
KEBLE, JOHN . . . . .	505	MARCY, WILLIAM L. . . . .	494
KEMBLE, FRANCES ANNE . . . . .	542	MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER . . . . .	17
KEMBLE, J. P. . . . .	390	MARMION, SHACKERLY . . . . .	630
KEMPS, THOMAS A . . . . .	5	MARSHALL, JOHN . . . . .	396
KEN, THOMAS . . . . .	235	MARTIAL . . . . .	139, 196, 240
KENNEY, JAMES . . . . .	445	MARTIN, HENRI . . . . .	622
KEPLER, JOHN . . . . .	154	MARVELL, ANDREW . . . . .	232
KEY, F. S. . . . .	491	MASON, WILLIAM . . . . .	390
KHAYYAM, OMAR . . . . .	571	MASSINGER, PHILIP . . . . .	149, 304
KING, WILLIAM . . . . .	583	MAXIMUS, VALERIUS . . . . .	622
KINGSLEY, CHARLES . . . . .	567	MEE, WILLIAM . . . . .	526
KNIGHT, CHARLES . . . . .	540	MELCHIAIR . . . . .	630
KNOLLES, RICHARD . . . . .	221	MENANDER . . . . .	346, 488
KNOWLES, J. S. . . . .	491	MERRICK, JAMES . . . . .	332
KNOX, WILLIAM . . . . .	429	MICKLE, W. J. . . . .	337
KOTZEBUE, A. F. F. VON . . . . .	577	MIDDLETON, THOMAS . . . . .	524, 580
LAMB, CHARLES . . . . .	430	MILLER, WILLIAM . . . . .	556
LANGFORD, G. W. . . . .	569	MILMAN, HENRY HART . . . . .	498
LANGHORNE, JOHN . . . . .	372	MILNER, RICHARD M. . . . .	526
LAYARD, A. H. . . . .	562	MILTON, JOHN . . . . .	178
LEE, HENRY . . . . .	396	MINER, CHARLES . . . . .	464
LEE, NATHANIEL . . . . .	238	MOLIÈRE . . . . .	231, 633
LEIGHTON, ARCHBISHOP . . . . .	324	MONNOYE, BERNARD DE LA . . . . .	345
LEMON, MARK . . . . .	546	MONTAGU, LADY MARY WORTLEY . . . . .	296
LE SAGE . . . . .	380, 576	MONTAIGNE . . . . .	167, 628, 630
L'ESTRANGE, ROGER . . . . .	236	MONTGOMERY, JAMES . . . . .	439
LEUTSCH AND SCHNEIDEWIN . . . . .	574, 628	MONTGOMERY, ROBERT . . . . .	478
LINCOLN, ABRAHAM . . . . .	543	MONTROSE, MARQUIS OF . . . . .	214

MOORE, CLEMENT C. . . . .	445	PHILOSTRATUS . . . . .	147
MOORE, EDWARD . . . . .	323	PIERPONT, JOHN . . . . .	511
MOORE, THOMAS . . . . .	455	PINCKNEY, CHARLES C. . . . .	392
MORE, HANNAH . . . . .	376	PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM . . . . .	319
MORELL, THOMAS . . . . .	238	PITT, WILLIAM . . . . .	392
MORRIS, CHARLES . . . . .	383	PITT, WILLIAM . . . . .	481
MORRIS, GEORGE P. . . . .	527	PLAUTUS . . . . .	488
MORTON, THOMAS . . . . .	394	PLAYFORD, JOHN . . . . .	581
MOSS, THOMAS . . . . .	377	PLUTARCH . . . . .	245, 332, 624, 626, 630, 632, 633, 634
MOTHERWELL, WILLIAM . . . . .	511	POE, EDGAR A. . . . .	556
MUHLBERG, W. A. . . . .	468	POLLOK, ROBERT . . . . .	597
MULOCK, DINAH M. . . . .	566	POMFRET, JOHN . . . . .	241, 243
MÜNSTER, ERNST F. . . . .	621	POMPADOUR, MADAME DE . . . . .	161
MURPHY, ARTHUR . . . . .	337	POPE, ALEXANDER . . . . .	268
NAIRNE, LADY . . . . .	395	POPE, WALTER . . . . .	234
NAPIER, SIR W. F. P. . . . .	468	PORTER, MRS. DAVID . . . . .	531
NAPOLÉON . . . . .	627	PORTEUS, BELBY . . . . .	347
NAPOLÉON III. . . . .	633	POWELL, SIR JOHN . . . . .	233
NEWTON, ISAAC . . . . .	239	PRAED, W. M. . . . .	518
NOEL, THOMAS . . . . .	543	PRIESTLEY, JOSEPH . . . . .	630
NORRIS, JOHN . . . . .	238	PRIOR, JAMES . . . . .	352
NORTON, CAROLINE E. S. . . . .	524	PRIOR, MATTHEW . . . . .	241
O'HARA, KANE . . . . .	296	PROCLUS . . . . .	628, 633
O'HARA, THEODORE . . . . .	569	PROCTER, BRYAN W. . . . .	509
O'KEEFE, JOHN . . . . .	375	PUBLICUS SYRUS . . . . .	222
O'KELLEY, CAPT. . . . .	628	PULTENEY, WILLIAM . . . . .	299
OLDYS, WILLIAM . . . . .	395	QUARLES, FRANCIS . . . . .	159
O'MEARA, B. E. . . . .	499	QUINCY, JOSIAH . . . . .	377
ORREY, R. B. . . . .	171	QUINCY, JOSIAH . . . . .	398
OTWAY, THOMAS . . . . .	237	QUITARD . . . . .	167
OVERBURY, SIR THOMAS . . . . .	159	QUINTILIAN . . . . .	243, 316
OVID . . . . .	581	RABELAIS, FRANCIS . . . . .	572
OXENSTIERN . . . . .	156	RABUTIN, BUSSY DE . . . . .	240, 627
PAINÉ, ROBERT TREAT . . . . .	464	RACINE . . . . .	335
PAINÉ, THOMAS . . . . .	370	RALEIGH, SIR WALTER . . . . .	13
PALEY, WILLIAM . . . . .	376	RAMSAY, ALLAN . . . . .	261
PARDOE, JULIA . . . . .	561	RANDALL, H. S. . . . .	631
PARKER, MARTYN . . . . .	162	RANSFORD, EDWIN . . . . .	567
PARKER, THEODORE . . . . .	545	RAVENSCROFT, THOMAS . . . . .	581
PARNELL, THOMAS . . . . .	258	RAY, WILLIAM . . . . .	345
PASCAL . . . . .	140, 270	RHODES, WILLIAM B. . . . .	396
PAYNE, J. HOWARD . . . . .	503	RICHARDS, AMELIA B. . . . .	555
PEELE, GEORGE . . . . .	142, 495	ROBINSON, MARY . . . . .	391
PERCIVAL, JAMES G. . . . .	516	ROCHEFOUCAULD . . . . .	575
PERCY, BISHOP . . . . .	581	ROCHESTER, EARL OF . . . . .	235
PERRY, OLIVER H. . . . .	469	ROGERS, SAMUEL . . . . .	400
PERSIUS . . . . .	259	ROLAND, MADAME . . . . .	573
PHEDRUS . . . . .	535, 621	ROSCOMMON, EARL OF . . . . .	231
PHILIPS, AMBROSE . . . . .	253	ROUSSEAU, JEAN J. . . . .	576
PHILIPS, JOHN . . . . .	292	ROWE, NICHOLAS . . . . .	258
PHILLIPS, CHARLES . . . . .	501		

ROYDON, MATHEW . . . . .	8	SOUTH, ROBERT . . . . .	266
RUMBOLD, RICHARD . . . . .	236	SOUTHERNE, THOMAS . . . . .	243, 388
ST. AUGUSTINE . . . . .	140, 634	SOUTHEY, ROBERT . . . . .	298, 424, 624
SALES, ST. FRANCIS DE . . . . .	317	SOUTHWELL, ROBERT . . . . .	8
SALIS, J. G. VON . . . . .	577	SPENCER, WILLIAM R. . . . .	438
SALLUST . . . . .	626	SPENSER, EDMUND . . . . .	10
SALVANDY, M. DE . . . . .	634	SPRAGUE, CHARLES . . . . .	499
SANDYS, SIR EDWIN . . . . .	293	STAËL, MADAME DE . . . . .	621, 622
SARGENT, EPES . . . . .	560	STEELE, SIR RICHARD . . . . .	252
SAVAGE, RICHARD . . . . .	300	STEERS, MISS FANNY . . . . .	490
SCARRON . . . . .	346	STERNE, LAURENCE . . . . .	322
SCHELLING . . . . .	622	STERNHOLD, THOMAS . . . . .	7
SCHIDONI . . . . .	628	STEVENS, GEORGE A. . . . .	337
SCHILLER . . . . .	467	STILES, EZRA . . . . .	631
SCOTT, SIR WALTER . . . . .	447, 622	STILL, BISHOP . . . . .	7
SEARS, EDMUND H. . . . .	556	STORY, JOSEPH . . . . .	469
SEBASTIANI, GENERAL . . . . .	630	STOUGHTON, WILLIAM . . . . .	171
SEDLBY, SIR CHARLES . . . . .	237	STOWELL, LORD . . . . .	375
SELDEN, JOHN . . . . .	156	SUCKLING, SIR JOHN . . . . .	162
SELVAGGI . . . . .	224	SUETONIUS . . . . .	263
SENECA 8, 141, 152, 229, 256, 269, 304		SWIFT, JONATHAN . . . . .	245
SÉVIGNÉ, MADAME DE . . . . .	627	TACITUS . . . . .	203, 229, 480, 625, 627
SEWALL, HARRIET W. . . . .	566	TALFOURD, T. NOON . . . . .	507
SEWALL, JONATHAN M. . . . .	429	TATE AND BRADY . . . . .	619
SEWARD, THOMAS . . . . .	170	TAYLOR, HENRY . . . . .	528
SEWARD, WILLIAM H. . . . .	519	TAYLOR, JANE . . . . .	446
SEWELL, GEORGE . . . . .	298	TAYLOR, JEREMY . . . . .	140, 228
SHAFTESBURY, EARL OF . . . . .	631	TEMPLE, SIR WILLIAM . . . . .	234
SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM . . . . .	19	TENNYSON, ALFRED . . . . .	547
SHEFFIELD . . . . .	236	TERENCE . . . . .	7, 166, 627
SHELLEY, PERCY B. . . . .	492, 521	TERTULLIAN . . . . .	345, 624, 628, 632
SHENSTONE, WILLIAM . . . . .	324	THEOBALD, LOUIS . . . . .	304
SHERIDAN, R. BRINSLEY . . . . .	378	THEOCRITUS . . . . .	295
SHIRLEY, JAMES . . . . .	153	THOMAS, F. W. . . . .	542
SIDNEY, ALGERNON . . . . .	398	THOMSON, JAMES . . . . .	301
SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP . . . . .	16	THRALE, MRS. . . . .	371
SIRMOND, JOHN . . . . .	571	THURLOW, LORD . . . . .	393
SISMONDI . . . . .	622	TIBULLUS . . . . .	79, 226
SMART, CHRISTOPHER . . . . .	308	TICHELL, THOMAS . . . . .	293
SMITH, ADAM . . . . .	629	TILLOTSON, JOHN . . . . .	232
SMITH, ALEXANDER . . . . .	569	TOBIN, JOHN . . . . .	393
SMITH, CAPT. JOHN . . . . .	467	TOPLADY, A. M. . . . .	371
SMITH, EDMUND . . . . .	286	TOURNEUR, CYRIL . . . . .	149
SMITH, HORACE . . . . .	426	TOWNLEY, JAMES . . . . .	320
SMITH, JAMES . . . . .	426	TRUMBULL, JOHN . . . . .	383
SMITH, SAMUEL F. . . . .	546	TUCKER, DEAN . . . . .	629
SMITH, SYDNEY . . . . .	427	TUKE, SAMUEL . . . . .	253
SMOLLETT, TOBIAS . . . . .	337	TUPPER, MARTIN F. . . . .	555
SMYTH, WILLIAM . . . . .	335	TUSSER, THOMAS . . . . .	5
SOMERVILLE, WILLIAM . . . . .	293	URLAND, J. LOUIS . . . . .	578
SOPHOCLES . . . . .	310, 522	USTERI, J. M. . . . .	577

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

XV

VALERIUS MAXIMUS . . . . .	622	WHEWELL, WILLIAM . . . . .	140
VANDYK, H. S. . . . .	510	WHITE, HENRY KIRKE . . . . .	521
VARRO . . . . .	138	WHITTIER, JOHN G. . . . .	541
VAUGHAN, HENRY . . . . .	214	WIGHT, R. A. . . . .	625
VEGETIUS . . . . .	368	WILDE, RICHARD H. . . . .	504
VIRGIL . . . . .	277, 332	WILLARD, EMMA . . . . .	497
VOLNEY . . . . .	521	WILLIAMS, HELEN M. . . . .	396
VOLTAIRE . . . . .	292, 266, 355, 454, 623, 627, 632	WILLIAMS, ROGER . . . . .	157
WADE, J. A. . . . .	529	WILLIS, NATHANIEL P. . . . .	562
WALKER, WILLIAM . . . . .	234	WILSON, MRS. C. B. . . . .	541
WALLER, EDMUND . . . . .	175	WINSLOW, EDWARD . . . . .	233
WALPOLE, HORACE . . . . .	334, 521	WINTHROP, JOHN . . . . .	170
WALPOLE, SIR ROBERT . . . . .	253	WINTHROP, ROBERT C. . . . .	523
WALTON, IZAAK . . . . .	157	WITHER, GEORGE . . . . .	155
WARBURTON, THOMAS . . . . .	632	WOLCOT, JOHN . . . . .	375, 468
WARTON, THOMAS . . . . .	311	WOLFE, CHARLES . . . . .	504
WASHINGTON, GEORGE . . . . .	368	WOLFE, JAMES . . . . .	347
WATTS, ISAAC . . . . .	254	WOODSWORTH, SAMUEL . . . . .	464
WEBSTER, DANIEL . . . . .	465, 522	WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM . . . . .	402
WEBSTER, JOHN . . . . .	167	WOTTON, SIR HENRY . . . . .	143
WELBY, AMELIA B. . . . .	537	WROTHER, MISS . . . . .	376
WELLINGTON, DUKE OF . . . . .	400	WYCHERLEY, WILLIAM . . . . .	388
WELLS, WILLIAM V. . . . .	629	YALDEN, THOMAS . . . . .	167
WESLEY, CHARLES . . . . .	305	YOUNG, EDWARD . . . . .	262
WESLEY, JOHN . . . . .	309	YOUNG, SIR JOHN . . . . .	147
		ZOUCH, THOMAS . . . . .	158
JUNIUS, LETTERS OF . . . . .			352, 517, 583
NEW ENGLAND PRIMER . . . . .			535
OLD TESTAMENT . . . . .			586
NEW TESTAMENT . . . . .			607
BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER . . . . .			618
APPENDIX . . . . .			621
PROVERBIAL EXPRESSIONS . . . . .			635



## FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER. 1328-1400.

WHANNE that April with his shoures sote  
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote.  
*Canterbury Tales.*<sup>1</sup> *Prologue.* *Line 1.*

And smale foules maken melodie,  
That slegen alle night with open eye,  
So priketh hem nature in hir corages ;  
Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages. *Line 9.*

And of his port as meke as is a mayde. *Line 69.*

He was a veray parfit gentil knight. *Line 72.*

He coude songes make, and wel endite. *Line 95.*

Ful wel she sange the service devine,  
Entuned in hire nose ful swetely ;  
And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,  
After the scole of Stratford atte bowe,  
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe. *Line 122.*

A Clerk ther was of Oxenforde also. *Line 287.*

For him was lever han at his beddes hed  
A twenty bokes, clothed in black or red,  
Of Aristotle, and his philosophie,  
Than robes riche, or fidel, or sautrie.  
But all be that he was a philosophre,  
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre. *Line 295.*

<sup>1</sup> Text of Tyrwhitt.

And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.  
*Canterbury Tales. Prologue. Line 310.*

Nowher so besy a man as he ther n' as,  
 And yet he semed besier than he was. *Line 323.*

His studie was but litel on the Bible. *Line 440.*

For gold in phisike is a cordial ;  
 Therefore he loved gold in special. *Line 445.*

Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder. *Line 493.*

This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,  
 That first he wrought, and afterwards he taught.  
*Line 498.*

But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,  
 He taught, but first he folwed it himselve. *Line 529.*

And yet he had a thomb of gold parde.<sup>1</sup> *Line 565.*

Who so shall telle a tale after a man,  
 He moste reherse, as neighe as ever he can,  
 Everich word, if it be in his charge,  
 All speke he never so rudely and so large ;  
 Or elles he moste tellen his tale untrewe,  
 Or feinen thinges, or finden wordes newe. *Line 733.*

For May wol have no slogardie a-night.  
 The seson priketh every gentil herte,  
 And maketh him out of his slepe to sterte.  
*The Knightes Tale. Line 1644.*

Up rose the sonne, and up rose Emelie. *Line 2275.*

To maken vertue of necessite. *Line 3044.*

And brought of mighty ale a large quart.  
*The Milleres Tale. Line 3497.*

<sup>1</sup> In allusion to the proverb, "Every honest miller has a golden thumb."



Yet in our ashen cold is fire yreken.<sup>1</sup>

*Canterbury Tales. The Reves Prologue. Line 3880.*

So was hire joly whistle wel ywette.

*The Reves Tale. Line 4153.*

And for to see, and eek for to be seye.<sup>2</sup>

*The Wif of Bathes Prologue. Line 6134.*

I hold a mouses wit not worth a leke,  
That hath but on hole for to sterten to.<sup>3</sup>

*Line 6154.*

Loke who that is most vertuous alway,  
Prive and apert, and most entendeth ay  
To do the gentil dedes that he can,  
And take him for the gretest gentilman.

*The Wif of Bathes Tale. Line 6695.*

That he is gentil that doth gentil dedis.

*Line 6752.*

This flour of wifly patience.

*The Clerkes Tale. Pars v. Line 8797.*

They demen gladly to the badder end.

*The Squieres Tale. Line 10538.*

Fie on possession.

But if a man be vertuous withal.

*The Frankeleines Prologue. Line 10998.*

Truth is the highest thing that man may keep.

*The Frankeleines Tale. Line 11789.*

Mordre wol out, that see we day by day.<sup>4</sup>

*The Nonnes Preestes Tale. Line 15058.*

<sup>1</sup> E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires. — Gray, *Elegy*, St. 23.

<sup>2</sup> Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ.

Ovid, *Art of Love*, i. 99.

<sup>3</sup> See Pope. Page 289.

<sup>4</sup> Murder, though it have no tongue, will speak

With most miraculous organ.

Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

But all thing, which that shineth as the gold,  
Ne is no gold, as I have herd it told.<sup>1</sup>

*Canterbury Tales. The Chanones Yemannes Tale. Line 16430.*

The firste vertue, sone, if thou wilt lere,  
Is to restreine, and kepen wel thy tonge.

*The Manciples Tale. Line 17281.*

Of harmes two the lesse is for to cheese.<sup>2</sup>

*Troilus and Crescide. Book ii. Line 470.*

For of fortunes sharpe adversite,  
The worst kind of infortune is this,  
A man that hath been in prosperite,  
And it remember, whan it passed is.

*Book iii. Line 1625.*

One eare it heard, at the other out it went.

*Book iv. Line 435.*

The lyfe so short, the craft so long to lerne,  
Th' assay so hard, so sharpe the conquering.

*The Assembly of Fowles. Line 1.*

For out of the old fieldes, as men saithe,  
Cometh al this new corne fro yere to yere,  
And out of old bookes, in good faithe,  
Cometh al this new science that men lere.

*Line 22.*

Nature, the vicar of the almightie Lord.

*Line 379.*

Of all the floures in the mede,  
Than love I most these floures white and rede,  
Soch that men callen daisies in our toun.

*Prologue of the Legend of Good Women. Line 41.*

That well by reason men it call may  
The daisie, or els the eye of the day,  
The emprise, and floure of floures all.

*Line 183.*

<sup>1</sup> See *Appendix*, p. 635.

<sup>2</sup> See *Appendix*, p. 646.

## THOMAS À KEMPIS. 1380-1471.

Man proposes, but God disposes.<sup>1</sup>

*Imitation of Christ. Book i. Ch. 19.*

And when he is out of sight, quickly also is he out  
of mind.<sup>2</sup>

*Ch. 23.*

Of two evils, the less is always to be chosen.<sup>3</sup>

*Book iii. Ch. 12.*



## THOMAS TUSSER. 1523-1580.

Time tries the troth in everything.

*Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry. Author's  
Epistle. Ch. 1.*

God sendeth and giveth, both mouth and the meat.

*Good Husbandry Lessons.*

The stone that is rolling can gather no moss.<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> This expression is of much greater antiquity; it appears in the *Chronicle of Battel Abbey*, p. 27 (Lower's translation), and in *Piers Ploughmans Vision*, line 13,994.

A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps.  
— *Proverbs* xvi. 9.

<sup>2</sup> Out of syght, out of mynd. — Googe's *Eglogs*. 1563.

And out of mind as soon as out of sight.

Lord Brooke, *Sonnet* lvi.

Fer from eze, fer from herte,

Quoth Hendyng. — Hendyng's *Proverbs*, MSS. Circa 1320.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Chaucer. Page 4.

<sup>4</sup> A rowling stone gathers no moss.

Gosson's *Ephemerides of Phialo*.

Better late than never.<sup>1</sup>

*Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry. An Habitation Enforced.*

At Christmas play, and make good cheer,  
For Christmas comes but once a year.

*The Farmer's Daily Diet.*

Except wind stands as never it stood,  
It is an ill wind turns none to good.<sup>2</sup>

*A Description of the Properties of Winds.*

All 's fish they get

That cometh to net.

*February's Abstract.*

Such mistress, such Nan,

Such master, such man.<sup>3</sup>

*April's Abstract.*

Who goeth a borrowing

Goeth a sorrowing.

*June's Abstract.*

'T is merry in hall

Where beards wag all.<sup>4</sup>

*August's Abstract.*

For buying or selling of pig in a poke.

*September's Abstract.*

Naught venture naught have.

*October's Abstract.*

Look ere thou leap, see ere thou go.<sup>5</sup>

*Of Wiving and Thriving.*

Dry sun, dry wind,

Safe bind, safe find.<sup>6</sup>

*Washing.*

<sup>1</sup> Potius sero quam numquam. — Livy, iv. 2. 11.

<sup>2</sup> See *Appendix*, p. 642.

<sup>3</sup> On the authority of M. Cimber, of the Bibliothèque Royale, we owe this proverb to Chevalier Bayard, —

Tel maître, tel valet.

<sup>4</sup> Merry swithe it is in halle,

When the beards waveth alle.

Attributed to Adam Davie (1312), *Life of Alexander*.

<sup>5</sup> See *Appendix*, p. 643.

<sup>6</sup> Fast bind, fast find. — Heywood's *Proverbs*. 1546.

RICHARD EDWARDS. *Circa* 1523–1566.

The fallyng out of faithfull frends, is the renyung of loue.  
*The Paradise of Dainty Devices.*<sup>1</sup>



## BISHOP STILL (JOHN). 1543–1607.

I cannot eat but little meat,  
 My stomach is not good ;  
 But sure I think that I can drink  
 With him that wears a hood.  
*Gammer Gurton's Needle.*<sup>2</sup> Act ii.

Back and side go bare, go bare,  
 Both foot and hand go cold ;  
 But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,  
 Whether it be new or old. Act ii.



## THOMAS STERNHOLD. ———— 1549.

The Lord descended from above  
 And bow'd the heavens high ;  
 And underneath his feet he cast  
 The darkness of the sky.

On cherubs and on cherubims  
 Full royally he rode ;  
 And on the wings of all the winds  
 Came flying all abroad.

*Collection of Hymns. 104th Psalm.*

<sup>1</sup> *Amantium iræ amoris integratio*. — Terence, *Andria*, 555.

<sup>2</sup> Stated by Dyce to be from a MS. of older date than *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. — Skelton, *Works*, ed. Dyce, vol. i. pp. vii.–x., n.

EDWARD DYER. *Circa* 1540-1607.

My mind to me a kingdom is ;  
 Such present joys therein I find,  
 That it excels all other bliss,  
 That earth affords or grows by kind :  
 Though much I want which most would have,  
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.<sup>1</sup>

MS. Rawl. 85, p. 17. Hannah's *Courtly Poets*.

MATHEW ROYDON. *Circa* 1586.

A sweet attractive kinde of grace,  
 A full assurance given by lookes,  
 Continuall comfort in a face  
 The lineaments of Gospell bookes.

*An Elegie on a Friend's Passion for his Astrophill.*<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mens regnum bona possidet.

Seneca, *Thyestes*, Act ii. Line 380.

My mind to me a kingdom is ;  
 Such perfect joy therein I find,  
 As far exceeds all earthly bliss,  
 That God and Nature hath assigned.  
 Though much I want that most would have,  
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Byrd's *Psalmes, Sonnets, &c.*, 1588.

My mind to me an empire is  
 While grace affordeth health.

Robert Southwell (1560-1595), *Loo Home*.

<sup>2</sup> This piece (ascribed to Spenser) was printed in *The Phœnix Nest*, 4to, 1593, where it is anonymous. Todd has shown that it was written by Mathew Roydon. — Child's edition of Spenser's *Works*.

Was never eie did see that face,  
 Was never eare did heare that tong,  
 Was never minde did minde his grace,  
 That ever thought the travell long;  
 But eies, and eares, and ev'ry thought  
 Were with his sweete perfections caught.  
*An Elegie on a Friend's Passion for his Astrophill.*

---

LORD BROOKE. 1554–1628.

O wearisome condition of humanity!  
*Mustapha. Act v. Sc. 4.*  
 And out of mind as soon as out of sight.<sup>1</sup> *Sonnet lvi.*

---

SIR EDWARD COKE. 1549–1634.

The gladsome light of jurisprudence. *First Institute.*

Reason is the life of the law; nay, the common law  
 itself is nothing else but reason. . . . The law, which  
 is perfection of reason.<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

For a man's house is his castle, *et domus sua cuique  
 tutissimum refugium.*<sup>3</sup> *Third Institute. Page 162.*

<sup>1</sup> See Thomas à Kempis, *Imitation of Christ, Book i. Ch. 23.*  
 Page 5.

<sup>2</sup> Let us consider the reason of the case. For nothing is law that  
 is not reason. — Sir John Powell, *Coggs vs. Bernard*, 2 Ld. Raym.  
 911.

<sup>3</sup> *Pandects, Lib. ii. tit. iv. De in Jus vocando.*

The house of every one is to him as his castle and fortress, as well for his defence against injury and violence, as for his repose. *Semayne's Case*, 5 Rep. 91.

They (corporations) cannot commit treason, nor be outlawed nor excommunicate, for they have no souls. *Case of Sutton's Hospital*, 10 Rep. 32.

Magna Charta is such a fellow, that he will have no sovereign. *Debate in the Commons*, May 17, 1628.

Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,  
Four spend in prayer, the rest on nature fix.<sup>1</sup>

Translation of lines quoted by Coke.



EDMUND SPENSER. 1553–1599.

Fierce warres, and faithfull loves shall moralize my song.<sup>2</sup> *Faerie Queene. Introduction. St. 1.*

A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine. *Book i. Canto i. St. 1.*

The noblest mind the best contentment has. *Book i. Canto i. St. 35.*

A bold bad man.<sup>3</sup> *Book i. Canto i. St. 37.*

Her angels face,  
As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,  
And made a sunshine in the shady place. *Book i. Canto iii. St. 4.*

<sup>1</sup> Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,  
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven. — Sir William Jones.

<sup>2</sup> Moralized my song. — Pope, *Epistle to Arbuthnot. Line 340.*

<sup>3</sup> This bold bad man. — Shakespeare, *Henry VIII., Act ii. Sc. 2;*  
*Massinger, A New Way to Pay Old Debts, Act iv. Sc. 2.*



Ay me, how many perils doe enfold  
The righteous man, to make him daily fall.

*Faerie Queene. Book i. Canto viii. St. 1.*

Entire affection hateth nicer hands.

*Book i. Canto viii. St. 40.*

That darksome cave they enter, where they find  
That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,  
Musing full sadly in his sullein mind.

*Book i. Canto ix. St. 35.*

No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on grownd,  
No arborett with painted blossoms drest  
And smelling sweete, but there it might be fownd  
To bud out faire, and throwe her sweete smels al arownd.

*Book ii. Canto vi. St. 12.*

And is there care in Heaven? And is there love  
In heavenly spirits to these Creatures bace?

*Book ii. Canto viii. St. 1.*

How oft do they their silver bowers leave  
To come to succour us that succour want!

*Book ii. Canto viii. St. 2.*

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound.

*Book ii. Canto xii. St. 70.*

Through thick and thin,<sup>1</sup> both over bank and bush,  
In hope her to attain by hook or crook.<sup>2</sup>

*Book iii. Canto i. St. 17.*

Her berth was of the wombe of morning dew,<sup>3</sup>  
And her conception of the joyous Prime.

*Book iii. Canto vi. St. 3.*

<sup>1</sup> See *Appendix*, p. 649.

<sup>2</sup> See *Appendix*, p. 637.

<sup>3</sup> The dew of thy birth is of the womb of the morning. — *Common Prayer, Psalm cx. 3.*

Roses red and violets blew,  
 And all the sweetest flowres that in the forrest grew.  
*Faerie Queene. Book iii. Canto vi. St. 6.*

Be bolde, Be bolde, and every where, Be bold.  
*Book iii. Canto xi. St. 54.*

Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,  
 On Fame's eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled.  
*Book iv. Canto ii. St. 32.*

Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach the small.  
*Book v. Canto ii. St. 43.*

Who will not mercie unto others show,  
 How can he mercy ever hope to have?  
*Book vi. Canto i. St. 42.*

What more felicitie can fall to creature  
 Than to enjoy delight with libertie,  
 And to be lord of all the workes of Nature,  
 To raine in th' aire from earth to highest skie,  
 To feed on flowres and weeds of glorious feature.  
*Muiopotmos: or The Fate of the Butterflie. Line 209.*

I was promised on a time  
 To have reason for my rhyme;  
 From that time unto this season,  
 I received nor rhyme nor reason.  
*Lines on his Promised Pension.<sup>1</sup>*

For of the soule the bodie forme doth take;  
 For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make.  
*An Hymne in Honour of Beautie. Line 132.*

For all that faire is, is by nature good;  
 That is a signe to know the gentle blood. *Line 139.*

<sup>1</sup> Fuller, *Worthies of England*.

Full little knowest thou that hast not tride,  
 What hell it is in suing long to bide :  
 To loose good dayes, that might be better spent ;  
 To wast long nights in pensive discontent ;  
 To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow ;  
 To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow.

To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares ;  
 To eate thy heart through comfortlesse dispaire ;  
 To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to ronne,  
 To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne.  
 Unhappie wight, borne to desastrous end,  
 That doth his life in so long tendance spend !

*Mother Hubberds Tale. Line 895.*



SIR WALTER RALEIGH. 1552-1618.

If all the world and love were young,  
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
 These pretty pleasures might me move  
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

*The Nymph's Reply to the Passionate Shepherd.*

Fain would I, but I dare not ; I dare, and yet I may not ;  
 I may, although I care not, for pleasure when I play not.

*Fain Would I.*

Passions are likened best to floods and streams :  
 The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb.<sup>1</sup>

*The Silent Lover*

<sup>1</sup> Altissima quæque flumina minimo sono labi.

Quintus Curtius, vii. 4. 13.

Silence in love bewrays more woe  
 Than words, though ne'er so witty :  
 A beggar that is dumb, you know,  
 May challenge double pity. *The Silent Lover.*

Go, Soul, the body's guest,  
 Upon a thankless arrant :  
 Fear not to touch the best ;  
 The truth shall be thy warrant :  
 Go, since I needs must die,  
 And give the world the lie. *The Lie.*

Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay.  
*Verses to Edmund Spenser.*

Cowards [may] fear to die ; but courage stout,  
 Rather than live in snuff, will be put out.

On the snuff of a candle the night before he died. — Raleigh's  
*Remains*, p. 258, ed. 1661.

Even such is time, that takes in trust  
 Our youth, our joys, our all we have,  
 And pays us but with age and dust ;  
 Who, in the dark and silent grave,  
 When we have wandered all our ways,  
 Shuts up the story of our days ;  
 But from this earth, this grave, this dust,  
 My God shall raise me up, I trust !

Written the night before his death. — Found in his  
 Bible in the Gate-house at Westminster.

Shall I, like an hermit dwell  
 On a rock or in a cell. *Poem.*

If she undervalue me,  
 What care I how fair she be ?<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> If she be not so to me,  
 What care I how fair she be ?  
 George Wither, *The Shepherd's Resolution.*

If she seem not chaste to me,  
 What care I how chaste she be? *Poem.*

Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall.<sup>1</sup>

[History] hath triumphed over time, which besides  
 it nothing but eternity hath triumphed over.

*Historie of the World. Preface.*

O eloquent, just and mightie Death! whom none  
 could advise, thou hast perswaded; what none hath  
 dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath  
 flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and  
 despised: thou hast drawne together all the farre  
 stretchèd greatnesse, all the pride, crueltie and ambi-  
 tion of man, and covered it all over with these two  
 narrow words, *Hic jacet!* *Book v. Pt. 1, ad fin.*



GEORGE CHAPMAN. 1557-1634.

None ever loved but at first sight they loved.<sup>2</sup>  
*Blind Beggar of Alexandria, ad fin.*

Young men think old men are fools;  
 But old men know young men are fools.<sup>3</sup>  
*Al Fooles. (1605.)*

<sup>1</sup> Written in a glass window obvious to the Queen's eye. "Her Majesty, either espying or being shown it, did under-write, 'If thy heart fails thee, climb not at all.'" — Fuller, *Worthies of England*.

<sup>2</sup> Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?

Marlowe, *Hero and Leander*.

<sup>3</sup> Quoted by Camden as a saying of one Dr. Metcalf. It is now in many people's mouths, and likely to pass into a proverb. — Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 145, ed. Bohn.

## SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. 1554–1586.

Sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge.

*Defence of Poesy.*

He cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner.

*Ibid.*

I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet.

*Ibid.*

High erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy.

*Arcadia. Book i.*

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.

*Ibid.*

Many-headed multitude.<sup>1</sup>

*Book ii.*

My dear, my better half.

*Book iii.*

Fool! said my muse to me, look in thy heart, and write.<sup>2</sup>

*Astrophel and Stella, i.*

Have I caught my heav'nly jewel.<sup>3</sup> *Ibid. Second Song.*



## SIR RICHARD HOLLAND.

O Douglas, O Douglas

Tendir and trewe.

*The Buke of the Howlat.*<sup>4</sup> Stanza xxxi.

<sup>1</sup> See Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*, Act ii, Sc. 3. Page 76.

<sup>2</sup> Look, then, into thine heart, and write.

Longfellow, *Voices of the Night. Prelude.*

<sup>3</sup> Quoted by Shakespeare in *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

<sup>4</sup> The allegorical poem of *The Howlat* was composed about the middle of the fifteenth century. Of the personal history of the author no kind of information has been discovered. Printed by the Bannatyne Club, 1823.

## CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE. 1565-1593.

Comparisons are odious.<sup>1</sup> *Lust's Dominion. Act iii. Sc. 4.*

I'm armed with more than complete steel,  
The justice of my quarrel.<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?<sup>3</sup>  
*Hero and Leander.*

Come live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,  
Woods or steepy mountains, yields.  
*The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.*

By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals. *Ibid.*

And I will make thee beds of roses,  
And a thousand fragrant posies. *Ibid.*

Infinite riches in a little room. *The Jew of Malta. Act i.*

Excess of wealth is cause of covetousness. *Act i.*

Now will I show myself to have more of the serpent  
than the dove; that is, more knave than fool. *Act ii.*

Love me little, love me long.<sup>4</sup> *Act iv.*

<sup>1</sup> See *Appendix*, p. 638.

<sup>2</sup> See Shakespeare, 2 *Henry VI.*, *Act iii. Sc. 2.* Page 68.

<sup>3</sup> Quoted by Shakespeare in *As You Like It.* Compare Chapman, p. 15.

<sup>4</sup> See *Appendix*, p. 643.

When all the world dissolves,  
 And every creature shall be purified,  
 All places shall be hell that are not heaven. *Faustus.*

Was this the face that launch'èd a thousand ships,  
 And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?  
 Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.  
 Her lips suck forth my soul: see, where it flies! *Ibid.*

O, thou art fairer than the evening air,  
 Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars. *Ibid.*

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,  
 And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough,<sup>1</sup>  
 That sometime grew within this learnèd man. *Ibid.*



### RICHARD HOOKER. 1553-1600.

Of Law there can be no less acknowledged, than  
 that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the har-  
 mony of the world: all things in heaven and earth do  
 her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the  
 greatest as not exempted from her power.

*Ecclesiastical Polity. Book i.*

That to live by one man's will became the cause of  
 all men's misery. *Book i.*

<sup>1</sup> O, withered is the garland of the war,  
 The soldier's pole is fallen.

Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv. Sc. 13.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.<sup>1</sup> 1564-1616.

I would fain die a dry death. *The Tempest. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an  
acre of barren ground. *Ibid.*

What seest thou else  
In the dark backward and abysm of time? *Act i. Sc. 2.*

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind. *Ibid.*

Like one,  
Who having, into truth, by telling of it,  
Made such a sinner of his memory,  
To credit his own lie. *Ibid.*

My library  
Was dukedom large enough. *Ibid.*

From the still-vexed Bermoothes. *Ibid.*

I will be correspondent to command  
And do my spiriting gently. *Ibid.*

Fill all thy bones with aches. *Ibid.*

Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands:  
Courtsied when you have, and kissed  
The wild waves whist. *Ibid.*

Full fathom five thy father lies;  
Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes:  
Nothing of him that doth fade  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Text of Clark and Wright.

The fringed curtains of thine eye advance.

*The Tempest. Act i. Sc. 2.*

There 's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple :  
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,  
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

*Ibid.*

*Gon.* Here is everything advantageous to life.

*Ant.* True ; save means to live.

*Act ii. Sc. 1.*

A very ancient and fish-like smell.

*Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.

*Ibid.*

*Fer.* Here 's my hand.

*Mir.* And mine, with my heart in 't.

*Act iii. Sc. 1.*

He that dies pays all debts.

*Act iii. Sc. 2.*

A kind

Of excellent dumb discourse.

*Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Deeper than e'er plummet sounded.

*Ibid.*

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air :  
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on ; and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

*Act iv. Sc. 1.*

With foreheads villanous low.

*Ibid.*

Deeper than did ever plummet sound,  
I' ll drown my book.

*Act v. Sc. 1.*

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;  
In a cowslip's bell I lie. *The Tempest. Act v. Sc. 1.*

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona. Act i. Sc. 1.*

I have no other but a woman's reason;  
I think him so, because I think him so. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

O, how this spring of love resembleth  
The uncertain glory of an April day! *Act i. Sc. 3.*

She is mine own,  
And I as rich in having such a jewel  
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,  
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

He makes sweet music with th' enamelled stones,  
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge  
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage. *Act ii. Sc. 7.*

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,  
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Except I be by Sylvia in the night,  
There is no music in the nightingale. *Ibid.*

A man I am, crossed with adversity. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Is she not passing fair? *Act iv. Sc. 4.<sup>1</sup>*

How use doth breed a habit in a man! *Act v. Sc. 4.*

Come not within the measure of my wrath. *Ibid.*

I will make a Star-chamber matter of it.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor. Act i. Sc. 1.*

All his successors gone before him have done 't; and  
all his ancestors that come after him may. *Ibid.*

It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> *Act iv. Sc. 2, Dyce.*

Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is good gifts.  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Mine host of the Garter. *Ibid.*

I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of  
 Songs and Sonnets here. *Ibid.*

If there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven  
 may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are  
 married and have more occasion to know one another :  
 I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt. *Ibid.*

O base Hungarian wight ! wilt thou the spigot wield ?  
*Act i. Sc. 3.*

‘Convey,’ the wise it call. ‘Steal!’ foh ! a fico for  
 the phrase ! *Ibid.*

Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores. *Ibid.*

Tester I ’ll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,  
 Base Phrygian Turk ! *Ibid.*

Thou art the Mars of malcontents. *Ibid.*

Here will be an old abusing of God’s patience and  
 the king’s English. *Act i. Sc. 4.*

We burn daylight. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

There ’s the humour of it. *Ibid.*

Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now. *Ibid.*

Why, then the world ’s mine oyster,  
 Which I with sword will open. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

This is the short and the long of it. *Ibid.*

Unless experience be a jewel. *Ibid.*

Like a fair house, built on another man’s ground. *Ibid.*

We have some salt of our youth in us.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor. Act ii. Sc. 3.*

I cannot tell what the dickens his name is. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

What a taking was he in when your husband asked  
who was in the basket! *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

O, what a world of vile ill-favoured faults  
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!  
*Act iii. Sc. 4.*

Happy man be his dole! *Ibid.*

I have a kind of alacrity in sinking. *Act iii. Sc. 5.*

As good luck would have it. *Ibid.*

The rankest compound of villanous smell that ever  
offended nostril. *Ibid.*

A man of my kidney. *Ibid.*

Think of that, Master Brook. *Ibid.*

In his old lunes again. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

There is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity,  
chance, or death. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Thyself and thy belongings  
Are not thine own so proper as to waste  
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.  
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do.  
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues  
Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike  
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched  
But to fine issues, nor Nature never lends  
The smallest scruple of her excellence  
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines  
Herself the glory of a creditor,  
Both thanks and use. *Measure for Measure. Act i. Sc. 1.*

He was ever precise in his promise-keeping.  
*Measure for Measure. Act i. Sc. 2.*

I hold you as a thing ensouled and sainted. *Act i. Sc. 4.<sup>1</sup>*

A man whose blood  
 Is very snow-broth; one who never feels  
 The wanton stings and motions of the sense. *Ibid.<sup>1</sup>*

Our doubts are traitors  
 And make us lose the good we oft might win  
 By fearing to attempt. *Ibid.<sup>1</sup>*

The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,  
 May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two  
 Guiltier than him they try. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall. *Ibid.*

This will last out a night in Russia,  
 When nights are longest there. *Ibid.*

Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it? *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,  
 Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,  
 The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,  
 Become them with one half so good a grace  
 As mercy does. *Ibid.*

Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;  
 And He that might the vantage best have took  
 Found out the remedy. How would you be,  
 If He, which is the top of judgment, should  
 But judge you as you are? *Ibid.*

O, it is excellent  
 To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous  
 To use it like a giant. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> *Act i. Sc. 5, White, Singer, Knight.*

But man, poor man,  
 Drest in a little brief authority  
 Most ignorant of what he's made assured,  
 His glassy essence, like an angry ape,  
 Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven  
 As make the angels weep.

*Measure for Measure. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

That in the captain's but a choleric word,  
 Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

*Ibid.*

Our compelled sins  
 Stand more for number than for account. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

The miserable have no other medicine,  
 But only hope.

*Act iii. Sc. 1.*

A breath thou art,  
 Servile to all the skyey influences.

*Ibid.*

Palsied old.

*Ibid.*

The sense of death is most in apprehension ;  
 And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,  
 In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great  
 As when a giant dies.

*Ibid.*

The cunning livery of hell.

*Ibid.*

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where ;  
 To lie in cold obstruction and to rot ;  
 This sensible warm motion to become  
 A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit  
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
 In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice ;  
 To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,  
 And blown with restless violence round about  
 The pendent world.

*Ibid.*

The weariest and most loathed worldly life  
 That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment  
 Can lay on nature is a paradise  
 To what we fear of death.

*Measure for Measure.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. *Ibid.*

O, what may man within him hide,  
 Though angel on the outward side! *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Take, O, take those lips away,  
 That so sweetly were forsworn;  
 And those eyes, the break of day,  
 Lights that do mislead the morn:  
 But my kisses bring again, bring again;  
 Seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in vain.<sup>1</sup>

*Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Every true man's apparel fits your thief. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time  
 And rasure of oblivion. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Truth is truth

To the end of reckoning. *Ibid.*

My business in this state

Made me a looker on here in Vienna. *Ibid.*

They say, best men are moulded out of faults;  
 And, for the most, become much more the better  
 For being a little bad. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> This song occurs in *Act v. Sc. 2*, of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bloody Brother*, with the following additional stanza:—

Hide, O, hide those hills of snow,  
 Which thy frozen bosom bears,  
 On whose tops the pinks that grow  
 Are of those that April wears!  
 But first set my poor heart free,  
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.



What 's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.

*Measure for Measure.* Act v. Sc. 1.

The pleasing punishment that women bear.

*The Comedy of Errors.* Act i. Sc. 1.

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity. Act ii. Sc. 1.

Every why hath a wherefore. Act ii. Sc. 2.

Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

One Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain,

A mere anatomy. Act v. Sc. 1.

A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,

A living-dead man. *Ibid.*

He hath indeed better bettered expectation.

*Much Ado about Nothing.* Act i. Sc. 1.

A very valiant trencher-man. *Ibid.*

There 's a skirmish of wit between them. *Ibid.*

The gentleman is not in your books. *Ibid.*

Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? *Ibid.*

Benedick the married man. *Ibid.*

As merry as the day is long. Act ii. Sc. 1.

Speak low if you speak love. *Ibid.*

Friendship is constant in all other things

Save in the office and affairs of love :

Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues ;

Let every eye negotiate for itself

And trust no agent. *Ibid.*

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy : I were but  
little happy, if I could say how much. *Ibid.*

Lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new  
doublet. *Much Ado about Nothing. Act ii. Sc. 3.*

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,  
Men were deceivers ever,  
One foot in sea and one on shore,  
To one thing constant never. *Ibid.*

Sits the wind in that corner? *Ibid.*

Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of  
the brain awe a man from the career of his humour?  
No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would  
die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were  
married. *Ibid.*

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.  
*Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Every one can master a grief but he that has it.  
*Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Are you good men and true? *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune;  
but to write and read comes by nature. *Ibid.*

The most senseless and fit man. *Ibid.*

You shall comprehend all vagrom men. *Ibid.*

2 *Watch.* How if a' will not stand?

*Dogb.* Why, then, take no note of him, but let him  
go; and presently call the rest of the watch together  
and thank God you are rid of a knave. *Ibid.*

Is most tolerable, and not to be endured. *Ibid.*

I know that Deformed. *Ibid.*

The fashion wears out more apparel than the man. *Ibid.*

I thank God I am as honest as any man living that  
is an old man and no honester than I.

*Much Ado about Nothing.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

Comparisons are odorous. *Act iii. Sc. 5.*

If I were as tedious as a king, I could find it in my  
heart to bestow it all of your worship. *Ibid.*

A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they  
say, When the age is in, the wit is out. *Ibid.*

O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men  
daily do, not knowing what they do! *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

O, what authority and show of truth  
Can cunning sin cover itself withal! *Ibid.*

I never tempted her with word too large;  
But, as a brother to his sister, showed  
Bashful sincerity and comely love. *Ibid.*

I have marked  
A thousand blushing apparitions  
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames  
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes. *Ibid.*

For it so falls out  
That what we have we prize not to the worth,  
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lacked and lost,  
Why, then we rack the value, then we find  
The virtue that possession would not show us  
Whiles it was ours. *Ibid.*

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep  
Into his study of imagination,  
And every lovely organ of her life  
Shall come apparelled in more precious habit,  
More moving-delicate and full of life,  
Into the eye and prospect of his soul. *Ibid.*

Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. *Much Ado about Nothing. Act iv. Sc. 2.*

The eftest way. *Ibid.*

Flat burglary as ever was committed. *Ibid.*

Condemned into everlasting redemption. *Ibid.*

O that he were here to write me down an ass! *Ibid.*

A fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns and everything handsome about him. *Ibid.*

Patch grief with proverbs. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

#### Men

Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief  
Which they themselves not feel. *Ibid.*

Charm ache with air and agony with words. *Ibid.*

'T is all men's office to speak patience  
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,  
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency  
To be so moral when he shall endure  
The like himself. *Ibid.*

For there was never yet philosopher  
That could endure the toothache patiently. *Ibid.*

Some of us will smart for it. *Ibid.*

I was not born under a rhyming planet. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

Done to death by slanderous tongues. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

Or, having sworn too hard a keeping oath,  
Study to break it and not break my troth.  
*Love's Labour's Lost. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Light seeking light doth light of light beguile. *Ibid.*

Small have continual plodders ever won  
 Save base authority from others' books.  
 These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights  
 That give a name to every fixed star  
 Have no more profit of their shining nights  
 Than those that walk and wot not what they are.

*Love's Labour's Lost. Act i. Sc. 1.*

At Christmas I no more desire a rose  
 Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled mirth. *Ibid.*

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,  
 That hath a mint of phrases in his brain. *Ibid.*

A high hope for a low heaven. *Ibid.*

And men sit down to that nourishment which is  
 called supper. *Ibid.*

That unlettered small-knowing-soul. *Ibid.*

A child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for  
 thy more sweet understanding, a woman. *Ibid.*

Affliction may one day smile again; and till then,  
 sit thee down, sorrow! *Ibid.*

The world was very guilty of such a ballad some  
 three ages since; but I think now 't is not to be  
 found. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

The rational hind Costard. *Ibid.*

Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes  
 in folio. *Ibid.*

Nothing becomes him ill that he would well. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

A merrier man,  
 Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
 I never spent an hour's talk withal. *Ibid.*

Delivers in such apt and gracious words  
That aged ears play truant at his tales  
And younger hearings are quite ravished ;  
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

*Love's Labour's Lost. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

By my penny of observation.

*Act iii. Sc. 1.*

The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that 's flat.

*Ibid.*

A very beadle to a humorous sigh.

*Ibid.*

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid ;  
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,  
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,  
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents.

*Ibid.*

He hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a  
book.

*Act iv. Sc. 2.*

Dictynna, goodman Dull.

*Ibid.*

These are begot in the ventricle of memory, nour-  
ished in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the  
mellowing of occasion.

*Ibid.*

For where is any author in the world  
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?  
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself.

*Act iv. Sc. 3.*

It adds a precious seeing to the eye.

*Ibid.*

As sweet and musical  
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair ;  
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods  
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.

*Ibid.*

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :  
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;  
They are the books, the arts, the academes,  
That show, contain, and nourish all the world.

*Ibid.*

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than  
the staple of his argument.

*Love's Labour's Lost. Act v. Sc. 1.*

Priscian! a little scratched, 't will serve. *Ibid.*

They have been at a great feast of languages, and  
stolen the scraps. *Ibid.*

In the posteriors of this day, which the rude multi-  
tude call the afternoon. *Ibid.*

They have measured many a mile,  
To tread a measure with you on this grass. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

Let me take you a button-hole lower. *Ibid.*

I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole  
of discretion. *Ibid.*

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear  
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue  
Of him that makes it. *Ibid.*

When daisies pied and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks all silver-white,  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue  
Do paint the meadows with delight. *Ibid.*

But earthlier happy<sup>1</sup> is the rose distilled,  
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn  
Grows, lives and dies in single blessedness.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream. Act i. Sc. 1.*

For aught that I could ever read,<sup>2</sup>  
Could ever hear by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> 'earthly happier,' Singer, Staunton, Knight.

<sup>2</sup> 'ever I could read,' Dyce, Knight, Singer, White.

O hell! to choose love by another's eyes.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;  
 Brief as the lightning in the collied night,  
 That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,  
 And ere a man hath power to say, "Behold!"  
 The jaws of darkness do devour it up:  
 So quick bright things come to confusion. *Ibid.*

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;  
 And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind. *Ibid.*

Masters, spread yourselves. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

This is Eracles' vein. *Ibid.*

I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove;  
 I will roar you, an 't were any nightingale. *Ibid.*

A proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day. *Ibid.*

The human mortals. *Act ii. Sc. 1.<sup>1</sup>*

The rude sea grew civil at her song,  
 And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,  
 To hear the sea-maid's music. *Ibid.<sup>1</sup>*

And the imperial votaress passed on,  
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free.  
 Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell:  
 It fell upon a little western flower,  
 Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,  
 And maidens call it love-in-idleness. *Ibid.<sup>1</sup>*

- I'll put a girdle round about the earth  
 - In forty minutes. *Ibid.<sup>1</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> *Act ii. Sc. 2, Singer, Knight.*



## My heart

Is true as steel. *A Midsummer Night's Dream. Act ii. Sc. 1.*<sup>1</sup>

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,  
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,  
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine. *Ibid.*<sup>1</sup>

A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing.  
*Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. *Ibid.*

So we grew together,  
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
But yet an union in partition. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem. *Ibid.*

I have an exposition of sleep come upon me. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet  
Are of imagination all compact. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

The lover, all as frantic,  
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:  
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;  
And as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name  
Such tricks hath strong imagination,  
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,  
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;  
Or in the night, imagining some fear,  
How easy is a bush supposed a bear! *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> *Act ii. Sc. 2, Singer, Knight.*

- The true beginning of our end.  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream. Act v. Sc. 1.*
- The best in this kind are but shadows. *Ibid.*
- The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve. *Ibid.*
- Now, by two-headed Janus,  
 Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time.  
*The Merchant of Venice. Act i. Sc. 1.*
- Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable. *Ibid.*
- You have too much respect upon the world :  
 They lose it that do buy it with much care. *Ibid.*
- I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano ;  
 A stage where every man must play a part,  
 And mine a sad one. *Ibid.*
- Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,  
 Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ? *Ibid.*
- There are a sort of men whose visages  
 Do cream and mantle like a standing pond. *Ibid.*
- I am Sir Oracle,  
 And when I ope my lips let no dog bark ! *Ibid.*
- Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more  
 than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two  
 grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff : you shall  
 seek all day ere you find them, and when you have  
 them, they are not worth the search. *Ibid.*
- In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,  
 I shot his fellow of the selfsame flight  
 The selfsame way, with more advised watch,  
 To find the other forth ; and by adventuring both,  
 I oft found both. *Ibid.*

They are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they  
that starve with nothing.

*The Merchant of Venice. Act i. Sc. 2.*

Superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but compe-  
tency lives longer. *Ibid.*

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to  
do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages  
princes' palaces. *Ibid.*

God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man.  
*Ibid.*

I dote on his very absence. *Ibid.*

Ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-  
rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves.

*Act i. Sc. 3.*

I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you,  
walk with you, and so following, but I will not eat  
with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What  
news on the Rialto? *Ibid.*

I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. *Ibid.*

Even there where merchants most do congregate. *Ibid.*

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose. *Ibid.*

A goodly apple rotten at the heart:  
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath! *Ibid.*

Many a time and oft  
In the Rialto you have rated me. *Ibid.*

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe. *Ibid.*

And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine. *Ibid.*

In a bondman's key,  
With bated breath and whispering humbleness. *Ibid.*

When did friendship take  
A breed for barren metal of his friend?

*The Merchant of Venice. Act i. Sc. 3.*

Mislike me not for my complexion,  
The shadowed livery of the burnished sun. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

According to Fates and Destinies and such odd say-  
ings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning.

*Act ii. Sc. 2.*

The very staff of my age, my very prop. *Ibid.*

It is a wise father that knows his own child. *Ibid.*

And the vile squeaking of the wry-necked fife.

*Act ii. Sc. 5.*

All things that are,  
Are with more spirit chased than enjoyed.  
How like a younker or a prodigal,  
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,  
Hugged and embraced by the strumpet wind!  
How like the prodigal doth she return,  
With over-weathered ribs and ragged sails,  
Lean, rent, and beggared by the strumpet wind!

*Act ii. Sc. 6.*

But love is blind and lovers cannot see

The pretty follies that themselves commit. *Ibid.*

If my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.  
*Act iii. Sc. 1.*

If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. *Ibid.*

I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew  
hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?

*Ibid.*

The villany you teach me, I will execute, and it  
shall go hard but I will better the instruction. *Ibid.*

Makes a swan-like end,  
Fading in music. *The Merchant of Venice. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Tell me where is fancy bred,  
Or in the heart or in the head?  
How begot, how nourished?

Reply, reply. *Ibid.*

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt  
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,  
Obscures the show of evil? *Ibid.*

The kindest man,  
The best-conditioned and unwearied spirit  
In doing courtesies. *Ibid.*

Thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into  
Charybdis, your mother.<sup>1</sup> *Act iii. Sc. 5.*

Let it serve for table-talk. *Ibid.*

A harmless necessary cat. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

What! wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?  
*Ibid.*

I am a tainted wether of the flock. *Ibid.*

I never knew so young a body with so old a head. *Ibid.*

The quality of mercy is not strained,  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:  
'T is mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown:  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,

<sup>1</sup> Incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim. — Philippe Gualtier (about the thirteenth century), *Alexandreis*, Book v. Line 301.

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;  
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway ;  
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
 It is an attribute to God himself ;  
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,  
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,  
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,  
 That, in the course of justice, none of us  
 Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;  
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
 The deeds of mercy.

*The Merchant of Venice. Act iv. Sc. 1.*

A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel ! *Ibid.*

Is it so nominated in the bond ? <sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*

'T is not in the bond. *Ibid.*

Speak me fair in death. *Ibid.*

A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !

Now, infidel, I have you on the hip. *Ibid.*

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word. *Ibid.*

You take my house when you do take the prop  
 That doth sustain my house ; you take my life  
 When you do take the means whereby I live. *Ibid.*

He is well paid that is well satisfied. *Ibid.*

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !  
 Here we will sit and let the sounds of music  
 Creep in our ears : soft stillness and the night  
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
 Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven  
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold :

<sup>1</sup> 'It is not nominated in the bond,' White.

There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st  
 But in his motion like an angel sings,  
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins ;  
 Such harmony is in immortal souls ;  
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

*The Merchant of Venice.* Act v. Sc. 1.

I am never merry when I hear sweet music. *Ibid.*

The man that hath no music in himself,  
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;  
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night  
 And his affections dark as Erebus :  
 Let no such man be trusted. *Ibid.*

How far that little candle throws his beams !  
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world. *Ibid.*

How many things by season seasoned are  
 To their right praise and true perfection ! *Ibid.*

This night methinks is but the daylight sick. *Ibid.*

These blessed candles of the night. *Ibid.*

Well said : that was laid on with a trowel.

*As You Like It.* Act i. Sc. 2.

My pride fell with my fortunes. *Ibid.*

*Cel.* Not a word ?

*Ros.* Not one to throw at a dog. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

O, how full of briers is this working-day world ! *Ibid.*

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold. *Ibid.*

We 'll have a swashing and a martial outside,  
 As many other mannish cowards have. *Ibid.*

Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;  
 And this our life exempt from public haunt  
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
 Sermons in stones and good in every thing.

*As You Like It. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

The big round tears  
 Coursed one another down his innocent nose  
 In piteous chase.

*Ibid.*

“Poor deer,” quoth he, “thou makest a testament  
 As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more  
 To that which had too much.”

*Ibid.*

Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens.

*Ibid.*

And He that doth the ravens feed  
 Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,  
 Be comfort to my age !

*Act ii. Sc. 3.*

For in my youth I never did apply  
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood.

*Ibid.*

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
 Frosty, but kindly.

*Ibid.*

O good old man, how well in thee appears  
 The constant service of the antique world,  
 When service sweat for duty, not for meed !  
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times,  
 Where none will sweat but for promotion.

*Ibid.*

Travellers must be content.

*Act ii. Sc. 4.*

Under the greenwood tree.

*Act ii. Sc. 5.*

I met a fool i' the forest,  
 A motley fool.

*Act ii. Sc. 7.*



And railed on Lady Fortune in good terms,  
In good set terms. *As You Like It. Act ii. Sc. 7.*

And then he drew a dial from his poke,  
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,  
Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock :  
Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags."  
*Ibid.*

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,  
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot ;  
And thereby hangs a tale. *Ibid.*

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,  
That fools should be so deep-contemplative,  
And I did laugh sans intermission  
An hour by his dial. *Ibid.*

Motley 's the only wear. *Ibid.*

If ladies be but young and fair,  
They have the gift to know it : and in his brain,  
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit  
After a voyage, he hath strange places crammed  
With observation, the which he vents  
In mangled forms. *Ibid.*

I must have liberty  
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
To blow on whom I please. *Ibid.*

The 'why' is plain as way to parish church. *Ibid.*

If ever you have looked on better days,  
If ever been where bells have knolled to church,  
If ever sat at any good man's feast. *Ibid.*

And wiped our eyes  
Of drops that sacred pity hath engendered. *Ibid.*

All the world's a stage,  
 And all the men and women merely players :  
 They have their exits and their entrances ;  
 And one man in his time plays many parts,  
 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
 And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel  
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
 Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad  
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,  
 Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,  
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
 Seeking the bubble reputation  
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,  
 In fair round belly with good capon lined,  
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
 Full of wise saws and modern instances ;  
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
 Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,  
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,  
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide  
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,  
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
 That ends this strange eventful history,  
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

*As You Like It. Act ii. Sc. 7.*

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
 Thou art not so unkind  
 As man's ingratitude.

*Ibid.*

The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

It goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd? *As You Like It. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

He that wants money, means, and content is without three good friends. *Ibid.*

With bag and baggage. *Ibid.*

O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all hooping! *Ibid.*

I do desire we may be better strangers. *Ibid.*

Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal. *Ibid.*

Every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it. *Ibid.*

Neither rhyme nor reason. *Ibid.*

I would the gods had made thee poetical. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Down on your knees,  
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love.  
*Act iii. Sc. 5.*

It is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad. *Ibid.*

Or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.  
*Ibid.*

Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit.

*As You Like It. Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love. *Ibid.*

Too much of a good thing. *Ibid.*

For ever and a day. *Ibid.*

Men are April when they woo, December when they wed. *Ibid.*

Chewing the food<sup>1</sup> of sweet and bitter fancy.

*Act iv. Sc. 3.*

It is meat and drink to me.

*Act v. Sc. 1.*

I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways.

*Ibid.*

No sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy.

*Act v. Sc. 2.*

How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes!

*Ibid.*

An ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own.

*Act v. Sc. 4.*

The Retort Courteous; . . . the Quip Modest; . . . the Reply Churlish; . . . the Reproof Valiant; . . . the Countercheck Quarrelsome; . . . the Lie with Circumstance; . . . the Lie Direct. *Ibid.*

Your If is the only peacemaker; much virtue in If.

*Ibid.*

Good wine needs no bush.

*Epilogue.*

<sup>1</sup> 'cud,' Dyce, Staunton.

Let the world slide. *The Taming of the Shrew. Induc. Sc. 1.*

I'll not budge an inch. *Ibid.*

As Stephen Sly and old John Naps of Greece  
And Peter Turph and Henry Pimpernell  
And twenty more such names and men as these  
Which never were nor no man ever saw. *Induc. Sc. 2.*

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;  
In brief, sir, study what you most affect. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

There's small choice in rotten apples. *Ibid.*

Why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.  
*Act i. Sc. 2.*

Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs. *Ibid.*

And do as adversaries do in law,  
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends. *Ibid.*

Who wooed in haste and means to wed at leisure.  
*Act iii. Sc. 2.*

And thereby hangs a tale.<sup>1</sup> *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

My cake is dough. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,  
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,  
Even such a woman oweth to her husband. *Ibid.*

'T were all one  
That I should love a bright particular star  
And think to wed it.  
*All's Well that Ends Well. Act i. Sc. 1.*

The hind that would be mated by the lion  
Must die for love. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> *Othello, Act iii. Sc. 1; Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i. Sc. 4; As You Like It, Act ii. Sc. 7.*

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,  
Which we ascribe to heaven.

*All's Well that Ends Well. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Service is no heritage.

*Act i. Sc. 3.*

He must needs go that the devil drives.

*Ibid.*

My friends were poor but honest.

*Ibid.*

Oft expectation fails and most oft there  
Where most it promises.

*Act ii. Sc. 1.*

I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught.

*Act ii. Sc. 2.*

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,

The place is dignified by the doer's deed.

*Act ii. Sc. 3.*

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and  
ill together.

*Act iv. Sc. 3.*

Whose words all ears took captive.

*Act v. Sc. 3.*

Praising what is lost

Makes the remembrance dear.

*Ibid.*

The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time.

*Ibid.*

All impediments in fancy's course

Are motives of more fancy.

*Ibid.*

The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

*Ibid.*

If music be the food of love, play on ;

Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,

The appetite may sicken, and so die.

That strain again ! it had a dying fall :

O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,<sup>1</sup>

That breathes upon a bank of violets,

Stealing and giving odour ! *Twelfth Night. Act i. Sc. 1.*

<sup>1</sup> 'Like the sweet south,' Dyce and Singer.

I am sure care's an enemy to life.

*Twelfth Night. Act i. Sc. 3.*

At my fingers' ends.

*Ibid.*

Wherefore are these things hid?

*Ibid.*

Is it a world to hide virtues in?

*Ibid.*

'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white  
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:

Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive

If you will lead these graces to the grave

And leave the world no copy.

*Act i. Sc. 5.*

Halloo your name to the reverberate hills

And make the babbling gossip of the air

Cry out.

*Ibid.*

Journeys end in lovers meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know.

*Act ii. Sc. 3.*

Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty.

*Ibid.*

He does it with a better grace, but I do it more  
natural.

*Ibid.*

*Sir To.* Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous,  
there shall be no more cakes and ale?

*Clo.* Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot  
i' the mouth too.

*Ibid.*

These most brisk and giddy-paced times.

*Act ii. Sc. 4.*

Let still the woman take

An elder than herself: so wears she to him,

So sways she level in her husband's heart:

For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,

Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,

More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,

Than women's are.

*Ibid.*

Then let thy love be younger than thyself,  
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent.

*Twelfth Night. Act ii. Sc. 4.*

The spinsters and the knitters in the sun  
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones  
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,  
And dallies with the innocence of love,  
Like the old age. *Ibid.*

*Duke.* And what's her history?

*Vio.* A blank, my lord. She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,  
And with a green and yellow melancholy  
She sat like patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief. *Ibid.*

I am all the daughters of my father's house,  
And all the brothers too. *Ibid.*

An you had any eye behind you, you might see more  
detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

*Act ii. Sc. 5.*

Some are born great, some achieve greatness and  
some have greatness thrust upon 'em. *Ibid.*

The trick of singularity. *Ibid.*

O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful  
In the contempt and anger of his lip! *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better. *Ibid.*

Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou  
write with a goose-pen, no matter. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

This is very midsummer madness. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*



If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

*Twelfth Night. Act iii. Sc. 4.*

More matter for a May morning. *Ibid.*

Still you keep o' the windy side of the law. *Ibid.*

An I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I 'ld have seen him damned ere I 'ld have challenged him. *Ibid.*<sup>1</sup>

Out of my lean and low ability  
I 'll lend you something. *Ibid.*<sup>1</sup>

As the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, That that is is. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

*Clo.* What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

*Mal.* That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

*Clo.* What thinkest thou of his opinion?

*Mal.* I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion. *Ibid.*

Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

For the rain it raineth every day. *Ibid.*

What 's gone and what 's past help  
Should be past grief. *The Winter's Tale. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*<sup>2</sup>

A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> *Act iii. Sc. 5, Dyce.*

<sup>2</sup> *Act iv. Sc. 2, Dyce, Knight, Singer, Staunton. White.*

Daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes  
Or Cytherea's breath. *The Winter's Tale. Act iv. Sc. 4.*<sup>1</sup>

When you do dance, I wish you  
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do  
Nothing but that. *Ibid.*<sup>1</sup>

To unpathed waters, undreamed shores. *Ibid.*<sup>1</sup>

Lord of thy presence and no land beside.  
*King John. Act i. Sc. 1.*

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;  
For new-made honour doth forget men's names. *Ibid.*

For he is but a bastard to the time  
That doth not smack of observation. *Ibid.*

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth. *Ibid.*

For courage mounteth with occasion. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

I would that I were low laid in my grave:  
I am not worth this coil that's made for me. *Ibid.*

Saint George, that swung the dragon, and e'er since  
Sits on his horse back at mine hostess' door. *Ibid.*

He is the half part of a blessed man,  
Left to be finished by such as she. *Ibid.*

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions  
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs! *Ibid.*<sup>2</sup>

Zounds! I was never so bethumped with words  
Since I first called my brother's father dad. *Ibid.*<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Act iv. Sc. 3, Dyce, Knight, Singer, Staunton, White.*

<sup>2</sup> *Act ii. Sc. 2, Singer, Staunton, Knight.*

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud ;  
 For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.

*King John. Act iii. Sc. 1.<sup>1</sup>*

Here I and sorrows sit ;  
 Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it. *Ibid.<sup>1</sup>*

Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward !  
 Thou little valiant, great in villany !  
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !  
 Thou Fortune's champion that dost never fight  
 But when her humorous ladyship is by  
 To teach thee safety ! *Ibid.*

Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for shame,  
 And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs. *Ibid.*

That no Italian priest  
 Shall tithe or toll in our dominions. *Ibid.*

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,  
 Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,  
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form.  
*Act iii. Sc. 4.*

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale  
 Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man. *Ibid.*

When Fortune means to men most good,  
 She looks upon them with a threatening eye. *Ibid.*

And he that stands upon a slippery place  
 Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up. *Ibid.*

How now, foolish rheum ! *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

<sup>1</sup> *Act ii. Sc. 2, White.*

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
 To throw a perfume on the violet,  
 To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
 Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light  
 To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,  
 Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

*King John. Act iv. Sc. 2.*

And oftentimes excusing of a fault  
 Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse. *Ibid.*

We cannot hold mortality's strong hand. *Ibid.*

Make haste; the better foot before. *Ibid.*

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,  
 The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
 With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news. *Ibid.*

Another lean unwashed artificer. *Ibid.*

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds  
 Make deeds ill done! *Ibid.*

Mocking the air with colours idly spread. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

This England never did, nor never shall,  
 Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror. *Act v. Sc. 7.*

Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
 And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,  
 If England to itself do rest but true. *Ibid.*

Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster.  
*King Richard II. Act i. Sc. 1.*

In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire. *Ibid.*

The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.  
*Act i. Sc. 3.*

Truth hath a quiet breast. *Ibid.*

All places that the eye of heaven visits  
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.

*King Richard II. Act i. Sc. 3.*

O, who can hold a fire in his hand  
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?  
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite  
By bare imagination of a feast?  
Or wallow naked in December snow  
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?  
O, no! the apprehension of the good  
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.

*Ibid.*

The tongues of dying men  
Enforce attention like deep harmony.

*Act ii. Sc. 1.*

The setting sun, and music at the close,  
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,  
Writ in remembrance more than things long past.

*Ibid.*

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise,  
This fortress built by Nature for herself  
Against infection and the hand of war,  
This happy breed of men, this little world,  
This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
Which serves it in the office of a wall  
Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
Against the envy of less happier lands,  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.

*Ibid.*

The ripest fruit first falls.

*Ibid.*

Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor.

*Act ii. Sc. 3.*

Eating the bitter bread of banishment.

*Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Fires the proud tops of the eastern pines.

*King Richard II. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Not all the water in the rough rude sea

Can wash the balm off from an anointed king. *Ibid.*

O, call back yesterday, bid time return.

*Ibid.*

Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs.

*Ibid.*

And nothing can we call our own but death

And that small model of the barren earth

Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground

And tell sad stories of the death of kings. *Ibid.*

Comes at the last and with a little pin

Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king! *Ibid.*

He is come to open

The purple testament of bleeding war. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

And my large kingdom for a little grave,

A little little grave, an obscure grave. *Ibid.*

Gave

His body to that pleasant country's earth,

And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,

Under whose colours he had fought so long.

*Act iv. Sc. 1.*

A mockery king of snow.

*Ibid.*

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,

After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,

Are idly bent on him that enters next,

Thinking his prattle to be tedious.

*Act v. Sc. 2.*

As for a camel

To thread the postern of a small needle's eye.

*Act v. Sc. 5.*

In those holy fields

Over whose acres walked those blessed feet  
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed  
For our advantage on the bitter cross.

*King Henry IV., Part I. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of  
the moon. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

Old father antic the law. *Ibid.*

I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity  
of good names were to be bought. *Ibid.*

Thou hast damnable iteration. *Ibid.*

And now am I, if a man should speak truly, little  
better than one of the wicked. *Ibid.*

'T is my vocation, Hal; 't is no sin for a man to la-  
bour in his vocation. *Ibid.*

He will give the devil his due. *Ibid.*

There 's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellow-  
ship in thee. *Ibid.*

If all the year were playing holidays,  
To sport would be as tedious as to work. *Ibid.*

Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reaped  
Showed like a stubble-land at harvest-home;  
He was perfumed like a milliner;  
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon  
He gave his nose and took 't away again. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse  
Betwixt the wind and his nobility. *Ibid.*

And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth  
 Was parmaceti for an inward bruise ;  
 And that it was great pity, so it was,  
 This villanous saltpetre should be digged  
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed  
 So cowardly ; and but for these vile guns,  
 He would himself have been a soldier.

*King Henry IV., Part I. Act i. Sc. 3.*

The blood more stirs  
 To rouse a lion than to start a hare ! *Ibid.*

By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,  
 To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,  
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
 Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,  
 And pluck up drowned honour by the locks. *Ibid.*

I know a trick worth two of that. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

If the rascal have not given me medicines to make  
 me love him, I'll be hanged. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

It would be argument for a week, laughter for a  
 month, and a good jest for ever. *Ibid.*

Falstaff sweats to death,  
 And lards the lean earth as he walks along. *Ibid.*

Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.  
*Act ii. Sc. 3.*

Brain him with his lady's fan. *Ibid.*

A Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

A plague of all cowards, I say. *Ibid.*

There live not three good men unchanged in Eng-  
 land ; and one of them is fat and grows old. *Ibid.*



Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! *King Henry IV., Part I. Act ii. Sc. 4.*

I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew. *Ibid.*

I have peppered two of them: two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me — *Ibid.*

Three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green. *Ibid.*

Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I. *Ibid.*

Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. *Ibid.*

I was now a coward on instinct. *Ibid.*

No more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me! *Ibid.*

What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? *Ibid.*

A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. *Ibid.*

In King Cambyzes' vein. *Ibid.*

Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world. *Ibid.*

Play out the play. *Ibid.*

O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! *Ibid.*

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth  
In strange eruptions. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

I am not in the roll of common men. *Ibid.*

*Glen.* I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

*Hot.* Why, so can I, or so can any man;  
But will they come when you do call for them?

*King Henry IV., Part I. Act iii. Sc. 1.*

O, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil! *Ibid.*

I had rather be a kitten and cry mew  
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers. *Ibid.*

But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,  
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair. *Ibid.*

A deal of skimble-skamble stuff. *Ibid.*

A good mouth-filling oath. *Ibid.*

A fellow of no mark nor likelihood. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little  
More than a little is by much too much. *Ibid.*

An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church  
is made of, I am a pepper-corn. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil  
of me. *Ibid.*

Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn? *Ibid.*

Rob me the exchequer. *Ibid.*

This sickness doth infect  
The very life-blood of our enterprise. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

That daffed the world aside,  
And bid it pass. *Ibid.*

All plumed like estridges that with the wind  
Baited like eagles having lately bathed;  
Glittering in golden coats, like images;  
As full of spirit as the month of May. *Ibid.*

I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,  
 His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly armed,  
 Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,  
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,  
 As if an angel dropped down from the clouds,  
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus  
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

*King Henry IV., Part I. Act iv. Sc. 1.*

The cankers of a calm world and a long peace.

*Act iv. Sc. 2.*

A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat: nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like an herald's coat without sleeves.

*Ibid.*

Food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better.

*Ibid.*

I would 't were bedtime, Hal, and all well. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honour? a word. What is in that word honour? what is that honour? air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. 'T is insensible, then. Yea, to the dead. But

will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon: and so ends my catechism.

*King Henry IV., Part I. Act v. Sc. 1.*

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.

*Act v. Sc. 4.*

This earth that bears thee dead  
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman. *Ibid.*

I could have better spared a better man. *Ibid.*

The better part of valour is discretion. *Ibid.*

Full bravely hast thou fleshed  
Thy maiden sword. *Ibid.*

Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. *Ibid.*

I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly. *Ibid.*

Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,  
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,  
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,  
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt.

*King Henry IV., Part II. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news  
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue  
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,  
Remembered tolling a departing friend. *Ibid.*

I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

Some smack of age in you, some relish of the salt-ness of time. *Ibid.*

We that are in the vaward of our youth.

*King Henry IV., Part II. Act i. Sc. 2.*

For my voice, I have lost it with halloing and singing of anthems. *Ibid.*

It was alway yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. *Ibid.*

If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. *Ibid.*

Past and to come seems best; things present worst. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

I'll tickle your catastrophe. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

He hath eaten me out of house and home. *Ibid.*

Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson week. *Ibid.*

I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Let the end try the man. *Ibid.*

Thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. *Ibid.*

He was indeed the glass  
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

O sleep, O gentle sleep,  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness? *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

With all appliances and means to boot. *Ibid.*

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. *Ibid.*

Death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?  
*King Henry IV., Part II. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is, being, whereby a' may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing. *Ibid.*

Most forcible Feeble. *Ibid.*

We have heard the chimes at midnight. *Ibid.*

A man can die but once. *Ibid.*

Like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when a' was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife. *Ibid.*

I may justly say, with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, 'I came, saw, and overcame.'  
*Act iv. Sc. 3.*

He hath a tear for pity and a hand  
 Open as day for melting charity. *Act iv. Sc. 4.*

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.  
*Act iv. Sc. 5.<sup>1</sup>*

#### Commit

The oldest sins the newest kind of ways. *Ibid.<sup>1</sup>*

A joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kick-shaws, tell William cook. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

A foutre for the world and worldlings base!  
 I speak of Africa and golden joys. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> *Act iv. Sc. 4, Dyce, Singer, Staunton, White.*

O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend  
The brightest heaven of invention!

*King Henry V. Prologue.*

Consideration, like an angel, came  
And whipped the offending Adam out of him.

*Act i. Sc. 1.*

Turn him to any cause of policy,  
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,  
Familiar as his garter: that, when he speaks,  
The air, a chartered libertine, is still.

*Ibid.*

Base is the slave that pays.

*Act ii. Sc. 1.*

His nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of  
green fields.

*Act ii. Sc. 3.*

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin  
As self-neglecting.

*Act ii. Sc. 4.*

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;  
Or close the wall up with our English dead.  
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man  
As modest stillness and humility:  
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
Then imitate the action of the tiger;  
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood.

*Act iii. Sc. 1.*

And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.

*Ibid.*

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
Straining upon the start.

*Ibid.*

Men of few words are the best men.

*Act iii. Sc. 2.*

I thought upon one pair of English legs  
Did march three Frenchmen.

*Act iii. Sc. 6.*

You may as well say, that's a valiant flea that dare  
eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

*Act iii. Sc. 7.<sup>1</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> *Act iii. Sc. 6, Dyce.*

The hum of either army stilly sounds,  
 That the fixed sentinels almost receive  
 The secret whispers of each other's watch.  
 Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames  
 Each battle sees the other's umbered face;  
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs  
 Piercing the night's dull ear, and from the tents  
 The armourers, accomplishing the knights,  
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,  
 Give dreadful note of preparation.

*King Henry V. Act iv. Prologue.*

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,  
 Would men observingly distil it out. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Every subject's duty is the king's; but every sub-  
 ject's soul is his own. *Ibid.*

That 's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun. *Ibid.*

Who with a body filled and vacant mind  
 Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread. *Ibid.*

Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep. *Ibid.*

But if it be a sin to covet honour,  
 I am the most offending soul alive. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

This day is called the feast of Crispian:  
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,  
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian. *Ibid.*

Then shall our names,  
 Familiar in his mouth<sup>1</sup> as household words,  
 Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,  
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,  
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> 'in their mouths,' Dyce, Singer, Staunton, White.



There is a river in Macedon; and there is also more-  
over a river at Monmouth; . . . and there is salmons  
in both. *King Henry V. Act iv. Sc. 7.*

An arrant traitor as any is in the universal world,  
or in France, or in England! *Act iv. Sc. 8.*

There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in  
all things. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

By this leek, I will most horribly revenge: I eat  
and eat, I swear. *Ibid.*

If he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt  
find the best king of good fellows. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!  
*King Henry VI., Part I. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;  
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;  
Between two blades, which bears the better temper;  
Between two horses, which doth bear him best;  
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;  
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgment;  
But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,  
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

Delays have dangerous ends. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

She's beautiful and therefore to be wooed;  
She is a woman, therefore to be won. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

Could I come near your beauty with my nails,  
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.  
*King Henry VI., Part II. Act i. Sc. 3.*

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.  
*Act iii. Sc. 1.*

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!  
 Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,  
 And he but naked, though locked up in steel,  
 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.<sup>1</sup>

*King Henry VI., Part II. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

He dies, and makes no sign. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Close up his eyes and draw the curtain close;  
 And let us all to meditation. *Ibid.*

The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day  
 Is crept into the bosom of the sea. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves  
 sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten  
 hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer.

*Act iv. Sc. 2.*

Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an  
 innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parch-  
 ment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? *Ibid.*

Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and  
 the bricks are alive at this day to testify it. *Ibid.*

Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of  
 the realm in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas,  
 before, our forefathers had no other books but the  
 score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be  
 used, and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity,  
 thou hast built a paper-mill. *Act iv. Sc. 7.*

How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;  
 Within whose circuit is Elysium  
 And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

*King Henry VI., Part III. Act i. Sc. 2.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Marlowe. Page 17.

And many strokes, though with a little axe,  
Hew down and fell the hardest-timbered oak.

*King Henry VI., Part III. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

The smallest worm will turn being trodden on.

*Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Didst thou never hear  
That things ill got had ever bad success?

And happy always was it for that son

Whose father for his hoarding went to hell? *Ibid.*

Warwick, peace,

Proud setter up and puller down of kings! *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

A little fire is quickly trodden out;  
Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench.

*Act iv. Sc. 8.*

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;

The thief doth fear each bush an officer. *Act v. Sc. 6.*

Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;  
And all the clouds that loured upon our house  
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.  
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;  
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;  
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,  
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.  
Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front;  
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds  
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,  
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber  
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.  
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,  
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;  
I, that am rudely stamped, and want love's majesty

To strut before a wanton ambling nymph ;  
 I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,  
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
 Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time  
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,  
 And that so lamely and unfashionable  
 That dogs bark at me as I halt by them ;  
 Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,  
 Have no delight to pass away the time,  
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun.

*King Richard III. Act i. Sc. 1.*

To leave this keen encounter of our wits. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

Was ever woman in this humour wooed ?

Was ever woman in this humour won ? *Ibid.*

Framed in the prodigality of nature. *Ibid.*

The world is grown so bad,  
 That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.

*Act i. Sc. 3.*

And thus I clothe my naked villany

With old odd ends, stolen out of <sup>1</sup> holy writ ;

And seem a saint, when most I play the devil. *Ibid.*

O, I have passed a miserable night,

So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,

That, as I am a Christian faithful man,

I would not spend another such a night,

Though 't were to buy a world of happy days.

*Act i. Sc. 4.*

Lord, Lord ! methought, what pain it was to drown !

What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears !

What ugly sights of death within mine eyes !

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;

<sup>1</sup> 'stolen forth,' White, Knight.

- Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed upon ;  
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,  
 All scattered in the bottom of the sea :  
 Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and, in those holes  
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,  
 As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems.  
*King Richard III. Act i. Sc. 4.*
- So wise so young, they say, do never live long.  
*Act iii. Sc. 1.*
- Off with his head ! <sup>1</sup>  
*Act iii. Sc. 4.*
- Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,  
 Ready, with every nod, to tumble down. *Ibid.*
- Even in the afternoon of her best days. *Act iii. Sc. 7.*
- Thou troublest me ; I am not in the vein. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*
- Their lips were four red roses on a stalk. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*
- The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom. *Ibid.*
- Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women  
 Rail on the Lord's anointed. *Act iv. Sc. 4.*
- Tetchy and wayward. *Ibid.*
- An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told. *Ibid.*
- Thus far into the bowels of the land  
 Have we marched on without impediment. *Act v. Sc. 2.*
- True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings ;  
 Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. *Ibid.*
- The king's name is a tower of strength. *Act v. Sc. 3.*
- Give me another horse : bind up my wounds. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Cibber. Page 248.

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!

*King Richard III. Act v. Sc. 3.*

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,  
And every tongue brings in a several tale,  
And every tale condemns me for a villain.

*Ibid.*

The early village cock  
Hath twice done salutation to the morn.

*Ibid.*

By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night  
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard  
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers.

*Ibid.*

The selfsame heaven  
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

*Ibid.*

A thing devised by the enemy.<sup>1</sup>

*Ibid.*

I have set my life upon a cast,  
And I will stand the hazard of the die :  
I think there be six Richmonds in the field.

*Act v. Sc. 4.*

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

*Ibid.*

Order gave each thing view. *King Henry VIII. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot  
That it do singe yourself.

*Ibid.*

This bold bad man.<sup>2</sup>

*Act ii. Sc. 2.*

'T is better to be lowly born,  
And range with humble livers in content,  
Than to be perked up in a glistening grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow.

*Act ii. Sc. 3.*

'T is well said again ;  
And 't is a kind of good deed to say well :  
And yet words are no deeds.

*Act iii. Sc. 2.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Cibber. Page 248.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Spenser. Page 16.

And then to breakfast with

What appetite you have. *King Henry VIII. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

I have touched the highest point of all my greatness ;  
 And, from that full meridian of my glory,  
 I haste now to my setting : I shall fall  
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
 And no man see me more. *Ibid.*

Press not a falling man too far ! *Ibid.*

Farewell ! a long farewell, to all my greatness !  
 This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth  
 The tender leaves of hopes ; to-morrow blossoms,  
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;  
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,  
 And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
 His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,  
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,  
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
 This many summers in a sea of glory,  
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride  
 At length broke under me and now has left me,  
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy  
 Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.  
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye :  
 I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched  
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !  
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have :  
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
 Never to hope again. *Ibid.*

A peace above all earthly dignities,  
 A still and quiet conscience. *Ibid.*

And sleep in dull cold marble.

*King Henry VIII. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,  
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;  
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it. *Ibid.*

I charge thee, fling away ambition :  
By that sin fell the angels. *Ibid.*

Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee ;  
Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Crom-  
well,  
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr ! *Ibid.*

Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
I served my king, he would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies. *Ibid.*

A royal train, believe me. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

An old man, broken with the storms of state,  
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;  
Give him a little earth for charity ! *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

He gave his honours to the world again,  
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace. *Ibid.*

So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him ! *Ibid.*

He was a man  
Of an unbounded stomach. *Ibid.*

Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues  
We write in water. *Ibid.*



He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;  
 Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading  
 Lofty and sour to them that loved him not ;  
 But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.

*King Henry VIII. Act iv. Sc. 2.*

After my death I wish no other herald,  
 No other speaker of my living actions,  
 To keep mine honour from corruption,  
 But such an honest chronicler as Griffith. *Ibid.*

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures.  
*Act v. Sc. 2.*

'T is a cruelty

To load a falling man. *Act v. Sc. 3.<sup>1</sup>*

You were ever good at sudden commendations. *Ibid.<sup>1</sup>*

They are too thin and bare to hide offences. *Ibid.<sup>1</sup>*

Those about her

From her shall read the perfect ways of honour.  
*Act v. Sc. 5.<sup>2</sup>*

Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,  
 His honour and the greatness of his name  
 Shall be, and make new nations. *Ibid.<sup>2</sup>*

A most unspotted lily shall she pass  
 To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her. *Ibid.<sup>2</sup>*

I have had my labour for my travail.  
*Troilus and Cressida. Act i. Sc. 1.*

The baby figure of the giant mass  
 Of things to come. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

Welcome ever smiles,  
 And farewell goes out sighing. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

<sup>1</sup> *Act v. Sc. 2, Dyce, Singer, Staunton, White.*

<sup>2</sup> *Act v. Sc. 4, Dyce, Singer, Staunton, White.*

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

*Troilus and Cressida. Act iii. Sc. 3.*

And give to dust that is a little gilt  
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

*Ibid.*

And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,  
Be shook to air.

*Ibid.*

His heart and hand both open and both free,  
For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows;  
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty.

*Act iv. Sc. 5.*

The end crowns all.

*Ibid.*

A cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber  
in 't.<sup>1</sup>

*Coriolanus. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Many-headed multitude.

*Act ii. Sc. 3.*

I thank you for your voices: thank you:  
Your most sweet voices.

*Ibid.*

Hear you this Triton of the minnows?

*Act iii. Sc. 1.*

His nature is too noble for the world:  
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,  
Or Jove for 's power to thunder.

*Ibid.*

*Serv.* Where dwellest thou?

*Cor.* Under the canopy.

*Act iv. Sc. 5.*

A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,  
And harsh in sound to thine.

*Ibid.*

Chaste as the icicle  
That 's curdied by the frost from purest snow  
And hangs on Dian's temple.

*Act v. Sc. 3.*

<sup>1</sup> See Richard Lovelace. Page 172.

If you have writ your annals true, 't is there,  
 That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I  
 Fluttered your Volscians in Corioli:  
 Alone I did it. Boy! *Coriolanus. Act v. Sc. 6.*<sup>1</sup>

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.  
*Titus Andronicus. Act i. Sc. 2.*

She is a woman, therefore may be wooed;  
 She is a woman, therefore may be won;  
 She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.  
 What, man! more water glideth by the mill  
 Than wots the miller of; and easy it is  
 Of a cut loaf to steal a shive. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

The eagle suffers little birds to sing. *Act iv. Sc. 4.*

The weakest goes to the wall.  
*Romeo and Juliet. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. *Ibid.*

An hour before the worshipped sun  
 Peered forth the golden window of the east. *Ibid.*

As is the bud bit with an envious worm,  
 Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,  
 Or dedicate his beauty to the sun. *Ibid.*

Saint-seducing gold. *Ibid.*

He that is stricken blind cannot forget  
 The precious treasure of his eyesight lost. *Ibid.*

One fire burns out another's burning,  
 One pain is lessened by another's anguish. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,  
 That in gold clasps locks in the golden story. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

For I am proverbed with a grandsire phrase. *Act i. Sc. 4.*

<sup>1</sup> *Act v. Sc. 5, Singer, Knight.*

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.  
 She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes  
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,  
 Drawn with a team of little atomies  
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep.

*Romeo and Juliet. Act i. Sc. 4.*

Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,  
 Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers. *Ibid.*

Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
 Of healths five-fathom deep; and then anon  
 Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,  
 And being thus frighted swears a prayer or two  
 And sleeps again. *Ibid.*

True, I talk of dreams,  
 Which are the children of an idle brain,  
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy. *Ibid.*

For you and I are past our dancing days. *Act i. Sc. 5.*

It seems she hangs<sup>1</sup> upon the cheek of night  
 Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear. *Ibid.*

Shall have the chinks. *Ibid.*

Too early seen unknown, and known too late! *Ibid.*

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,  
 When King Cophetua loved the beggar maid!  
*Act ii. Sc. 1.*

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.  
 But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?  
 It is the east, and Juliet is the sun. *Act ii. Sc. 2.<sup>2</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> 'Her beauty hangs,' Dyce, Knight, White.

<sup>2</sup> *Act ii. Sc. 1, White.*

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

*Romeo and Juliet. Act ii. Sc. 2.<sup>1</sup>*

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo? *Ibid.<sup>1</sup>*

What's in a name? that which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet. *Ibid.<sup>1</sup>*

For stony limits cannot hold love out. *Ibid.<sup>1</sup>*

Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye  
Than twenty of their swords. *Ibid.<sup>1</sup>*

At lovers' perjuries,<sup>2</sup>

They say, Jove laughs. *Ibid.<sup>1</sup>*

*Rom.* Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,  
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops —

*Jul.* O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,  
That monthly changes in her circled orb,  
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable. *Ibid.<sup>1</sup>*

The god of my idolatry. *Ibid.<sup>1</sup>*

Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,  
Ere one can say, 'It lightens.' *Ibid.<sup>1</sup>*

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,  
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet. *Ibid.<sup>1</sup>*

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,  
Like softest music to attending ears! *Ibid.<sup>1</sup>*

Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,  
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. *Ibid.<sup>1</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> Act ii. Sc. 1, White.

<sup>2</sup> Perjuria ridet amantum

Jupiter.

Tibullus, *Lib.* iii. *El.* 6, *Line* 49.

O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies  
 In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities :  
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth live  
 But to the earth some special good doth give,  
 Nor aught so good but strained from that fair use  
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :  
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ;  
 And vice sometimes by action dignified.

*Romeo and Juliet. Act ii. Sc. 3.*

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,  
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie. *Ibid.*

Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears. *Ibid.*

Stabbed with a white wench's black eye. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

The courageous captain of complements. *Ibid.*

One, two, and the third in your bosom. *Ibid.*

O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! *Ibid.*

I am the very pink of courtesy. *Ibid.*

A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk,  
 and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to  
 in a month. *Ibid.*

My man's as true as steel.<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*

These violent delights have violent ends. *Act ii. Sc. 6.*

Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow. *Ibid.*

Here comes the lady : O, so light a foot  
 Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint. *Ibid.*

Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of  
 meat. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

<sup>1</sup> 'true as steel,' Chaucer, *Troilus and Creseide*, Book v.; Shakespeare, *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii. Sc. 2.

A word and a blow. *Romeo and Juliet. Act iii. Sc. 1.*

A plague o' both your houses! *Ibid.*

*Rom.* Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

*Mer.* No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 't is enough, 't will serve. *Ibid.*

When he shall die,

Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine  
That all the world will be in love with night  
And pay no worship to the garish sun. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical! *Ibid.*

Was ever book containing such vile matter  
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell  
In such a gorgeous palace! *Ibid.*

Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

They may seize

On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand  
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,  
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,  
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin. *Ibid.*

The damned use that word in hell. *Ibid.*

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy. *Ibid.*

Taking the measure of an unmade grave. *Ibid.*

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops. *Act iii. Sc. 5.*

Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps. *Ibid.*

All these woes shall serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come. *Ibid.*

- Villain and he be many miles asunder.  
*Romeo and Juliet.* Act iii. Sc. 5.
- Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty. Act iv. Sc. 2.
- My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne. Act v. Sc. 1.
- I do remember an apothecary, —  
 And hereabouts he dwells. *Ibid.*
- Meagre were his looks,  
 Sharp misery had worn him to the bones. *Ibid.*
- A beggarly account of empty boxes. *Ibid.*
- Famine is in thy cheeks. *Ibid.*
- The world is not thy friend nor the world's law. *Ibid.*
- Ap.* My poverty, but not my will, consents.  
*Rom.* I pay thy poverty, and not thy will. *Ibid.*
- One writ with me in sour misfortune's book! Act v. Sc. 3.
- Her beauty makes  
 This vault a feasting presence full of light. *Ibid.*
- Beauty's ensign yet  
 Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,  
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there. *Ibid.*
- Eyes, look your last!  
 Arms, take your last embrace! *Ibid.*
- But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,  
 Leaving no tract behind. *Timon of Athens.* Act i. Sc. 1.
- Men shut their doors against a setting sun. Act i. Sc. 2.
- Every room  
 Hath blazed with lights and brayed with minstrelsy.  
*Act ii. Sc. 2.*
- 'T is lack of kindly warmth. *Ibid.*



Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

*Timon of Athens.* Act iii. Sc. 5.

We have seen better days.

Act iv. Sc. 2.

Are not within the leaf of pity writ.

Act iv. Sc. 3.

I'll example you with thievery :

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction

Robs the vast sea : the moon's an arrant thief,

And her pale fire she snatches from the sun :

The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves

The moon into salt tears : the earth's a thief,

That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen

From general excrement : each thing's a thief. *Ibid.*

As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather.

*Julius Cæsar.* Act i. Sc. 1.

The live-long day.

*Ibid.*

Beware the ides of March.

Act i. Sc. 2.

Well, honour is the subject of my story.

I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life ; but, for my single self,

I had as lief not be as live to be

In awe of such a thing as I myself.

*Ibid.*

‘Darest thou, Cassius, now

Leap in with me into this angry flood,

And swim to yonder point ?’ Upon the word,

Accoutred as I was, I plunged in

And bade him follow.

*Ibid.*

Help me, Cassius, or I sink !

*Ibid.*

Ye gods, it doth amaze me

A man of such a feeble temper should

So get the start of the majestic world

And bear the palm alone.

*Ibid.*

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world  
 Like a Colossus, and we petty men  
 Walk under his huge legs and peep about  
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves,  
 Men at some time are masters of their fates :  
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

*Julius Cæsar. Act i. Sc. 2.*

Conjure with 'em,  
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.  
 Now, in the names of all the gods at once,  
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,  
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!  
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods! *Ibid.*

There was a Brutus once that would have brooked  
 The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome  
 As easily as a king. *Ibid.*

Let me have men about me that are fat ;  
 Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights :  
 Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;  
 He thinks too much : such men are dangerous. *Ibid.*

He reads much ;  
 He is a great observer and he looks  
 Quite through the deeds of men. *Ibid.*

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort  
 As if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit  
 That could be moved to smile at any thing. *Ibid.*

But, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. *Ibid.*

'T is a common proof,  
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face ;

But when he once attains the upmost<sup>1</sup> round,  
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
 By which he did ascend. *Julius Cæsar. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Between the acting of a dreadful thing  
 And the first motion, all the interim is  
 Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream :  
 The Genius and the mortal instruments  
 Are then in council ; and the state of man,  
 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
 The nature of an insurrection. *Ibid.*

A dish fit for the gods. *Ibid.*

But when I tell him he hates flatterers,  
 He says he does, being then most flattered. *Ibid.*

With an angry wafture of your hand,  
 Gave sign for me to leave you. *Ibid.*

You are my true and honourable wife,  
 As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
 That visit my sad heart. *Ibid.*

Think you I am no stronger than my sex,  
 Being so fathered and so husbanded ? *Ibid.*

Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,  
 In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,  
 Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

These things are beyond all use,  
 And I do fear them. *Ibid.*

When beggars die, there are no comets seen ;  
 The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> 'utmost,' Singer.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;  
 The valiant never taste of death but once.  
 Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
 It seems to me most strange that men should fear;  
 Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
 Will come when it will come. *Julius Cæsar. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

*Cæs.* The ides of March are come.

*Sooth.* Ay, Cæsar; but not gone. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

But I am constant as the northern star,  
 Of whose true-fixed and resting quality  
 There is no fellow in the firmament. *Ibid.*

Et tu, Brute! *Ibid.*

The choice and master spirits of this age. *Ibid.*

Though last, not least in love. *Ibid.*

O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,  
 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!  
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man  
 That ever lived in the tide of times. *Ibid.*

Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war. *Ibid.*

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my  
 cause, and be silent, that you may hear. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome  
 more. *Ibid.*

Who is here so base that would be a bondman? *Ibid.*

If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause  
 for a reply. *Ibid.*

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;  
 I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.  
 The evil that men do lives after them;  
 The good is oft interred with their bones. *Ibid.*

For Brutus is an honourable man ;  
So are they all, all honourable men.

*Julius Cæsar. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff. *Ibid.*

O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason. *Ibid.*

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might  
Have stood against the world ; now lies he there,  
And none so poor to do him reverence. *Ibid.*

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. *Ibid.*

See what a rent the envious Casca made. *Ibid.*

This was the most unkindest cut of all. *Ibid.*

Great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !  
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us. *Ibid.*

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not. *Ibid.*

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts :  
I am no orator, as Brutus is ;  
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man. *Ibid.*

I only speak right on. *Ibid.*

Put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny. *Ibid.*

When love begins to sicken and decay,  
It useth an enforced ceremony.  
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.

*Act iv. Sc. 2.*

- You yourself  
 Are much condemned to have an itching palm.  
*Julius Cæsar. Act iv. Sc. 3.*
- The foremost man of all this world. *Ibid.*
- I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
 Than such a Roman. *Ibid.*
- I said, an elder soldier, not a better :  
 Did I say 'better' ? *Ibid.*
- There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,  
 For I am armed so strong in honesty  
 That they pass by me as the idle wind,  
 Which I respect not. *Ibid.*
- Should I have answered Caius Cassius so ?  
 When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
 To lock such rascal counters from his friends,  
 Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts ;  
 Dash him to pieces ! *Ibid.*
- A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,  
 But Brutus makes mine greater than they are. *Ibid.*
- All his faults observed,  
 Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote. *Ibid.*
- There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;  
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
 Is bound in shallows and in miseries. *Ibid.*
- We must take the current when it serves,  
 Or lose our ventures. *Ibid.*
- The deep of night is crept upon our talk,  
 And nature must obey necessity. *Ibid.*

*Brutus.* Then I shall see thee again?

*Ghost.* Ay, at Philippi.

*Brutus.* Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

*Julius Cæsar.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!

If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;

If not, why then, this parting was well made. Act v. Sc. 1.

O, that a man might know

The end of this day's business ere it come! *Ibid.*

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well! Act v. Sc. 3.

This was the noblest Roman of them all. Act v. Sc. 5.

His life was gentle, and the elements

So mixed in him that Nature might stand up

And say to all the world, 'This was a man!' *Ibid.*

1 *W.* When shall we three meet again

In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 *W.* When the hurlyburly's done,

When the battle's lost and won.

*Macbeth.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Fair is foul, and foul is fair.

*Ibid.*

Banners flout the sky.

Act i. Sc. 2.

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his pent-house lid.

Act i. Sc. 3.

Dwindle, peak, and pine.

*Ibid.*

What are these

So withered and so wild in their attire,

That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth.

And yet are on 't?

*Ibid.*

If you can look into the seeds of time,

And say which grain will grow and which will not. *Ibid.*

Stands not within the prospect of belief.

*Macbeth. Act i. Sc. 3.*

The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
And these are of them.

*Ibid.*

The insane root  
That takes the reason prisoner.

*Ibid.*

And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's  
In deepest consequence.

*Ibid.*

Two truths are told,  
As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme.

*Ibid.*

And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,  
Against the use of nature. Present fears  
Are less than horrible imaginings.

*Ibid.*

Nothing is  
But what is not.

*Ibid.*

If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown  
me.

*Ibid.*

Come what come may,  
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

*Ibid.*

Nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving it; he died  
As one that had been studied in his death  
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,  
As 't were a careless trifle.

*Act i. Sc. 4.*

There 's no art  
To find the mind's construction in the face.  
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

*Ibid.*

*Ibid.*



Yet do I fear thy nature ;  
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness.

*Macbeth. Act i. Sc. 5.*

What thou wouldst highly,  
That wouldst thou holily ; wouldst not play false,  
And yet wouldst wrongly win. *Ibid.*

That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose. *Ibid.*

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men  
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,  
Look like the time ; bear welcome in your eye,  
Your hand, your tongue : look like the innocent flower,  
But be the serpent under 't. *Ibid.*

Which shall to all our nights and days to come  
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom. *Ibid.*

This castle hath a pleasant seat ; the air  
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle senses. *Act i. Sc. 6.*

The heaven's breath  
Smells wooingly here : no jutting, frieze,  
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird  
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle :  
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,  
The air is delicate. *Ibid.*

If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well  
It were done quickly : if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch  
With his surcease success ; that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,

We 'ld jump the life to come. But in these cases  
 We still have judgment here; that we but teach  
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
 To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice  
 Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice  
 To our own lips.

*Macbeth. Act i. Sc. 7.*

Besides, this Duncan  
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against  
 The deep damnation of his taking-off;  
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed  
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur  
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,  
 And falls on the other.

*Ibid.*

I have bought  
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people.

*Ibid.*

Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'  
 Like the poor cat i' the adage.

*Ibid.*

I dare do all that may become a man;  
 Who dares do more is none.

*Ibid.*

Nor time nor place  
 Did then adhere.

*Ibid.*

*Macb.* If we should fail?

*Lady M.*

We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,  
 And we'll not fail.

*Ibid.*

Memory, the warder of the brain. *Macbeth. Act i. Sc. 7.*

There 's husbandry in heaven  
Their candles are all out. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Shut up  
In measureless content. *Ibid.*

Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch  
thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain? *Ibid.*

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going. *Ibid.*

Now o'er the one half-world  
Nature seems dead. *Ibid.*

Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts. *Ibid.*

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell  
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. *Ibid.*

It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,  
Which gives the stern'st good-night. *Act ii. Sc. 2.<sup>1</sup>*

The attempt and not the deed  
Confounds us. *Ibid.<sup>1</sup>*

I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'  
Stuck in my throat. *Ibid.<sup>1</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> *Act ii. Sc. 1, Dyce, Staunton, White.*

Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more!  
 Macbeth does murder sleep,' the innocent sleep,  
 Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleave of care,  
 The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
 Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
 Chief nourisher in life's feast. *Macbeth. Act ii. Sc. 2.*<sup>1</sup>

Infirm of purpose! *Ibid.*<sup>1</sup>

'T is the eye of childhood  
 That fears a painted devil. *Ibid.*<sup>1</sup>

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
 Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather  
 The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
 Making the green one red. *Ibid.*<sup>1</sup>

The labour we delight in physics pain. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*<sup>2</sup>

Dire combustion and confused events  
 New hatched to the woful time. *Ibid.*<sup>2</sup>

Tongue nor heart  
 Cannot conceive nor name thee *Ibid.*<sup>2</sup>

Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!  
 Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
 The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
 The life o' the building! *Ibid.*<sup>2</sup>

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
 Is left this vault to brag of. *Ibid.*<sup>2</sup>

Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,  
 Loyal and neutral, in a moment? *Ibid.*<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Act ii. Sc. 1*, Dyce, Staunton, White.

<sup>2</sup> *Act ii. Sc. 1*, Dyce, White; *Act ii. Sc. 2*, Staunton.

There 's daggers in men's smiles. *Macbeth. Act ii. Sc. 3.*<sup>1</sup>

A falcon, towering in her pride of place,  
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.  
*Act ii. Sc. 4.*<sup>2</sup>

Thrifless ambition, that wilt ravin up  
Thine own life's means ! *Ibid.*<sup>2</sup>

I must become a borrower of the night  
For a dark hour or twain. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Let every man be master of his time  
Till seven at night. *Ibid.*

Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,  
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,  
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,  
No son of mine succeeding. *Ibid.*

*Mur.* We are men, my liege.  
*Mac.* Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men. *Ibid.*

I am one, my liege,  
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Have so incensed that I am reckless what  
I do to spite the world. *Ibid.*

So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,  
That I would set my life on any chance,  
To mend it, or be rid on 't. *Ibid.*

Things without all remedy  
Should be without regard : what 's done is done.  
*Act iii. Sc. 2.*

We have scotched the snake, not killed it. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> *Act ii. Sc. 1, Dyce, White; Act ii. Sc. 2, Staunton.*

<sup>2</sup> *Act ii. Sc. 2, Dyce, White; Act ii. Sc. 3, Staunton.*

Better be with the dead,  
 Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,  
 Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
 In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;  
 After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;  
 Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,  
 Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,  
 Can touch him further. *Macbeth. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

In them nature's copy 's not eterne. *Ibid.*

A deed of dreadful note. *Ibid.*

Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill. *Ibid.*

Now spurs the lated traveller apace  
 To gain the timely inn. *Act iii Sc. 3.*

But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in  
 To saucy doubts and fears. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,  
 And health on both! *Ibid.*

Thou canst not say I did it: never shake  
 Thy gory locks at me. *Ibid.*

The air-drawn dagger. *Ibid.*

The times have been,  
 That, when the brains were out, the man would die,  
 And there an end; but now they rise again,  
 With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,  
 And push us from our stools. *Ibid.*

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
 Which thou dost glare with! *Ibid.*

A thing of custom: 't is no other;  
 Only it spoils the pleasure of the time. *Ibid.*

What man dare, I dare :

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger ;  
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves  
Shall never tremble. *Macbeth. Act iii. Sc. 4.*

Hence, horrible shadow !

Unreal mockery, hence ! *Ibid.*

You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,  
With most admired disorder. *Ibid.*

Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,  
Without our special wonder ? *Ibid.*

Stand not upon the order of your going,  
But go at once. *Ibid.*

*Macb.* What is the night ?  
*L. Macb.* Almost at odds with morning, which is which. *Ibid.*

I am in blood  
Stepped in so far that, should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er. *Ibid.*

My little spirit, see,  
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. *Act iii. Sc. 5.*

Double, double toil and trouble ;  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Eye of newt and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat and tongue of dog. *Ibid.*

By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes.  
Open, locks,  
Whoever knocks ! *Ibid.*

How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!

*Macbeth. Act iv. Sc. 1.*

A deed without a name.

*Ibid.*

I'll make assurance double sure,  
And take a bond of fate.

*Ibid.*

Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;  
Come like shadows, so depart!

*Ibid.*

What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?

*Ibid.*

The weird sisters.

*Ibid.*

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,  
Unless the deed go with it.

*Ibid.*

When our actions do not,  
Our fears do make us traitors.

*Act iv. Sc. 2.*

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.

*Act iv. Sc. 3.*

Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,  
Uprouse the universal peace, confound  
All unity on earth.

*Ibid.*

Stands Scotland where it did?

*Ibid.*

Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak  
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.

*Ibid.*

What, all my pretty chickens and their dam  
At one fell swoop?

*Ibid.*

I cannot but remember such things were,  
That were most precious to me.

*Ibid.*

O, I could play the woman with mine eyes  
And braggart with my tongue!

*Ibid.*

Out, damned spot! out, I say!

*Act v. Sc. 1.*



Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard?

*Macbeth. Act v. Sc. 1.*

Yet who would have thought the old man to have  
had so much blood in him? *Ibid.*

All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this  
little hand. *Ibid.*

My way of life  
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,  
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

*Act v. Sc. 3.*

*Doct.* Not so sick, my lord,  
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,  
That keep her from her rest.

*Macb.* Cure her of that.  
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain  
And with some sweet oblivious antidote  
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart?

*Doct.* Therein the patient  
Must minister to himself.

*Macb.* Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.  
*Ibid.*

I would applaud thee to the very echo,  
That should applaud again. *Ibid.*

Hang out our banners on the outward walls;  
The cry is still, 'They come': our castle's strength  
Will laugh a siege to scorn. *Act v. Sc. 5.*

My fell of hair  
 Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir  
 As life were in 't: I have supped full with horrors.  
*Macbeth. Act v. Sc. 5.*

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day  
 To the last syllable of recorded time,  
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  
 Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player  
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage  
 And then is heard no more: it is a tale  
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
 Signifying nothing. *Ibid.*

I pull in resolution, and begin  
 To doubt the equivocation of the fiend  
 That lies like truth: 'Fear not, till Birnam wood  
 Do come to Dunsinane.'  
*Ibid.*

I gin to be aweary of the sun. *Ibid.*

Blow, wind! come, wrack!  
 At least we'll die with harness on our back. *Ibid.*

I bear a charmed life. *Act v. Sc. 8.<sup>1</sup>*

And be these juggling fiends no more believed,  
 That palter with us in a double sense;  
 That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
 And break it to our hope. *Ibid.<sup>1</sup>*

Live to be the show and gaze o' the time. *Ibid.<sup>1</sup>*

Lay on, Macduff,  
 And damned be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'  
*Ibid.<sup>1</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> *Act v. Sc. 7, Singer, White.*

For this relief much thanks. *Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 1.*

But in the gross and scope of my opinion,  
This bodes some strange eruption to our state. *Ibid.*

Whose sore task  
Does not divide the Sunday from the week. *Ibid.*

This sweaty haste  
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day. *Ibid.*

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,  
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,  
The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead  
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets. *Ibid.*

And then it started like a guilty thing  
Upon a fearful summons. *Ibid.*

Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,  
The extravagant and erring spirit hies  
To his confine. *Ibid.*

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
The bird of dawning singeth all night long :  
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir<sup>1</sup> abroad ;  
The nights are wholesome ; then no planets strike,  
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,  
So hallowed and so gracious is the time. *Ibid.*

So have I heard and do in part believe it.  
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,  
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill.<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

The memory be green. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

<sup>1</sup> 'can walk,' White.

<sup>2</sup> 'eastern hill,' Dyce, Singer, Staunton, White.

With an auspicious and a dropping eye,<sup>1</sup>  
 With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,  
 In equal scale weighing delight and dole.

*Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 2.*

The head is not more native to the heart. *Ibid.*

A little more than kin, and less than kind. *Ibid.*

All that lives must die,  
 Passing through nature to eternity. *Ibid.*

Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not 'seems.' *Ibid.*

'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,  
 Nor customary suits of solemn black. *Ibid.*

But I have that within which passeth show;  
 These but the trappings and the suits of woe. *Ibid.*

'T is a fault to heaven,  
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,  
 To reason most absurd. *Ibid.*

O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,  
 Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!  
 Or that the Everlasting had not fixed  
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!  
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable  
 Seem to me all the uses of this world! *Ibid.*

That it should come to this! *Ibid.*

Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother  
 That he might not beteem the winds of heaven  
 Visit her face too roughly. *Ibid.*

Why, she would hang on him,  
 As if increase of appetite had grown  
 By what it fed on. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> 'one auspicious and one dropping eye,' Dyce, Singer, Staunton.

Frailty, thy name is woman! *Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 2.*

A little month. *Ibid.*

Like Niobe, all tears. *Ibid.*

A beast, that wants discourse of reason. *Ibid.*

My father's brother, but no more like my father  
Than I to Hercules. *Ibid.*

It is not nor it cannot come to good. *Ibid.*

Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats  
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.  
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven  
Or ever I had seen that day. *Ibid.*

In my mind's eye, Horatio. *Ibid.*

He was a man, take him for all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again. *Ibid.*

Season your admiration for a while. *Ibid.*

In the dead vast and middle of the night. *Ibid.*

Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pe.<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*

A countenance more in sorrow than in anger. *Ibid.*

While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred. *Ibid.*

*Ham.* His beard was grizzled, — no?

*Hor.* It was, as I have seen it in his life,  
A sable silvered. *Ibid.*

Let it be tenable in your silence still. *Ibid.*

Give it an understanding, but no tongue. *Ibid.*

Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> 'Armed at all points,' Singer, White.

Foul deeds will rise,  
 Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.  
*Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 2.*

A violet in the youth of primy nature,  
 Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,  
 The perfume and suppliance of a minute. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

The chariest maid is prodigal enough,  
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon :  
 Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes :  
 The canker galls the infants of the spring,  
 Too oft before their buttons be disclosed,  
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth  
 Contagious blastments are most imminent. *Ibid.*

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,  
 Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven ;  
 Whiles, like a puffed and reckless libertine,  
 Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,  
 And recks not his own rede. *Ibid.*

Give thy thoughts no tongue. *Ibid.*

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.  
 Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
 Grapple them to thy soul with hoops<sup>1</sup> of steel. *Ibid.*

Beware  
 Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,  
 Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee.  
 Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice ;  
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.  
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
 But not expressed in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;  
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> 'hooks,' Singer.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be ;  
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
 This above all : to thine own self be true,  
 And it must follow, as the night the day,  
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

*Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 3.*

Springes to catch woodcocks.

*Ibid.*

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul  
 Lends the tongue vows.

*Ibid.*

Be somewhat scancer of your maiden presence.

*Ibid.*

*Ham.* The air bites shrewdly ; it is very cold.

*Hor.* It is a nipping and an eager air. *Act i. Sc. 4.*

But to my mind, though I am native here

And to the manner born, it is a custom

More honoured in the breach than the observance. *Ibid.*

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us !

Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned,

Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,

Be thy intents wicked or charitable,

Thou comest in such a questionable shape,

That I will speak to thee : I 'll call thee Hamlet,

King, father, royal Dane : O, answer me !

Let me not burst in ignorance ; but tell

Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,

Have burst their cerements ; why the sepulchre,

Wherein we saw thee quietly inurned,

Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,

To cast thee up again. What may this mean,

That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel

Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,

Making night hideous ; and we fools of nature

So horridly to shake our disposition  
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

*Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 4.*

I do not set my life at a pin's fee.

*Ibid.*

My fate cries out,  
And makes each petty artery in this body  
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

*Ibid.*

Unhand me, gentlemen.  
By heaven, I 'll make a ghost of him that lets me!

*Ibid.*

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

*Ibid.*

I am thy father's spirit,  
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,  
And for the day confined to fast in fires,<sup>1</sup>  
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature  
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid  
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,  
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,  
Thy knotted and combined locks to part  
And each particular hair to stand an end,  
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:<sup>2</sup>  
But this eternal blazon must not be  
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list!

*Act i. Sc. 5.*

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed  
That roots itself<sup>3</sup> in ease on Lethe wharf.

*Ibid.*

O my prophetic soul!  
My uncle!

*Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> 'to lasting fires,' Singer.

<sup>2</sup> 'porcupine,' Singer, Staunton.

<sup>3</sup> 'rots itself,' Staunton.



O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!

*Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 5.*

But soft! methinks I scent the morning air;  
Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,  
My custom always of the afternoon.

*Ibid.*

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,  
Unhouselled, disappointed, unaneled,  
No reckoning made, but sent to my account  
With all my imperfections on my head.

*Ibid.*

Leave her to heaven

And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,  
To prick and sting her.

*Ibid.*

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,  
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.

*Ibid.*

While memory holds a seat

In this distracted globe. Remember thee!  
Yea, from the table of my memory  
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records.

*Ibid.*

Within the book and volume of my brain.

*Ibid.*

O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!

My tables, — meet it is I set it down,  
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain  
At least I 'm sure it may be so in Denmark.

*Ibid.*

*Ham.* There 's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Den-  
mark

But he 's an arrant knave.

*Hor.* There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the  
grave

To tell us this.

*Ibid.*

Every man has business and desire,  
Such as it is.

*Ibid.*

- Art thou there, truepenny?  
Come on — you hear this fellow in the cellarage.  
*Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 5.*
- O day and night, but this is wondrous strange! *Ibid.*
- There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your<sup>1</sup> philosophy. *Ibid.*
- Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! *Ibid.*
- The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,  
That ever I was born to set it right! *Ibid.*
- The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,  
A savageness in unreclaimed blood. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*
- This is the very ecstasy of love. *Ibid.*
- Brevity is the soul of wit. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*
- More matter, with less art. *Ibid.*
- That he is mad, 't is true: 't is true 't is pity;  
And pity 't is 't is true. *Ibid.*
- Find out the cause of this effect,  
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,  
For this effect defective comes by cause. *Ibid.*
- Doubt thou the stars are fire;  
Doubt that the sun doth move;  
Doubt truth to be a liar;  
But never doubt I love. *Ibid.*
- Still harping on my daughter. *Ibid.*
- Pol.* What do you read, my lord?  
*Ham.* Words, words, words. *Ibid.*
- They have a plentiful lack of wit. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> 'our,' Dyce, White.

Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't.

*Hamlet. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

On fortune's cap we are not the very button. *Ibid.*

There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so. *Ibid.*

Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks. *Ibid.*

This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory, this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! *Ibid.*

Man delights not me: no, nor woman neither. *Ibid.*

I know a hawk from a handsaw. *Ibid.*

O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou! *Ibid.*

One fair daughter, and no more,  
The which he loved passing well. *Ibid.*

Come, give us a taste of your quality. *Ibid.*

The play, I remember, pleased not the million;  
't was caviare to the general. *Ibid.*

They are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live. *Ibid.*

Use every man after his desert, and who should  
'scape whipping? *Ibid.*

What 's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,  
That he should weep for her? *Hamlet. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Unpack my heart with words,  
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab. *Ibid.*

For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak  
With most miraculous organ.<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*

The devil hath power  
To assume a pleasing shape. *Ibid.*

Abuses me to damn me. *Ibid.*

The play 's the thing  
Wherein I 'll catch the conscience of the king. *Ibid.*

With devotion's visage  
And pious action we do sugar o'er  
The devil himself. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

To be, or not to be : that is the question :  
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them? To die : to sleep ;  
No more ; and by a sleep to say we end  
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to, 't is a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep ;  
To sleep : perchance to dream : ay, there 's the rub ;  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause : there 's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life ;  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,

<sup>1</sup> See Chaucer. Page 3.

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
 The insolence of office and the spurns  
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
 When he himself might his quietus make  
 With a bare bodkin? who would fardels<sup>1</sup> bear,  
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
 But that the dread of something after death,  
 The undiscovered country from whose bourn  
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
 Than fly to others that we know not of?  
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard their currents turn awry,  
 And lose the name of action. *Hamlet. Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Nymph, in thy orisons

Be all my sins remembered. *Ibid.*

Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind. *Ibid.*

I am myself indifferent honest. *Ibid.*

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt  
 not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go. *Ibid.*

I have heard of your paintings too, well enough;  
 God has given you one face, and you make yourselves  
 another. *Ibid.*

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!  
 The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword.  
*Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> 'who would these fardels,' White.

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,  
 The glass of fashion and the mould of form,  
 The observed of all observers!      *Hamlet. Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,  
 Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.      *Ibid.*

O, woe is me,  
 To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!      *Ibid.*

Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand,  
 thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent,  
 tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion,  
 you must acquire and beget a temperance that may  
 give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to  
 hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion  
 to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the ground-  
 lings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but  
 inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such  
 a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-  
 herods Herod.      *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Suit the action to the word, the word to the action;  
 with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the  
 modesty of nature.      *Ibid.*

To hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature.      *Ibid.*

The very age and body of the time his form and  
 pressure.      *Ibid.*

Though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but  
 make the judicious grieve.      *Ibid.*

Not to speak it profanely.      *Ibid.*

I have thought some of nature's journeymen had  
 made men and not made them well, they imitated  
 humanity so abominably.      *Ibid.*

*First Play.* We have reformed that indifferently  
with us, sir.

*Ham.* O, reform it altogether. *Hamlet. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man  
As e'er my conversation cōped withal. *Ibid.*

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,  
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee  
Where thrift may follow fawning. *Ibid.*

A man that fortune's buffets and rewards  
Hast ta'en with equal thanks. *Ibid.*

They are not a pipe for fortune's finger  
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man  
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him  
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,  
As I do thee. — Something too much of this. *Ibid.*

And my imaginations are as foul  
As Vulcan's stithy. *Ibid.*

Here 's metal more attractive. *Ibid.*

Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a  
suit of sables. *Ibid.*

There 's hope a great man's memory may outlive  
his life half a year. *Ibid.*

For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot. *Ibid.*

This is miching mallecho ; it means mischief. *Ibid.*

*Ham.* Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring ?

*Oph.* 'T is brief, my lord.

*Ham.* As woman's love. *Ibid.*

Our wills and fates do so contrary run  
That our devices still are overthrown. *Ibid.*

The lady protests<sup>1</sup> too much, methinks.

*Hamlet. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

*Ibid.*

Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play ;

For some must watch, while some must sleep :

So runs the world away.

*Ibid.*

'T is as easy as lying.

*Ibid.*

It will discourse most eloquent music.

*Ibid.*

Pluck out the heart of my mystery.

*Ibid.*

Do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe ?

*Ibid.*

*Ham.* Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel ?

*Pol.* By the mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed.

*Ham.* Methinks it is like a weasel.

*Pol.* It is backed like a weasel.

*Ham.* Or like a whale ?

*Pol.* Very like a whale.

*Ibid.*

They fool me to the top of my bent.

*Ibid.*

By and by is easily said.

*Ibid.*

'T is now the very witching time of night,

When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out

Contagion to this world.

*Ibid.*

I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

*Ibid.*

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven ;

It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,

A brother's murder.

*Act iii. Sc. 3.*

<sup>1</sup> 'doth protest,' Dyce, Singer, Staunton.



Like a man to double business bound,  
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
And both neglect. *Hamlet. Act iii. Sc. 3.*

O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,  
Art more engaged! Help, angels! Make assay!  
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart with strings of steel,  
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe! *Ibid.*

With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May. *Ibid.*

About some act  
That has no relish of salvation in 't. *Ibid.*

Dead, for a ducat, dead! *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

And let me wring your heart; for so I shall,  
If it be made of penetrable stuff. *Ibid.*

Such an act  
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty. *Ibid.*  
False as dicers' oaths. *Ibid.*

What act,  
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index? *Ibid.*

Look here, upon this picture, and on this,  
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.  
See, what a grace was seated on this brow;  
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;  
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;  
A station like the herald Mercury  
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;  
A combination and a form indeed,  
Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
To give the world assurance of a man. *Ibid.*

At your age  
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble. *Ibid.*

O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,  
 If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,  
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,  
 And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame  
 When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,  
 Since frost itself as actively doth burn  
 And reason panders will. *Hamlet. Act iii. Sc. 4.*

A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,  
 That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,  
 And put it in his pocket! *Ibid.*

A king of shreds and patches. *Ibid.*

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works. *Ibid.*

How is 't with you,  
 That you do bend your eye on vacancy? *Ibid.*

This is the very coinage of your brain:  
 This bodiless creation ecstasy  
 Is very cunning in. *Ibid.*

Bring me to the test,  
 And I the matter will re-word; which madness  
 Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,  
 Lay not that flattering unction to your soul. *Ibid.*

Confess yourself to heaven;  
 Repent what 's past; avoid what is to come. *Ibid.*

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.  
 That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,  
 Of habits devil, is angel yet in this. *Ibid.*

Refrain to-night,  
 And that shall lend a kind of easiness  
 To the next abstinence: the next more easy;  
 For use almost can change the stamp of nature. *Ibid.*

I must be cruel, only to be kind:  
Thus bad begins and worse remains behind.

*Hamlet. Act iii. Sc. 4.*

For 't is the sport to have the enginer  
Hoist with his own petar. *Ibid.*

Diseases desperate grown  
By desperate appliance are relieved,  
Or not at all. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a  
king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm. *Ibid.*

Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,  
Looking before and after, gave us not  
That capability and godlike reason  
To fust in us unused. *Act iv. Sc. 4.*

Rightly to be great  
Is not to stir without great argument,  
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw  
When honour 's at the stake. *Ibid.*

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,  
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt. *Act iv. Sc. 5.*

We know what we are, but know not what we may be. *Ibid.*  
Then up he rose, and donned his clothes. *Ibid.*

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,  
But in battalions. *Ibid.*

There 's such divinity doth hedge a king,  
That treason can but peep to what it would. *Ibid.*

Nature is fine in love, and where 't is fine,  
It sends some precious instance of itself  
After the thing it loves. *Ibid.*

There 's rosemary, that 's for remembrance ; . . . .  
and there is pansies, that 's for thoughts.

*Hamlet. Act iv. Sc. 5.*

You must wear your rue with a difference. There 's  
a daisy : I would give you some violets, but they with-  
ered. *Ibid.*

His beard was as white as snow,  
All flaxen was his poll. *Ibid.*

A very riband in the cap of youth. *Act iv. Sc. 7.*

That we would do,  
We should do when we would. *Ibid.*

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,  
So fast they follow. *Ibid.*

Nature her custom holds,  
Let shame say what it will. *Ibid.*

1 *Clo.* Argal, he that is not guilty of his own death  
shortens not his own life.

2 *Clo.* But is this law ?

1 *Clo.* Ay, marry, is 't ; crowner's quest law.

*Act v. Sc. 1.*

Cudgel thy brains no more about it. *Ibid.*

Has this fellow no feeling of his business ? *Ibid.*

The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.  
*Ibid.*

A politician, . . . . one that would circumvent God.  
*Ibid.*

One that was a woman, sir ; but, rest her soul, she 's  
dead. *Ibid.*

How absolute the knave is ! we must speak by the  
card, or equivocation will undo us. *Ibid.*

The age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.  
*Hamlet. Act v. Sc. 1.*

Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come. *Ibid.*

To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole? *Ibid.*

'T were to consider too curiously, to consider so. *Ibid.*

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away. *Ibid.*

Lay her i' the earth:  
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh  
May violets spring! *Ibid.*

A ministering angel shall my sister be. *Ibid.*

Sweets to the sweet: farewell! *Ibid.*

I thought thy bride-bed to have decked, sweet maid,  
And not have strewed thy grave. *Ibid.*

Though I am not splenitive and rash,  
Yet have I something in me dangerous. *Ibid.*

Forty thousand brothers  
 Could not, with all their quantity of love,  
 Make up my sum. *Hamlet. Act v. Sc. 1.*

Nay, an thou 'lt mouth,  
 I 'll rant as well as thou. *Ibid.*

Let Hercules himself do what he may,  
 The cat will mew and dog will have his day. *Ibid.*

There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
 Rough-hew them how we will. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

I once did hold it, as our statist do,  
 A baseness to write fair. *Ibid.*

It did me yeoman's service. *Ibid.*

The bravery of his grief did put me  
 Into a towering passion. *Ibid.*

What imports the nomination of this gentleman? *Ibid.*

The phrase would be more german to the matter, if  
 we could carry cannon by our sides. *Ibid.*

'T is the breathing time of day with me. *Ibid.*

There 's a special providence in the fall of a spar-  
 row. If it be now, 't is not to come; if it be not to  
 come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come:  
 the readiness is all: since no man has aught of what  
 he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes? *Ibid.*

I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,  
 And hurt my brother. *Ibid.*

Now the king drinks to Hamlet. *Ibid.*

A hit, a very palpable hit. *Ibid.*

This fell sergeant, death,  
Is strict in his arrest. *Hamlet. Act v. Sc. 2.*

Report me and my cause aright. *Ibid.*

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane. *Ibid.*

Absent thee from felicity awhile. *Ibid.*

The rest is silence. *Ibid.*

— Although the last, not least. *King Lear. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Nothing will come of nothing. *Ibid.*

Mend your speech a little,  
Lest it may mar your fortunes. *Ibid.*

I want that glib and oily art,  
To speak and purpose not. *Ibid.*

A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue  
As I am glad I have not. *Ibid.*

Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides. *Ibid.*

As if we were villains by necessity ; fools by heav-  
enly compulsion. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

That which ordinary men are fit for. I am qualified  
in ; and the best of me is diligence. *Act i. Sc. 4.*

— Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend ! *Ibid.*

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is  
To have a thankless child ! *Ibid.*

— Striving to better, oft we mar what 's well. *Ibid.*

Down, thou climbing sorrow,  
Thy element 's below ! *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

Nature in you stands on the very verge  
Of her confine. *King Lear. Act ii. Sc. 4.*

Necessity's sharp pinch! *Ibid.*

Let not women's weapons, water-drops,  
Stain my man's cheeks! *Ibid.*

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!  
*Act iii. Sc. 2.*

I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness. *Ibid.*

A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man. *Ibid.*

Tremble, thou wretch,  
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,  
Unwhipped of justice. *Ibid.*

I am a man  
More sinned against than sinning. *Ibid.*

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that.  
*Act iii. Sc. 4.*

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,  
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,  
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,  
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you  
From seasons such as these? *Ibid.*

Take physic, pomp;  
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel. *Ibid.*

Out-paramoured the Turk. *Ibid.*

'T is a naughty night to swim in. *Ibid.*

The green mantle of the standing pool. *Ibid.*

But mice and rats, and such small deer,  
Have been Tom's food for seven long year. *Ibid.*



The prince of darkness is a gentleman.

*King Lear. Act iii. Sc. 4.*

Poor Tom 's a-cold.

*Ibid.*

I 'll talk a word with this same learned Theban. *Ibid.*

Child Rowland to the dark tower came,

His word was still, — Fie, foh, and fum,

I smell the blood of a British man.

*Ibid.*

The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

*Act iii. Sc. 6.*

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,

Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,

Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail.

*Ibid.*

I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

*Act iii. Sc. 7.*

The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune.

*Act iv. Sc. 1.*

The worst is not

So long as we can say, 'This is the worst.'

*Ibid.*

Patience and sorrow strove

Who should express her goodliest.

*Act iv. Sc. 3.*

Half way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:

The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,

Appear like mice.

*Act iv. Sc. 6.*

Nature 's above art in that respect.

*Ibid.*

Ay, every inch a king.

*Ibid.*

Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to  
sweeten my imagination.

*Ibid.*

A man may see how this world goes with no eyes.  
 Look with thine ears : see how yond justice rails upon  
 yond simple thief. Hark, in thine ear : change places ;  
 and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the  
 thief ? *King Lear. Act iv. Sc. 6.*

Through tattered clothes small vices do appear ;  
 Robes and furred gowns hide all. *Ibid.*

Mine enemy's dog,  
 Though he had bit me, should have stood that night  
 Against my fire. *Act iv. Sc. 7.*

Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,  
 The gods themselves throw incense. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices  
 Make instruments to plague us. *Ibid.*

Her voice was ever soft,  
 Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman. *Ibid.*

Vex not his ghost : O, let him pass ! he hates him much  
 That would upon the rack of this tough world  
 Stretch him out longer. *Ibid.*

That never set a squadron in the field,  
 Nor the division of a battle knows. *Othello. Act i. Sc. 1.*

The bookish theoretic. *Ibid.*

'T is the curse of service,  
 Preferment goes by letter and affection,  
 And not by old gradation, where each second  
 Stood heir to the first. *Ibid.*

Whip me such honest knaves. *Ibid.*

I will wear my heart upon my sleeve  
 For daws to peck at. *Ibid.*

The wealthy curled darlings of our nation.

*Othello. Act i. Sc. 2.*

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,  
 My very noble and approved good masters,  
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,  
 It is most true; true, I have married her:  
 The very head and front of my offending  
 Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,<sup>1</sup>  
 And little blessed with the soft phrase of peace:  
 For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,  
 Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used  
 Their dearest action in the tented field,  
 And little of this great world can I speak,  
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,  
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause  
 In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious pa-  
 tience.

I will a round unvarnished tale deliver

Of my whole course of love.

*Act i. Sc. 3.*

Her father loved me: oft invited me:  
 Still questioned me the story of my life,  
 From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
 That I have passed.  
 I ran it through, even from my boyish days,  
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it;  
 Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,  
 Of moving accidents by flood and field,  
 Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,  
 Of being taken by the insolent foe  
 And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence  
 And portance in my travels' history:  
 Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle.

<sup>1</sup> Though I be rude in speech. — 2 *Cor.* xi. 6.

Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch  
heaven,

It was my hint to speak, — such was the process ;  
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear <sup>1</sup>  
Would Desdemona seriously incline. *Othello. Act i. Sc. 3.*

And often did beguile her of her tears,  
When I did speak of some distressful stroke  
That my youth suffered. My story being done,  
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :  
She swore, in faith, 't was strange, 't was passing  
strange,

'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful :  
She wished she had not heard it, yet she wished  
That heaven had made her such a man : she thanked  
me,

And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,  
I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake :  
She loved me for the dangers I had passed,  
And I loved her that she did pity them.  
This only is the witchcraft I have used. *Ibid.*

I do perceive here a divided duty. *Ibid.*

The robbed that smiles steals something from the thief. *Ibid.*

The tyrant custom, most grave senators,  
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war  
My thrice-driven bed of down. *Ibid.*

I saw Othello's visage in his mind. *Ibid.*

Put money in thy purse. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> 'These things to hear,' Singer.

The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts,  
shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida.

*Othello. Act i. Sc. 3.*

Framed to make women false. *Ibid.*

One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens.

*Act ii. Sc. 1.*

For I am nothing, if not critical. *Ibid.*

I am not merry ; but I do beguile

The thing I am, by seeming otherwise. *Ibid.*

She was a wight, if ever such wight were, —

*Des.* To do what ?

*Iago.* To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

*Des.* O most lame and impotent conclusion ! *Ibid.*

You may relish him more in the soldier than in the  
scholar. *Ibid.*

If after every tempest come such calms,

May the winds blow till they have wakened death ! *Ibid.*

Egregiously an ass. *Ibid.*

Potations pottle-deep. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

King Stephen was a worthy peer,

His breeches cost him but a crown ;

He held them sixpence all too dear,

With that he called the tailor lown.<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*

Silence that dreadful bell : it frights the isle

From her propriety. *Ibid.*

Your name is great

In mouths of wisest censure. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Though these lines are from an old ballad given in *Percy's Reliques*, they are much altered by Shakespeare, and it is his version we sing in the nursery.

Cassio, I love thee ;  
But never more be officer of mine. *Othello. Act ii. Sc. 3.*

*Iago.* What, are you hurt, lieutenant ?

*Cas.* Ay, past all surgery. *Ibid.*

Reputation, reputation, reputation ! O, I have lost  
my reputation ! I have lost the immortal part of my-  
self, and what remains is bestial. *Ibid.*

O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name  
to be known by, let us call thee devil ! *Ibid.*

O God, that men should put an enemy in their  
mouths to steal away their brains ! *Ibid.*

*Cas.* Every inordinate cup is unblessed and the in-  
gredient is a devil.

*Iago.* Come, come, good wine is a good familiar  
creature, if it be well used. *Ibid.*

Excellent wretch ! Perdition catch my soul,  
But I do love thee ! and when I love thee not,  
Chaos is come again.<sup>1</sup> *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Speak to me as to thy thoughts,  
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts  
The worst of words. *Ibid.*

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls :  
Who steals my purse steals trash ; 't is something,  
nothing ;  
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands ;  
But he that filches from me my good name  
Robs me of that which not enriches him  
And makes me poor indeed. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,  
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again. — *Venus and Adonis.*

O, beware, my lord, of jealousy ;  
 It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock  
 The meat it feeds on. *Othello. Act iii. Sc. 3.*

But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er  
 Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly <sup>1</sup> loves !  
*Ibid.*  
 Poor and content is rich and rich enough. *Ibid.*

To be once in doubt  
 Is once to be resolved. *Ibid.*

If I do prove her haggard,  
 Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,  
 I 'ld whistle her off and let her down the wind,  
 To prey at fortune. *Ibid.*

I am declined  
 Into the vale of years. *Ibid.*

O curse of marriage,  
 That we can call these delicate creatures ours.  
 And not their appetites ! *Ibid.*

Trifles light as air  
 Are to the jealous confirmations strong  
 As proofs of holy writ. *Ibid.*

Not poppy, nor mandragora,  
 Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
 Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  
 Which thou owest yesterday. *Ibid.*

I swear 't is better to be much abused  
 Than but to know 't a little. *Ibid.*

He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,  
 Let him not know 't, and he 's not robbed at all. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> 'fondly,' Singe.; White; 'soundly,' Staunton.

O, now, for ever  
 Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!  
 Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,  
 That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!  
 Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
 The royal banner, and all quality,  
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!  
 And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats  
 The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,  
 Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

*Othello. Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof. *Ibid.*

No hinge nor loop  
 To hang a doubt on. *Ibid.*

On horror's head horrors accumulate. *Ibid.*

Take note, take note, O world,  
 To be direct and honest is not safe. *Ibid.*

But this denoted a foregone conclusion. *Ibid.*

Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,  
 For 't is of aspics' tongues! *Ibid.*

Our new heraldry is hands, not hearts. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

To beguile many, and be beguiled by one. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

They laugh that win. *Ibid.*

But yet the pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity of  
 it, Iago! *Ibid.*

I understand a fury in your words,  
 But not the words. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

Steeped me in poverty to the very lips. *Ibid.*



But, alas, to make me

A fixed figurè for the time of scorn

To point his slow unmoving finger<sup>1</sup> at!

*Othello. Act iv. Sc. 2.*

O heaven, that such companions thou 'ldst unfold,

And put in every honest hand a whip

To lash the rascals naked through the world! *Ibid.*

'T is neither here nor there.

*Act iv. Sc. 3.*

He hath a daily beauty in his life.

*Act v. Sc. 1.*

This is the night

That either makes me or fordoes me quite.

*Ibid.*

And smooth as monumental alabaster.

*Act v. Sc. 2.*

Put out the light, and then put out the light:

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,

I can again thy former light restore,

Should I repent me: but once put out thy light,

Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,

I know not where is that Promethean heat

That can thy light relume.

*Ibid.*

One entire and perfect chrysolite.

*Ibid.*

I have done the state some service, and they know 't.

No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,

When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,

Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,

Nor set down aught in malice: then, must you speak

Of one that loved not wisely but too well:

Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought

Perplexed in the extreme; of one whose hand,

Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away

<sup>1</sup> 'his slow and moving finger,' Knight, Staunton.

Richer than all his tribe ; of one whose subdued eyes,  
 Albeit unused to the melting mood,  
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees  
 Their medicinal gum. *Othello. Act v. Sc. 2.*

I took by the throat the circumcised dog,  
 And smote him, thus. *Ibid.*

There 's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.  
*Antony and Cleopatra. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Give me to drink mandragora. *Act i. Sc. 5.*

My salad days,  
 When I was green in judgment. *Ibid.*

Epicurean cooks  
 Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Small to greater matters must give way. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,  
 Burned on the water : the poop was beaten gold ;  
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed that  
 The winds were love-sick with them. *Ibid.*

For her own person,  
 It beggared all description. *Ibid.*

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
 Her infinite variety. *Ibid.*

I have not kept my square ; but that to come  
 Shall all be done by the rule. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

'T was merry when  
 You wagered on your angling ; when your diver  
 Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he  
 With fervency drew up. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

Come, thou monarch of the vine,  
 Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne ! *Act ii. Sc. 7.*

Who does i' the wars more than his captain' can  
 Becomes his captain's captain : and ambition,  
 The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,  
 Than gain which darkens him.

*Antony and Cleopatra. Act iii. Sc. 1.*

He wears the rose  
 Of youth upon him. *Act iii. Sc. 13.*

Men's judgments are  
 A parcel of their fortunes. *Ibid.*

To business that we love we rise betime,  
 And go to 't with delight. *Act iv. Sc. 4.*

This morning, like the spirit of a youth  
 That means to be of note, begins betimes. *Ibid.*

The shirt of Nessus is upon me. *Act iv. Sc. 12.*

Sometime we see a cloud that 's dragonish ;  
 A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,  
 A towered citadel, a pendent rock,  
 A forked mountain, or blue promontory  
 With trees upon 't. *Act iv. Sc. 14.*

That which is now a horse, even with a thought  
 The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,  
 As water is in water. *Ibid.*

I am dying, Egypt, dying. *Act iv. Sc. 15.*

O, withered is the garland of the war,  
 The soldier's pole is fallen. *Ibid.*

Let 's do it after the high Roman fashion. *Ibid.*

For his bounty,  
 There was no winter in 't ; an autumn 't was  
 That grew the more by reaping. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

If there be, or ever were, one such,  
It 's past the size of dreaming.

*Antony and Cleopatra. Act v. Sc. 2.*

Mechanic slaves  
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers. *Ibid.*

I have  
Immortal longings in me. *Ibid.*

Lest the bargain should catch cold and starve.  
*Cymbeline. Act i. Sc. 4.*

How bravely thou becomest thy bed, fresh lily.  
*Act ii. Sc. 2.*

The most patient man in loss, the most coldest that  
ever turned up ace. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
And Phœbus 'gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chaliced flowers that lies;  
And winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes:  
With everything that pretty is,  
My lady sweet, arise. *Ibid.*

As chaste as unsunned snow. *Act ii. Sc. 5.*

Some griefs are medicinal. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

The game is up. *Ibid.*

No, 't is slander,  
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue  
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

Weariness  
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth  
Finds the down pillow hard. *Act iii. Sc. 6.*

Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

*Cymbeline. Act iv. Sc. 2.*

Like an arrow shot  
From a well-experienced archer hits the mark  
His eye doth level at.

*Pericles. Act i. Sc. 1.*

3 *Fish.* Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the  
sea.

1 *Fish.* Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat  
up the little ones.

*Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear.

*Poems. Venus and Adonis. Line 145.*

For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,

And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

*Line 1019.*

For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.

*Lucrece. Line 1006.*

Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

*The Passionate Pilgrim, iii.*

Crabbed age and youth

Cannot live together.

*Ibid. viii.*

Have you not heard it said full oft,

A woman's nay doth stand for naught?

*Ibid. xiv.*

She in thee

Calls back the lovely April of her prime.

*Sonnet iii.*

And stretched metre of an antique song.

*Sonnet xvii.*

But thy eternal summer shall not fade.

*Sonnet xviii.*

The painful warrior, famed for fight,

After a thousand victories, once foiled,

Is from the books of honour razed quite,

And all the rest forgot for which he toiled.

*Sonnet xxv.*

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past. *Sonnet xxx.*

Like stones of worth, they thinly placed are,  
Or captain jewels in the carcanet. *Sonnet lii.*

And art made tongue-tied by authority. *Sonnet lxvi.*

And simple truth miscalled simplicity,  
And captive good attending captain ill. *Ibid.*

The ornament of beauty is suspect,  
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air. *Sonnet lxx.*

Do not drop in for an after-loss.

Ah, do not, when my heart hath scaped this sorrow,  
Come in the rearward of a conquered woe;  
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,  
To linger out a purposed overthrow. *Sonnet xc.*

When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,  
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything. *Sonnet xcvi.*

Still constant in a wondrous excellence. *Sonnet cv.*

And beauty, making beautiful old rhyme. *Sonnet cvi.*

My nature is subdued  
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand. *Sonnet cxi.*

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments: love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds. *Sonnet cxvi.*

That full star that ushers in the even. *Sonnet cxxxii.*

O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies  
In the small orb of one particular tear!

*A Lover's Complaint, St. xlii.*

## FRANCIS BACON. 1561-1626.

WORKS (SPEDDING AND ELLIS).

I hold every man a debtor to his profession; from the which as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavour themselves by way of amends to be a help and ornament thereunto.

*Maxims of the Law. Preface.*

Come home to men's business and bosoms.

*Dedication to the Essays. Ed. 1625.*

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground of truth.

*Essay i. Of Truth.*

Revenge is a kind of civil justice.

*Essay iv. Of Revenge.*

Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; Adversity is the blessing of the New.

*Essay v. Of Adversity.*

Virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed.<sup>1</sup>

*Ibid.*

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief.

*Essay viii. Of Marriage and Single Life.*

<sup>1</sup> As aromatic plants bestow  
No spicy fragrance while they grow;  
But crushed or trodden to the ground,  
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

Goldsmith, *The Captivity*, Act i.

The good are better made by ill,  
As odours crushed are sweeter still. — Rogers, *Jacqueline*, St. 3.

A little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.<sup>1</sup>

*Essay xvi. Atheism.*

Princes are like to heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times, and which have much veneration, but no rest.<sup>2</sup>

*Essay xix. Empire.*

God Almighty first planted a garden.<sup>3</sup>

*Essay xlvi. Of Gardens.*

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.

*Essay l. Of Studies.*

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.

*Ibid.*

Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtile; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.

*Ibid.*

Books must follow sciences, and not sciences books.

*Proposition touching Amendment of Laws.*

Knowledge is power. — *Nam et ipsa scientia potestas est.*<sup>4</sup>

*Meditationes Sacræ. De Hæresibus.*

<sup>1</sup> Who are a little wise the best fools be. — Donne, *Triple Fool*.

A little skill in antiquity inclines a man to Popery; but depth in that study brings him about again to our religion. — Fuller, *The Holy State. The True Church Antiquary*.

A little learning is a dangerous thing.

Pope, *Essay on Criticism, Part ii. Line 15*.

<sup>2</sup> Kings are like stars — they rise and set — they have

The worship of the world, but no repose. — Shelley, *Hellas*.

<sup>3</sup> God the first garden made, and the first city Cain.

Cowley, *The Garden, Essay v*.

God made the country, and man made the town.

Cowper, *The Task, Book i. Line 749*.

Divina natura dedit agros, ars humana ædificavit urbes.

Varro, *De Res Rustica*, iii. 1.

<sup>4</sup> A wise man is strong; yea, a man of knowledge increaseth strength. — *Proverbs xxiv. 5*.



Whence we see spiders, flies, or ants entombed and preserved for ever in amber, a more than royal tomb.<sup>1</sup>

*Historia Vitæ et Mortis; Sylva Sylvarum, Cent. i. Exper. 100.*

When you wander, as you often delight to do, you wander indeed, and give never such satisfaction as the curious time requires. This is not caused by any natural defect, but first for want of election, when you, having a large and fruitful mind, should not so much labour what to speak, as to find what to leave unspoken. Rich soils are often to be weeded.

*Letter of Expostulation to Coke.*

My Lord St. Albans said that nature did never put her precious jewels into a garret four stories high, and therefore that exceeding tall men had ever very empty heads.<sup>2</sup>

*Apothegm No. 17.*

“Antiquitas sæculi juvenus mundi.” These times are the ancient times, when the world is ancient, and not those which we account ancient *ordine retrogrado*, by a computation backward from ourselves.<sup>3</sup>

*Advancement of Learning. Book i. (1605.)*

<sup>1</sup> The bee enclosed and through the amber shown,  
Seems buried in the juice which was his own.

Martial, *Book iv. 31.* Hay's Translation.

I saw a flie within a beade  
Of amber cleanly buried.

Herrick, *On a Fly buried in Amber.*

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms  
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!

Pope, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, Line 169.*

<sup>2</sup> Often the cockloft is empty, in those whom Nature hath built many stories high. — Fuller, *Andronicus. ad. fin. 1.*

<sup>3</sup> As in the little, so in the great world, reason will tell you that old age or antiquity is to be accounted by the farther distance from the beginning and the nearer approach to the end. The times

For the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate. . . . *Advancement of Learning. Book i.*

The sun, which passeth through pollutions and itself remains as pure as before.<sup>1</sup> . . . . *Book ii.*

It [Poesy] was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shews of things to the desires of the mind. . . . *Ibid.*

Sacred and inspired divinity, the sabaoth and port of all men's labours and peregrinations. . . . *Ibid.*

wherein we now live being in propriety of speech the most ancient since the world's creation. — George Hakewill, *An Apologie or Declaration of the Power and Providence of God in the Government of the World.* London, 1627.

For as old age is that period of life most remote from infancy, who does not see that old age in this universal man ought not to be sought in the times nearest his birth, but in those most remote from it? — Pascal, *Preface to the Treatise on Vacuum.*

It is worthy of remark that a thought which is often quoted from Francis Bacon occurs in [Giordano] Bruno's *Cena di Cenere*, published in 1584; I mean the notion that the later times are more aged than the earlier. — Whewell, *Philos. of the Inductive Sciences*, Vol. ii. p. 198. London, 1847.

We are Ancients of the earth,  
And in the morning of the times.

Tennyson, *The Day Dream.* (*L'Envoi.*)

<sup>1</sup> The sun, though it passes through dirty places, yet remains as pure as before. — *Adv. of Learning*, ed. Dewey.

The sun, too, shines into cesspools and is not polluted. — Diogenes Laertius, *Lib. vi.* § 63.

Spiritualis enim virtus sacramenti ita est ut lux: etsi per immundos transeat, non inquinatur. — St. Augustine, *Works*, Vol. iii., *In Johannis Evang. Cap. I. Tr. v.* § 15.

The sun shineth upon the dunghill, and is not corrupted. — Lyly's *Euphues, The Anatomy of Wit.* Arber's reprint, p. 43.

The sun reflecting upon the mud of strands and shores is unpolluted in his beam. — Taylor, *Holy Living*, Ch. i. 3.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam. — Milton, *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.*

Cleanness of body was ever esteemed to proceed from  
a due reverence to God.<sup>1</sup>

*Advancement of Learning. Book ii.*

States as great engines move slowly. *Ibid.*

The world 's a bubble, and the life of man

Less than a span.<sup>2</sup> *The World.*

For my name and memory, I leave it to men's char-  
itable speeches, to foreign nations, and to the next  
ages. *Will.*



JOHN HEYWOOD. — — — 1565.

The loss of wealth is loss of dirt.

As sages in all times assert ;

The happy man 's without a shirt. *Be Merry Friends.*

Let the world slide, let the world go :

A fig for care, and a fig for woe !

If I can't pay, why I can owe,

And death makes equal the high and low. *Ibid.*



SIR JOHN HARRINGTON. 1561-1612.

Treason doth never prosper, what 's the reason ?

Why if it prosper, none dare call it treason.<sup>3</sup>

*Epigrams. Book iv. Ep. 5.*

<sup>1</sup> See Wesley. Page 309.

<sup>2</sup> Whose life is a bubble, and in length a span.

*Browne, Pastoral ii.*

Our life is but a span. — *New England Primer.*

<sup>3</sup> Prosperum ac felix scelus

Virtus vocatur. — Seneca, *Herc. Furens*, ii. 250.

## RICHARD ALISON.

There is a garden in her face,  
 Where roses and white lilies show;  
 A heavenly paradise is that place,  
 Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow.  
 There cherries hang, that none may buy,  
 Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.  
*An Howres Recreation in Musike. 1606.<sup>1</sup>*

Those cherries fairly do enclose  
 Of orient pearl a double row;  
 Which when her lovely laughter shows,  
 They look like rosebuds filled with snow. *Ibid.*



## GEORGE PEELE. 1552–1598.

His golden locks time hath to silver turned;  
 O time too swift! O swiftness never ceasing!  
 His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,  
 But spurned in vain; youth waneth by encreasing.  
*Sonnet ad fin. Polyhymnia.*

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,  
 And lovers' songs be turned to holy psalms;  
 A man at arms must now serve on his knees,  
 And feed on prayers, which are old age's alms. *Ibid.*

My merry, merry, merry roundelay  
 Concludes with Cupid's curse:  
 They that do change old love for new,  
 Pray gods, they change for worse! *Cupid's Curse.*

<sup>1</sup> Oliphant's *La Musa Madrigalesca*, p. 229.

## SIR HENRY WOTTON. 1568-1639.

How happy is he born or taught,  
 That serveth not another's will ;  
 Whose armour is his honest thought,  
 And simple truth his utmost skill !

*The Character of a Happy Life.*

Who God doth late and early pray  
 More of his grace than gifts to lend ;  
 And entertains the harmless day  
 With a religious book or friend.

*Ibid.*

Lord of himself, though not of lands ;  
 And, having nothing, yet hath all.

*Ibid.*

You meaner beauties of the night,  
 That poorly satisfy our eyes  
 More by your number than your light,  
 You common people of the skies ;  
 What are you when the moon<sup>1</sup> shall rise ?

*On his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia.*<sup>2</sup>

He first deceased ; she for a little tried  
 To live without him, liked it not, and died.

*Upon the Death of Sir Albert Morton's Wife.*

I am but a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff.

*Preface to the Elements of Architecture.*

Hanging was the worst use man could be put to.

*The Disparity between Buckingham and Essex.*

<sup>1</sup> 'sun' in *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, Eds. 1651, 1672, 1685.

<sup>2</sup> This was printed with music as early as 1624, in Est's *Sixth Set of Books*, &c., and is found in many MSS. — Hannah, *The Courtly Poets*.

An ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad  
for the commonwealth.<sup>1</sup> *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ.*

The itch of disputing will prove the scab of churches.<sup>2</sup>  
*A Panegyric to King Charles.*



DR. JOHN DONNE. 1573–1631.

He was the Word, that spake it;  
He took the bread and brake it;  
And what that Word did make it,  
I do believe and take it.<sup>3</sup>

*Divine Poems. On the Sacrament.*

We understood

Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood  
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,  
That one might almost say her body thought.

*Funeral Elegies. On the Death of Mistress Drury.*

She and comparisons are odious.<sup>4</sup>

*Elegy 8. The Comparison.*

Who are a little wise the best fools be.<sup>5</sup> *The Triple Fool.*

<sup>1</sup> In a letter to Velserus, 1612, Wotton says, "This merry definition of an ambassador I had chanced to set down at my friend's Mr. Christopher Fleckamore, in his Album."

<sup>2</sup> He directed the stone over his grave to be inscribed:—

Hic jacet hujus sententiæ primus author:

DISPUTANDI PRURITUS ECCLESiarUM SCABIES.

Nomen alias quære.

*Walton's Life of Wotton.*

<sup>3</sup> Attributed by many writers to the Princess Elizabeth. It is not in the original edition of Donne, but first appears in the edition of 1654, p. 352.

<sup>4</sup> See *Appendix*, p. 638.

<sup>5</sup> Compare Bacon. Page 138.

RICHARD BARNFIELD. *Born circa 1570.*

As it fell upon a day  
In the merry month of May,  
Sitting in a pleasant shade  
Which a grove of myrtles made.

*Address to the Nightingale.*<sup>1</sup>



SIR JOHN DAVIES. 1570-1626.

March like a subtle spider which doth sit,  
In middle of her web, which spreadeth wide;  
If aught do touch the utmost thread of it.  
She feels it instantly on every side.<sup>2</sup>

*The Immortality of the Soul.*

Wedlock, indeed, hath oft compared been  
To public feasts, where meet a public rout,  
Where they that are without would fain go in,  
And they that are within would fain go out.<sup>3</sup>

*Contention betwixt a Wife, &c.*

<sup>1</sup> This song, often attributed to Shakespeare, is now confidently assigned to Barnfield; it is found in his collection of Poems in *Divers Humours*, published in 1598. — Ellis's *Specimens*, Vol. ii. p. 316.

<sup>2</sup> Our souls sit close and silently within,  
And their own web from their own entrails spin;  
And when eyes meet far off, our sense is such,  
That, spider-like, we feel the tenderest touch.  
Dryden, *Marriage à la Mode*, Act ii. Sc. 1.

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!  
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.

Pope, *Epistle i. Line 217.*

<sup>3</sup> See Webster. Page 167.

## SAMUEL DANIEL. 1562–1619.

Unless above himself he can  
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!

*To the Countess of Cumberland. Stanza 12.*



## MICHAEL DRAYTON. 1563–1631.

For that fine madness still he did retain,  
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.

(Of Marlowe.) *To Henry Reynolds, of Poets and Poesy.*



## BISHOP HALL. 1574–1633.

Moderation is the silken string running through the  
pearl chain of all virtues. *Christian Moderation. Introduc.*

Death borders upon our birth, and our cradle stands  
in the grave.<sup>1</sup> *Epistles. Dec. iii. Ep. 2.*

There is many a rich stone laid up in the bowels  
of the earth, many a fair pearl laid up in the bosom of  
the sea, that never was seen, nor never shall be.<sup>2</sup>

*Contemplations. Book iv. The Veil of Moses.*

<sup>1</sup> And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.

Our birth is nothing but our death begun.

Young, *Night Thoughts*, v. Line 718.

<sup>2</sup> Full many a gem of purest ray serene

The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear.

Gray's *Elegy*, Stanza 14.



BEN JONSON.<sup>1</sup> 1574–1637.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
 And I will pledge with mine ;  
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,  
 And I 'll not look for wine.<sup>2</sup>

*The Forest. To Celia.*

Still to be neat, still to be drest,  
 As you were going to a feast.<sup>3</sup>

*The Silent Woman. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Give me a look, give me a face,  
 That makes simplicity a grace.  
 Rebe loosely flowing, hair as free ;  
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me,  
 Than all the adulteries of art ;  
 They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

*Ibid.*

In small proportion we just beauties see,  
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

*Good Life, Long Life.*

Preserving the sweetness of proportion and expressing  
 itself beyond expression.

*The Masque of Hymen.*

Whilst that for which all virtue now is sold,  
 And almost every vice, almighty gold.<sup>4</sup>

*Epistle to Elizabeth.*

Underneath this stone doth lie  
 As much beauty as could die ;  
 Which in life did harbour give  
 To more virtue than doth live.

*Epitaph on Elizabeth.*

<sup>1</sup> O rare Ben Jonson. — *Epitaph* by Sir John Young.

<sup>2</sup> Ἐμοὶ δὲ μόνοις πρότινε τοῖς ὕμμασιν. . . . Εἰ δὲ βούλει, τοῖς χεῖλεσι προσφέρουσα, πλήρου φιλημάτων τὸ ἔκπωμα, καὶ οὕτως δίδου. Philostratus, *Letter* xxiv.

<sup>3</sup> A translation from Bonnefonius.

<sup>4</sup> Almighty dollar. — Irving, *The Creole Village*.

Underneath this sable hearse  
Lies the subject of all verse,  
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.  
Death! ere thou hast slain another,  
Learn'd and fair and good as she,  
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

*Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke.*<sup>1</sup>

What gentle ghost, besprent with April dew,  
Hails me so solemnly to yonder yew?<sup>2</sup>

*Elegy on the Lady Jane Pawlet.*

Soul of the age!

The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!  
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by  
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie  
A little further, to make thee a room.<sup>3</sup>

*To the Memory of Shakespeare.*

Small Latin, and less Greek. *Ibid.*

He was not of an age, but for all time. *Ibid.*

Sweet swan of Avon! *Ibid.*

Marlowe's mighty line. *Ibid.*

For a good poet's made as well as born. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> This epitaph is generally ascribed to Ben Jonson. It appears in the editions of his works; but in a MS. collection of Browne's poems preserved amongst the Lansdowne MS. No. 777, in the British Museum, it is ascribed to Browne, and awarded to him by Sir Eger-ton Brydges in his edition of Browne's poems.

<sup>2</sup> What beckoning ghost along the moonlight shade  
Invites my steps and points to yonder glade?

Pope, *To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.*

<sup>3</sup> Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh  
To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lie  
A little nearer Spenser, to make room  
For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb

Basse, *On Shakespeare.*

Get money ; still get money, boy ;  
No matter by what means.<sup>1</sup>

*Every Man in his Humour.* Act ii. Sc. 3.



PHILIP MASSINGER. 1584–1640.

Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,  
And takes away the use of it ; and my sword,  
Glued to my scabbard with wronged orphans' tears,  
Will not be drawn.

*A New Way to pay Old Debts.* Act v. Sc. 1.

Death hath a thousand doors to let out life.<sup>2</sup>

*A Very Woman.* Act v. Sc. 4.

This many-headed monster.<sup>3</sup>

*The Roman Actor.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

Grim death.<sup>4</sup>

Act iv. Sc. 2.



CYRIL TOURNEUR. Circa 1600.

A drunkard clasp his teeth, and not undo 'em,  
To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em.<sup>5</sup>

*The Revenger's Tragedy.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

<sup>1</sup> Get place and wealth ; if possible, with grace ;

If not, by any means get wealth and place.

Pope, *Horace*, Book i. Ep. i. Line 103.

<sup>2</sup> Death hath so many doors to let out life.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Custom of the Courts*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

I know death hath ten thousand several doors

For men to take their exits.

John Webster, *Duchess of Malfi*, Act iv. Sc. 2.

<sup>3</sup> See *Appendix*, p. 644.

<sup>4</sup> Grim death, my son and foe.

Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book ii. Line 804.

<sup>5</sup> Distilled damnation.—Robert Hall. Page 397.

## SIR THOMAS OVERBURY. 1581–1613.

In part to blame is she,  
Which hath without consent bin only tride :  
He comes to neere that comes to be denide.<sup>1</sup>

*A Wife. Stanza 36.*

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 JOHN FLETCHER. 1576–1625.

Man is his own star, and the soul that can  
Render an honest and a perfect man  
Commands all light, all influence, all fate.  
Nothing to him falls early, or too late.  
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,  
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

*Upon an "Honest Man's Fortune."*

All things that are  
Made for our general uses are at war, —  
Even we among ourselves. *Ibid.*

Man is his own star, and that soul that can  
Be honest is the only perfect man.<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

And he that will to bed go sober,  
Falls with the leaf still in October.<sup>3</sup>  
*Rollo, Duke of Normandy. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Lady Montague. Page 296.

<sup>2</sup> An honest man's the noblest work of God.

Pope, *Essay on Man, Ep. iv. Line 248.*

<sup>3</sup> The following well-known catch, or glee, is formed on this song:—

He who goes to bed, and goes to bed sober,  
Falls as the leaves do, and dies in October;  
But he who goes to bed, and goes to bed mellow,  
Lives as he ought to do, and dies an honest fellow.

Three merry boys, and three merry boys,  
 And three merry boys are we,<sup>1</sup>  
 As ever did sing in a hempen string  
 Under the gallows-tree.

*Rollo, Duke of Normandy. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Hide, O, hide those hills of snow,  
 Which thy frozen bosom bears,  
 On whose tops the pinks that grow  
 Are of those that April wears!  
 But first set my poor heart free,  
 Bound in those icy chains by thee. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

Hence, all you vain delights,  
 As short as are the nights  
 Wherein you spend your folly!  
 There 's naught in this life sweet,  
 If man were wise to see 't,  
 But only melancholy;  
 O sweetest Melancholy!

*The Nice Valour. Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Fountain heads and pathless groves,  
 Places which pale passion loves! *Ibid.*

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,  
 Sorrow calls no time that 's gone:  
 Violets plucked, the sweetest rain  
 Makes not fresh nor grow again.<sup>2</sup>

*The Queen of Corinth. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

<sup>1</sup> See Peele's *Old Wives Tale*, 1595; "Three merry men be we," quoted in *Westward Hoe*, by Dekker and Webster, 1607.

<sup>2</sup> Weep no more, lady, weep no more,  
 Thy sorrow is in vain;  
 For violets plucked the sweetest showers  
 Will ne'er make grow again.

*Percy's Reliques, The Friar of Orders Gray.*

## FRANCIS BEAUMONT. 1586-1616.

What things have we seen  
 Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been  
 So nimble and so full of subtile flame,  
 As if that every one from whence they came  
 Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,  
 And resolved to live a fool the rest  
 Of his dull life.

*Letter to Ben Jonson.*



## BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

(FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER.)

A soul as white as heaven.

*The Maid's Tragedy. Act iv. Sc. 1.*

There is a method in man's wickedness,

It grows up by degrees.<sup>1</sup> *A King and no King. Act v. Sc. 4.*

Calamity is man's true touchstone.<sup>2</sup>

*Four Plays in One: The Triumph of Honour. Sc. 1.*

It would talk,

Lord! how it talked! *The Scornful Lady. Act v. Sc. 1.*

One foot in the grave.

*The Little French Lawyer. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Go to grass.

*Act iv. Sc. 7.*

The fit's upon me now!

Come quickly, gentle lady;

The fit's upon me now! *Wit without Money. Act v. Sc. 4.*

<sup>1</sup> Nemo repente venit turpissimus. — Juvenal, ii. 83.

<sup>2</sup> Ignis aurum probat, miseria fortes viros.

Seneca, *De Prov.* v. 9.

Of all the paths lead to a woman's love  
Pity's the straightest.<sup>1</sup> *The Knight of Malta. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Nothing can cover his high fame, but Heaven;  
No pyramids set off his memories,  
But the eternal substance of his greatness;  
To which I leave him. *The False One. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Thou wilt scarce be a man before thy mother.<sup>2</sup>  
*Love's Cure. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

What's one man's poison, signor,  
Is another's meat or drink. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,  
Merry spring-time's harbinger.  
*The Two Noble Kinsmen. Act i. Sc. 1.*

O great corrector of enormous times,  
Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider  
Of dusty and old titles, that healest with blood  
The earth when it is sick, and curest the world  
O' the pleurisy of people. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

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JAMES SHIRLEY. 1596-1666.

The glories of our blood and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things;  
There is no armour against fate;  
Death lays his icy hands on kings.  
*Contention of Ajax and Ulysses. Sc. 3.*

Only the actions of the just<sup>3</sup>  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*

Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.  
*Cupid and Death.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Southerne. Page 243. Also Young. Page 264.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Cowper. Page 366.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Tate and Brady. Page 619.

<sup>4</sup> 'their dust.' — *Works*, ed. Dyce, Vol. vi.

## JOHN KEPLER. 1571–1630.

It may well wait a century for a reader, as God has waited six thousand years for an observer.

Brewster's *Martyrs of Science*, p. 197.



## THOMAS CAREW. 1589–1639.

He that loves a rosy cheek,  
 Or a coral lip admires,  
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek  
 Fuel to maintain his fires ;  
 As old Time makes these decay,  
 So his flames must waste away. *Disdain Returned.*

Then fly betimes, for only they  
 Conquer Love, that run away. *Conquest by Flight.*

An untimely grave.<sup>1</sup> *On the Duke of Buckingham.*

The magic of a face. *Epitaph on the Lady S—.*



## WILLIAM BROWNE. 1590–1645.

Whose life is a bubble, and in length a span.<sup>2</sup>  
*Britannia's Pastorals. Book i. Song 2.*

Did therewith bury in oblivion. *Ibid.*

Well-languaged Daniel. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Untimely grave. — Tate and Brady, *Psalm vii.*

<sup>2</sup> Compare Bacon. Page 141.



## GEORGE WITHER. 1588–1667.

Shall I, wasting in despair,  
 Die because a woman's fair?  
 Or make pale my cheeks with care,  
 'Cause another's rosy are?  
 Be she fairer than the day,  
 Or the flowery meads in May,  
 If she be not so to me,  
 What care I how fair she be?<sup>1</sup>

*The Shepherd's Resolution.*

Jack shall pipe, and Gill shall dance.

*Poem on Christmas.*

Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat,  
 And therefore let's be merry.

*Ibid.*

Though I am young, I scorn to flit  
 On the wings of borrowed wit.

*The Shepherd's Hunting.*

And I oft have heard defended  
 Little said is soonest mended.

*Ibid.*

And he that gives us in these days  
 New Lords may give us new laws.

*Contented Man's Morrice.*



## THOMAS HOBBS. 1588–1679.

For words are wise men's counters, they do but  
 reckon by them; but they are the money of fools.

*The Leviathan. Part i. Ch. 4.*

And the life of man solitary, poor, nasty, brutish,  
 and short.

*Ch. 13.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Raleigh. Page 14.

## JOHN SELDEN. 1584-1654.

Equity is a roguish thing : for Law we have a measure, know what to trust to ; Equity is according to the conscience of him that is Chancellor, and as that is larger or narrower, so is Equity. 'T is all one as if they should make the standard for the measure we call a Foot a Chancellor's Foot ; what an uncertain measure would this be ? One Chancellor has a long Foot, another a short Foot, a third an indifferent Foot. 'T is the same thing in the Chancellor's conscience.

*Table Talk. Equity.*

Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes ; they were easiest for his feet. *Friends.*

Humility is a virtue all preach, none practise, and yet everybody is content to hear. *Humility.*

Commonly we say a judgment falls upon a man for something in him we cannot abide. *Judgments.*

No man is the wiser for his learning ; . . . wit and wisdom are born with a man. *Learning.*

Take a straw and throw it up into the air, you may see by that which way the wind is. *Libels.*

Thou little thinkest what a little foolery governs the world.<sup>1</sup> *Pope.*

Syllables govern the world. *Power.*

<sup>1</sup> Behold, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed. — Oxenstiern (1583-1654).

IZAAK WALTON. 1593-1683.

Of which, if thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge. *The Complete Angler. Author's Preface.*

Angling may be said to be so like the mathematics, that it can never be fully learnt. *Ibid.*

As no man is born an artist, so no man is born an angler. *Ibid.*

I shall stay him no longer than to wish him a rainy evening to read this following discourse; and that, if he be an honest angler, the east wind may never blow when he goes a fishing. *Ibid.*

I am, Sir, a Brother of the Angle. *Part i. Ch. 1.*

Angling is somewhat like Poetry, men are to be born so. *Ibid.*

I remember that a wise friend of mine did usually say, That which is everybody's business is nobody's business. *Part i. Ch. 2.*

Old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good. *Part i. Ch. 4.*

No man can lose what he never had. *Part i. Ch. 5.*

We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler<sup>1</sup> said of strawberries: "Doubtless God could have made a

<sup>1</sup> William Butler, styled by Dr. Fuller in his *Worthies* (Suffolk) the "Esculapius of our age." He died in 1621. This first appeared in the second edition of *The Angler*, 1655. Roger Williams, in his *Key into the Language of America*, 1643, p. 98, says: "One of the chiefest doctors of England was wont to say, that God could have made, but God never did make, a better berry."

better berry, but doubtless God never did": and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.

*The Complete Angler. Part i. Ch. 5.*

Thus use your frog: put your hook, I mean the arming wire, through his mouth, and out at his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the arming wire of your hook, or tie the frog's leg above the upper joint to the armed wire; and in so doing use him as though you loved him.

*Part i. Ch. 8.*

This dish of meat is too good for any but anglers, or very honest men.

*Ibid.*

Health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of; a blessing that money cannot buy.

*Part i. Ch. 21.*

All that are lovers of virtue, . . . be quiet, and go a-Angling.

*Ibid.*

But God, who is able to prevail, wrestled with him; marked him for his own.<sup>1</sup>

*Life of Donne.*

Oh! the gallant fisher's life

It is the best of any;

'T is full of pleasure, void of strife,

And 't is beloved by many.<sup>2</sup>

*The Angler. (John Chalkhill.)*

<sup>1</sup> Melancholy marked him for his own. — Gray, *The Epitaph*.

<sup>2</sup> In 1683, the year in which he died, Walton prefixed a Preface to a work edited by him: "Thealma and Clearchus, a Pastoral History, in smooth and easy verse; written long since by John Chalkhill Esq. an acquaintant and friend of Edmund Spenser."

"Chalkhill, — a name unappropriated, a verbal phantom, a shadow of a shade. Chalkhill is no other than our old piscatory friend incognito." — Zouch's *Life of Walton*.

## FRANCIS QUARLES. 1592-1644.

Death aims with fouler spite  
At fairer marks.<sup>1</sup> *Divine Poems. Ed. 1639.*

Sweet Phosphor, bring the day  
Whose conquering ray  
May chase these fogs ;  
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day !

Sweet Phosphor, bring the day ;  
Light will repay  
The wrongs of night ;  
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day !  
*Emblems. Book i. 14.*

Be wisely worldly, be not worldly wise. *Book ii. 2.*

This house is to be let for life or years ;  
Her rent is sorrow, and her income tears ;  
Cupid, 't has long stood void ; her bills make known.  
She must be dearly let, or let alone. *Book ii. 10, Ep. 10.*

The slender debt to nature 's quickly paid,<sup>2</sup>  
Discharged, perchance, with greater ease than made.  
*Book ii. 13.*

The next way home 's the farthest way about.  
*Book iv. 2, Ep. 2.*

It is the lot of man but once to die. *Book v. 7.*

<sup>1</sup> Death loves a shining mark. a signal blow.  
Young, *Night Thoughts*, v. *Line 1011.*

<sup>2</sup> To die is a debt we must all of us discharge.  
Euripides, *Alcestis*, *Line 418.*

## GEORGE HERBERT. 1593-1632.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky. *Virtue.*

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,  
A box where sweets compacted lie. *Ibid.*

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,  
Like seasoned timber, never gives. *Ibid.*

Like summer friends,  
Flies of estate and sunneshine. *The Answer.*

A servant with this clause  
Makes drudgery divine ;  
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws  
Makes that and th' action fine. *The Elixir.*

A verse may find him who a sermon flies,  
And turn delight into a sacrifice. *The Church Porch.*

Dare to be true : nothing can need a lie ;  
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*

Chase brave employment with a naked sword  
Throughout the world. *Ibid.*

Sundays observe : think when the bells do chime,  
'T is angels' music. *Ibid.*

The worst speak something good ; if all want sense,  
God takes a text, and preacheth Pa-ti-ence. *Ibid.*

Bibles laid open, millions of surprises. *Sin.*

<sup>1</sup> And he that does one fault at first,  
And lies to hide it, makes it two. — Watts, *Song xv.*

Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,  
Ready to pass to the American strand.

*The Church Militant.*

Man is one world, and hath  
Another to attend him.

*Man.*

If goodness lead him not, yet weariness

May toss him to my breast.

*The Pulley.*

The fineness which a hymn or psalm affords

Is when the soul unto the lines accords. *A True Hymn.*

Wouldst thou both eat thy cake and have it? *The Size.*

Do well and right, and let the world sink.<sup>1</sup>

*Country Parson. Ch. 29.*

His bark is worse than his bite.

*Jacula Prudentum.*

After death the doctor.<sup>2</sup>

*Ibid.*

Hell is full of good meanings and wishings.

*Ibid.*

No sooner is a temple built to God, but the Devil  
builds a chapel hard by.<sup>3</sup>

*Ibid.*

God's mill grinds slow, but sure.

*Ibid.*

The offender never pardons.<sup>4</sup>

*Ibid.*

It is a poor sport that is not worth the candle.

*Ibid.*

To a close-shorn sheep, God gives wind by measure.<sup>5</sup>

*Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Ruat cœlum, fiat voluntas tua. — Sir T. Browne, *Relig. Med.*, Part 2. Sec. xi.

<sup>2</sup> After the war, aid. — Greek Proverb. After me the deluge. — Madame de Pompadour.

<sup>3</sup> See *Appendix*, p. 651.

<sup>4</sup> Compare Dryden. Page 229.

<sup>5</sup> God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.

Sterne, *Sentimental Journey*.

The lion is not so fierce as they paint him.<sup>1</sup>  
*Jacula Prudentum.*  
 Help thyself, and God will help thee. *Ibid.*  
 Words are women, deeds are men.<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*  
 The mouse that hath but one hole is quickly taken.<sup>3</sup>  
*Ibid.*  
 A dwarf on a giant's shoulders sees further of the two.<sup>4</sup>  
*Ibid.*



MARTYN PARKER.    *Circa* 1630.

Ye gentlemen of England  
 That live at home at ease,  
 Ah! little do you think upon  
 The dangers of the seas. *Song.*  
 When the stormy winds do blow.<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*



SIR JOHN SUCKLING.    1609–1641.

Her feet beneath her petticoat  
 Like little mice stole in and out,<sup>6</sup>  
 As if they feared the light;  
 But O, she dances such a way!  
 No sun upon an Easter-day  
 Is half so fine a sight.    *Ballad upon a Wedding.*

<sup>1</sup> The lion is not so fierce as painted.  
Fuller, *Of expecting Preferment.*  
<sup>2</sup> Compare Johnson. Page 314.  
<sup>3</sup> Compare Pope. Page 289.  
<sup>4</sup> A dwarf sees farther than the giant when he has the giant's  
 shoulder to mount on. — Coleridge, *The Friend*, Sec. i. *Essay* 8.  
<sup>5</sup> See Campbell. Page 443.  
<sup>6</sup> Compare Herrick. Page 164.



Her lips were red, and one was thin,  
 Compared with that was next her chin;  
 Some bee had stung it newly.

*Ballad upon a Wedding.*

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?  
 Prithee, why so pale?  
 Will, when looking well can't move her,  
 Looking ill prevail?  
 Prithee, why so pale?

*Song.*

'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear;  
 Heaven were not heaven, if we knew what it were.

*Against Fruition.*

She is pretty to walk with,  
 And witty to talk with,  
 And pleasant, too, to think on.

*Brennoralt. Act ii.*

Her face is like the milky way i' the sky,  
 A meeting of gentle lights without a name.

*Act iii.*

But, as when an authentic watch is shown,  
 Each man winds up and rectifies his own,  
 So in our very judgments.<sup>1</sup>

*Aglaura. Epilogue.*

The prince of darkness is a gentleman.<sup>2</sup>

*The Goblins.*

Nick of time.

*Ibid.*

“High characters,” cries one, and he would see  
 Things that ne'er were, nor are, nor e'er will be.<sup>3</sup>

*The Goblins. Epilogue.*

<sup>1</sup> 'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none  
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

Pope, *Essay on Criticism*, Part i. Line 9.

<sup>2</sup> See Shakespeare, *King Lear*. Page 123.

<sup>3</sup> Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see  
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.

Pope, *Essay on Criticism*, Part ii. Line 53.

## ROBERT HERRICK. 1591-1674.

Some asked me where the Rubies grew,  
 And nothing I did say ;  
 But with my finger pointed to  
 The lips of Julia.

*The Rock of Rubies, and the Quarrie of Pearls.*

Some asked how Pearls did grow, and where ?  
 Then spoke I to my Girl,  
 To part her lips, and showed them there  
 The quarelets of Pearl.

*Ibid.*

Her pretty feet, like snails, did creep  
 A little out, and then,<sup>1</sup>  
 As if they played at bo-peep,  
 Did soon draw in again.

*On Her Feet.*

I saw a flie within a beade  
 Of amber cleanly buried.<sup>2</sup> *On a Fly buried in Amber.*

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,  
 Old Time is still a-flying,  
 And this same flower, that smiles to-day,  
 To-morrow will be dying.<sup>3</sup>

*To the Virgins to make much of Time.*

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,  
 The shooting-stars attend thee ;  
 And the elves also,  
 Whose little eyes glow  
 Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

*Night Piece to Julia.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Suckling. Page 162.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Bacon. Page 139.

<sup>3</sup> Let us crown ourselves with rose-buds, before they be withered.  
 — *Wisdom of Solomon*, ii. 8.

Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,  
 Full and fair ones, — come and buy ;  
 If so be you ask me where  
 They do grow, I answer, there,  
 Where my Julia's lips do smile,  
 There 's the land, or cherry-isle.

*Cherry Ripe.*

Fall on me like a silent dew,  
 Or like those maiden showers,  
 Which, by the peep of day, do strew  
 A baptism o'er the flowers.

*To Music, to becalm his Fever.*

Fair daffadills, we weep to see  
 You haste away so soon :  
 As yet the early rising sun  
 Has not attained his noon.

*To Daffadills.*

A sweet disorder in the dress  
 Kindles in clothes a wantonness.

*Delight in Disorder.*

A winning wave, deserving note,  
 In the tempestuous petticoat, —  
 A careless shoe-string, in whose tie  
 I see a wild civility, —  
 Do more bewitch me, than when art  
 Is too precise in every part.

*Ibid.*

Thus woe succeeds a woe, as wave a wave.<sup>1</sup>

*Sorrows Succeed.*

You say to me-wards your affection 's strong ;  
 Pray love me little, so you love me long.<sup>2</sup>

*Love me Little, Love me Long.*

<sup>1</sup> See Shakespeare, *Hamlet*. Page 118. Young's *Night Thoughts*. Page 263.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Marlowe. Page 17.

But ne'er the rose without the thorn.<sup>1</sup> *The Rose.*

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;  
Nothing 's so hard but search will find it out.<sup>2</sup>  
*Seek and Find.*

Thus times do shift; each thing his turn does hold;  
New things succeed, as former things grow old.  
*Ceremonies for Candlemas Eve.*



THOMAS DEKKER. ——— 1641.

And though mine arm should conquer twenty worlds,  
There 's a lean fellow beats all conquerors.  
*Old Fortunatus.*

The best of men  
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer;  
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit.  
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.<sup>3</sup>  
*The Honest Whore. Part i. Act i. Sc. 12.*

We are ne'er like angels till our passion dies.  
*Part ii. Act i. Sc. 2.*

To add to golden numbers, golden numbers.  
*Patient Grissell. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Honest labour bears a lovely face. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.

Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book iv. Line 253.

<sup>2</sup> Nil tam difficile quærendo investigari possiet.

Terence, *Heauton-timoroumenos*, iv. 2. 8.

<sup>3</sup> Of the offspring of the gentilman Jafeth, come Habraham, Moyses, Aron, and the profettys: and also the Kyng of the right lyne of Mary, of whom that gentilman Jhesus was borne. — Juliana Berners, *Heraldic Blazonry*.

## JOHN WEBSTER. ——— 1638.

'T is just like a summer bird-cage in a garden; the birds that are without despair to get in, and the birds that are within despair and are in a consumption, for fear they shall never get out.<sup>1</sup>

*The White Devil. Act i. Sc. 2.*

Condemn you me for that the duke did love me?

So may you blame some fair and crystal river,

For that some melancholic, distracted man

Hath drowned himself in 't.

*Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,

But looked to near have neither heat nor light.<sup>2</sup>

*Act iv. Sc. 4.*

<sup>1</sup> Le mariage est comme une forteresse assiégée: ceux qui sont dehors veulent y entrer, et ceux qui sont dedans veulent en sortir. — Un proverbe Arabe. Quitard, *Études sur les Proverbes Français*, p. 102.

It happens as with cages: the birds without despair to get in, and those within despair of getting out. — Montaigne, *Essays*, Ch. v. Vol. iii.

Compare Sir John Davies. Page 145.

Is not marriage an open question, when it is alleged, from the beginning of the world, that such as are in the institution wish to get out, and such as are out wish to get in? — Emerson, *Representative Men: Montaigne*.

<sup>2</sup> Love is like a landscape which doth stand

Smooth at a distance, rough at hand.

Robert Hegge, *On Love*.

We 're charmed with distant views of happiness,

But near approaches make the prospect less.

Yalden, *Against Enjoyment*.

As distant prospects please us, but when near

We find but desert rocks and fleeting air.

Garth, *The Dispensatory*, Canto iii. Line 27.

'T is distance lends enchantment to the view,

And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Campbell, *Pleasures of Hope*, Part i. Line 7.

Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,  
 Since o'er shady groves they hover,  
 And with leaves and flowers do cover  
 The friendless bodies of unburied men.

*The White Devil. Act v. Sc. 2.*

Is not old wine wholesomest, old pippins toothsomest,  
 old wood burns brightest, old linen wash whitest?  
 Old soldiers, sweetheart, are surest, and old lovers are  
 soundest.<sup>1</sup>

*Westward Hoe. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

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WILLIAM BASSE. 1613–1648.

Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh  
 To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lie  
 A little nearer Spenser, to make room  
 For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb.<sup>2</sup>

*On Shakespeare.*

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EDWARD HYDE CLARENDON. 1608–1674.

He [Sir John Hambden] had a head to contrive, a  
 tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any mis-  
 chief.<sup>3</sup>

*History of the Rebellion. Vol. iii. Book vii. § 84.*

<sup>1</sup> See *Appendix*, p. 630.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Jonson. Page 148.

<sup>3</sup> In every deed of mischief he had a heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute. — Gibbon, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Ch. xlviij.

Heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, or the hand to execute. — Junius, *Letter xxxvii.*, Feb. 14, 1770.

RICHARD CRASHAW. *Circa* 1616–1650.

The conscious water saw its God and blushed.<sup>1</sup>

*Epigram.*

Whoe'er she be,  
That not impossible she,  
That shall command my heart and me.

*Wishes to his Supposed Mistress.*

Where'er she lie,  
Locked up from mortal eye,  
In shady leaves of destiny.

*Ibid.*

Days that need borrow  
No part of their good morrow,  
From a fore-spent night of sorrow.

*Ibid.*

Life that dares send  
A challenge to his end,  
And when it comes, say, Welcome, friend!

*Ibid.*

Sydneian showers  
Of sweet discourse, whose powers  
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers.

*Ibid.*

A happy soul, that all the way  
To heaven hath a summer's day.

*In Praise of Lessius's Rule of Health.*

The modest front of this small floor,  
Believe me, reader, can say more  
Than many a braver marble can, —  
"Here lies a truly honest man!"

*Epitaph upon Mr. Ashton.*

<sup>1</sup> *Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit.*

*Epig. Sacra. Aquæ in vinum versæ, p. 299.*

THOMAS HEYWOOD. ———1649.

The world's a theatre, the earth a stage  
Which God and nature do with actors fill.

*Apology for Actors.* 1612.

I hold he loves me best that calls me Tom.

*Hierarchie of the Blessed Angells.* Ed. 1635. Page 206.

Seven cities warred for Homer being dead;  
Who living had no roofe to shrowd his head.<sup>1</sup> Page 207.

Her that ruled the rost in the kitchen.<sup>2</sup>

*History of Women.* Ed. 1624. Page 286.



SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT. 1605–1668.

The assembled souls of all that men held wise.

*Gondibert.* Book ii. Canto v. St. 37.

Since knowledge is but sorrow's spy,

It is not safe to know.<sup>3</sup> *The Just Italian.* Act v. Sc. 1.



JOHN WINTHROP. 1588–1649.

A liberty to that only which is good, just, and honest.

*Life and Letters.* ii. 341.

<sup>1</sup> Great Homer's birth seven rival cities claim,  
Too mighty such monopoly of Fame.

Thomas Seward, *On Shakespeare's Monument at  
Stratford-upon-Avon.*

Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,  
Through which the living Homer begged his bread. *Anon.*

<sup>2</sup> See *Appendix*, p. 647.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Prior. Page 241.



## SIR JOHN DENHAM. 1615-1668.

Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,  
Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold;  
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,  
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore.

*Cooper's Hill. Line 165.*

O, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream  
My great example, as it is my theme!  
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;  
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing full. *Line 189.*

Actions of the last age are like almanacs of the last  
year.

*The Sophy. A Tragedy.*

But whither am I strayed? I need not raise  
Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise;  
Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built:  
Nor needs thy juster title the foul guilt  
Of Eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,  
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.<sup>1</sup>

*On Mr. John Fletcher's Works.*



## WILLIAM STOUGHTON. 1631-1701.

God sifted a whole nation that he might send choice  
grain over into this wilderness.<sup>2</sup>

*Election Sermon at Boston, April 29, 1669.*

<sup>1</sup> Poets are sultans, if they had their will;  
For every author would his brother kill.

Orvery, "in one of his Prologues," says Johnson.

Compare Pope, *Prologue to the Satires*, Line 197.

<sup>2</sup> God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting.  
Longfellow, *Courtship of Miles Standish*, iv.

## RICHARD LOVELACE. 1618–1658.

Oh! could you view the melody  
 Of every grace,  
 And music of her face,<sup>1</sup>  
 You 'd drop a tear ;  
 Seeing more harmony  
 In her bright eye,  
 Than now you hear. *Orpheus to Beasts.*

I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
 Loved I not honour more.  
*To Lucasta, on going to the Wars.*

When flowing cups pass swiftly round  
 With no allaying Thames.<sup>2</sup>  
*To Althea from Prison, ii.*

Fishes, that tittle in the deep,  
 Know no such liberty. *Ibid.*

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
 Nor iron bars a cage ;  
 Minds innocent and quiet take  
 That for an hermitage ;  
 If I have freedom in my love,  
 And in my soul am free,  
 Angels alone that soar above  
 Enjoy such liberty. *Ibid. iv.*

<sup>1</sup> There is music in the beauty, and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument. — Sir Thomas Browne, *Relig. Med.*, Part ii. Sec. ix.

The mind, the music breathing from her face.

Byron, *Bride of Abydos*, Canto i. St. 6.

<sup>2</sup> See Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*. Page 76.

## ABRAHAM COWLEY. 1618-1667.

What shall I do to be for ever known,  
And make the age to come my own? *The Motto.*

His time is for ever, everywhere his place.  
*Friendship in Absence.*

We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine;  
But search of deep philosophy,  
Wit, eloquence, and poetry;  
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.  
*On the Death of Mr. William Harvey.*

His *faith*, perhaps, in some nice tenets might  
Be wrong; his *life*, I'm sure, was in the right.<sup>1</sup>  
*On the Death of Crashaw.*

We grieved, we sighed, we wept: we never blushed  
before.  
*Discourse concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell.*

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,  
And drinks and gapes for drink again;  
The plants suck in the earth, and are  
With constant drinking fresh and fair.  
*From Anacreon. Drinking.*

Why  
Should every creature drink but I?  
Why, man of morals, tell me why? *Ibid.*

A mighty pain to love it is,  
And 't is a pain that pain to miss;  
But of all pains, the greatest pain  
It is to love, but love in vain. *Gold.*

<sup>1</sup> For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,  
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.  
*Pope. Essay on Man, Ep. iii. Line 306.*

Hope, of all ills that men endure,  
The only cheap and universal cure. *For Hope.*

The adorning thee with so much art  
Is but a barbarous skill ;  
'T is like the poisoning of a dart,  
Too apt before to kill. *The Waiting Maid.*

Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,  
But an eternal now does always last.<sup>1</sup>  
*Davidis. Book i. Line 361.*

An harmless flaming meteor shone for hair,  
And fell adown his shoulders with loose care.<sup>2</sup>  
*Book ii. Line 102.*

The monster London . . . . :

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,  
And all the fools that crowd thee so,  
Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,  
A village less than Islington wilt grow,  
A solitude almost. *Of Solitude.*

God the first garden made, and the first city Cain.<sup>3</sup>  
*The Garden. Essay v.*

Hence, ye profane, I hate ye all,  
Both the great vulgar and the small.  
*Horace. Book iii. Ode 1.*

Charmed with the foolish whistling of a name.<sup>4</sup>  
*Virgil, Georgics. Book ii. Line 72.*

Words that weep and tears that speak.<sup>5</sup> *The Prophet.*

<sup>1</sup> One of our poets (which is it?) speaks of an *everlasting now*. — Southey, *The Doctor*, ch. xxv. p. 1.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Gray, *The Bard*. Page 327.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Bacon, *Of Gardens*. Page 138.

<sup>4</sup> Ravished with the whistling of a name.

Pope, *Essay on Man*, Ep. iv. Line 283.

<sup>5</sup> Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.

Gray, *Progress of Poesy*, iii. 3, 4.

## EDMUND WALLER. 1605-1687.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,  
 Lets in new light through chinks that Time has made.<sup>1</sup>  
 Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,  
 As they draw near to their eternal home.

*Verses upon his Divine Poesy.*

Under the tropic is our language spoke,  
 And part of Flanders hath received our yoke.

*Upon the Death of the Lord Protector.*

A narrow compass! and yet there  
 Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:  
 Give me but what this riband bound,  
 Take all the rest the sun goes round.

*On a Girdle.*

And keeps that palace of the soul.<sup>2</sup>

*Of Tea.*

Go, lovely rose!

Tell her that wastes her time and me

That now she knows,

When I resemble her to thee.

How sweet and fair she seems to be.

*Go, lovely Rose.*

How small a part of time they share  
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

*Ibid.*

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,  
 And every conqueror creates a muse.

*Panegyric on Cromwell.*

<sup>1</sup> Drawing near her death, she sent most pious thoughts as harbingers to heaven: and her soul saw a glimpse of happiness through the chinks of her sickness-broken body. — Fuller. *Holy and Profane State*, Book i. Ch. 2.

To vanish in the chinks that Time has made. — Rogers, *Pæstum*.

<sup>2</sup> The dome of thought, the palace of the soul.

Byron, *Childe Harold*, Canto ii. St. 6.

Poets lose half the praise they should have got,  
 Could it be known what they discreetly blot.

*Upon Roscommon's Trans. of Horace, De Arte Poetica.*

Could we forbear dispute, and practise love,  
 We should agree as angels do above.

*Divine Love. Canto iii.*

That eagle's fate and mine are one,  
 Which, on the shaft that made him die,  
 Espied a feather of his own,  
 Wherewith he wont to soar so high.<sup>1</sup>

*To a Lady singing a Song of his Composing.*

The yielding marble of her snowy breast.

*On a Lady passing through a Crowd of People.*

For all we know  
 Of what the blessed do above  
 Is, that they sing, and that they love.

*While I listen to thy Voice.*

So in the Libyan fable it is told  
 That once an eagle, stricken with a dart,  
 Said, when he saw the fashion of the shaft,  
 "With our own feathers, not by other's hands,  
 Are we now smitten."

*Æschylus, Fragm. 123, Plumptre's Translation.*

So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,  
 No more through rolling clouds to soar again,  
 Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,  
 And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.

*Byron, English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, Line 826.*

Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume  
 To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom,  
 See their own feathers plucked, to wing the dart  
 Which rank corruption destines for their heart.

*Thomas Moore, Corruption.*

## SIR THOMAS BROWNE. 1605-1682.

Too rashly charged the troops of error, and remain  
as trophies unto the enemies of truth.

*Religio Medici. Part i. Sec. vi.*

Rich with the spoils of nature.<sup>1</sup> *Part i. Sec. xiii.*

Nature is the art of God.<sup>2</sup> *Part i. Sec. xvi.*

There is music in the beauty, and the silent note  
which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an  
instrument.<sup>3</sup> *Part ii. Sec. ix.*

Sleep is a death ; O make me try  
By sleeping what it is to die,  
And as gently lay my head  
On my grave as now my bed ! *Part ii. Sec. xii.*

Ruat cœlum, fiat voluntas tua.<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*

Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pom-  
pous in the grave. *Urn Burial, Ch. v.*

Quietly rested under the drums and tramlings of  
three conquests. *Ibid.*

Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana, he  
is almost lost that built it.<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*

What song the Sirens sang, or what name Achilles  
assumed when he hid himself among women. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Rich with the spoils of time. — Gray, *Elegy, St. 13.*

<sup>2</sup> The course of nature is the art of God.

Young, *Night Thoughts, ix. Line 1267.*

<sup>3</sup> Compare Lovelace. Page 172.

<sup>4</sup> Compare Herbert. Page 161.

<sup>5</sup> Compare Cibber. Page 247.

## JOHN MILTON. 1608-1674.

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
 Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
 Brought death into the world, and all our woe.

*Paradise Lost. Book i. Line 1.*

Or if Sion hill  
 Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook, that flowed  
 Fast by the oracle of God. *Line 10.*

Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme. *Line 16.*

What in me is dark  
 Illumine, what is low raise and support;  
 That to the height of this great argument  
 I may assert eternal Providence,  
 And justify the ways of God to men.<sup>1</sup> *Line 22.*

As far as angels' ken. *Line 59.*

Yet from those flames  
 No light, but rather darkness visible. *Line 62.*

Where peace  
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes  
 That comes to all. *Line 65.*

What though the field be lost?  
 All is not lost; the unconquerable will,  
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
 And courage never to submit or yield. *Line 105.*

To be weak is miserable,  
 Doing or suffering. *Line 157.*

<sup>1</sup> But vindicate the ways of God to man.

Pope, *Essay on Man, Ep. i. Line 16.*



And out of good still to find means of evil.

*Paradise Lost. Book i. Line 165:*

Farewell happy fields,

Where joy for ever dwells: hail, horrors! *Line 249*

A mind not to be changed by place or time.

The mind is its own place, and in itself

Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.<sup>1</sup> *Line 253*

Here we may reign secure, and in my choice

To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:

Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven. *Line 261.*

Heard so oft

In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge

Of battle. *Line 275*

His spear, to equal which the tallest pine

Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast

Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,

He walked with to support uneasy steps

Over the burning marle. *Line 292.*

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks

In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades

High over-arched imbower. *Line 302.*

Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen! *Line 330.*

Spirits when they please

Can either sex assume, or both. *Line 423.*

Execute their airy purposes. *Line 430.*

When night

Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons

Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine. *Line 500.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare *Book iv. Line 75.*

The imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,  
Shone like a meteor, streaming to the wind.<sup>1</sup>

*Paradise Lost. Book i. Line 536.*

Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds :  
At which the universal host upsent  
A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond  
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night. *Line 540.*

In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood  
Of flutes and soft recorders. *Line 550.*

His form had yet not lost  
All her original brightness, nor appeared  
Less than archangel ruined, and the excess  
Of glory obscured. *Line 591.*

In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds  
On half the nations, and with fear of change  
Perplexes monarchs. *Line 597.*

Thrice he assayed, and thrice in spite of scorn  
Tears such as angels weep, burst forth. *Line 619.*

Who overcomes  
By force, hath overcome but half his foe. *Line 648.*

Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell  
From heaven; for e'en in heaven his looks and thoughts  
Were always downward bent, admiring more  
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,  
Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed  
In vision beatific. *Line 679.*

Let none admire  
That riches grow in hell: that soil may best  
Deserve the precious bane. *Line 690.*

<sup>1</sup> Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air.

Gray, *The Bard*, i. 2, *Line 6.*

Anon out of the earth a fabric huge  
Rose, like an exhalation. *Paradise Lost. Book i. Line 710.*

From morn  
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,  
A summer's day; and with the setting sun  
Dropped from the zenith like a falling star. *Line 742.*

Faëry elves,  
Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side  
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,  
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon  
Sits arbitress. *Line 781.*

High on a throne of royal state, which far  
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,  
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand  
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,  
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised  
To that bad eminence. *Book ii. Line 1.*

Surer to prosper than prosperity  
Could have assured us. *Line 39.*

The strongest and the fiercest spirit  
That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair. *Line 44.*

Rather than be less,  
Cared not to be at all. *Line 47.*

My sentence is for open war. *Line 51.*

That in our proper motion we ascend  
Up to our native seat: descent and fall  
To us is adverse. *Line 75.*

When the scourge  
Inexorable and the torturing hour  
Call us to penance. *Line 90.*

Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.

*Paradise Lost. Book ii. Line 105.*

But all was false and hollow ; though his tongue  
Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear  
The better reason, to perplex and dash  
Maturest counsels.

*Line 112.*

The ethereal mould  
Incapable of stain would soon expel  
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,  
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope  
Is flat despair.

*Line 139.*

For who would lose,  
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,  
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost  
In the wide womb of uncreated night?

*Line 146.*

His red right hand.<sup>1</sup>

*Line 174.*

Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved.

*Line 185.*

The never-ending flight  
Of future days.

*Line 221.*

Our torments also may in length of time  
Become our elements.

*Line 274.*

With grave  
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed  
A pillar of state ; deep on his front engraven  
Deliberation sat, and public care ;  
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,  
Majestic though in ruin. Sage he stood,  
With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear  
The weight of mightiest monarchies ; his look

<sup>1</sup> Rubente dextera. — Horace, *Od.* i. 2. 2.

Drew audience and attention still as night  
Or summer's noontide air. *Paradise Lost, Book ii. Line 300.*

The palpable obscure. *Line 406.*

Long is the way  
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light. *Line 432.*

Their rising all at once was as the sound  
Of thunder heard remote. *Line 476.*

The lowering element  
Scowls o'er the darkened landscape. *Line 490.*

Oh, shame to men! devil with devil damned  
Firm concord holds, men only disagree  
Of creatures rational. *Line 496.*

In discourse more sweet,  
For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,  
Others apart sat on a hill retired,  
In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high  
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,  
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;  
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost. *Line 555.*

Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy. *Line 565.*

Arm the obdured breast  
With stubborn patience as with triple steel. *Line 568.*

A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog  
Betwixt Damiatra and Mount Casius old,  
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air  
Burns frore, and cold performs the effect of fire.  
Thither by harpy-footed Furies haled  
At certain revolutions all the damned  
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change  
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,

From beds of raging fire to starve in ice  
 Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine  
 Immovable, infixed, and frozen round,  
 Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire.

*Paradise Lost. Book ii. Line 592.*

O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,  
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of  
 death. *Line 620.*

Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire. *Line 628.*

The other shape,  
 If shape it might be called, that shape had none  
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,  
 Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,  
 For each seemed either; black it stood as night,  
 Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,  
 And shook a dreadful dart. *Line 666.*

Satan was now at hand. *Line 674.*

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape? *Line 681.*

Back to thy punishment,  
 False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings. *Line 699.*

So spake the grisly Terror. *Line 704.*

Incensed with indignation Satan stood  
 Unterrified, and like a comet burned,  
 That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge  
 In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair  
 Shakes pestilence and war. *Line 707.*

Their fatal hands  
 No second stroke intend. *Line 712.*

Hell  
 Grew darker at their frown. *Line 719.*

I fled, and cried out, DEATH!

Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sighed  
From all her caves, and back resounded, DEATH!

*Paradise Lost. Book ii. Line 787.*

Before mine eyes in opposition sits

Grim Death, my son and foe.

*Line 803.*

Death

Grinned horrible a ghastly smile, to hear

His famine should be filled.

*Line 845.*

On a sudden open fly,

With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,

The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate

Harsh thunder.

*Line 879.*

Where eldest Night

And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold

Eternal anarchy amidst the noise

Of endless wars, and by confusion stand:

For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,

Strive here for mastery.

*Line 894.*

Into this wild abyss,

The womb of Nature and perhaps her grave. *Line 910.*

O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,

With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,

And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.

*Line 948.*

With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,

Confusion worse confounded.

*Line 995.*

So he with difficulty and labour hard

Moved on, with difficulty and labour he.

*Line 1021.*

And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,

This pendant world, in bigness as a star

Of smallest magnitude, close by the moon.

*Line 1051.*

Hail, holy light! offspring of heaven first-born :  
*Paradise Lost. Book iii. Line 1.*

The rising world of waters dark and deep. *Line 11.*

Thoughts that voluntary move  
 Harmonious numbers. *Line 37.*

Thus with the year  
 Seasons return ; but not to me returns  
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,  
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;  
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark  
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men  
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair  
 Presented with a universal blank  
 Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,  
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out. *Line 40.*

Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall. *Line 99.*

Dark with excessive bright. *Line 380.*

Eremites and friars,  
 White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery.  
*Line 474.*

Since called  
 The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown. *Line 495.*

And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps  
 At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity  
 Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill  
 Where no ill seems. *Line 686.*

The hell within him. *Book iv. Line 20.*

Now conscience wakes despair  
 That slumbered, wakes the bitter memory  
 Of what he was, what is, and what must be. *Line 23.*



At whose sight all the stars  
Hide their diminished heads.<sup>1</sup>

*Paradise Lost. Book iv. Line 34.*

A grateful mind  
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
Indebted and discharged. *Line 55.*

Which way shall I fly  
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?  
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;  
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep,  
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,  
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven. *Line 73.*

Such joy ambition finds. *Line 92.*

So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,  
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost.  
Evil, be thou my good. *Line 108.*

That practised falsehood under saintly shew,  
Deep malice to conceal, couched with revenge. *Line 122.*

Sabean odours from the spicy shore  
Of Arabie the blest. *Line 162.*

And on the Tree of Life,  
The middle tree and highest there that grew,  
Sat like a cormorant. *Line 194.*

A heaven on earth. *Line 208.*

Flowers worthy of paradise. *Line 241.*

Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.<sup>2</sup>  
*Line 256.*

<sup>1</sup> Ye little stars! hide your diminished rays.

Pope, *Moral Essays, Epistle iii. Line 282*

<sup>2</sup> Compare Herrick. Page 166.

For contemplation he and valour formed,  
 For softness she and sweet attractive grace ;  
 He for God only, she for God in him.  
 His fair large front and eye sublime declared  
 Absolute rule ; and hyacinthine locks  
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad.

*Paradise Lost. Book iv. Line 297*

Implied

Subjection, but required with gentle sway,  
 And by her yielded, by him best received,  
 Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,  
 And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay. *Line 307.*

Adam the goodliest man of men since born  
 His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve. *Line 323.*

And with necessity,

The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds. *Line 393.*

As Jupiter

On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds  
 That shed May flowers. *Line 499.*

Imparadised in one another's arms. *Line 506.*

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray  
 Had in her sober livery all things clad ;  
 Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,  
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,  
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale ;  
 She all night long her amorous descant sung ;  
 Silence was pleased : now glowed the firmament  
 With living sapphires ; Hesperus, that led  
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,  
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length  
 Apparent queen unveiled her peerless light,  
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw. *Line 598.*

The timely dew of sleep. *Paradise Lost. Book iv. Line 614.*

With thee conversing, I forget all time ;  
 All seasons, and their change, all please alike.  
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
 With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun,  
 When first on this delightful land he spreads  
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
 Glistening with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth  
 After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on  
 Of grateful evening mild ; then silent night  
 With this her solemn bird and this fair moon,  
 And these the gems of heaven, her starry train :  
 But neither breath of morn when she ascends  
 With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun  
 On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,  
 Glistening with dew, nor fragrance after showers,  
 Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night  
 With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,  
 Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet. *Line 639.*

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
 Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep.  
*Line 677.*

In naked beauty more adorned,  
 More lovely than Pandora.<sup>1</sup> *Line 713.*

Eased the putting off  
 These troublesome disguises which we wear. *Line 739.*

Hail, wedded love, mysterious law, true source  
 Of human offspring. *Line 750.*

Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve. *Line 800.*

<sup>1</sup> When unadorned, adorned the most.

Thomson, *Autumn*, *Line 204.*

Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear  
Touched lightly; for no falsehood can endure  
Touch of celestial temper.

*Paradise Lost. Book iv. Line 810.*

Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,  
The lowest of your throng. *Line 830.*

Abashed the devil stood,  
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw  
Virtue in her shape how lovely. *Line 846.*

All hell broke loose. *Line 918.*

Like Teneriff or Atlas unremoved. *Line 987.*

The starry cope  
Of heaven. *Line 992.*

Fled

Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.  
*Line 1014.*

Now morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime  
Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl,  
When Adam waked, so custom'd, for his sleep  
Was aery-light, from pure digestion bred.

*Book v. Line 1.*

Hung over her enamoured, and beheld  
Beauty which, whether waking or asleep,  
Shot forth peculiar graces. *Line 13.*

My latest found,  
Heaven's last, best gift, my ever new delight. *Line 18.*

Good, the more  
Communicated, more abundant grows. *Line 71.*

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!  
*Line 153.*

Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
If better thou belong not to the dawn. *Line 166.*

A wilderness of sweets. *Paradise Lost. Book v. Line 294.*

Another morn

Risen on mid-noon. *Line 310.*

So saying, with despatchful looks in haste  
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent. *Line 331.*

Nor jealousy

Was understood, the injured lover's hell. *Line 449.*

The bright consummate flower. *Line 481.*

Thrones, dominations, pryncedoms, virtues, powers.  
*Line 601.*

They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet  
Quaff immortality and joy. *Line 637.*

Satan; so call him now, his former name  
Is heard no more in heaven. *Line 658.*

Midnight brought on the dusky hour  
Friendliest to sleep and silence. *Line 667.*

Innumerable as the stars of night,  
Or stars of morning, dewdrops, which the sun  
Impearls on every leaf and every flower. *Line 745.*

So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found  
Among the faithless, faithful only he. *Line 896.*

Morn,

Waked by the circling hours, with rosy hand  
Unbarred the gates of light. *Book vi. Line 2.*

Servant of God, well done. *Line 29.*

Arms on armour clashing brayed  
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels  
Of brazen chariots raged; dire was the noise  
Of conflict. *Line 209.*

Vital in every part . . . .

Cannot but by annihilating die.

*Paradise Lost. Book vi. Line 345.*

Far off his coming shone.

*Line 768.*

More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged  
To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,  
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues.

*Book vii. Line 24.*

Still govern thou my song,  
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.

*Line 30.*

Heaven opened wide  
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound!  
On golden hinges moving.

*Line 205.*

Hither, as to their fountain, other stars  
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light.

*Line 364.*

Now half appeared  
The tawny lion, pawing to get free  
His hinder parts.

*Line 463.*

Indued  
With sanctity of reason.

*Line 507.*

A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,  
And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear  
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way  
Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest  
Powdered with stars.

*Line 577.*

The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear  
So charming left his voice, that he awhile  
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to hear.

*Book viii. Line 1.*

There swift return  
Diurnal, merely to officiate light  
Round this opacous earth, this punctual spot.

*Line 21.*

And grace that won who saw to wish her stay.

*Paradise Lost. Book viii. Line 43.*

And, touched by her fair tendance, gladlier grew.

*Line 47.*

With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,  
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb.

*Line 83.*

Her silent course advance  
With inoffensive pace, that spinning sleeps  
On her soft axle.

*Line 163.*

Be lowly wise.

*Line 173.*

To know  
That which before us lies in daily life,  
Is the prime wisdom.

*Line 192.*

Liquid lapse of murmuring streams.

*Line 263.*

And feel that I am happier than I know.

*Line 282.*

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,  
In every gesture dignity and love.

*Line 488.*

Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,  
That would be wooed, and not unsought be won.

*Line 502.*

She what was honour knew.  
And with obsequious majesty approved  
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower  
I led her blushing like the morn: all heaven  
And happy constellations on that hour  
Shed their selectest influence; the earth  
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;  
Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs  
Whispered it to the woods, and from their wings  
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub.

*Line 508.*

The sum of earthly bliss.

*Line 522.*

So well to know  
 Her own, that what she wills to do or say  
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.  
*Paradise Lost. Book viii. Line 548.*

Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part ;  
 Do thou but thine. *Line 561.*

Those graceful acts,  
 Those thousand decencies, that daily flow  
 From all her words and actions. *Line 600.*

With a smile that glowed  
 Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue. *Line 618.*

My unpremeditated verse. *Book ix. Line 24.*

Pleased me, long choosing and beginning late. *Line 26.*

Unless an age too late, or cold  
 Climate, or years, damp my intended wing. *Line 44.*

Revenge, at first though sweet,  
 Bitter ere long back on itself recoils. *Line 171.*

The work under our labour grows,  
 Luxurious by restraint. *Line 208.*

Smiles from reason flow,  
 To brute denied, and are of love the food. *Line 239.*

For solitude sometimes is best society,  
 And short retirement urges sweet return. *Line 249.*

At shut of evening flowers. *Line 278.*

As one who long in populous city pent,  
 Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air. *Line 445.*

So glozed the tempter. *Line 549.*

Hope elevates, and joy  
 Brightens his crest. *Line 633.*



Left that command  
Sole daughter of his voice.<sup>1</sup>

*Paradise Lost. Book ix. Line 652.*

Earth felt the wound; and Nature from her seat,  
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,  
That all was lost. *Line 782.*

In her face excuse  
Came prologue, and apology too prompt. *Line 853.*

A pillared shade  
High overarched, and echoing walks between. *Line 1106.*

Yet I shall temper so  
Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most  
Them fully satisfied, and thee appease. *Book x. Line 77.*

So scented the grim Feature, and upturned  
His nostril wide into the murky air,  
Sagacious of his quarry from so far. *Line 279.*

How gladly would I meet  
Mortality my sentence, and be earth  
Insensible! how glad would lay me down  
As in my mother's lap! *Line 775.*

Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave  
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades?  
*Book xi. Line 269.*

Then purged with euphrasy and rue  
The visual nerve, for he had much to see. *Line 414.*

Moping melancholy,  
And moon-struck madness. *Line 485.*

And over them triumphant Death his dart  
Shook, but delayed to strike, though oft invoked.  
*Line 491.*

<sup>1</sup> Stern daughter of the voice of God. -- Wordsworth, *Ode to Duty*.

So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop  
 Into thy mother's lap. *Paradise Lost. Book xi. Line 535.*

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st  
 Live well; how long or short permit to heaven.<sup>1</sup>  
*Line 553.*

A bevy of fair women. *Line 582.*

The brazen throat of war. *Line 713.*

Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon;  
 The world was all before them, where to choose  
 Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.  
 They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,  
 Through Eden took their solitary way.

*Book xii. Line 645.*

Beauty stands

In the admiration only of weak minds  
 Led captive. *Paradise Regained. Book ii. Line 220.*

Rocks whereon greatest men have ofttest wrecked.  
*Line 228.*

Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise.  
*Book iii. Line 56.*

Elephants endorsed with towers. *Line 329.*

Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,  
 Meroe, Nilotic isle. *Book iv. Line 70.*

Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreathed. *Line 76.*

The childhood shows the man,  
 As morning shows the day.<sup>2</sup> *Line 220.*

Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts  
 And eloquence. *Line 240.*

<sup>1</sup> Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes. — Martial, *Lib. x. 47. 14.*

<sup>2</sup> The child is father of the man.

Wordsworth, *My Heart Leaps Up.*

The olive grove of Academe,  
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird  
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long.

*Paradise Regained. Book iv. Line 244.*

Thence to the famous orators repair,  
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence  
Wielded at will that fierce demagogue,  
Shook the arsenal, and fulminated over Greece,  
To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne. *Line 267.*

Socrates . . . .  
Whom well inspired the oracle pronounced  
Wisest of men. *Line 274.*

Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself. *Line 327.*

As children gathering pebbles on the shore. *Line 330.*

Till morning fair  
Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray. *Line 426.*

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,  
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse  
Without all hope of day! *Samson Agonistes. Line 80.*

The sun to me is dark  
And silent as the moon,  
When she deserts the night  
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave. *Line 86.*

Ran on embattled armies clad in iron. *Line 129.*

Just are the ways of God,  
And justifiable to men;  
Unless there be who think not God at all. *Line 293.*

What boots it at one gate to make defence,  
And at another to let in the foe? *Line 560.*

But who is this? what thing of sea or land?  
 Female of sex it seems,  
 That so bedecked, ornate, and gay,  
 Comes this way sailing  
 Like a stately ship  
 Of Tarsus, bound for the isles  
 Of Javan or Gadire,  
 With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,  
 Sails filled, and streamers waving,  
 Courted by all the winds that hold them play,  
 An amber scent of odorous perfume  
 Her harbinger. *Samson Agonistes. Line 710.*

Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power,  
 After offence returning, to regain  
 Love once possessed. *Line 1003.*

He's gone, and who knows how he may report  
 Thy words by adding fuel to the flame? *Line 1350.*

For evil news rides post, while good news baits.  
*Line 1538.*

And as an evening dragon came,  
 Assailant on the perched roosts  
 And nests in order ranged  
 Of tame villatic fowl. *Line 1692.*

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail  
 Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,  
 Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,  
 And what may quiet us in a death so noble. *Line 1721.*

Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,  
 Which men call Earth. *Comus. Line 5.*

That golden key  
 That opes the palace of eternity. *Line 13.*

The nodding horror of whose shady brows. *Line 38.*

From out the purple grape  
 Crushed the sweet poison of misused wine. *Comus. Line 46.*  
 These my sky-robcs spun out of Iris' woof. *Line 83.*  
 The star that bids the shepherd fold. *Line 93.*  
 Midnight shout and revelry  
 Topsy dance and jollity. *Line 103.*  
 Ere the blabbing eastern scout,  
 The nice morn, on the Indian steep  
 From her cabined loop-hole peep. *Line 138.*

When the gray-hooded even,  
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,  
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain. *Line 188.*

A thousand fantasies  
 Begin to throng into my memory,  
 Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,  
 And airy tongues, that syllable men's names  
 On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses. *Line 205.*  
 O welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,  
 Thou hovering Angel, girt with golden wings! *Line 213.*  
 Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night? *Line 221.*  
 Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould  
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment? *Line 244.*  
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings  
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,  
 At every fall smoothing the raven down  
 Of darkness till it smiled! *Line 249.*  
 Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul  
 And lap it in Elysium. *Line 256.*

Such sober certainty of waking bliss. *Comus. Line 263.*

I took it for a faery vision  
Of some gay creatures of the element,  
That in the colours of the rainbow live,  
And play i' the plighted clouds. *Line 298.*

It were a journey like the path to heaven,  
To help you find them. *Line 303.*

With thy long-levelled rule of streaming light. *Line 340.*

Virtue could see to do what virtue would  
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon  
Were in the flat sea sunk. And wisdom's self  
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,  
Where, with her best nurse Contemplation,  
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,  
That in the various bustle of resort  
Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes impaired. *Line 373.*

He that has light within his own clear breast  
May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day ;  
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts  
Benighted walks under the midday sun. *Line 381.*

The unsunned heaps  
Of miser's treasure. *Line 398.*

'T is chastity, my brother, chastity :  
She that has that is clad in complete steel. *Line 420.*

Some say no evil thing that walks by night,  
In fog, or fire, by lake or moorish fen,  
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost  
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,  
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,  
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity. *Line 432.*

So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,  
 That when a soul is found sincerely so  
 A thousand liveried angels lackey her,  
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,  
 And in clear dream, and solemn vision,  
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,  
 Till oft converse with heavenly habitants  
 Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape.

*Comus. Line 453.*

How charming is divine philosophy!  
 Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose;  
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,<sup>1</sup>  
 And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,  
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

*Line 476.*

And sweetened every musk-rose of the dale.

*Line 496.*

Filled the air with barbarous dissonance.

*Line 550.*

I was all ear,

And took in strains that might create a soul  
 Under the ribs of death.

*Line 560.*

That power

Which erring men call Chance.

*Line 587.*

If this fail,

The pillared firmament is rottenness,  
 And earth's base built on stubble.

*Line 597.*

The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,  
 But in another country, as he said,  
 Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil:  
 Unknown, and like esteemed, and the dull swain  
 Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon.

*Line 621.*

<sup>1</sup> As sweet and musical

As bright Apollo's lute.

Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv. Sc. 3.

Entered the very lime-twigs of his spells,  
And yet came off. *Comus. Line 646.*

This cordial julep here,  
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds. *Line 672.*

Budge doctors of the Stoic fur. *Line 707.*

And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons. *Line 727.*

It is for homely features to keep home,  
They had their name thence; coarse complexions,  
And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply  
The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool. *Line 748.*

What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,  
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn? *Line 752.*

Swinish gluttony  
Ne'er looks to Heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,  
But with besotted base ingratitude  
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. *Line 776.*

Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,  
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence.  
*Line 790.*

His rod reversed,  
And backward mutters of dissevering power. *Line 816.*

Sabrina fair,  
Listen where thou art sitting  
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,  
In twisted braids of lilies knitting  
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair. *Line 859.*

But now my task is smoothly done,  
I can fly, or I can run. *Line 1012.*

Or, if Virtue feeble were,  
Heaven itself would stoop to her. *Line 1022.*



I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,  
 And with forced fingers rude  
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.

*Lycidas. Line 3.*

He knew

Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme. *Line 10.*

Without the meed of some melodious tear. *Line 14.*

Under the opening eyelids of the morn. *Line 26.*

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone.  
 Now thou art gone and never must return! *Line 37.*

The gadding vine. *Line 40.*

And strictly meditate the thankless Muse. *Line 66.*

To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
 Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair. *Line 68.*

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise<sup>1</sup>

(That last infirmity of noble mind)

To scorn delights, and live laborious days;

But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,

And think to burst out into sudden blaze,

Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,

And slits the thin-spun life. *Line 70.*

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil. *Line 78.*

It was that fatal and perfidious bark,

Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark.

*Line 100.*

The pilot of the Galilean lake;

Two massy keys he bore, of metals twain

(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain). *Line 109.*

<sup>1</sup> Erant quibus appetentior famæ videretur, quando etiam sapientibus cupido gloriæ novissima exuitur. — Tacitus, *Histor.*, iv. 6.

But that two-handed engine at the door  
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

*Lycidas. Line 130.*

Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,  
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,  
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,  
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,  
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,  
The glowing violet,

The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,  
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
And every flower that sad embroidery wears. *Line 139.*

So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore  
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky. *Line 168.*

To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new. *Line 193.*

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest, and youthful Jollity,  
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,  
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles.

*L' Allegro. Line 25.*

Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his sides.

Come, and trip it as you go,  
On the light fantastic toe. *Line 31.*

The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty. *Line 36.*

And every shepherd tells his tale  
Under the hawthorn in the dale. *Line 67.*

Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide ;

Towers and battlements it sees  
 Bosomed high in tufted trees,  
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
 The cynosure of neighbouring eyes. *L' Allegro. Line 75.*

Herbs, and other country messes,  
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses. *Line 85.*

To many a youth, and many a maid,  
 Dancing in the chequered shade. *Line 95.*

Then to the spicy nut-brown ale. *Line 100.*

Towered cities please us then,  
 And the busy hum of men. *Line 117.*

Ladies, whose bright eyes  
 Rain influence, and judge the prize. *Line 121.*

Such sights as youthful poets dream  
 On summer eves by haunted stream.  
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,  
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,  
 Warble his native wood-notes wild. *Line 129.*

And ever against eating cares  
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
 Married to immortal verse,<sup>1</sup>  
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,  
 In notes, with many a winding bout  
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out. *Line 135.*

Untwisting all the chains that tie  
 The hidden soul of harmony. *Line 143.*

The gay motes that people the sunbeams.

*Il Penseroso. Line 8.*

<sup>1</sup> Wisdom married to immortal verse.

Wordsworth, *The Excursion*, Book vii

And looks commercing with the skies,  
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes. *Il Penseroso. Line 39.*

Forget thyself to marble. *Line 42.*

And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,  
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet. *Line 45.*

And add to these retired Leisure,  
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure. *Line 49.*

Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
Most musical, most melancholy! *Line 61.*

To behold the wandering moon,  
Riding near her highest noon,  
Like one that had been led astray  
Through the heaven's wide pathless way;  
And oft, as if her head she bowed,  
Stooping through a fleecy cloud. *Line 67.*

Where glowing embers through the room  
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom. *Line 79.*

Save the cricket on the hearth. *Line 82.*

Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy  
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,  
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,  
Or the tale of Troy divine. *Line 97.*

Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
Such notes as, warbled to the string,  
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek. *Line 105.*

Or call up him that left half told  
The story of Cambuscan bold. *Line 109.*

Where more is meant than meets the ear. *Line 120.*

- Ending on the rustling leaves,  
 With minute drops from off the eaves.  
*Il Penseroso. Line 129.*
- Hide me from day's garish eye.  
*Line 141.*
- And storied windows richly dight,  
 Casting a dim religious light.  
*Line 159.*
- Till old experience do attain  
 To something like prophetic strain.  
*Line 173.*
- Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie.  
*Arcades. Line 68.*
- Under the shady roof  
 Of branching elm star-proof.  
*Line 88.*
- No war or battle's sound  
 Was heard the world around.  
*Hymn on Christ's Nativity. Line 53.*
- Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold.  
*Line 135.*
- Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.  
*Line 172.*
- The oracles are dumb,  
 No voice or hideous hum  
 Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.  
 Apollo from his shrine  
 Can no more divine,  
 With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.  
 No nightly trance, or breathed spell  
 Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.  
*Line 173.*
- From haunted spring, and dale  
 Edged with poplar pale,  
 The parting genius is with sighing sent.  
*Line 184.*
- Peor and Baälim  
 Forsake their temples dim.  
*Line 197.*

What needs my Shakespeare, for his honoured bones,  
 The labour of an age in piled stones?  
 Or that his hallowed relics should be hid  
 Under a star-y-pointing pyramid?  
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame.

*Epitaph on Shakespeare. Line 1.*

And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,  
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die. *Line 15.*

Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day.

*Sonnet to the Nightingale.*

As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

*On his being arrived to the Age of Twenty-three.*

The great Emathian conqueror bid spare  
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower  
 Went to the ground. *When the Assault was intended to the City.*

That old man eloquent.

*To the Lady Margaret Ley.*

That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.

*On the Detraction which followed upon my writing Certain Treatises.*

License they mean when they cry liberty. *On the Same.*

Peace hath her victories

No less renowned than war. *To the Lord General Cromwell.*

Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,  
 When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones.

*On the late Massacre in Piedmont.*

Thousands at His bidding speed,  
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;  
 They also serve who only stand and wait. *On his Blindness.*

What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice.  
 Of Attic taste?

*To Mr. Lawrence.*

In mirth, that after no repenting draws. *To Cyriac Skinner.*

For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,  
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,  
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,  
 And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

*Sonnet to Cyriac Skinner.*

Yet I argue not

Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
 Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer  
 Right onward.

*Ibid.*

Of which all Europe rings from side to side.

*Ibid.*

But oh! as to embrace me she inclined,  
 I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

*On his Deceased Wife.*

O fairest flower, no sooner blown but blasted,  
 Soft silken primrose fading timelessly.

*Ode on the Death of a fair Infant, dying of a Cough.*

Have hung

My dank and dropping weeds  
 To the stern god of sea.

*Translation of Horace. Book i. Ode 5.*

For such kind of borrowing as this, if it be not  
 bettered by the borrower, among good authors is  
 accounted Plagiare.

*Iconoclastes, xxiii.*

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward  
 touch as the sunbeam.<sup>1</sup> *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.*

A poet soaring in the high reason of his fancies,  
 with his garland and singing robes about him.

*The Reason of Church Government. Int. Book ii.*

By labour and intent study (which I take to be my  
 portion in this life), joined with the strong propensity

<sup>1</sup> See Bacon. Page 140.

of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after times, as they should not willingly let it die.

*The Reason of Church Government. Int. Book ii.*

Beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies. *Ibid.*

He who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem.

*Apology for Smectymnuus.*

His words, like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command. *Ibid.*

Litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees.

*Tractate of Education.*

I shall detain you no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but straight conduct ye to a hill-side, where I will point ye out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect, and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming. *Ibid.*

Enflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue; stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God, and famous to all ages. *Ibid.*

In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against Nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth. *Ibid.*

Attic tragedies of stateliest and most regal argument.

*Ibid.*

As good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself.

*Areopagitica.*



A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. *Arcopagitica.*

Seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books. *Ibid.*

I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. *Ibid.*

Who shall silence all the airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers? *Ibid.*

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam. *Ibid.*

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do ingloriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple: who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter? *Ibid.*

Men of most renowned virtue have sometimes by transgressing most truly kept the law. *Tetrachordon.*

By this time, like one who had set out on his way by night, and travelled through a region of smooth or idle dreams, our history now arrives on the confines, where daylight and truth meet us with a clear dawn, representing to our view, though at a far distance, true colours and shapes. *History of England. Book i.*

## THOMAS FULLER. 1608-1661.

Drawing near her death, she sent most pious thoughts as harbingers to heaven; and her soul saw a glimpse of happiness through the chinks of her sickness-broken body.<sup>1</sup>

*Holy and Profane State. Life of Monica.*

But our captain counts the image of God, nevertheless his image, cut in ebony as if done in ivory.

*Good Sea-Captain.*

Their heads sometimes so little, that there is no room for wit; sometimes so long, that there is no wit for so much room.

*Of Natural Fools.*

The Pyramids themselves, dotting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders.

*Of Tombs.*

Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost.

*Of Books.*

They that marry ancient people, merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves, in hope that one will come and cut the halter.

*Of Marriage.*

To smell to a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body; no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul.

*Court Lady.*

The lion is not so fierce as painted.<sup>2</sup>

*Of Preferment.*

A little skill in antiquity inclines a man to Popery; but depth in that study brings him about again to our religion.

*True Church Antiquary.*

Often the cockloft is empty, in those whom Nature hath built many stories high.<sup>4</sup>

*Andronicus, ad fin. 1.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Waller. Page 175.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Herbert. Page 162.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Bacon, *Apothegm No. 17.* Page 139.

He was one of a lean body and visage, as if his eager soul, biting for anger at the clog of his body, desired to fret a passage through it. *Life of Duke of Alva.*

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JOHN BUNYAN. 1628-1688.

And so I penned  
It down, until at last it came to be,  
For length and breadth, the bigness which you see.  
*Pilgrim's Progress. Apology for his Book.*

Some said, 'John, print it,' others said, 'Not so,'  
Some said, 'It might do good,' others said, 'No.' *Ibid.*

The name of the slough was Despond. *Part i.*

It beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the  
town where 't is kept is lighter than vanity. *Ibid.*

The house Beautiful. *Ibid.*

Some things are of that nature as to make  
One's fancy chuckle, while his heart doth ache.  
*The Author's Way of sending forth his Second Part of the Pilgrim.*

He that is down needs fear no fall.<sup>1</sup> *Ibid. Part ii.*

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RICHARD BAXTER. 1615-1691.

I preached as never sure to preach again,  
And as a dying man to dying men.  
*Love breathing Thanks and Praise.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Butler, *Hudibras*. Page 217.

## MARQUIS OF MONTROSE. 1612-1650.

He either fears his fate too much,  
 Or his deserts are small,  
 That dares not put it to the touch  
 To gain or lose it all.      *My Dear and only Love.*<sup>1</sup>

I'll make thee glorious by my pen,  
 And famous by my sword.<sup>2</sup>      *Ibid.*

## HENRY VAUGHAN. 1621-1695.

I see them walking in an air of glory  
 Whose light doth trample on my days;  
 My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,  
 Mere glimmering and decays.      *They are all gone.*

Dear, beauteous death, the jewel of the just!  
 Shining nowhere but in the dark;  
 What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,  
 Could man outlook that mark!      *Ibid.*

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams  
 Call to the soul when man doth sleep,  
 So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,  
 And into glory peep.      *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Napier's *Memoir of Montrose*, Vol. i. App. xxxiv.

That puts it not unto the touch  
 To win or lose it all.

Napier's *Montrose and the Covenanters*, Vol. ii. p. 566.

<sup>2</sup> The more popular reading is given by Scott, *Legend of Montrose*, Ch. xv.:—

I'll make thee famous by my pen,  
 And glorious by my sword.

## SAMUEL BUTLER. 1600-1680.

- And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,  
Was beat with fist instead of a stick. .  
*Hudibras. Part i. Canto i. Line 11.*
- We grant, although he had much wit,  
He was very shy of using it. *Line 45.*
- Beside, 't is known he could speak Greek  
As naturally as pigs squeak;  
That Latin was no more difficile  
Than to a blackbird 't is to whistle. *Line 51.*
- He could distinguish, and divide  
A hair, 'twixt south and southwest side. *Line 67.*
- For rhetoric, he could not ope  
His mouth, but out there flew a trope. *Line 81.*
- For all a rhetorician's rules  
Teach nothing but to name his tools. *Line 89.*
- For he, by geometric scale,  
Could take the size of pots of ale. *Line 121.*
- And wisely tell what hour o' the day  
The clock does strike, by Algebra. *Line 125.*
- Whatever sceptic could inquire for,  
For every why he had a wherefore.<sup>1</sup> *Line 131.*
- Where entity and quiddity,  
The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly. *Line 145.*
- He knew what 's what, and that 's as high<sup>2</sup>  
As metaphysic wit can fly. *Line 149.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Shakespeare, *Comedy of Errors*. Page 27.

<sup>2</sup> See *Appendix*, p. 639.

Such as take lodgings in a head  
That 's to be let unfurnished.<sup>1</sup>

*Hudibras. Part i. Canto i. Line 161.*

'T was Presbyterian true blue. *Line 191.*

And prove their doctrine orthodox,  
By apostolic blows and knocks. *Line 199.*

As if religion was intended  
For nothing else but to be mended. *Line 205.*

Compound for sins they are inclined to,  
By damning those they have no mind to. *Line 215.*

The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,  
For want of fighting was grown rusty,  
And ate into itself for lack  
Of somebody to hew and hack. *Line 359.*

For rhyme the rudder is of verses,  
With which, like ships, they steer their courses. *Line 463.*

And force them, though it was in spite  
Of nature, and their stars, to write. *Line 647.*

Quoth Hudibras, 'I smell a rat ;<sup>2</sup>  
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate.' *Line 821.*

Or shear swine, all cry and no wool.<sup>3</sup> *Line 852.*

With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,  
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang. *Canto ii. Line 831.*

Like feather bed betwixt a wall,  
And heavy brunt of cannon ball. *Line 872.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Fuller, *Andronicus*. Page 212.

<sup>2</sup> See *Appendix*, p. 648.

<sup>3</sup> And so his Highness schal have thereof, but as had the man that scheryd his Hogge, *moche Crye and no Wull*.—Fortescue, (1395-1485), *Treatise on Absolute and Limited Monarchy*, Ch. x.

Ay me! what perils do environ  
The man that meddles with cold iron!<sup>1</sup>

*Hudibras. Part i. Canto iii. Line 1.*

Nor do I know what is become  
Of him, more than the Pope of Rome. *Line 263.*

He had got a hurt  
O' the inside, of a deadlier sort. *Line 309.*

With mortal crisis doth portend  
My days to appropinque an end. *Line 589.*

For those that run away, and fly,  
Take place at least o' the enemy.<sup>2</sup> *Line 609.*

I am not now in fortune's power;  
He that is down can fall no lower.<sup>3</sup> *Line 877.*

Cheered up himself with ends of verse,  
And sayings of philosophers. *Line 1011.*

If he that in the field is slain  
Be in the bed of honour lain,  
He that is beaten may be said  
To lie in honour's truckle-bed. *Line 1047.*

When pious frauds and holy shifts  
Are dispensations and gifts. *Line 1145.*

Friend Ralph, thou hast  
Outrun the constable at last. *Line 1367.*

Some force whole regions, in despite  
O' geography, to change their site;  
Make former times shake hands with latter,  
And that which was before, come after;

<sup>1</sup> Compare Spenser, *Faerie Queene*. Page 11.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Goldsmith. Page 345.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Bunyan. Page 213.

But those that write in rhyme still make  
 The one verse for the other's sake ;  
 For one for sense, and one for rhyme,  
 I think 's sufficient at one time.

*Hudibras. Part ii. Canto i. Line 23*

Some have been beaten till they know  
 What wood a cudgel 's of by th' blow ;  
 Some kicked until they can feel whether  
 A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather. *Line 221.*

No Indian prince has to his palace  
 More followers than a thief to the gallows. *Line 273.*

Quoth she, I 've heard old cunning stagers  
 Say, fools for arguments use wagers. *Line 297.*

Love in your hearts as idly burns  
 As fire in antique Roman urns.<sup>1</sup> *Line 309.*

For what is worth in anything,  
 But so much money as 't will bring? *Line 465.*

Love is a boy by poets styled ;  
 Then spare the rod and spoil the child.<sup>2</sup> *Line 843.*

The sun had long since in the lap  
 Of Thetis, taken out his nap,  
 And like a lobster boiled, the morn  
 From black to red began to turn. *Canto ii. Line 29.*

Have always been at daggers-drawing,  
 And one another clapper-clawing. *Line 79.*

For truth is precious and divine,  
 Too rich a pearl for carnal swine. *Line 257.*

<sup>1</sup> Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,  
 Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.

*Cowper, Conversation, Line 357.*

<sup>2</sup> He that spareth his rod hateth his son. — *Proverbs xiii. 24.*



Why should not conscience have vacation  
As well as other courts o' the nation?

*Hudibras. Part ii. Canto ii. Line 317*

He that imposes an oath makes it,  
Not he that for convenience takes it:  
Then how can any man be said  
To break an oath he never made?

*Line 377.*

As the ancients

Say wisely, have a care o' th' main chance,<sup>1</sup>  
And look before you ere you leap;<sup>1</sup>  
For as you sow, ye are like to reap.<sup>2</sup>

*Line 501.*

Doubtless the pleasure is as great  
Of being cheated, as to cheat.

*Canto iii. Line 1.*

He made an instrument to know  
If the moon shine at full or no.

*Line 261.*

Each window like a pill'ry appears,  
With heads thrust through nailed by the ears. *Line 391.*

To swallow gudgeons ere they 're caught,  
And count their chickens ere they 're hatched. *Line 923.*

There 's but the twinkling of a star  
Between a man of peace and war.

*Line 957.*

As quick as lightning, in the breech,  
Just in the place where honour 's lodged,  
As wise philosophers have judged;  
Because a kick in that part more  
Hurts honour, than deep wounds before.

*Line 1066.*

As men of inward light are wont  
To turn their optics in upon 't. *Part iii. Canto i. Line 481.*

<sup>1</sup> See *Appendix*, pp. 643, 644. Compare Tusser. Page 6.

<sup>2</sup> Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. — *Galatians* vi. 7.

Still amorous, and fond, and billing,  
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling.

*Hudibras. Part iii. Canto i. Line 687.*

What makes all doctrines plain and clear?  
About two hundred pounds a year.  
And that which was proved true before,  
Prove false again? Two hundred more.

*Line 1277.*

'Cause grace and virtue are within  
Prohibited degrees of kin;  
And therefore no true saint allows  
They shall be suffered to espouse.

*Line 1293.*

Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,  
Though he gave his name to our Old Nick.

*Line 1313.*

With crosses, relics, crucifixes,  
Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes;  
The tools of working our salvation  
By mere mechanic operation.

*Line 1495.*

True as the dial to the sun,  
Although it be not shined upon.<sup>1</sup>

*Canto ii. Line 175.*

But still his tongue ran on, the less  
Of weight it bore, with greater ease.

*Line 443.*

For those that fly may fight again,  
Which he can never do that 's slain.

*Canto iii. Line 243.*

He that complies against his will  
Is of his own opinion still.

*Line 547.*

With books and money placed for show,  
Like nest-eggs to make clients lay,  
And for his false opinion pay.

*Line 624.*

<sup>1</sup> True as the needle to the pole,  
Or as the dial to the sun.— Barton Booth, *Song.*

JOHN DRYDEN. 1631-1701.

Above any Greek or Roman name.<sup>1</sup>

*Upon the Death of Lord Hastings. Line 76.*

And threatening France, placed like a painted Jove,  
Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.

*Annus Mirabilis. Stanza 39.*

Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,  
In him alone 't was natural to please.

*Absalom and Achitophel. Part i. Line 27.*

A fiery soul, which, working out its way,  
Fretted the pygmy-body to decay,  
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.<sup>2</sup>

A daring pilot in extremity ;

Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high

He sought the storms. *Line 156.*

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,

And thin partitions do their bounds divide.<sup>3</sup> *Line 163.*

And all to leave what with his toil he won

To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son. *Line 169.*

Resolved to ruin or to rule the state.

*Line 174.*

And heaven had wanted one immortal song.

*Line 197.*

But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,

And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.<sup>4</sup> *Line 198.*

<sup>1</sup> Above all Greek, above all Roman fame.

*Pope, Epistle i. Book ii. Line 26.*

<sup>2</sup> Compare Fuller, *Life of Duke of Alva*. Page 213.

<sup>3</sup> What thin partitions sense from thought divide!

*Pope, Essay on Man, Ep. 1, Line 226.*

<sup>4</sup> Greatnesse on Goodnesse loves to slide, not stand,

And leaves, for Fortune's ice, Vertue's ferme land.

*Knolles's History (under a portrait of Mustapha I.)*

The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,  
 The young men's vision, and the old men's dream!<sup>1</sup>  
*Absalom and Achitophel. Part i. Line 238.*

Behold him setting in his western skies,  
 The shadows lengthening as the vapours rise.<sup>2</sup> *Line 268.*

Than a successive title, long and dark,  
 Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark. *Line 301.*

Not only hating David, but the king. *Line 512.*

Who think too little, and who talk too much. *Line 534.*

A man so various, that he seemed to be  
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome;  
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,  
 Was everything by starts, and nothing long;  
 But, in the course of one revolving moon,  
 Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.<sup>3</sup> *Line 545.*

So over violent, or over civil,  
 That every man with him was God or Devil. *Line 557.*

His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.<sup>4</sup> *Line 645.*

Him of the western dome, whose weighty sense  
 Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence. *Line 868.*

Beware the fury of a patient man.<sup>5</sup> *Line 1005.*

<sup>1</sup> Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions. — *Joel ii. 28.*

<sup>2</sup> Like our shadows,  
 Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.

Young, *Night Thoughts*, v. 661.

<sup>3</sup> Grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, pictor, aliptes,  
 Augur, schœnobates, medicus, magus, omnia novit.

Juvenal, *Sat. iii. Line 76.*

<sup>4</sup> A Christian is God Almighty's gentleman.

Hare, *Guesses at Truth.*

<sup>5</sup> Furor fit læsa sæpius patientia. — Publius Syrus.

Made still a blundering kind of melody ;  
Spurred boldly on, and dashed through thick and thin,  
Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in.

*Absalom and Achitophel. Part ii. Line 413.*

For every inch that is not fool is rogue. *Line 463.*

Men met each other with erected look,  
The steps were higher that they took,  
Friends to congratulate their friends made haste ;  
And long inveterate foes saluted as they passed.

*Threnodia Augustalis. Line 124.*

For truth has such a face and such a mien,  
As to be loved needs only to be seen.<sup>1</sup>

*The Hind and Panther. Line 33.*

And kind as kings upon their coronation day. *Line 271.*

But Shadwell never deviates into sense.

*Mac Flecknoe. Line 20.*

And torture one poor word ten thousand ways. *Line 208.*

Thus all below is strength, and all above is grace.

*Epistle to Congreve. Line 19.*

Be kind to my remains ; and O defend,  
Against your judgment, your departed friend ! *Line 72.*

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,  
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.  
The wise for cure on exercise depend ;  
God never made his work for man to mend.

*Epistle to John Dryden, of Chesterton. Line 92.*

Wit will shine

Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line.

*To the Memory of Mr. Oldham. Line 15.*

So softly death succeeded life in her,  
She did but dream of heaven, and she was there.

*Eleonora. Line 315.*

<sup>1</sup> Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,  
As to be hated needs but to be seen.

Pope, *Essay on Man, Ep. ii. Line 217.*

Since heaven's eternal year is thine.

*Elegy on Mrs. Killegrew. Line 15.*

O gracious God! how far have we  
Profaned thy heavenly gift of poesy?

*Line 56.*

Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.<sup>1</sup>

*Line 70.*

He was exhaled; his great Creator drew  
His spirit, as the sun the morning dew.<sup>2</sup>

*On the Death of a very Young Gentleman.*

Three poets, in three distant ages born,  
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.  
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed;  
The next, in majesty; in both, the last.  
The force of nature could no further go;  
To make a third, she joined the former two.<sup>3</sup>

*Under Mr. Milton's Picture.*

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,  
This universal frame began:  
From harmony to harmony

Through all the compass of the notes it ran,  
The diapason closing full in Man.

*A Song for St. Cecilia's Day. Line 11.*

None but the brave deserves the fair.

*Alexander's Feast. Line 15.*

With ravished ears  
The monarch hears,  
Assumes the god,  
Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the spheres.

*Line 37.*

<sup>1</sup> Of manners gentle, of affections mild;

In wit a man, simplicity a child. — Pope, *Epitaph on Gay*.

<sup>2</sup> Early, bright, transient, chaste, as morning dew,  
She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven.

Young, *Night Thoughts*, v. *Line 600.*

<sup>3</sup> Græcia Mæonidam, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,  
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

Selvaggi, *Ad Joannem Miltonum.*

Bacchus, ever fair and ever young.

*Alexander's Feast. Line 54.*

Rich the treasure,

Sweet the pleasure,

Sweet is pleasure after pain.

*Line 58.*

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain ;

Fought all his battles o'er again ;

And thrice he routed all his foes ; and thrice he slew  
the slain.

*Line 66.*

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,

Fallen from his high estate,

And weltering in his blood ;

Deserted, at his utmost need,

By those his former bounty fed ;

On the bare earth exposed he lies,

With not a friend to close his eyes.

*Line 77.*

For pity melts the mind to love.

*Line 96.*

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,

Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.

War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;

Honour, but an empty bubble ;

Never ending, still beginning,

Fighting still, and still destroying.

If all the world be worth the winning,

Think, O think it worth enjoying :

Lovely Thais sits beside thee,

Take the good the gods provide thee.

*Line 97.*

Sighed and looked, and sighed again.

*Line 120.*

And, like another Helen, fired another Troy. *Line 154.*

Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.

*Line 160.*

He raised a mortal to the skies,  
She drew an angel down. *Alexander's Feast. Line 169.*

A very merry, dancing, drinking,  
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.  
*The Secular Masque. Line 40.*

Fool, not to know that love endures no tie,  
And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury.<sup>1</sup>  
*Palamon and Arcite. Book ii. Line 758.*

For Art may err, but Nature cannot miss.  
*The Cock and the Fox. Line 452.*

And that one hunting, which the Devil designed  
For one fair female, lost him half the kind.  
*Theodore and Honoria.*

Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,  
The power of beauty I remember yet.  
*Cymon and Iphigenia. Line 1.*

When beauty fires the blood, how love exalts the mind.  
*Line 41.*

He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,  
And whistled as he went, for want of thought. *Line 84.*

The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,  
And gaping mouth, that testified surprise. *Line 107.*

Love taught him shame, and shame, with love at strife,  
Soon taught the sweet civilities of life. *Line 133.*

She hugged the offender, and forgave the offence.  
Sex to the last.<sup>2</sup> *Line 367.*

<sup>1</sup> This proverb Dryden repeats in *Amphitryon*, Act i. Sc. 2. See Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

Perjuria ridet amantum

Jupiter. — Tibullus, *Lib. iii. El. 6, Line 49.*

<sup>2</sup> And love the offender, yet detest the offence.

Pope, *Eloisa to Abelard, Line 192.*



And raw in fields the rude militia swarms ;  
 Mouths without hands ; maintained at vast expense,  
 In peace a charge, in war a weak defence ;  
 Stout once a month they march, a blustering band,  
 And ever, but in times of need, at hand.

*Cymon and Iphigenia. Line 400.*

Of seeming arms to make a short essay,  
 Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the day.

*Line 407.*

Happy who in his verse can gently steer  
 From grave to light, from pleasant to severe.<sup>1</sup>

*The Art of Poetry. Canto i. Line 75.*

Happy the man, and happy he alone,

He who can call to-day his own ;

He who, secure within, can say,

To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.<sup>2</sup>

*Imitation of Horace. Book iii. Ode 29, Line 65.*

Not heaven itself upon the past has power ;  
 But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

*Line 71.*

I can enjoy her while she 's kind ;  
 But when she dances in the wind,  
 And shakes the wings, and will not stay,  
 I puff the prostitute away.

*Line 81.*

And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

*Line 87.*

<sup>1</sup> Formed by thy converse, happily to steer  
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

*Pope, Essay on Man, Ep. iv. Line 379.*

Heureux qui, dans ses vers, sait d'une voix légère  
 Passer du grave au doux, du plaisant au sévère.

*Boileau, L'Art Poétique, Chant 1<sup>er</sup>.*

<sup>2</sup> Serenely full, the epicure would say,  
 Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day.

*Sydney Smith, Recipe for Salad.*

Arms and the man I sing, who, forced by fate  
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate.

*Virgil, Æneid. Line 1.*

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,  
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.

*Ovid, Metamorphoses. Book xv. Line 155.*

She knows her man, and when you rant and swear  
Can draw you to her with a single hair.<sup>1</sup>

*Persius. Satire v. Line 246.*

Look round the habitable world, how few  
Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue!

*Juvenal. Satire x.*

Our souls sit close and silently within,  
And their own web from their own entrails spin;  
And when eyes meet far off, our sense is such,  
That, spider-like, we feel the tenderest touch.<sup>2</sup>

*Mariage à la Mode. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Thespis, the first professor of our art,  
At country wakes sung ballads from a cart.

*Prologue to Lee's Sophonisba.*

Errors like straws upon the surface flow;  
He who would search for pearls must dive below.

*All for Love. Prologue.*

Men are but children of a larger growth. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Your ignorance is the mother of your devotion to me.<sup>3</sup>

*The Maiden Queen. Act i. Sc. 2.*

<sup>1</sup> And from that luckless hour, my tyrant fair  
Has led and turned me by a single hair.

*Bland's Anthology, p. 20, ed. 1813.*

And beauty draws us with a single hair.

*Pope, The Rape of the Lock, Canto ii. Line 27.*

Those curious locks so aptly twined,  
Whose every hair a soul doth bind.

*Carew, Think not 'cause men flattering say.*

<sup>2</sup> Compare Sir John Davies. Page 145.

<sup>3</sup> You have been often told and have heard that ignorance is the mother of devotion. — Jeremy Taylor, *Letter to a Person newly*

But Shakespeare's magic could not copied be ;  
 Within that circle none durst walk but he.

*The Tempest. Prologue.*

I am as free as nature first made man,  
 Ere the base laws of servitude began,  
 When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

*The Conquest of Granada. Part i. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Forgiveness to the injured does belong ;  
 But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.<sup>1</sup>

*Part ii. Act i. Sc. 2.*

What precious drops are those,  
 Which silently each other's track pursue,  
 Bright as young diamonds in their infant dew ?

*Part ii. Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Fame then was cheap, and the first comer sped  
 And they have kept it since, by being dead. *Epilogue.*

When I consider life, 't is all a cheat.  
 Yet, fooled with hope, men favour the deceit ;  
 Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay :  
 To-morrow 's falser than the former day,  
 Lies worse, and, while it says we shall be blest  
 With some new joys, cuts off what we possess.  
 Strange cozenage ! none would live past years again.  
 Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain ;<sup>2</sup>  
 And from the dregs of life think to receive  
 What the first sprightly running could not give.

*Aurengzebe. Act iv. Sc. 1.*

*converted.* 1657. This is said to have been the utterance of Dr. Cole, at a convocation of Westminster.

<sup>1</sup> Quos læserunt et oderunt. — Seneca, *De Ira, Lib. ii. c. 33.*

Proprium humani ingenii est odisse quem læseris. — Tacitus, *Agricola*, 42. 4.

The offender never pardons. — Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum.*

Chi fa ingiuria non perdona mai. — *Italian Proverb.*

<sup>2</sup> There are not eight finer lines in Lucretius. — Macaulay, *Hist. of England*, Ch. xviii.

All delays are dangerous in war.

*Tyrannic Love. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Pains of love be sweeter far

Than all other pleasures are.

*Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Whatever is, is in its causes just.<sup>1</sup> *Œdipus. Act iii. Sc. 1.*

His hair just grizzled,

As in a green old age.

*Ibid.*

Of no distemper, of no blast he died,

But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long ;

Even wondered at, because he dropped no sooner.

Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years ;

Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more :

Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,

The wheels of weary life at last stood still. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

She, though in full-blown flower of glorious beauty,

Grows cold, even in the summer of her age.

*Ibid.*

There is a pleasure sure

In being mad which none but madmen know.<sup>2</sup>

*The Spanish Friar. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Lord of humankind.<sup>3</sup>

*Ibid.*

Bless the hand that gave the blow.<sup>4</sup>

*Ibid.*

Second thoughts, they say, are best.<sup>5</sup>

*Act ii. Sc. 2.*

He 's a sure card.

*Ibid.*

As sure as a gun.<sup>6</sup>

*Act iii. Sc. 2.*

<sup>1</sup> Whatever is, is right. — Pope, *Essay on Man*, Ep. i. Line 289.

<sup>2</sup> There is a pleasure in poetic pains

Which only poets know. — Cowper, *The Timepiece*, Line 285.

<sup>3</sup> Lords of humankind. — Goldsmith, *The Traveller*, Line 327.

<sup>4</sup> Adore the hand that gives the blow.

Pomfret, *Verses to his Friend*.

<sup>5</sup> Among mortals second thoughts are the wisest.

Euripides, *Hippolytus*, 438.

<sup>6</sup> As certain as a gun. — Butler, *Hudibras*, Part i. Canto iii. The first edition of Butler reads, 'sure as a gun.'

Nor can his blessed soul look down from heaven,  
Or break the eternal sabbath of his rest.

*The Spanish Friar. Act v. Sc. 2.*

This is the porcelain clay of humankind.<sup>1</sup>

*Don Sebastian. Act i. Sc. 1.*

I have a soul that, like an ample shield,  
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.<sup>2</sup>

*Ibid.*

A knock-down argument: 't is but a word and a blow.

*Amphitryon. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Whistling to keep myself from being afraid.<sup>3</sup>

*Act iii. Sc. 1.*

The true Amphitryon.<sup>4</sup>

*Act iv. Sc. 1.*

The spectacles of books.

*Essay on Dramatic Poetry.*



EARL OF ROSCOMMON. 1633–1684.

Remember Milo's end,  
Wedged in that timber which he strove to rend.

*Essay on Translated Verse. Line 87.*

And choose an author as you choose a friend. *Line 96.*

Immodest words admit of no defence,  
For want of decency is want of sense. *Line 113.*

The multitude is always in the wrong. *Line 184.*

My God, my Father, and my Friend,  
Do not forsake me at my end. *Translation of Dies Iræ.*

<sup>1</sup> The precious porcelain of human clay.

Byron, *Don Juan, Canto iv. St. 11.*

<sup>2</sup> Give ample room and verge enough. — Gray, *The Bard, ii. 1.*

<sup>3</sup> Whistling aloud to bear his courage up.

Blair, *The Grave, Line 58.*

<sup>4</sup> Le véritable Amphitryon

Est l'Amphitryon où l'on dîne.

Molière, *Amphitryon, Acte iii. Sc. 5.*

## ANDREW MARVELL. 1620-1678.

- Orange bright,  
Like golden lamps in a green night. *Bermudas.*
- And all the way, to guide their chime,  
With falling oars they kept the time. *Ibid.*
- In busy companies of men. *The Garden.* (Translated.)
- Annihilating all that 's made  
To a green thought in a green shade. *Ibid.*
- The world in all doth but two nations bear,  
The good, the bad, and these mixed everywhere.  
*The Loyal Scot.*
- The inglorious arts of peace.  
*Upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland.*
- He nothing common did, or mean,  
Upon that memorable scene. *Ibid.*
- So much one man can do,  
That does both act and know. *Ibid.*
- To make a bank was a great plot of state;  
Invent a shovel, and be a magistrate.  
*The Character of Holland.*

## JOHN TILLOTSON. 1630-1694.

If God were not a necessary Being of himself, he might almost seem to be made for the use and benefit of men.<sup>1</sup> *Sermon 93.* 1712.

<sup>1</sup> Si Dieu n'existait pas, il faudroit l'inventer. — Voltaire (1694-1778), *À l'Auteur du Livre des trois Imposteurs*, *Epit.* cxi.

MATTHEW HENRY.<sup>1</sup> 1662–1714.

To their own second and sober thoughts.<sup>2</sup>

*Commentaries.* (London, 1710.) *Job* vi. 29.

He rolls it under his tongue as a sweet morsel.

*Psalm* xxxvi.

Our creature comforts.

*Psalm* xxxvii.

None so deaf as those that will not hear.

*Psalm* lviii.

They that die by famine die by inches.

*Psalm* lix.

To fish in troubled waters.

*Psalm* lx.

Here is bread, which strengthens man's heart, and therefore called the staff of life.<sup>3</sup>

*Psalm* civ.

None so blind as those that will not see.

*Jeremiah* xx.

Not lost, but gone before.<sup>4</sup>

*Matthew* ii.



## SIR JOHN POWELL. ————1713.

Let us consider the reason of the case. For nothing is law that is not reason.<sup>5</sup>

*Coggs vs. Bernard*, 2 *Ld. Raym.* 911.

<sup>1</sup> Matthew Henry says of his father, Rev. Philip Henry (1631–1691), “He would say sometimes, when he was in the midst of the comforts of this life, ‘All this and heaven too!’” — *Life of Rev. Philip Henry*, p. 70. London, 1830.

<sup>2</sup> I consider biennial elections as a security that the sober second thought of the people shall be law. — Fisher Ames, *Speech on Biennial Elections*, 1788.

<sup>3</sup> Bread is the staff of life. — Swift, *Tale of a Tub*.

Corne which is the staffe of life. — *Winslow's Good Newes from New England*, p. 47. London, 1624.

The stay and the staff, the whole stay of bread. — *Isaiah* iii. 1.

<sup>4</sup> Literally from Seneca, *Ep.* 63. 16. See Rogers. Page 400.

<sup>5</sup> Compare Coke. Page 9.

STEPHEN HARVEY. *Circa* 1627.

And there's a lust in man no charm can tame  
Of loudly publishing our neighbour's shame ;  
On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,  
While virtuous actions are but born and die.

*Juvenal. Satire ix.*<sup>1</sup>



WILLIAM WALKER. 1623–1684.

Learn to read slow : all other graces  
Will follow in their proper places.<sup>2</sup> *The Art of Reading.*



SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE. 1628–1699.

Books like proverbs receive their chief value from  
the stamp and esteem of ages through which they have  
passed.

*Ancient and Modern Learning.*



DR. WALTER POPE. 1630–1714.

May I govern my passion with absolute sway,  
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away.

*The Old Man's Wish.*

<sup>1</sup> From Anderson's *British Poets*, Vol. xii. p. 697.

<sup>2</sup> Take time enough ; all other graces  
Will soon fill up their proper places.

*Byrom, Advice to Preach Slow.*



## EARL OF ROCHESTER. 1647–1680.

Angels listen when she speaks :

She 's my delight, all mankind's wonder ;  
But my jealous heart would break  
Should we live one day asunder.

*Song.*

Here lies our sovereign lord the king,  
Whose word no man relies on ;  
He never says a foolish thing,  
Nor ever does a wise one.

*Written on the Bedchamber Door of Charles II.*

And ever since the Conquest have been fools.

*Artemisia in the Town to Chloe in the Country.*

For pointed satire I would Buckhurst choose,  
The best good man with the worst-natured muse.

*An Allusion to Satire x. Horace, Book i.*

A merry monarch, scandalous and poor. *On the King.*

It is a very good world to live in,  
To lend, or to spend, or to give in ;  
But to beg or to borrow, or to get a man's own,  
It is the very worst world that ever was known.

*Attributed to Rochester.*

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 THOMAS KEN. 1637–1711.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow !  
Praise Him, all creatures here below !  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host !  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

*Morning and Evening Hymn.*

RICHARD RUMBOLD. ————1685.

I never could believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world, ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden.

When on the Scaffold (1685). Macaulay, *Hist. of England*.



ROGER L'ESTRANGE. 1616–1704.

Though this may be play to you,  
'T is death to us. *Fables from Several Authors. Fable 398.*



SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM-  
SHIRE. 1649–1720.

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,  
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well. *Essay on Poetry.*

There's no such thing in nature, and you'll draw  
A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw.<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*

Read Homer once, and you can read no more;  
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,  
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,  
And Homer will be all the books you need. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,  
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.  
Pope, *Essay on Criticism, Part ii. Line 53.*

## THOMAS OTWAY. 1651–1685.

O woman! lovely woman! nature made thee  
 To temper man; we had been brutes without you.  
 Angels are painted fair, to look like you:  
 There 's in you all that we believe of heaven;  
 Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,  
 Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

*Venice Preserved. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life;  
 Dear as these eyes, that weep in fondness o'er thee.<sup>1</sup>

*Act v. Sc. 1.*

What mighty ills have not been done by woman?  
 Who was 't betrayed the Capitol? A woman!  
 Who lost Mark Antony the world? A woman!  
 Who was the cause of a long ten years' war,  
 And laid at last old Troy in ashes? Woman!  
 Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!

*The Orphan. Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Let us embrace, and from this very moment vow an  
 eternal misery together.<sup>2</sup>

*Act iv. Sc. 2.*

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 SIR CHARLES SEDLEY. 1639–1701.

When change itself can give no more,

'T is easy to be true. *Reasons for Constancy.*

<sup>1</sup> Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes;  
 Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.

*Gray, The Bard, Part i. St. 3.*

See Shakespeare, *Julius Cæsar*. Page 85.

<sup>2</sup> Let us swear an eternal friendship.

*Frere, The Rovers, Act i. Sc. 1.*

## NATHANIEL LEE. 1655-1692.

Then he will talk — good gods! how he will talk!<sup>1</sup>

*Alexander the Great. Act i. Sc. 3.*

Vows with so much passion, swears with so much grace,  
That 't is a kind of heaven to be deluded by him. *Ibid.*

When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war.  
*Act iv. Sc. 2.*

'T is beauty calls, and glory shows the way.<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

Man, false man, smiling, destructive man.

*Theodosius. Act iii. Sc. 2.*



## JOHN NORRIS. 1657-1711.

How fading are the joys we dote upon!  
Like apparitions seen and gone;  
But those which soonest take their flight  
Are the most exquisite and strong;  
Like angels' visits, short and bright,<sup>3</sup>  
Mortality 's too weak to bear them long. *The Parting.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Beaumont and Fletcher. Page 152.

<sup>2</sup> 'leads the way,' in the stage editions, which contain various interpolations, among them

See the conquering hero comes,  
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums,

which was first used by Handel in *Joshua*, afterwards transferred to *Judas Maccabæus*. The text of both oratorios was written by Dr. Thomas Morell, a clergyman.

<sup>3</sup> Like those of angels, short and far between.

Blair, *The Grave*, Line 588.

Like angel visits, few and far between.

Campbell, *Pleasures of Hope*, Part ii. Line 378.

ANDREW FLETCHER OF SALTOUN.  
1653–1716.

I knew a very wise man that believed that, if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.

*Letter to the Marquis of Montrose, the Earl of Rothes, etc.*



ISAAC NEWTON. 1642–1727.

I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.<sup>1</sup>

*Brewster's Memoirs of Newton. Vol. ii. Ch. 27.*



DANIEL DEFOE. 1663–1731.

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,  
The Devil always builds a chapel there :<sup>2</sup>  
And 't will be found, upon examination,  
The latter has the largest congregation.

*The True-Born Englishman. Part i. Line 1.*

Great families of yesterday we show,  
And lords, whose parents were the Lord knows who.

*Ibid. ad fin.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Milton. Page 197.

<sup>2</sup> See *Appendix*, p. 650.

## JOHN DENNIS. 1657–1734.

A man who could make so vile a pun would not scruple to pick a pocket.<sup>1</sup>

They will not let my play run; and yet they steal my thunder.<sup>2</sup>



## TOM BROWN. 1663–1704.

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,  
The reason why I cannot tell;  
But this alone I know full well,  
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. li. p. 324.

<sup>2</sup> Our author, for the advantage of this play (*Appius and Virginia*), had invented a new species of thunder, which was approved of by the actors, and is the very sort that at present is used in the theatre. The tragedy, however, was coldly received, notwithstanding such assistance, and was acted but a short time. Some nights after, Mr. Dennis, being in the pit at the representation of *Macbeth*, heard his own thunder made use of; upon which he rose in a violent passion, and exclaimed, with an oath, that it was his thunder. "See," said he, "how the rascals use me! They will not let my play run, and yet they steal my thunder." — *Biog. Britannica*, Vol. v. p. 103.

<sup>3</sup> A slightly different version is found in Brown's Works collected and published after his death.

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare;

Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te. — Martial, *Ep.* i. 33.

Je ne vous aime pas, Hylas;

Je n'en saurois dire la cause,

Je sais seulement une chose:

C'est que je ne vous aime pas.

Bussy, *Comte de Rabutin*, Book i. *Epistle* 33.

## MATTHEW PRIOR. 1664-1721.

All jargon of the schools.<sup>1</sup> *I am that I am. . . An Ode.*

Our hopes, like towering falcons, aim

At objects in an airy height ;

The little pleasure of the game

Is from afar to view the flight.<sup>2</sup>

*To the Hon. Charles Montague.*

From ignorance our comfort flows.

The only wretched are the wise.<sup>3</sup>

*Ibid.*

Odds life! must one swear to the truth of a song?

*A Better Answer.*

Be to her virtues very kind ;

Be to her faults a little blind.

*An English Padlock.*

That, if weak women went astray,

Their stars were more in fault than they. *Hans Carvel.*

The end must justify the means.

*Ibid.*

And thought the nation ne'er would thrive

Till all the whores were burnt alive.

*Paulo Purganti.*

They never taste who always drink ;

They always talk who never think.

*Upon a Passage in the Scaligerana.*

That air and harmony of shape express,

Fine by degrees, and beautifully less.<sup>4</sup> *Henry and Emma.*

<sup>1</sup> Noisy jargon of the schools. — Pomfret, *Reason*.

The sounding jargon of the schools. — Cowper, *Truth*, Line 367.

<sup>2</sup> But all the pleasure of the game

Is afar off to view the flight. — *Variations in a copy dated 1692.*

<sup>3</sup> Where ignorance is bliss,

'T is folly to be wise. — Gray, *Eton College*, St. 10.

<sup>4</sup> Fine by defect, and delicately weak.

Pope, *Moral Essays*, Epistle ii. Line 43.

Now fitted the halter, now traversed the cart,  
And often took leave, but was loth to depart.<sup>1</sup>

*The Thief and the Cordelier.*

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,  
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior;  
The son of Adam and of Eve:  
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?<sup>2</sup>

*Epitaph. Extempore.*

His noble negligences teach  
What others' toils despair to reach. *Alma. Canto ii. Line 7.*

Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em,  
And, oft repeating, they believe 'em: *Canto iii. Line 13.*

Abra was ready ere I called her name;  
And, though I called another, Abra came.  
*Solomon on the Vanity of the World. Book ii. Line 364.*

For hope is but the dream of those that wake.<sup>3</sup>  
*Book iii. Line 102.*

<sup>1</sup> As men that be lothe to departe do often take their leff. John Clerk to Wolsey. — Ellis's *Letters, Third Series, Vol. i. p. 262.*

*A loth to depart* was the common term for a song, or a tune played, on taking leave of friends. See Tarlton's *News out of Purgatory*, (about 1680): Chapman's *Widow's Tears*; Middleton's *The Old Law, Act iv. Sc. 1*; Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at Several Weapons, Act ii. Sc. 2.*

<sup>2</sup> The following epitaph was written long before the time of Prior:—

Johnnie Carnegie lais heer.  
Descendit of Adam and Eve,  
Gif ony con gang hieher,  
Ise willing givè him leve.

<sup>3</sup> This thought is ascribed to Aristotle by Diogenes Laertius, *Lib. v. § 18.* Ἐρωτηθεὶς τί ἐστὶν ἐλπίς; Ἐρηγορότος, εἶπεν, ἐνόημιον.

Menage, in his *Observations upon Laertius*, says that Stobæus (*Serm. cix.*) ascribes it to Pindar, whilst Ælian (*Var. Hist. xiii. 29*)



Who breathes must suffer, and who thinks must mourn ;  
And he alone is blessed who ne'er was born.

*Solomon on the Vanity of the World. Book iii. Line 240.*

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JOHN POMFRET. 1667–1703.

We bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe,  
And still adore the hand that gives the blow.<sup>2</sup>

*Verses to his Friend under Affliction.*

Heaven is not always angry when he strikes,  
But most chastises those whom most he likes.

*Ibid.*

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RICHARD BENTLEY. 1662–1742.

It is a maxim with me that no man was ever written  
out of reputation but by himself.

*Monk's Life of Bentley. Page 90.*

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THOMAS SOUTHERNE. 1660–1746.

Pity 's akin to love.<sup>3</sup>

*Oroonoka. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

refers it to Plato : Ἐλεγεν ὁ Πλάτων, τὰς ἐλπίδας ἐγρηγορότων  
ἀνθρώπων ὀνειρούς εἶναι.

Et spes inanes, et velut somnia quandam, vigilantium.

Quintilian, vi. 2.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Dryden, *The Spanish Friar*. Page 230.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Beaumont and Fletcher. Page 153.

## HENRY CAREY. 1663-1743.

God save our gracious king,  
 Long live our noble king,  
 God save the king.

*God save the King.*

Aldeborontiphoscophornio!  
 Where left you Chrononhotonthologos?

*Chrononhotonthologos. Act i. Sc. 1.*

His cogitative faculties immersed  
 In cogibundity of cogitation.

*Ibid.*

Let the singing singers  
 With vocal voices, most vociferous,  
 In sweet vociferation, out-vociferize  
 Even sound itself.

*Ibid.*

To thee, and gentle Rigdom Funnidos,  
 Our congratulations flow in streams unbounded.

*Act i. Sc. 3.*

Go call a coach, and let a coach be called,  
 And let the man who calleth be the caller;  
 And in his calling let him nothing call,  
 But Coach! Coach! Coach! O for a coach, ye gods!

*Act ii. Sc. 4.*

Genteel in personage,  
 Conduct, and equipage;  
 Noble by heritage,  
 Generous and free.

*The Contrivances. Act i. Sc. 2.*

What a monstrous tail our cat has got!

*The Dragon of Wantley. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Of all the girls that are so smart,  
 There 's none like pretty Sally.<sup>1</sup>

*Sally in our Alley.*

<sup>1</sup> Of all the girls that e'er was seen,  
 There 's none so fine as Nelly.

*Swift, Ballad on Miss Nelly Bennet.*

Of all the days that 's in the week  
 I dearly love but one day,  
 And that 's the day that comes betwixt  
 A Saturday and Monday. *Sally in our Alley.*



## JONATHAN SWIFT. 1667—1745.

I've often wished that I had clear,  
 For life, six hundred pounds a year,  
 A handsome house to lodge a friend,  
 A river at my garden's end.

*Imitation of Horace. Book ii. Sat. 6.*

So geographers, in Afric maps,<sup>1</sup>  
 With savage pictures fill their gaps,  
 And o'er unhabitable downs  
 Place elephants for want of towns. *Poetry, a Rhapsody.*

Where Young must torture his invention  
 To flatter knaves, or lose his pension. *Ibid.*

Hobbes clearly proves, that every creature  
 Lives in a state of war by nature. *Ibid.*

So, naturalists observe, a flea  
 Has smaller fleas that on him prey;  
 And these have smaller still to bite 'em;  
 And so proceed *ad infinitum.* *Ibid.*

Libertas et natale solum;  
 Fine words! I wonder where you stole 'em.

*Verses occasioned by Whittshed's Motto on his Coach.*

<sup>1</sup> As geographers crowd into the edges of their maps parts of the world which they do not know about, adding notes in the margin to the effect that beyond this lies nothing but sandy deserts full of wild beasts and unapproachable bogs. — Plutarch, *Theseus*.

A college joke to cure the dumps. *Cassinus and Peter.*

'T is an old maxim in the schools,  
That flattery 's the food of fools ;  
Yet now and then your men of wit  
Will condescend to take a bit. *Cadenus and Vanessa.*

And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.

*Gulliver's Travels. Part ii. Ch. 7. Voyage to Brobdingnag.*

He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put in phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers.

*Part iii. Ch. 5. Voyage to Laputa.*

Seamen have a custom, when they meet a whale, to fling him out an empty tub by way of amusement, to divert him from laying violent hands upon the ship.<sup>1</sup>

*Tale of a Tub. (Preface.)*

Bread is the staff of life.<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages. *Thoughts on Various Subjects.*

<sup>1</sup> In Sebastian Munster's *Cosmography*, there is a cut of a ship, to which a whale was coming too close for her safety, and of the sailors throwing a tub to the whale, evidently to play with. This practice is also mentioned in an old prose translation of the *Ship of Fools*. — Sir James Mackintosh, *Appendix to the Life of Sir Thomas More*.

<sup>2</sup> See Matthew Henry. Page 233.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.  
*Thoughts on Various Subjects.*

A nice man is a man of nasty ideas. *Ibid.*

The two noblest things, which are sweetness and light.  
*Battle of the Books.*

Not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole.  
*Letter to Bolingbroke, March 21, 1729.*

I shall be like that tree, I shall die at the top.  
*Scott's Life of Swift.*<sup>1</sup>



### COLLEY CIBBER. 1671–1757.

So mourned the dame of Ephesus her love;  
And thus the soldier, armed with resolution,  
Told his soft tale, and was a thriving wooer.  
*Richard III. (altered). Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Now, by St. Paul, the work goes bravely on. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

The aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome  
Outlives in fame the pious fool that raised it.<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

I've lately had two spiders  
Crawling upon my startled hopes.  
Now though thy friendly hand has brushed 'em from me,  
Yet still they crawl offensive to my eyes;  
I would have some kind friend to tread upon 'em.  
*Act iv. Sc. 3.*

<sup>1</sup> When the poem of *Cadenus and Vanessa* was the general topic of conversation, some one said, "Surely that Vanessa must be an extraordinary woman, that could inspire the Dean to write so finely upon her." Mrs. Johnson smiled, and answered, that "she thought that point not quite so clear, for it was well known the Dean could write finely upon a broomstick." — *Johnson's Life of Swift.*

<sup>2</sup> Compare Sir Thomas Browne, *Urn Burial*, Ch. v. Page 177.

- Off with his head! so much for Buckingham!  
*Richard III. (altered). Act iv. Sc. 3.*
- And the ripe harvest of the new-mown hay  
 Gives it a sweet and wholesome odour. *Act v. Sc. 3.*
- With clink of hammers closing rivets up.<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*
- Perish that thought! No, never be it said  
 That Fate itself could awe the soul of Richard.  
 Hence, babbling dreams; you threaten here in vain;  
 Conscience, avaunt, Richard's himself again!  
 Hark! the shrill trumpet sounds, to horse, away,  
 My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray. *Ibid.*
- A weak invention of the enemy.<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*
- As good be out of the world as out of the fashion.  
*Love's Last Shift. Act ii.*
- We shall find no fiend in hell can match the fury of  
 a disappointed woman, — scorned! slighted! dismissed  
 without a parting pang.<sup>3</sup> *Act iv.*
- This business will never hold water.  
*She Wou'd and She Wou'd Not. Act iv.*
- Losers must have leave to speak. *The Rival Fools. Act i.*
- Stolen sweets are best. *Ibid.*
- Possession is eleven points in the law.  
*Woman's Wit. Act i.*
- Words are but empty thanks. *Act v.*

<sup>1</sup> With busy hammers closing rivets up. — Shakespeare, *Henry V.*, *Act iv. Prologue.*

<sup>2</sup> A thing devised by the enemy. — Shakespeare, *Richard III.*, *Act v. Sc. 3.*

<sup>3</sup> Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,  
 Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.

Congreve, *The Mourning Bride*, *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

## JOSEPH ADDISON. 1672-1719.

The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,  
 And heavily in clouds brings on the day,  
 The great, the important day, big with the fate  
 Of Cato, and of Rome. *Cato. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Thy steady temper, Portius,  
 Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar.  
 In the calm lights of mild philosophy. *Ibid.*

'T is not in mortals to command success,  
 But we 'll do more, Sempronius; we 'll deserve it.  
*Act i. Sc. 2.*

Blesses his stars and thinks it luxury. *Act i. Sc. 4.*

'T is pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul;  
 I think the Romans call it stoicism. *Ibid.*

Were you with these, my prince, you 'd soon forget  
 The pale, unripened beauties of the north. *Ibid.*

Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,  
 Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.  
 The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex. *Ibid.*

My voice is still for war.  
 Gods! can a Roman senate long debate  
 Which of the two to choose, slavery or death?  
*Act ii. Sc. 1.*

A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty  
 Is worth a whole eternity in bondage. *Ibid.*

The woman that deliberates is lost. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Curse all his virtues! they 've undone his country.  
*Act iv. Sc. 4.*

What a pity is it

That we can die but once to save our country!

*Cato. Act iv. Sc. 4.*

When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,  
The post of honour is a private station.

*Ibid.*

It must be so, — Plato, thou reasonest well! —  
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality?

Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,  
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul  
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?

'T is the divinity that stirs within us;

'T is heaven itself that points out an hereafter,  
And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought! *Act v. Sc. 1.*

I'm weary of conjectures, — this must end 'em.

Thus am I doubly armed: my death and life,

My bane and antidote, are both before me:

This in a moment brings me to an end;

But this informs me I shall never die.

The soul, secured in her existence, smiles

At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself

Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,

But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,<sup>1</sup>

Unhurt amidst the war of elements,

The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds. *Ibid.*

From hence, let fierce contending nations know

What dire effects from civil discord flow. *Act v. Sc. 4.*

<sup>1</sup> Smiling always with a never fading serenity of countenance, and flourishing in an immortal youth. — Isaac Barrow (1630-1677), *Duty of Thanksgiving, Works, Vol. i. p. 66.*



For whereso'er I turn my ravished eyes,  
 Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,  
 Poetic fields encompass me around,  
 And still I seem to tread on classic ground.<sup>1</sup>

*A Letter from Italy.*

Unbounded courage and compassion joined,  
 Tempering each other in the victor's mind,  
 Alternately proclaim him good and great,  
 And make the hero and the man complete.

*The Campaign. Line 219.*

And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,  
 Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.<sup>2</sup> *Line 291.*

And those that paint them truest praise them most.<sup>3</sup>

*Line ult.*

The spacious firmament on high,  
 With all the blue ethereal sky,  
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
 Their great Original proclaim.

*Ode.*

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
 And nightly to the listening earth  
 Repeats the story of her birth;  
 While all the stars that round her burn,  
 And all the planets in their turn,  
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

*Ibid.*

For ever singing, as they shine,  
 The hand that made us is divine.

*Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Malone states that this was the first time the phrase "classic ground," since so common, was ever used.

<sup>2</sup> This line is frequently ascribed to Pope, as it is found in the *Dunciad*, *Book iii. Line 264.*

<sup>3</sup> He best can paint them who shall feel them most.

*Pope, Eloisa to Abelard, Line ult.*

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,  
 Thou 'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;  
 Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,  
 There is no living with thee, nor without thee.<sup>1</sup>

*Spectator.* No. 68.

Much may be said on both sides.<sup>2</sup>

No. 122.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
 And feed me with a shepherd's care;  
 His presence shall my wants supply,  
 And guard me with a watchful eye.

No. 444.



SIR RICHARD STEELE. 1671–1729.

Though her mien carries much more invitation than  
 command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose  
 behaviour; to love her was a liberal education.<sup>3</sup>

*Tatler.* No. 49.

Will Honeycomb calls these over-offended ladies the  
 outrageously virtuous.

*Spectator.* No. 266.



SUSANNAH CENTLIVRE. 1667–1723.

The real Simon Pure.

*A Bold Stroke for a Wife.* Act v. Sc. 1.

<sup>1</sup> A translation of Martial, xii. 47, who imitated Ovid, *Amor.* iii. 11. 39.

<sup>2</sup> See Fielding, *The Covent Garden Tragedy.* Page 308.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Elizabeth Hastings.

## SIR ROBERT WALPOLE. 1676–1745.

The balance of power. *Speech*, 1741.

Flowery oratory he despised. He ascribed to the interested views of themselves or their relatives the declarations of pretended patriots, of whom he said, All those men have their price.<sup>1</sup>

*Coxe's Memoirs of Walpole. Vol. iv. p. 369.*

Anything but history, for history must be false.  
*Walpoliana. No. 141.*

The gratitude of place-expectants is a lively sense of future favours.<sup>2</sup>



## AMBROSE PHILIPS. 1671–1749.

Studious of ease and fond of humble things.  
*From Holland to a Friend in England.*



## SIR SAMUEL TUKE. ———1673.

He is a fool who thinks by force or skill  
To turn the current of a woman's will.  
*Adventures of Five Hours. Act v. Sc. 3.*

<sup>1</sup> The political axiom, "All men have their price," is commonly ascribed to Walpole.

<sup>2</sup> Hazlitt, in his *Wit and Humour*, says, "This is Walpole's phrase."

The gratitude of most men is but a secret desire of receiving greater benefit. — Rochefoucauld, *Maxim* 278.

## ISAAC WATTS. 1674–1748.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,  
 How many poor I see!  
 What shall I render to my God  
 For all his gifts to me? *Divine Songs. Song iv.*

A flower, when offered in the bud,  
 Is no vain sacrifice. *Song xii.*

And he that does one fault at first,  
 And lies to hide it, makes it two.<sup>1</sup> *Song xv.*

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,  
 For God hath made them so;  
 Let bears and lions growl and fight,  
 For 't is their nature too. *Song xvi.*

But, children, you should never let  
 Such angry passions rise;  
 Your little hands were never made  
 To tear each other's eyes. *Ibid.*

Birds in their little nests agree;  
 And 't is a shameful sight  
 When children of one family  
 Fall out, and chide, and fight. *Song xvii.*

How doth the little busy bee  
 Improve each shining hour,  
 And gather honey all the day  
 From every opening flower! *Song xx.*

For Satan finds some mischief still  
 For idle hands to do. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Herbert, *The Church Porch*. Page 160.

In books, or work, or healthful play.

*Divine Songs. Song xx.*

I have been there, and still would go ;

'T is like a little heaven below.

*Song xxviii.*

Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber !

Holy angels guard thy bed !

Heavenly blessings without number

Gently falling on thy head.

*A Cradle Hymn.*

'T is the voice of the sluggard ; I heard him complain.

' You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again.'

*The Sluggard.*

Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear

My voice ascending high.

*Psalm v.*

From all who dwell below the skies,

Let the Creator's praise arise ;

Let the Redeemer's name be sung

Through every land, by every tongue.

*Psalm cxvii.*

Fly, like a youthful hart or roe,

Over the hills where spices grow.

*Hymns and Spiritual Songs. Book i. Hymn 79.*

And while the lamp holds out to burn,

The vilest sinner may return.

*Hymn 88.*

Strange that a harp of thousand strings

Should keep in tune so long !

*Book ii. Hymn 19.*

Hark ! from the tombs a doleful sound.

*Hymn 63.*

The tall, the wise, the reverend head

Must lie as low as ours.

*Ibid.*

When I can read my title clear

To mansions in the skies,

I'll bid farewell to every fear,

And wipe my weeping eyes.

*Hymn 65.*

There is a land of pure delight,  
 Where saints immortal reign ;  
 Infinite day excludes the night,  
 And pleasures banish pain.

*Hymns and Spiritual Songs. Book ii. Hymn 66.*

So, when a raging fever burns,  
 We shift from side to side by turns ;  
 And 't is a poor relief we gain  
 To change the place, but keep the pain.

*Hymn 146.*

Were I so tall to reach the pole,  
 Or grasp the ocean with my span,  
 I must be measured by my soul :  
 The mind 's the standard of the man.<sup>1</sup>

*Horæ Lyricæ. Book ii. False Greatness.*

To God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
 Be honour, praise, and glory given,  
 By all on earth, and all in heaven.

*Doxology.*



### SAMUEL GARTH. 1670–1719.

To die is landing on some silent shore,  
 Where billows never break, nor tempests roar ;  
 Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 't is o'er.

*The Dispensary.<sup>2</sup> Canto iii. Line 225.*

<sup>1</sup> I do not distinguish by the eye, but by the mind, which is the proper judge of the man.—Seneca, *On a Happy Life*, Ch. 1. (L'Estrange's Abstract.)

<sup>2</sup> Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy,  
 Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I.

Christopher Codrington, *On Garth's Dispensary.*

## WILLIAM CONGREVE. 1670-1729.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,  
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.

*The Mourning Bride. Act i. Sc. 1.*

By magic numbers and persuasive sound.

*Ibid.*

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,  
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.<sup>1</sup>

*Act iii. Sc. 8.*

For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,  
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

*Act v. Sc. 12.*

If there 's delight in love, 't is when I see  
That heart which others bleed for bleed for me.

*The Way of the World. Act iii. Sc. 12.*

Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee,  
thou liar of the first magnitude.

*Love for Love. Act ii. Sc. 5.*

I came up stairs into the world, for I was born in a  
cellar.

*Act ii. Sc. 7.*

Hannibal was a very pretty fellow in those days.

*The Old Bachelor. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure;  
Married in haste, we may repent at leisure.<sup>2</sup>

*Act v. Sc. 1.*

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,  
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.<sup>3</sup>

*Letter to Cobham.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Cibber, *Love's Last Shift*, Act iv. Page 248.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Shakespeare, *Taming of the Shrew*. Page 47.

<sup>3</sup> Be wise to-day, 't is madness to defer.—Young, *Night Thoughts*, i. Line 390. See also Martial, *Book v. Ep. 59.*

## NICHOLAS ROWE. 1673–1718.

As if Misfortune made the throne her seat,  
And none could be unhappy but the great.<sup>1</sup>

*The Fair Penitent. Prologue.*

At length the morn, and cold indifference came.<sup>2</sup>

*Act i. Sc. 1.*

Is she not more than painting can express,

Or youthful poets fancy when they love? *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Is this that haughty gallant, gay Lothario? *Act v. Sc. 1.*



## THOMAS PARNELL. 1679–1717.

Still an angel appear to each lover beside,

But still be a woman to you. *When thy Beauty appears.*

Remote from man, with God he passed the days,

Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

*The Hermit. Line 5.*

We call it only pretty Fanny's way.

*An Elegy to an Old Beauty.*

Let those love now who never loved before,

Let those who always loved now love the more.

*Translation of the Pervigilium Veneris.<sup>3</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> None think the great unhappy, but the great.

Young, *The Love of Fame, Satire i. Line 238.*

<sup>2</sup> But with the morning cool reflection came. — Scott, *Chronicles of the Canongate, Ch. iv.*, also quoted in the notes to the *Monastery, Ch. iii. n. 11*, and with 'calm' substituted for 'cool' in the *Antiquary, Ch. v.*, and 'repentance' for 'reflection' in *Rob Roy, Ch. xii.*

<sup>3</sup> Written in the time of Julius Cæsar, and by some ascribed to Catullus: —

Cras amet qui numquam amavit;  
Quique amavit, cras amet.



## HENRY ST. JOHN, VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE. 1678-1751.

I have read somewhere or other, in Dionysius of Halicarnassus, I think, that History is Philosophy teaching by examples.<sup>1</sup>

*On the Study and Use of History. Letter 2.*



## GEORGE FARQUHAR. 1678-1707.

*Cos.* Pray now, what may be that same bed of honour?

*Kite.* Oh! a mighty large bed! bigger by half than the great bed at Ware: ten thousand people may lie in it together, and never feel one another.

*The Recruiting Officer. Act i. Sc. 1.*

I believe they talked of me, for they laughed consumedly.

*The Beaux Stratagem. Act iii. Sc. 1.*

'T was for the good of my country that I should be abroad.<sup>2</sup>

*Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Necessity, the mother of invention.<sup>3</sup>

*The Twin Rivals. Act i.*

<sup>1</sup> Dionysius of Halicarnassus, *Ars Rhet.* xi. 2 (p. 398, R.), says: Παιδεία ἄρα ἐστὶν ἡ ἐντευξις τῶν ἠθῶν · τοῦτο καὶ Θουκυδίδης εἶοικε λέγειν, περὶ ἱστορίας λέγων · ὅτι καὶ ἱστορία φιλοσοφία ἐστὶν ἐκ παραδειγμάτων, quoting Thucydides, I. 22.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Barrington, *New South Wales.* Page 391.

<sup>3</sup> Art imitates nature, and necessity is the mother of invention. — Richard Franck, *Northern Memoirs* (written in 1658, printed in 1694). See *Appendix*, p. 645.

Magister artis ingenique largitor

Venter. — Persius, *Prolog.*, Line 10.

## BISHOP BERKELEY. 1684–1753.

Westward the course of empire takes its way ;<sup>1</sup>

The four first acts already past,

A fifth shall close the drama with the day ;

Time's noblest offspring is the last.

*On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America.*

Our youth we can have but to-day,

We may always find time to grow old.

*Can Love be controlled by Advice ?*<sup>2</sup>

[Tar water] is of a nature so mild and benign and proportioned to the human constitution, as to warm without heating, to cheer but not inebriate.<sup>3</sup>

*Siris. Par. 217.*



## JANE BRERETON. 1685–1740.

The picture, placed the busts between,

Adds to the thought much strength ;

Wisdom and Wit are little seen,

But Folly 's at full length.

*On Beau Nash's Picture at full length, between the Busts of Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Pope.*<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Westward the star of empire takes its way.

Epigraph to Bancroft's *History of the United States*.

<sup>2</sup> From Aikin's *Vocal Poetry*, London, 1810.

<sup>3</sup> Cups

That cheer but not inebriate. — Cowper, *The Task*, Book iv.

<sup>4</sup> From Dyce's *Specimens of British Poetesses*. This epigram is generally ascribed to Chesterfield. See Campbell's *Specimens*, note, p. 521.

## AARON HILL. 1685-1750.

First, then, a woman will, or won't, depend on 't;  
 If she will do 't, she will; and there 's an end on 't.  
 But if she won't, since safe and sound your trust is,  
 Fear is affront, and jealousy injustice.<sup>1</sup> *Zara. Epilogue.*

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,  
 And it stings you for your pains;  
 Grasp it like a man of mettle,  
 And it soft as silk remains.

*Verses written on a Window in Scotland.*

'T is the same with common natures:  
 Use 'em kindly, they rebel;  
 But be rough as nutmeg-graters,  
 And the rogues obey you well.

*Ibid.*



## ALLAN RAMSAY. 1686-1758.

Farewell to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean,  
 Where heartsome wi' thee I ha'e mony days been;  
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,  
 We 'll may be return to Lochaber no more.

*Lochaber no More.*

<sup>1</sup> The following lines are copied from the pillar erected on the mount in the Dane John Field, Canterbury:—

Where is the man who has the power and skill  
 To stem the torrent of a woman's will?  
 For if she will, she will, you may depend on 't;  
 And if she won't, she won't; so there 's an end on 't.

*Examiner, May 31, 1829.*

## EDWARD YOUNG. 1684–1765.

Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!

*Night Thoughts. Night i. Line 1.*

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,

In rayless majesty, now stretches forth

Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world. *Line 18.*

Creation sleeps! 'T is as the general pulse

Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;

An awful pause! prophetic of her end. *Line 23.*

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time,

But from its loss. *Line 55.*

Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour. *Line 67.*

To waft a feather or to drown a fly. *Line 154.*

Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?

Thy shaft flew thrice; and thrice my peace was slain;

And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had filled her horn.

*Line 212.*

Be wise to-day; 't is madness to defer.<sup>1</sup> *Line 390.*

Procrastination is the thief of time. *Line 393.*

At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;

Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan. *Line 417.*

All men think all men mortal but themselves. *Line 424.*

He mourns the dead who lives as they desire.

*Night ii. Line 24.*

And what its worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.

*Line 51.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Congreve, *Letter to Cobham*. Page 257.

Thy purpose firm is equal to the deed :  
 Who does the best his circumstance allows,  
 Does well, acts nobly ; angels could no more.

*Night Thoughts. Night ii. Line 90.*

'I've lost a day!' — the prince who nobly cried,  
 Had been an emperor without his crown.<sup>1</sup> *Line 99.*

Ah! how unjust to nature, and himself,  
 Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man. *Line 112.*

The spirit walks of every day deceased. *Line 180.*

Time flies, death urges, knells call, heaven invites,  
 Hell threatens. *Line 202.*

Whose yesterdays look backwards with a smile. *Line 334.*

'T is greatly wise to talk with our past hours,  
 And ask them what report they bore to heaven. *Line 376.*

Thoughts shut up want air,  
 And spoil, like bales unopened to the sun. *Line 466.*

How blessings brighten as they take their flight!  
*Line 602.*

The chamber where the good man meets his fate  
 Is privileged beyond the common walk  
 Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven. *Line 633.*

A death-bed 's a detector of the heart. *Line 641.*

Woes cluster ; rare are solitary woes ;  
 They love a train, they tread each other's heel.<sup>2</sup>  
*Night iii. Line 63.*

<sup>1</sup> Suetonius says of the Emperor Titus, "Once at supper, reflecting that he had done nothing for any that day, he broke out into that memorable and justly admired saying, 'My friends, I have lost a day.'" — Suetonius, *Lives of the Twelve Cæsars*. Translation by Alexander Thomson.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Shakespeare, *Hamlet*. Page 118. Also Herrick, *Sorrows Succeed*. Page 165.

Beautiful as sweet!

And young as beautiful! and soft as young!

And gay as soft! and innocent as gay!

*Night Thoughts. Night iii. Line 81.*

Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;

And if in death still lovely, lovelier there;

Far lovelier! pity swells the tide of love. *Line 104.*

Heaven's Sovereign saves all beings but himself

That hideous sight, a naked human heart. *Line 226.*

The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave,

The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm.

*Night iv. Line 10.*

Man makes a death which nature never made. *Line 15.*

And feels a thousand deaths, in fearing one. *Line 17.*

Wishing, of all employments, is the worst. *Line 71.*

Man wants but little, nor that little long.<sup>1</sup> *Line 118.*

A God all mercy is a God unjust. *Line 233.*

'T is impious in a good man to be sad. *Line 676.*

A Christian is the highest style of man. *Line 788.*

Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die. *Line 843.*

By night an atheist half believes a God. *Night v. Line 177.*

Early, bright, transient, chaste, as morning dew,

She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven.<sup>2</sup> *Line 600.*

We see time's furrows on another's brow,

And death intrenched, preparing his assault;

How few themselves in that just mirror see! *Line 627.*

<sup>1</sup> Man wants but little here below,

Nor wants that little long. — Goldsmith, *The Hermit*, St. 8.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Dryden, *On the Death of a very Young Gentleman*.  
Page 224.

Like our shadows,

Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.<sup>1</sup>

*Night Thoughts. Night v. Line 661.*

While man is growing, life is in decrease;

And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.

Our birth is nothing but our death begun.<sup>2</sup> *Line 717.*

That life is long which answers life's great end. *Line 773.*

The man of wisdom is the man of years. *Line 775.*

Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow.<sup>3</sup> *Line 1011.*

Pygmies are pygmies still, though perched on Alps;

And pyramids are pyramids in vales.

Each man makes his own stature, builds himself:

Virtue alone outbuilds the Pyramids;

Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.

*Night vi. Line 309.*

And all may do what has by man been done. *Line 606.*

The man that blushes is not quite a brute.

*Night vii. Line 496.*

Too low they build who build beneath the stars.

*Night viii. Line 215.*

Prayer ardent opens heaven.

*Line 721.*

A man of pleasure is a man of pains.

*Line 793.*

To frown at pleasure, and to smile in pain. *Line 1045.*

Final Ruin fiercely drives

Her ploughshare o'er creation.<sup>4</sup>

*Night ix. Line 167.*

'T is elder Scripture, writ by God's own hand:

Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man.

*Line 644.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Dryden, *Absalom and Achitophel*. Page 222.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Bishop Hall, *Epistles*, Dec. iii. Ep. ii. Page 146.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Quarles, *Divine Poems*. Page 159.

<sup>4</sup> Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate

Full on thy bloom. — Burns, *To a Mountain Daisy*.

An undevout astronomer is mad.

*Night Thoughts. Night ix. Line 771.*

The course of nature is the art of God.<sup>1</sup> *Line 1267.*

The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art,  
Reigns more or less, and glows in every heart.

*Love of Fame. Satire i. Line 51.*

Some, for renown, on scraps of learning dote,  
And think they grow immortal as they quote. *Line 89.*

Titles are marks of honest men, and wise ;  
The fool, or knave, that wears a title lies. *Line 145.*

None think the great unhappy but the great.<sup>2</sup> *Line 238.*

Unlearned men of books assume the care,  
As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.  
*Satire ii. Line 83.*

The booby father craves a booby son,  
And by Heaven's blessing thinks himself undone.  
*Line 165.*

Where nature's end of language is declined,  
And men talk only to conceal the mind.<sup>3</sup> *Line 207.*

Be wise with speed ;

A fool at forty is a fool indeed. *Line 282.*

And waste their music on the savage race.<sup>4</sup>  
*Satire v. Line 228.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Sir Thomas Browne, *Relig. Med.* Page 177.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Rowe, *The Fair Penitent.* Page 258.

<sup>3</sup> Speech was given to the ordinary sort of men, whereby to communicate their mind ; but to wise men, whereby to conceal it. — Robert South, *Sermon*, April 30, 1676.

Speech was made to open man to man, and not to hide him ; to promote commerce, and not betray it. — Lloyd's *State Worthies* (1665), ed. Whitworth, *Vol. i.* p. 503.

The true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them. — Goldsmith, *The Bee*, No. iii., Oct. 20, 1759.

Ils n'emploient les paroles que pour déguiser leurs pensées. — Voltaire, *Dialogue xiv.*, *Le Chapon et la Poularde*, 1763.

<sup>4</sup> And waste its sweetness on the desert air. — Gray, *Elegy*, *St. 14.*



For her own breakfast she'll project a scheme,  
Nor take her tea without a stratagem.

*Love of Fame. Satire vi. Line 190.*

Think naught a trifle, though it small appear;  
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,  
And trifles life.

*Line 208.*

One to destroy is murder by the law,  
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;  
To murder thousands takes a specious name,  
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

*Satire vii. Line 55.*

How commentators each dark passage shun,  
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.<sup>1</sup>

*Line 97.*

Their feet through faithless leather met the dirt,  
And oftener changed their principles than shirt.

*Epistle to Mr. Pope. Line 277.*

Accept a miracle instead of wit, —

See two dull lines with Stanhope's pencil writ.

*Lines Written with the Diamond Pencil of Lord Chesterfield.<sup>2</sup>*

Time elaborately thrown away. *The Last Day. Book i.*

There buds the promise of celestial worth. *Book iii.*

In records that defy the tooth of time.

*The Statesman's Creed.*

Great let me call him, for he conquered me.

*The Revenge. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,

With whom revenge is virtue.

*Act v. Sc. 2.*

The blood will follow where the knife is driven.

The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear.

*Ibid.*

And friend received with thumps upon the back.<sup>3</sup>

*Universal Passion.*

<sup>1</sup> See *Appendix*, p. 637.

<sup>2</sup> From Mitford's *Life of Young*. See Spence's *Anecdotes*, p. 378.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Cowper, *On Friendship*. Page 365.

## ALEXANDER POPE. 1688–1744.

Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things  
 To low ambition, and the pride of kings.  
 Let us (since life can little more supply  
 Than just to look about us, and to die)  
 Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;  
 A mighty maze! but not without a plan.

*Essay on Man. Epistle i. Line 1.*

Together let us beat this ample field,  
 Try what the open, what the covert yield. *Line 9.*

Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,  
 And catch the manners living as they rise;  
 Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,  
 But vindicate the ways of God to man.<sup>1</sup> *Line 13.*

What can we reason but from what we know? *Line 18.*

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate.  
*Line 77.*

Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,  
 And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.  
*Line 83.*

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,  
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,  
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,  
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world. *Line 87.*

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:  
 Man never is, but always to be blest.  
 The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,  
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come. *Line 95.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Milton, *Paradise Lost*. Page 178.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind  
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;  
His soul, proud Science never taught to stray  
Far as the solar walk or milky way.

*Essay on Man. Epistle i. Line 99.*

But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
His faithful dog shall bear him company. *Line 111.*

In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;  
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.  
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,  
Men would be angels, angels would be gods. *Line 123.*

Die of a rose in aromatic pain. *Line 200.*

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!  
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.<sup>1</sup> *Line 217.*

Remembrance and reflection how allied!  
What thin partitions sense from thought divide!<sup>2</sup>  
*Line 225.*

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
Whose body nature is, and God the soul. *Line 267.*

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,  
Glowes in the stars, and blossoms in the trees. *Line 271.*

As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,  
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:  
To Him no high, no low, no great, no small;  
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all! *Line 277.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Sir John Davies. Page 145.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Dryden, *Absalom and Achitophel*. Page 221.

Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ fuit. Seneca, *De Tranquillitate Animi*, xvii. 10, quotes this from Aristotle, who gives as one of his *Problemata* (xxx. 1), Διὰ τί πάντες ἔσοι περιττοὶ γεγόναοι ἀνδρες ἢ κατὰ φιλοσοφίαν ἢ πολιτικὴν ἢ ποίησιν ἢ τέχνας φαίνονται μελαγχολικοὶ ὄντες.

All nature is but art, unknown to thee ;  
 All chance, direction which thou canst not see ;  
 All discord, harmony not understood ;  
 All partial evil, universal good ;  
 And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,  
 One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.<sup>1</sup>

*Essay on Man. Epistle i. Line 289.*

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan ;  
 The proper study of mankind is man.<sup>2</sup> *Epistle ii. Line 1.*

Chaos of thought and passion, all confused ;  
 Still by himself abused or disabused ;  
 Created half to rise, and half to fall ;  
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;  
 Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled ;  
 The glory, jest, and riddle of the world !<sup>3</sup> *Line 13.*

Fixed like a plant on his peculiar spot,  
 To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot. *Line 63.*

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,  
 Reason the card, but passion is the gale. *Line 107.*

And hence one master-passion in the breast,  
 Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest. *Line 131.*

The young disease, that must subdue at length,  
 Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his  
 strength. *Line 135.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Dryden, *Ædipus*. Page 230.

<sup>2</sup> La vraie science et le vrai étude de l'homme c'est l'homme. — Charron, *De la Sagesse, Lib. i. Ch. 1.*

<sup>3</sup> Quelle chimère est-ce donc que l'homme ! quelle nouveauté, quel chaos, quel sujet de contradiction ! Juge de toutes choses, imbécile ver de terre, dépositaire du vrai, amas d'incertitude, gloire et rebut de l'univers. — Pascal, *Systèmes des Philosophes*, xxv.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,  
 As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;<sup>1</sup>  
 Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

*Essay on Man. Epistle ii. Line 217.*

Ask where 's the North? at York 't is on the Tweed;  
 In Scotland at the Orcades; and there,  
 At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.

*Line 222.*

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,  
 Few in the extreme, but all in the degree. *Line 231.*

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,  
 Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw:  
 Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,  
 A little louder, but as empty quite;  
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,  
 And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age,  
 Pleased with this bauble still, as that before,  
 Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er. *Line 275.*

Learn of the little nautilus to sail,  
 Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale:  
*Epistle iii. Line 177.*

The enormous faith of many made for one. *Line 242.*

For forms of government let fools contest;  
 Whate'er is best administered is best:  
 For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;  
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.<sup>2</sup> *Line 303.*

In faith and hope the world will disagree,  
 But all mankind's concern is charity. *Line 307.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Dryden, *The Hind and Panther*. Page 223.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Cowley, *On the Death of Crashaw*. Page 173.

O happiness! our being's end and aim!  
 Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name:  
 That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,  
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die.

*Essay on Man. Epistle iv. Line 1.*

Order is Heaven's first law. *Line 49.*

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,  
 Lie in three words, — health, peace, and competence.  
*Line 79.*

The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy. *Line 168.*

Honour and shame from no condition rise;  
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies. *Line 193.*

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;  
 The rest is all but leather or prunello. *Line 203.*

What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?  
 Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards. *Line 215.*

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;  
 An honest man's the noblest work of God.<sup>1</sup> *Line 247.*

Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:  
 One self-approving hour whole years outweighs  
 Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas;  
 And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels  
 Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels. *Line 254.*

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,  
 The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind!  
 Or, ravished with the whistling of a name,<sup>2</sup>  
 See Cromwell, damned to everlasting fame!<sup>3</sup> *Line 281.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Fletcher, *Upon an Honest Man's Fortune*. Page 150.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Cowley, *Georgics*, Book ii. Page 174.

<sup>3</sup> May see thee now, though late, redeem thy name,  
 And glorify what else is damned to fame.

Savage, *Character of Foster*.

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),  
 'Virtue alone is happiness below.'

*Essay on Man. Epistle iv. Line 309.*

Never elated when one man's oppressed;  
 Never dejected while another's blessed. *Line 323.*

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,  
 But looks through nature up to nature's God.<sup>1</sup> *Line 331.*

Formed by thy converse, happily to steer  
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe.<sup>2</sup> *Line 379.*

Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,  
 Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale? *Line 385.*

Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend. *Line 390.*

That virtue only makes our bliss below.  
 And all our knowledge is ourselves to know. *Line 397.*

To observations which ourselves we make,  
 We grow more partial for the observer's sake.  
*Moral Essays. Epistle i. Line 11.*

Like following life through creatures you dissect,  
 You lose it in the moment you detect. *Line 29.*

Half our knowledge we must snatch, not take. *Line 40.*

'T is from high life high characters are drawn;  
 A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn. *Line 135.*

'T is education forms the common mind:  
 Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined. *Line 149.*

<sup>1</sup> You will find that it is the modest, not the presumptuous inquirer, who makes a real and safe progress in the discovery of divine truths. One follows nature and nature's God, — that is, he follows God in his works and in his word. — Bolingbroke, *Letter to Mr. Pope.*

<sup>2</sup> Compare Dryden, *The Art of Poetry.* Page 227.

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,  
Tenets with books, and principles with times.<sup>1</sup>

*Moral Essays. Epistle i. Line 172.*

‘Odious! in woollen! ’t would a saint provoke,’  
Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke. *Line 246.*

And you, brave Cobham! to the latest breath  
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death. *Line 262.*

Whether the charmer sinner it or saint it,  
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it. *Epistle ii. Line 15.*

Choose a firm cloud before it fall, and in it  
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.  
*Line 19.*

Fine by defect, and delicately weak.<sup>2</sup> *Line 43.*

With too much quickness ever to be taught;  
With too much thinking to have common thought.  
*Line 97.*

Atossa, cursed with every granted prayer,  
Childless with all her children, wants an heir;  
To heirs unknown descends the unguarded store,  
Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor. *Line 147.*

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,  
Content to dwell in decencies for ever. *Line 163.*

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;  
But every woman is at heart a rake. *Line 215.*

See how the world its veterans rewards!  
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards. *Line 243.*

O, blest with temper, whose unclouded ray  
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day! *Line 257.*

<sup>1</sup> Omnia mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.

Matthias Borbonius, in the *Deliciae Poetarum Germanorum*,  
i. 685.

<sup>2</sup> Fine by degrees, and beautifully less. — Prior, *Henry and Emma*.



She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,  
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules.

*Moral Essays. Epistle ii. Line 261.*

And mistress of herself, though china fall. *Line 268.*

Woman's at best a contradiction still. *Line 270.*

Who shall decide, when doctors disagree,  
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?

*Epistle iii. Line 1.*

Blest paper-credit! last and best supply!  
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly. *Line 39.*

But thousands die without or this or that,  
Die, and endow a college or a cat. *Line 95.*

The ruling passion, be it what it will,  
The ruling passion conquers reason still. *Line 153.*

Extremes in nature equal good produce;  
Extremes in man concur to general use. *Line 161.*

Rise, honest muse! and sing The Man of Ross. *Line 250.*

Ye little stars! hide your diminished rays.<sup>1</sup> *Line 282.*

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,  
Will never mark the marble with his name. *Line 285.*

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung.  
*Line 299.*

Where London's column, pointing at the skies,  
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies. *Line 339.*

Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,  
And though no science, fairly worth the seven.  
*Epistle iv. Line 43.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Milton, *Paradise Lost*. Page 187.

To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,  
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.<sup>1</sup>

*Moral Essays. Epistle iv. Line 149.*

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,  
In action faithful, and in honour clear;  
Who broke no promise, served no private end,  
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend.

*Epistle to Mr. Addison. Line 67.*

'T is with our judgments as our watches, none  
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.<sup>2</sup>

*Essay on Criticism. Part i. Line 9.*

One science only will one genius fit;  
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.

*Line 60.*

From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,  
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.

*Line 152.*

Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,  
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

*Line 177.*

Of all the causes which conspire to blind  
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,  
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,  
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.

*Part ii. Line 1.*

A little learning is a dangerous thing;  
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:  
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
And drinking largely sobers us again.<sup>3</sup>

*Line 15.*

<sup>1</sup> In the reign of Charles II. a certain worthy divine at Whitehall thus addressed himself to the auditory at the conclusion of his sermon: "In short, if you don't live up to the precepts of the Gospel, but abandon yourselves to your irregular appetites, you must expect to receive your reward in a certain place which 't is not good manners to mention here." — Tom Brown, *Laconics*.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Suckling, *Epilogue to Aglaura*. Page 163.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Bacon, *Essay xvi., Atheism*. Page 138.

Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

*Essay on Criticism. Part ii. Line 32.*

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,  
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.<sup>1</sup>

*Line 53.*

True wit is nature to advantage dressed,  
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.

*Line 97.*

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,  
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found. *Line 109.*

Such laboured nothings, in so strange a style,  
Amaze the unlearned, and make the learned smile.

*Line 126.*

In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,

Alike fantastic if too new or old:

Be not the first by whom the new are tried,

Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

*Line 133.*

Some to church repair,

Not for the doctrine, but the music there.

These equal syllables alone require,

Though oft the ear the open vowels tire,

While expletives their feeble aid do join,

And ten low words oft creep in one dull line. *Line 142.*

A needless Alexandrine ends the song,

That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.<sup>2</sup>

*Line 156.*

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,

As those move easiest who have learned to dance.

'T is not enough no harshness gives offence;

The sound must seem an echo to the sense. *Line 162.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Suckling, *Epilogue to The Goblins*. Page 163. Sheffield, *Essay on Poetry*. Page 236.

<sup>2</sup> Solvuntur, tardosque trahit sinus ultimus orbes.

Virgil, *Georgics*, Lib. iii. 424.

Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,  
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;  
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,  
 The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.  
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,  
 The line too labours, and the words move slow ;  
 Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,  
 Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.

*Essay on Criticism. Part ii. Line 166.*

For fools admire, but men of sense approve. *Line 191.*

But let a lord once own the happy lines,  
 How the wit brightens ! how the style refines ! *Line 220.*

Envy will merit as its shade pursue,  
 But, like a shadow, proves the substance true. *Line 266.*

To err is human, to forgive divine. *Line 325.*

All seems infected that the infected spy,  
 As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye. *Line 358.*

And make each day a critic on the last. *Part iii. Line 12.*

Men must be taught as if you taught them not,  
 And things unknown proposed as things forgot. *Line 15.*

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,  
 With loads of learned lumber in his head. *Line 53.*

Most authors steal their works, or buy ;  
 Garth did not write his own Dispensary. *Line 59.*

For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.<sup>1</sup> *Line 66.*

Led by the light of the Mæonian star. *Line 89.*

<sup>1</sup> Wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.

Shakespeare, *Richard III.*, Act i. Sc. 3.

Content if hence the unlearned their wants may view,  
The learned reflect on what before they knew.<sup>1</sup>

*Essay on Criticism. Part iii. Line 180.*

What dire offence from amorous causes springs,  
What mighty contests rise from trivial things.

*The Rape of the Lock. Canto i. Line 1.*

And all Arabia breathes from yonder box. *Line 134.*

On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,  
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.

*Canto ii. Line 7.*

If to her share some female errors fall,  
Look on her face, and you 'll forget them all. *Line 17.*

Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,  
And beauty draws us with a single hair.<sup>2</sup> *Line 27.*

Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,  
Dost sometimes counsel take — and sometimes tea.

*Canto iii. Line 7.*

At every word a reputation dies. *Line 16.*

The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,  
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine. *Line 21.*

Coffee, which makes the politician wise,  
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes.  
*Line 117.*

The meeting points the sacred hair dissever  
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever! *Line 153.*

Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,  
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane.  
*Canto iv. Line 123.*

<sup>1</sup> *Indocti discant et ament meminisse periti.* This Latin hexameter, which is commonly ascribed to Horace, appeared for the first time as an epigraph to President Hénault's *Abregé Chronologique*, and in the preface to the third edition of this work Hénault acknowledges that he had given it as a translation of this couplet.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Dryden, *Persius, Satire v.* Page 228.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

*The Rape of the Lock. Canto v. Line 34.*

Shut, shut the door, good John! fatigued, I said;  
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.

*Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot. Prologue to the Satires. Line 1.*

Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,  
They rave, recite, and madden round the land. *Line 5.*

E'en Sunday shines no sabbath day to me. *Line 12.*

Is there a parson much bemused in beer,  
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,  
A clerk foredoomed his father's soul to cross,  
Who pens a stanza when he should engross? *Line 15.*

Friend to my life, which did not you prolong,  
The world had wanted many an idle song. *Line 27.*

Obliged by hunger and request of friends. *Line 44.*

Fired that the house rejects him, 'Sdeath! I'll print it,  
And shame the fools.' *Line 61.*

No creature smarts so little as a fool. *Line 84.*

Destroy his fib, or sophistry — in vain!  
The creature's at his dirty work again. *Line 91.*

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,  
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came. *Line 127.*

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms  
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!  
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,  
But wonder how the devil they got there. *Line 169.*

Means not, but blunders round about a meaning;  
And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,  
It is not poetry, but prose run mad. *Line 186.*

Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,  
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.<sup>1</sup>  
*Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot. Prologue to the Satires. Line 197.*

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,  
 And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;<sup>2</sup>  
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,  
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike. *Line 201.*

By flatterers besieged,  
 And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;  
 Like Cato, give his little senate laws,  
 And sit attentive to his own applause. *Line 207.*

Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?  
 Who would not weep, if Atticus were he? *Line 213.*

On wings of winds came flying all abroad.<sup>3</sup> *Line 218.*

Cursed be the verse, how well so e'er it flow,  
 That tends to make one worthy man my foe. *Line 283.*

Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?  
 Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel? *Line 307.*

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,  
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way. *Line 315.*

Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.  
*Line 333.*

That not in fancy's maze he wandered long,  
 But stooped to truth, and moralized his song.<sup>4</sup> *Line 340.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Denham. Page 171.

<sup>2</sup> When needs he must, yet faintly then he praises;  
 Somewhat the deed, much more the means he raises:  
 So marreth what he makes, and praising most, dispraises.

P. Fletcher, *The Purple Island, Canto vii*

<sup>3</sup> See Sternhold. Page 7.

<sup>4</sup> See Spenser, *Faerie Queene*. Page 10.

Me let the tender office long engage  
 To rock the cradle of reposing age,  
 With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,  
 Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,  
 Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,  
 And keep awhile one parent from the sky.

*Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot. Prologue to the Satires. Line 408.*

Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.

*Satires, Epistles, and Odes of Horace. Satire i. Book ii. Line 6.*

Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet  
 To run amuck, and tilt at all I meet.

*Line 69.*

But touch me, and no minister so sore ;  
 Whoe'er offends at some unlucky time  
 Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,  
 Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,  
 And the sad burden of some merry song.

*Line 76.*

Bare the mean heart that lurks behind a star. *Line 110.*

There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl,  
 The feast of reason and the flow of soul.

*Line 127.*

For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,  
 Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.<sup>1</sup>

*Satire ii. Book ii. Line 159.*

Give me again my hollow tree,

A crust of bread, and liberty. *Satire vi. Book ii. Line 220.*

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

*Epilogue to the Satires. Dialogue i. Line 136.*

To Berkeley every virtue under heaven.

*Dialogue ii. Line 73.*

When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one.

*Epistle i. Book i. Line 38.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Pope, *The Odyssey*, Book xv. Page 291.



He 's armed without that 's innocent within.

*Satires, Epistles, and Odes of Horace. Epistle i. Book i. Line 94.*

Get place and wealth; if possible, with grace;

If not, by any means get wealth and place.<sup>1</sup> *Line 103.*

Above all Greek, above all Roman fame.<sup>2</sup> *Book ii. Line 26.*

The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease. *Line 108.*

One simile that solitary shines

In the dry desert of a thousand lines. *Line 111.*

Who says in verse what others say in prose. *Line 202.*

Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join

The varying verse, the full resounding line,

The long majestic march, and energy divine. *Line 267.*

E'en copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,

The last and greatest art, the art to blot. *Line 280.*

Who pants for glory finds but short repose;

A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.<sup>3</sup> *Line 300.*

There still remains, to mortify a wit,

The many-headed monster of the pit.<sup>4</sup> *Line 304.*

Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise.<sup>5</sup> *Line 413.*

<sup>1</sup> See Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour*. Page 149.

<sup>2</sup> See Dryden, *Upon the Death of Lord Hastings*. Page 221.

<sup>3</sup> A breath can make them as a breath has made.

Goldsmith, *The Deserted Village*, Line 54.

<sup>4</sup> Compare Sidney. Page 16.

<sup>5</sup> This line is from a poem entitled *To the Celebrated Beauties of the British Court*. Bell's *Fugitive Poetry*, Vol. iii. p. 118.

The following epigram is from *The Grove*, London, 1721:—

When one good line did much my wonder raise,

In Br—st's works, I stood resolved to praise;

And had, but that the modest author cries,

"Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise."

*On a Certain Line of Mr. Br—, Author of a Copy of Verses called the British Beauties.*

Years following years steal something every day ;  
At last they steal us from ourselves away.

*Satires, Epistles, and Odes of Horace. Epistle ii. Book ii. Line 72.*

The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg. *Line 85.*

Words that wise Bacon or brave Raleigh spoke. *Line 168.*

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride !  
They had no poet, and they died. *Odes. Book iv. Ode 9.*

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night :  
God said, 'Let Newton be!' and all was light.  
*Epitaph intended for Sir Isaac Newton.*

Ye Gods ! annihilate but space and time,  
And make two lovers happy.  
*Martinus Scriblerus on the Art of Sinking in Poetry. Ch. 11.*

O thou ! whatever title please thine ear,  
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver !  
Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,  
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy-chair.  
*The Dunciad. Book i. Line 19.*

Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,  
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,  
And solid pudding against empty praise. *Line 52.*

Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,  
But lived in Settle's numbers one day more. *Line 89.*

While pensive poets painful vigils keep,  
Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep. *Line 93.*

Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll,  
In pleasing memory of all he stole. *Line 127.*

How index-learning turns no student pale,  
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail. *Line 279.*

And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.

*The Dunciad. Book ii. Line 34.*

Till Peter's keys some christened Jove adorn,  
And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn.

*Book iii. Line 109.*

All crowd, who foremost shall be damned to fame.

*Line 158.*

Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,  
And makes night hideous;<sup>1</sup> — answer him, ye owls.

*Line 165.*

And, proud his mistress' order to perform,

Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.<sup>2</sup> *Line 263.*

A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.<sup>3</sup>

*Book iv. Line 90.*

The right divine of kings to govern wrong.

*Line 188.*

Stuff the head

With all such reading as was never read:

For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,

And write about it, goddess, and about it.

*Line 249.*

To happy convents bosomed deep in vines,

Where slumber abbots, purple as their wines. *Line 301.*

Led by my hand, he sauntered Europe round,

And gathered every vice on Christian ground. *Line 311.*

Judicious drank, and greatly daring dined.

*Line 318.*

Stretched on the rack of a too easy chair,

And heard thy everlasting yawn confess

The pains and penalties of idleness.

*Line 342.*

E'en Palinurus nodded at the helm.

*Line 614.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Shakespeare, *Hamlet*. Page 105.

<sup>2</sup> This line is from Addison's *Campaign*, *Line 292*.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Johnson. Page 315.

Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,  
 And unawares Morality expires.  
 Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine;  
 Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!  
 Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos, is restored;  
 Light dies before thy uncreating word:  
 Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;  
 And universal darkness buries all.

*The Dunciad. Book iv. Line 649.*

Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,  
 Some banished lover, or some captive maid.

*Eloisa to Abelard. Line 51.*

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,  
 And waft a sigh from Indus to the Polè. *Line 57.*

And truths divine came mended from that tongue.

*Line 66.*

Curse on all laws but those which love has made.  
 Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,  
 Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies. *Line 74.*

And love the offender, yet detest the offence.<sup>1</sup> *Line 192.*

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot!  
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot. *Line 207.*

One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight;  
 Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight.<sup>2</sup>  
*Line 273.*

See my lips tremble and my eyeballs roll;  
 Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul. *Line 323.*

He best can paint them who shall feel them most.<sup>3</sup>

*Last line.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Dryden, *Cymon and Iphigenia*. Page 226.

<sup>2</sup> Priests, altars, victims, swam before my sight.

Edmund Smith, *Phædra and Hippolytus*, Act i. Sc. 1.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Addison, *The Campaign*. Page 251.

Not chaos-like together crushed and bruised,  
 But, as the world, harmoniously confused,  
 Where order in variety we see,  
 And where, though all things differ, all agree.  
*Windsor Forest. Line 13.*

A mighty hunter, and his prey was man. *Line 61.*

From old Belerium to the northern main. *Line 316.*

Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call;  
 She comes unlooked for, if she comes at all.  
*The Temple of Fame. Line 513.*

Unblemished let me live, or die unknown;  
 O grant an honest fame, or grant me none! *Last line.*

I am his Highness' dog at Kew;  
 Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?  
*On the Collar of a Dog.*

There, take, (says Justice,) take ye each a shell;  
 We thrive at Westminster on fools like you;  
 'T was a fat oyster, — live in peace, — adieu.<sup>1</sup>  
*Verbatim from Boileau.*

Father of all! in every age,  
 In every clime, adored,  
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,  
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord. *The Universal Prayer. Stanza 1.*

Thou great First Cause, least understood. *Stanza 2.*

And, binding nature fast in fate,  
 Left free the human will. *Stanza 3.*

And deal damnation round the land. *Stanza 7.*

<sup>1</sup> "Tenez voilà," dit-elle, "à chacun une écaille,  
 Des sottises d'autrui nous vivons au Palais:  
 Messieurs, l'huître étoit bonne. Adieu. Vivez en paix."  
 Boileau, *Épître ii. (à M. l'Abbé des Roches).*

Teach me to feel another's woe,  
 To hide the fault I see;  
 That mercy I to others show,  
 That mercy show to me.<sup>1</sup>

*The Universal Prayer. Stanza 10.*

Happy the man whose wish and care  
 A few paternal acres bound.

*Ode on Solitude.*

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,  
 Thus unlamented let me die;  
 Steal from the world, and not a stone  
 Tell where I lie.

*Ibid.*

Vital spark of heavenly flame!  
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame!

*The Dying Christian to his Soul.*

Hark! they whisper; angels say,  
 Sister spirit, come away!

*Ibid.*

Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

*Ibid.*

Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!  
 O grave! where is thy victory?  
 O death! where is thy sting?

*Ibid.*

What beckoning ghost along the moonlight shade  
 Invites my steps and points to yonder glade?<sup>2</sup>

*To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady. Line 1.*

So perish all, whose breast ne'er learned to glow  
 For others' good or melt at others' woe.<sup>3</sup>

*Line 45.*

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,  
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,  
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,  
 By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned!

*Line 51.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Spenser, *The Faerie Queene*. Page 12.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Ben Jonson. *Elegy on Lady Pawlet*. Page 148.

<sup>3</sup> See Pope, *The Odyssey*, Book xviii. Page 292.

And bear about the mockery of woe  
To midnight dances, and the public show.

*To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady. Line 57.*

How loved, how honoured once, avails thee not,  
To whom related, or by whom begot;  
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;  
'T is all thou art, and all the proud shall be! *Line 71.*

Such were the notes thy once loved poet sung,  
Till death untimely stopped his tuneful tongue.  
*Epistle to Robert, Earl of Oxford.*

Who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide,  
Or gave his father grief but when he died.  
*Epitaph on the Hon. S. Harcourt.*

The saint sustained it, but the woman died.  
*Epitaph on Mrs. Corbet.*

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;  
In wit a man, simplicity a child.<sup>1</sup> *Epitaph on Gay.*

A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,  
And greatly falling with a falling state.  
While Cato gives his little senate laws,  
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?  
*Prologue to Mr. Addison's Cato.*

The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole  
Can never be a mouse of any soul.<sup>2</sup>  
*The Wife of Bath. Her Prologue. Line 298.*

Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,  
And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise. *Line 369.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Dryden, *Elegy on Mrs. Killegrew.* Page 224.

<sup>2</sup> I hold a mouses wit not worth a leke,  
That hath but on hole for to sterthen to.

*Wif of Bathes Prologue.*

See also Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum.* Page 162.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come ;  
 Knock as you please, there 's nobody at home.<sup>1</sup> *Epigram.*

Who dared to love their country, and be poor.  
*On his Grotto at Twickenham.*

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few.<sup>2</sup>  
*Thoughts on Various Subjects.*

I never knew any man in my life who could not  
 bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian.  
*Ibid.*

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring  
 Of woes unnumbered, heavenly goddess, sing !  
*Iliad. Book i. Line 1.*

The distant Trojans never injured me. *Line 200.*

Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod ;  
 The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god. *Line 684.*

She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen.  
*Book iii. Line 208.*

Ajax the great himself a host. *Line 293.*

Plough the watery deep. *Line 357.*

The day shall come, that great avenging day  
 Which Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay,  
 When Priam's powers and Priam's self shall fall,  
 And one prodigious ruin swallow all. *Book iv. Line 196.*

Not two strong men the enormous weight could raise ;  
 Such men as live in these degenerate days.  
*Book v. Line 371.*

<sup>1</sup> His wit invites you by his looks to come,  
 But when you knock it never is at home.

*Cowper, Conversation, Line 303.*

<sup>2</sup> From Roscoe's edition of Pope, *Vol. v. p. 376* ; originally printed in Motte's *Miscellanies*, 1727. In the edition of 1736, Pope says : "I must own that the prose part (the *Thoughts on Various Subjects*), at the end of the second volume, was wholly mine. January, 1734."



Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,  
 Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;<sup>1</sup>  
 Another race the following spring supplies;  
 They fall successive, and successive rise.

*Iliad. Book vi. Line 181.*

The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy. *Line 467.*

Yet while my Hector still survives, I see  
 My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee. *Line 544.*

Who dares think one thing, and another tell,  
 My heart detests him as the gates of hell.  
*Book ix. Line 412.*

A generous friendship no cold medium knows,  
 Burns with one love, with one resentment glows.  
*Line 725.*

He serves me most who serves his country best.  
*Book x. Line 201.*

Without a sign his sword the brave man draws,  
 And asks no omen but his country's cause.  
*Book xii. Line 283.*

Few sons attain the praise  
 Of their great sires, and most their sires disgrace.  
*Odyssey. Book ii. Line 315.*

Far from gay cities and the ways of men.  
*Book xiv. Line 410.*

Who love too much, hate in the like extreme.  
*Book xv. Line 79.*

True friendship's laws are by this rule exprest,  
 Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.<sup>2</sup> *Line 83.*

Whatever day  
 Makes man a slave takes half his worth away.  
*Book xvii. Line 392.*

<sup>1</sup> As of the green leaves on a thick tree, some fall, and some grow.— *Ecclesiasticus* xiv. 18.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Pope, *Satire* ii. *Book* ii. Page 282.

Yet, taught by time, my heart has learned to glow  
For others' good, and melt at others' woe.<sup>1</sup>

*Odyssey. Book xviii. Line 279.*

Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall never  
be disappointed.<sup>2</sup>

*Letter to Gay, Oct. 6, 1727.*

This is the Jew  
That Shakespeare drew.<sup>3</sup>



JOHN PHILIPS. 1676–1708.

My galligaskins, that have long withstood  
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,  
By time subdued, (what will not time subdue!)  
A horrid chasm disclosed. *The Splendid Shilling. Line 121.*



BARTON BOOTH. 1681–1733.

True as the needle to the pole,  
Or as the dial to the sun.<sup>4</sup> *Song.*

<sup>1</sup> See Pope, *To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.* Page 288.

<sup>2</sup> Which Pope calls the eighth beatitude. — Roscoe's edition of Pope. *Vol. x. p. 184.*

<sup>3</sup> On the 14th of February, 1741, Macklin established his fame as an actor, in the character of Shylock, in the *Merchant of Venice*. . . . Macklin's performance of this character so forcibly struck a gentleman in the pit, that he, as it were involuntarily, exclaimed,

This is the Jew  
That Shakespeare drew.

It has been said that this gentleman was Mr. Pope, and that he meant his panegyric on Macklin as a satire against Lord Lansdowne. — *Biog. Dram., Vol. i. Part ii. p. 469.*

<sup>4</sup> Compare Butler, *Hudibras.* Page 220.

## THOMAS TICKELL. 1686–1740.

Just men, by whom impartial laws were given ;  
And saints who taught, and led the way to heaven.

*On the Death of Mr. Addison. Line 41.*

Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed  
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade. *Line 45.*

There taught us how to live ; and (oh ! too high  
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.<sup>1</sup> *Line 81.*

The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid.  
*To a Lady, with a Present of Flowers.*

I hear a voice you cannot hear,  
Which says I must not stay ;  
I see a hand you cannot see,  
Which beckons me away. *Colin and Lucy.*



## MATTHEW GREEN. 1696–1737.

Fling but a stone, the giant dies. *The Spleen. Line 93.*

Thus I steer my bark, and sail  
On even keel, with gentle gale. *Ibid.*

Though pleased to see the dolphins play,  
I mind my compass and my way. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Porteus, *Death*. Page 347.

I have taught you, my dear flock, for above thirty years how to live ; and I will show you in a very short time how to die. — Sandys, *Anglorum Speculum*, p. 903.

He taught them how to live and how to die.

Somerville, *In Memory of the Rev. Mr. Moore.*

## JOHN GAY. 1688-1732.

'T was when the sea was roaring  
 With hollow blasts of wind,  
 A damsel lay deploring,  
 All on a rock reclined. *The What d' ye call't.* Act ii. Sc. 8.

So comes a reckoning when the banquet 's o'er,  
 The dreadful reckoning, and men smile no more.<sup>1</sup>  
*Act ii. Sc. 9.*

'T is woman that seduces all mankind;  
 By her we first were taught the wheedling arts.  
*The Beggar's Opera.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Over the hills and far away.<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

If the heart of a man is depressed with cares,  
 The mist is dispelled when a woman appears. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong. *Ibid.*

How happy could I be with either,  
 Were t' other dear charmer away. *Ibid.*

The charge is prepared, the lawyers are met,  
 The judges all ranged; a terrible show! *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

All in the Downs the fleet was moored.  
*Sweet William's Farewell to Black-eyed Susan.*

Adieu, she cried, and waved her lily hand. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> The time of paying a shot in a tavern among good fellows, or Pantagrue lists, is still called in France a "quart d'heure de Rabelais," that is, Rabelais's quarter of an hour, when a man is uneasy or melancholy. — *Life of Rabelais*, ed. Bohn, p. 13.

<sup>2</sup> See *Appendix*, p. 646.

Remote from cities lived a swain,  
 Unvexed with all the cares of gain ;  
 His head was silvered o'er with age,  
 And long experience made him sage.

*Fables. The Shepherd and the Philosopher.*

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil  
 O'er books consumed the midnight oil? <sup>1</sup>

*Ibid.*

Where yet was ever found a mother  
 Who 'd give her booby for another?

*The Mother, the Nurse, and the Fairy.*

No author ever spared a brother.

*The Elephant and the Bookseller.*

Lest men suspect your tale untrue,  
 Keep probability in view.

*The Painter who pleased Nobody and Everybody.*

Is there no hope? the sick man said ;  
 The silent doctor shook his head.

*The Sick Man and the Angel.*

While there is life there 's hope, he cried.<sup>2</sup>

*Ibid.*

Those who in quarrels interpose  
 Must often wipe a bloody nose.

*The Mastiffs.*

And when a lady 's in the case,  
 You know all other things give place.

*The Hare and many Friends.*

From wine what sudden friendship springs.

*The Squire and his Cur.*

Life is a jest, and all things show it ;

I thought so once, but now I know it. *My own Epitaph.*

<sup>1</sup> 'midnight oil,' a common phrase, used by Quarles, Shenstone, Cowper, Lloyd, and others.

<sup>2</sup> Ἐλπίδες ἐν ζωοῖσιν, ἀνέλπιστοι δὲ θανόντες.

Theocritus, *Id.* iv. 42.

Ægroto, dum anima est, spes est. — Cicero, *Epist. ad Att.*, ix. 10.

## LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

1690-1762.

Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide, —  
 In part she is to blame that has been tried:  
 He comes too near that comes to be denied.<sup>1</sup>

*The Lady's Resolve.*

And we meet, with champagne and a chicken, at last.<sup>2</sup>

*The Lover.*

Be plain in dress, and sober in your diet;  
 In short, my deary! kiss me, and be quiet.

*A Summary of Lord Lyttelton's Advice.*

Satire should, like a polished razor keen,  
 Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.

*To the Imitator of the First Satire of Horace. Book ii.*

But the fruit that can fall without shaking

Indeed is too mellow for me.

*The Answer.*



## KANE O'HARA. — — — 1782.

Pray, goody, please to moderate the rancour of your  
 tongue;

Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?

Remember, when the judgment's weak the prejudice is  
 strong.

*Midas. Act i. Sc. 4.*

<sup>1</sup> A fugitive piece, written on a window by Lady Montagu, after her marriage (1713). The last lines were taken from Overbury, *The Wife*, St. 36.

<sup>2</sup> What say you to such a supper with such a woman?

Byron, *Note to Letter on Bowles*.

## JOHN BYROM. 1691-1763.

God bless the King, I mean the faith's defender ;  
 God bless — no harm in blessing — the Pretender ;  
 But who pretender is, or who is king, —  
 God bless us all, — that 's quite another thing.

*To an Officer of the Army, extempore.*

Take time enough : all other graces  
 Will soon fill up their proper places.<sup>1</sup>

*Advice to Preach Slow.*

Some say, compared to Bononcini,  
 That Mynheer Handel 's but a ninny ;  
 Others aver that he to Handel  
 Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.<sup>2</sup>  
 Strange all this difference should be  
 'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

*On the Feuds between Handel and Bononcini.*<sup>3</sup>

As clear as a whistle.

*Epistle to Lloyd.*

Bone and Skin, two millers thin,  
 Would starve us all, or near it ;  
 But be it known to Skin and Bone  
 That Flesh and Blood can't bear it.

*Epigram on two Monopolists.*

Thus adorned, the two heroes, 'twixt shoulder and elbow,  
 Shook hands and went to 't, and the word it was bilbow.

*Upon a Trial of Skill between the Great Masters of the Noble  
 Science of Defence, Messrs. Figg and Sutton.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Walker. Page 234.

<sup>2</sup> See *Appendix*, p. 642.

<sup>3</sup> "Nourse asked me if I had seen the verses upon Handel and Bononcini, not knowing that they were mine." — *Byrom's Remains* (Chetham Soc.), Vol. i. p. 173. The last two lines have been attributed to Swift and Pope. See Scott's edition of Swift, and Dyce's edition of Pope.

## DR. GEORGE SEWELL. — — — 1726.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,  
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.

*The Suicide.* From *Martial*, Book xi. *Ep.* 56.



## EARL OF CHESTERFIELD. 1694–1773.

Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.

*Letter*, March 10, 1746.

I knew once a very covetous, sordid fellow,<sup>1</sup> who used to say, Take care of the pence, for the pounds will take care of themselves.

*Nov.* 6, 1747.

Sacrifice to the Graces.<sup>2</sup>

*March* 9, 1748.

Manners must adorn knowledge, and smooth its way through the world. Like a great rough diamond, it may do very well in a closet by way of curiosity, and also for its intrinsic value.

*July* 1, 1748.

Style is the dress of thoughts.

*Nov.* 24, 1749.

Despatch is the soul of business.

*Feb.* 5, 1750.

Chapter of accidents.<sup>3</sup>

*Feb.* 16, 1753.

<sup>1</sup> W. Lowndes, Secretary of the Treasury in the Reigns of King William, Queen Anne, and King George the Third.

<sup>2</sup> Literally from the Greek *Θύε ταῖς Χάρισι.* Diog. Laert., *Lib.* iv. § 6, *Xenocrates.*

<sup>3</sup> See Burke, *Notes for Speeches*, ed. 1852, *Vol.* ii. p. 426. John Wilkes said that “the Chapter of Accidents is the longest chapter in the book.” — Southey. *The Doctor*, cxviii.



I assisted at the birth of that most significant word  
 "flirtation," which dropped from the most beautiful  
 mouth in the world. *The World. No. 101.*

Unlike my subject now shall be my song,  
 It shall be witty, and it sha'n't be long. *Impromptu Lines.*

The dews of the evening most carefully shun, —  
 Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.  
*Advice to a Lady in Autumn.*

The nation looked upon him as a deserter, and he  
 shrunk into insignificancy and an earldom.  
*Character of Pulteney.*

---

WILLIAM PULTENEY. 1682-1764.

For twelve honest men have decided the cause,  
 Who are judges alike of the facts and the laws.  
*The Honest Jury.*

---

JOHN DYER. 1700-1758.

A little rule, a little sway,  
 A sunbeam in a winter's day,  
 Is all the proud and mighty have  
 Between the cradle and the grave. *Grongar Hill. Line 88.*

Ever charming, ever new,  
 When will the landscape tire the view? *Line 102.*

Disparting towers  
 Trembling all precipitate down dashed,  
 Rattling around, loud thundering to the moon.  
*The Ruins of Rome. Line 40.*

## ROBERT BLAIR. 1699–1747.

The Grave, dread thing!  
Men shiver when thou 'rt named: Nature, appalled,  
Shakes off her wonted firmness.

*The Grave. Part i. Line 9.*

The schoolboy, with his satchel in his hand,  
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up.<sup>1</sup> *Line 58.*

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!  
Sweetener of life! and solder of society! *Line 88.*

Of joys departed,  
Not to return, how painful the remembrance! *Line 109.*

The good he scorned  
Stalked off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost,  
Not to return; or, if it did, in visits  
Like those of angels, short and far between.<sup>2</sup>  
*Part ii. Line 586.*



## RICHARD SAVAGE. 1698–1743.

He lives to build, not boast, a generous race;  
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.  
*The Bastard. Line 7.*

May see thee now, though late, redeem thy name,  
And glorify what else is damned to fame.<sup>3</sup>  
*Character of Foster.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Dryden, *Amphitryon*. Page 231.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Norris. Page 238.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Pope, *Essay on Man*, Ep. iv. Line 281.

## JAMES THOMSON. 1700-1748.

Come, gentle Spring! ethereal Mildness! come.

*The Seasons. Spring. Line 1.*

Base Envy withers at another's joy,  
And hates that excellence it cannot reach. *Line 283.*

But who can paint  
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,  
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers? *Line 465.*

Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears  
Her snaky crest. *Line 996.*

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,  
To teach the young idea how to shoot. *Line 1149.*

An elegant sufficiency, content,  
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,  
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,  
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven! *Line 1158.*

The meek-eyed Morn appears, mother of dews.  
*Summer. Line 47.*

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake? *Line 67.*

But yonder comes the powerful king of day,  
Rejoicing in the east. *Line 81.*

Ships, dim-discovered dropping from the clouds.  
*Line 946.*

And Mecca saddens at the long delay. *Line 979.*

Sighed and looked unutterable things. *Line 1188.*

A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate  
Of mighty monarchs. *Line 1285.*

So stands the statue that enchants the world,  
 So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,  
 The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.

*Summer. Line 1346.*

Who stemmed the torrent of a downward age. *Line 1516.*

Autumn nodding o'er the yellow plain. *Autumn. Line 2.*

Loveliness

Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,  
 But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.<sup>1</sup> *Line 204.*

He saw her charming, but he saw not half  
 The charms her downcast modesty concealed. *Line 229.*

For still the world prevailed, and its dread laugh,  
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn. *Line 233.*

See, Winter comes, to rule the varied year.  
*Winter. Line 1.*

Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave. *Line 393.*

There studious let me sit,  
 And hold high converse with the mighty dead. *Line 431.*

The kiss, snatched hasty from the sidelong maid.  
*Line 625.*

These as they change, Almighty Father! these  
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year  
 Is full of Thee. *Hymn. Line 1.*

Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade. *Line 25.*

From seeming evil still educing good. *Line 114.*

<sup>1</sup> In naked beauty more adorned,  
 More lovely, than Pandora.

Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book iv. *Line 713.*

Come then, expressive silence, muse His praise.

*Hymn. Line 118.*

A pleasing land of drowsyhed it was,  
 Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye ;  
 And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,  
 For ever flushing round a summer sky :  
 There eke the soft delights, that witchingly  
 Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,  
 And the calm pleasures, always hovered nigh ;  
 But whate'er smacked of noyance, or unrest,  
 Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

*The Castle of Indolence. Canto i. Stanza 6.*

O fair undress, best dress ! it checks no vein,  
 But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,  
 And heightens ease with grace.

*Stanza 26.*

Placed far amid the melancholy main.

*Stanza 30.*

Scoundrel maxim.

*Ibid.*

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems.

*Stanza 68.*

A little, round, fat, oily man of God.

*Stanza 69.*

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny :  
 You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace ;  
 You cannot shut the windows of the sky,  
 Through which Aurora shows her brightening face ;  
 You cannot bar my constant feet to trace  
 The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve :  
 Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,  
 And I their toys to the great children leave :  
 Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave.

*Canto ii. Stanza 3.*

Health is the vital principle of bliss,  
 And exercise of health.

*Stanza 55.*

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove  
 An unrelenting foe to love ;  
 And, when we meet a mutual heart,  
 Come in between and bid us part ?

*Song.*

Whoe'er amidst the sons  
 Of reason, valour, liberty, and virtue  
 Displays distinguished merit, is a noble  
 Of Nature's own creating. *Coriolanus. Act iii. Sc. 3.*

O Sophonisba! Sophonisba, O!<sup>1</sup> *Sophonisba. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,  
 Arose from out the azure main,  
 This was the charter of her land,  
 And guardian angels sung the strain :  
 Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!  
 Britons never shall be slaves. *Alfred. Act ii. Sc. 5.*

---

LOUIS THEOBALD. 1691–1744.

None but himself can be his parallel.<sup>2</sup>  
*The Double Falsehood.*

---

ROBERT LOWTH. 1710–1787.

Where passion leads or prudence points the way.  
*Choice of Hercules, i.*

<sup>1</sup> The line was altered, after the second edition, to  
 “O Sophonisba! I am wholly thine.”

<sup>2</sup> Quæris Alcidaë parem ?

Nemo est nisi ipse. — Seneca, *Hercules Furens*, i. 1.

And but herself admits no parallel.

*Massinger, Duke of Milan, Act iv. Sc. 3.*

CHARLES MACKLIN. 1690-1797.

The law is a sort of hocus-pocus science, that smiles  
in yer face while it picks yer pocket; and the glorious  
uncertainty of it is of mair use to the professors than  
the justice of it. *Love à la Mode. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

---

WILLIAM OLDYS. 1696-1761.

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,  
Drink with me, and drink as I.  
*On a Fly drinking out of a Cup of Ale.*

---

ROBERT DODSLEY. 1703-1764.

One kind kiss before we part,  
Drop a tear, and bid adieu;  
Though we sever, my fond heart  
Till we meet shall pant for you. *The Parting Kiss.*

---

CHARLES WESLEY. 1708-1788.

A charge to keep I have,  
A God to glorify;  
A never dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky. *Christian Fidelity.*

## JAMES BRAMSTON. ——— 1744.

What 's not devoured by Time's devouring hand?  
 Where 's Troy, and where 's the Maypole in the Strand?  
*Art of Politics.*

But Titus said, with his uncommon sense,  
 When the Exclusion Bill was in suspense:  
 'I hear a lion in the lobby roar;  
 Say, Mr. Speaker, shall we shut the door  
 And keep him there, or shall we let him in  
 To try if we can turn him out again?'<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*

So Britain's monarch once uncovered sat,  
 While Bradshaw bullied in a broad-brimmed hat.  
*Man of Taste.*



## WILLIAM B. RHODES.

Who dares this pair of boots displace  
 Must meet Bombastes face to face. *Bombastes Furioso.*

*Bom.* So have I heard on Afric's burning shore  
 A hungry lion give a grievous roar;  
 The grievous roar echoed along the shore.

*Artax.* So have I heard on Afric's burning shore  
 Another lion give a grievous roar,  
 And the first lion thought the last a bore. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> I hope, said Colonel Titus, we shall not be wise as the frogs to whom Jupiter gave a stork for their king. To trust expedients with such a king on the throne would be just as wise as if there were a lion in the lobby, and we should vote to let him in and chain him, instead of fastening the door to keep him out.—*On the Exclusion Bill*, January 7, 1681.



## PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1702-1751.

Live while you live, the epicure would say,  
 And seize the pleasures of the present day ;  
 Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,  
 And give to God each moment as it flies.  
 Lord, in my views, let both united be ;  
 I live in pleasure when I live to thee.

*Epigram on his Family Arms.*<sup>1</sup>

Awake, my soul ; stretch every nerve,  
 And press with vigour on :  
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
 And an immortal crown.

*Zeal and Vigour in the Christian Race.*

## HENRY FIELDING. 1707-1754.

All nature wears one universal grin.

*Tom Thumb the Great. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Petition me no petitions, sir, to-day ;

Let other hours be set apart for business.

To-day it is our pleasure to be drunk ;

And this our queen shall be as drunk as we. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

When I'm not thanked at all, I'm thanked enough.

I've done my duty, and I've done no more. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

Thy modesty 's a candle to thy merit.

*Ibid.*

To sun myself in Huncamunca's eyes.

*Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Dum vivimus vivamus. — From Ortin's *Life of Doddridge*.

Lo, when two dogs are fighting in the streets,  
 With a third dog one of the two dogs meets,  
 With angry teeth he bites him to the bone,  
 And this dog smarts for what that dog has done.<sup>1</sup>

*Tom Thumb the Great. Act i. Sc. 6.*

Much may be said on both sides.<sup>2</sup>

*The Covent Garden Tragedy. Sc. 8.*

O the roast beef of Old England!  
 And O the old English roast beef!

*The Roast Beef of Old England.*

Amiable weakness.<sup>3</sup>

*Tom Jones. Book x. Ch. 8.*

The dignity of history.<sup>4</sup>

*Book xi. Ch. 2.*



### JOHN ARMSTRONG. 1709–1779.

Of right and wrong he taught  
 Truths as refined as ever Athens heard;  
 And (strange to tell!) he practised what he preached.  
*The Art of Preserving Health. Book iv. Line 301.*

<sup>1</sup> Thus when a barber and a collier fight,  
 The barber beats the luckless collier — white;  
 The dusty collier heaves his ponderous sack,  
 And, big with vengeance, beats the barber — black.  
 In comes the brick-dust man, with grime o'erspread,  
 And beats the collier and the barber — red;  
 Black, red, and white, in various clouds are tost,  
 And in the dust they raise, the combatants are lost.

Christ. Smart, *The Trip to Cambridge*. Campbell's  
*Specimens*, Vol. vi. p. 185.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Addison. Page 252.

<sup>3</sup> Amiable weaknesses of human nature. — Gibbon, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Ch. xiv.

<sup>4</sup> See Bolingbroke, *On the Study of History*, Letter v., 1735;  
 Horace Walpole, *Advertisement to Letters to Sir Horace Mann*,  
 1742; Macaulay, *History of England*, Vol. i. Ch. 1.

## JOHN WESLEY. 1703–1791.

That execrable sum of all villanies commonly called  
A Slave Trade. *Journal. Feb. 12, 1792.*

Certainly this is a duty, not a sin. “Cleanliness is  
indeed next to godliness.”<sup>1</sup> *Sermon xcii. On Dress.*



## NATHANIEL COTTON. 1707–1788.

If solid happiness we prize,  
Within our breast this jewel lies ;  
And they are fools who roam :  
The world has nothing to bestow ;  
From our own selves our joys must flow,  
And that dear hut, our home. *The Fireside. Stanza 3.*

To be resigned when ills betide,  
Patient when favours are denied,  
And pleased with favours given, —  
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom’s part ;  
This is that incense of the heart  
Whose fragrance smells to heaven. *Stanza 11.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Bacon. Page 141.

According to Dr. A. S. Bettelheim, Rabbi, this is found in the Hebrew fathers. He cites Phinehas ben Yair, as follows : “The doctrines of religion are resolved into carefulness; carefulness into vigorousness; vigorousness into guiltlessness; guiltlessness into abstemiousness; abstemiousness into cleanliness; cleanliness into godliness.” Literally next to godliness.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go ;  
 Its checkered paths of joy and woe  
 With cautious steps we'll tread.

*The Fireside. Stanza 13.*

Yet still we hug the dear deceit. *Content. Vision iv.*

Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.<sup>1</sup> *To-morrow.*



### BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. 1706–1790.

They that can give up essential liberty to obtain  
 a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor  
 safety.<sup>2</sup> *Historical Review of Pennsylvania.*

God helps them that help themselves.<sup>3</sup> *Poor Richard.*

Dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for  
 that is the stuff life is made of. *Ibid.*

Plough deep while sluggards sleep. *Ibid.*

Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do  
 to-day. *Ibid.*

Three removes are as bad as a fire. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Quoted by Longfellow in *Kavanaugh*.

<sup>2</sup> This sentence was much used in the Revolutionary period. It occurs even so early as November, 1755, in an answer by the Assembly of Pennsylvania to the Governor, and forms the motto of Franklin's *Historical Review*, 1759, appearing also in the body of the work. — Frothingham's *Rise of the Republic of the United States*, p. 413.

<sup>3</sup> Help thyself, and God will help thee.

*Herbert, Jacula Prudentum.*

Aide toi et le Ciel t'aidera. — Fontaine, *Book vi. Fable 18.*

Heaven ne'er helps the men who will not act.

*Sophocles, Frag. 288, ed. Dindorf.*

Vessels large may venture more,  
But little boats should keep near shore. *Poor Richard.*

He has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.  
*The Whistle. Nov., 1719.*

There never was a good war or a bad peace.<sup>1</sup>  
*Letter to Quincy, Sept. 11, 1773.*

Here Skugg  
Lies snug,  
As a bug  
In a rug.  
*From a Letter to Miss Georgiana Shipley.*

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SAMUEL JOHNSON. 1709–1784.

Let observation with extensive view  
Survey mankind, from China to Peru.<sup>2</sup>  
*Vanity of Human Wishes. Line 1.*

There mark what ills the scholar's life assail. —  
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail. *Line 159.*

He left the name at which the world grew pale,  
To point a moral, or adorn a tale. *Line 221.*

Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know  
That life protracted is protracted woe. *Line 257.*

An age that melts in unperceived decay,  
And glides in modest innocence away. *Line 293.*

<sup>1</sup> It hath been said that an unjust peace is to be preferred before a just war. — S. Butler. *Speeches in the Rump Parliament. Butler's Remains.*

<sup>2</sup> All human race, from China to Peru.

Pleasure, howe'er disguised by art, pursue.

Thomas Warton (1728–1790), *Universal Love of Pleasure.*

Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage.

*Vanity of Human Wishes. Line 308.*

Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!

From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,  
And Swift expires, a driveller and a show. *Line 316.*

Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,

Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate? *Line 345.*

For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill. *Line 362.*

Of all the griefs that harass the distress,

Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest. *London. Line 166.*

This mournful truth is everywhere confessed,

Slow rises worth by poverty depressed. *Line 176.*

Each change of many-coloured life he drew,

Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new.

*Prologue on the Opening of Drury Lane Theatre.*

And panting Time toiled after him in vain. *Ibid.*

For we that live to please must please to live. *Ibid.*

Catch, then, O catch the transient hour;

Improve each moment as it flies;

Life's a short summer, man a flower;

He dies, — alas! how soon he dies! *Winter. An Ode.*

Officious, innocent, sincere;

Of every friendless name the friend.

*Verses on Robert Levet. Stanza 2.*

In misery's darkest cavern known,

His useful care was ever nigh<sup>1</sup>

Where hopeless anguish poured his groan,

And lonely want retired to die. *Stanza 5.*

<sup>1</sup> *Var.* His ready help was always nigh.

And sure the Eternal Master found  
His single talent well employed.

*Verses on Robert Levet. Stanza 7.*

Then with no throbs of fiery pain,<sup>1</sup>

No cold gradations of decay,

Death broke at once the vital chain,

And freed his soul the nearest way.

*Stanza 9.*

That saw the manners in the face.

*Lines on the Death of Hogarth.*

Philips, whose touch harmonious could remove

The pangs of guilty power and hapless love ;

Rest here, distressed by poverty no more ;

Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before ;

Sleep, undisturbed, within this peaceful shrine,

Till angels wake thee with a note like thine !

*Epitaph on Claudius Philips, the Musician.*

A Poet, Naturalist, and Historian,

Who left scarcely any style of writing untouched,

And touched nothing that he did not adorn.<sup>2</sup>

*Epitaph on Goldsmith.*

How small, of all that human hearts endure,

That part which laws or kings can cause or cure !

Still to ourselves in every place consigned,

Our own felicity we make or find.

With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,

Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.

*Lines added to Goldsmith's Traveller.*

<sup>1</sup> *Var.* Then with no fiery throbbing pain.

<sup>2</sup> Qui nullum fere scribendi genus

Non tetigit,

Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.

He adorned whatever subject he either spoke or wrote upon by the most splendid eloquence. — *Chesterfield's Characters: Bolingbroke.*

Il embellit tout ce qu'il touche. — *Fénelon, Lettre sur les Occupations de l'Académie Française, § iv.*

Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay.

*Line added to Goldsmith's Deserted Village.*

From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we tend,  
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.<sup>1</sup> *Rambler. No. 7.*

Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy,  
and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope, —  
who expect that age will perform the promises of  
youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will  
be supplied by the morrow, — attend to the history of  
Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia. *Rasselas. Ch. i.*

The endearing elegance of female friendship. *Ch. xlvi.*

I am not so lost in lexicography as to forget that  
*words are the daughters of earth, and that things are the  
sons of heaven.*<sup>2</sup> *From the Preface to his Dictionary.*

Words are men's daughters, but God's sons are things.<sup>3</sup>  
*From Dr. Madden's Boulter's Monument. Supposed to have  
been inserted by Dr. Johnson, 1745.*

Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar  
but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must  
give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.

*Life of Addison.*

To be of no church is dangerous. Religion, of which  
the rewards are distant, and which is animated only by  
faith and hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind,  
unless it be invigorated and reimpresed by external  
ordinances, by stated calls to worship, and the salutary  
influence of example.

*Life of Milton.*

<sup>1</sup> Translation of Boethius *de Cons.*, iii. 9. 27.

<sup>2</sup> The italics and the word "forget" would seem to imply that  
the saying was not his own. Sir William Jones gives a similar say-  
ing in India: "Words are the daughters of earth, and deeds are the  
sons of heaven."

<sup>3</sup> Words are women, deeds are men. — Herbert, *Jacula Pruden-  
tum*; Sir Thomas Bodley, *Letter to his Librarian*, 1604.



The trappings of a monarchy would set up an ordinary commonwealth. *Life of Milton.*

His death eclipsed the gayety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure.  
*Life of Edmund Smith* (alluding to the death of Garrick).

That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona. *Journey to the Western Islands: Inch Kenneth.*

What is twice read is commonly better remembered than what is transcribed. *Idler. No. 74.*

Tom Birch is as brisk as a bee in conversation; but no sooner does he take a pen in his hand than it becomes a torpedo to him, and benumbs all his faculties.  
*Boswell's Life of Johnson. An. 1743.*

Wretched un-idea'd girls. *An. 1752.*

This man (Chesterfield), I thought, had been a lord among wits; but I find he is only a wit among lords.<sup>1</sup>  
*An. 1754.*

<sup>1</sup> If he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. — Shakespeare, *King Henry V., Act v. Sc. 2.*  
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.

Pope, *Dunciad, Book iv. Line 92.*

A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge.

Cowper, *Conversation, Line 298.*

Although too much of a soldier among sovereigns, no one could claim with better right to be a sovereign among soldiers. — Walter Scott, *Life of Napoleon.*

He (Steele) was a rake among scholars, and a scholar among rakes. — Macaulay, *Review of Aikin's Life of Addison.*

Temple was a man of the world amongst men of letters, a man of letters amongst men of the world. — Macaulay, *Review of Life and Writings of Sir William Temple.*

Grswell (*Memoirs of Politian, &c., p. 381*) says that Sannazarus himself, inscribing to this lady (Cassandra Marchesia) an edition

Sir, he (Bolingbroke) was a scoundrel and a coward : a scoundrel for charging a blunderbuss against religion and morality ; a coward, because he had not resolution to fire it off himself, but left half a crown to a beggarly Scotchman to draw the trigger at his death.

Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. An. 1754.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground encumbers him with help ?

An. 1755.

Being in a ship is being in a jail, with the chance of being drowned.

An. 1759.

The noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high-road that leads him to England.

An. 1763.

Sir, your levellers wish to level *down* as far as themselves ; but they cannot bear levelling *up* to themselves.

*Ibid.*

If he does really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, sir, when he leaves our houses let us count our spoons.

*Ibid.*

Sir, a woman preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well ; but you are surprised to find it done at all.

*Ibid.*

A very unclubable man.

An. 1764.

That fellow seems to me to possess but one idea, and that is a wrong one.<sup>1</sup>

An. 1770.

of his Italian Poems, terms her "delle belle eruditissima, delle erudite bellissima."

Qui stultis videri eruditi volunt stulti eruditis videntur. — Quintilian, x. 7. 21.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Kremlin was distinguished for ignorance ; for he had only one idea, and that was wrong. — Disraeli, *Sybil*, Book iv. Ch. 5.

Much may be made of a Scotchman if he be caught young.  
Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. An. 1772.

A man may write at any time if he will set himself doggedly to it. An. 1773.

Let him go abroad to a distant country; let him go to some place where he is *not* known. Don't let him go to the devil, where he *is* known. *Ibid.*

Was ever poet so trusted before? An. 1774.

A man will turn over half a library to make one book. An. 1775.

Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel. *Ibid.*

Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it. *Ibid.*

Attack is the reaction; I never think I have hit hard unless it rebounds. *Ibid.*

Hell is paved with good intentions.<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*

There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn. An. 1776.

All this (wealth) excludes but one evil, — poverty. An. 1777.

Claret is the liquor for boys; port for men; but he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy. An. 1779.

<sup>1</sup> St. Francis de Sales writes to Mad. de Chantal (1605): Do not be troubled by St. Bernard's saying that hell is full of good intentions and wills. — From *Selection from the Spiritual Letters of Francis de Sales*. Letter xii. Translated by the author of *A Dominican Artist*.

The potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice.<sup>1</sup> Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. An. 1781.

Classical quotation is the *parole* of literary men all over the world. *Ibid.*

My friend was of opinion that when a man of rank appeared in that character (as an author), he deserved to have his merits handsomely allowed.<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

I never have sought the world; the world was not to seek me.<sup>3</sup> An. 1783.

I have always looked upon it as the worst condition of man's destiny, that persons are so often torn asunder just as they become happy in each other's society. *Ibid.*

I have found you an argument, I am not obliged to find you an understanding. An. 1784.

Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*

If the man who turnips cries  
Cry not when his father dies,  
'T is a proof that he had rather  
Have a turnip than his father. *Johnsoniana*. Piozzi, 30.

A good hater. *Ibid.* 39.

Books that you may carry to the fire, and hold readily in your hand, are the most useful after all.

*Hawkins*, 197.

<sup>1</sup> I am rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

Edward Moore (1753), *The Gamester*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

<sup>2</sup> Usually quoted as "when a nobleman writes a book, he ought to be encouraged."

<sup>3</sup> I have not loved the world, nor the world me.

Byron, *Childe Harold*, Canto iii. St. 113.

<sup>4</sup> Parody on "Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free." — From Brooke's *Gustavus Vasa*, first edition.

The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny, but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience.<sup>1</sup>

*Pitt's Reply to Walpole. Speech, March 6, 1741.*

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WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.  
1708–1778.

Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.

*Speech, Jan. 14, 1766.*

A long train of these practices has at length unwillingly convinced me that there is something behind the Throne greater than the King himself.<sup>2</sup>

*Chatham Correspondence. Speech, March 2, 1770.*

Where law ends, tyranny begins.

*Case of Wilkes. Speech, Jan. 9, 1770.*

Reparation for our rights at home, and security against the like future violations.<sup>3</sup>

*Letter to the Earl of Shelburne, Sept. 29, 1770.*

<sup>1</sup> This is the composition of Johnson, founded on some note or statement of the actual speech. Johnson said, "That speech I wrote in a garret, in Exeter Street." See Boswell's *Johnson, An.* 1741.

<sup>2</sup> Quoted by Lord Mahon, "greater than the Throne itself."—*History of England, Vol. v. p. 258.*

<sup>3</sup> "Indemnity for the past and security for the future," is said to be Mr. Pitt's phrase. See De Quincey, *Theol. Essays, Vol. ii. p. 170.* and Russell's *Memoir of Fox, Vol. iii. p. 345, Letter to the Hon. T. Maitland.*

If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms, never—never—never. *Speech, Nov. 18, 1777.*

The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the force of the Crown. It may be frail; its roof may shake; the wind may blow through it; the storms may enter, the rain may enter,—but the King of England cannot enter! all his forces dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement.<sup>1</sup>

*Speech on the Excise Bill.*

We have a Calvinistic creed, a Popish liturgy, and an Arminian clergy. *From Prior's Life of Burke, 1790.*

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### JAMES TOWNLEY. 1715–1778.

*Kitty.* Shikspur? Shikspur? Who wrote it? No, I never read Shikspur.

*Lady Bab.* Then you have an immense pleasure to come. *High Life below Stairs. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

From humble Port to imperial Tokay. *Ibid.*

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### ———— DYER.

And he that will this health deny,  
Down among the dead men let him lie.

*Published in the early part of the reign of George I.*

<sup>1</sup> From Brougham's *Statesmen of George III., First Series*, p. 41.

LORD LYTTELTON. 1709—1773.

For his chaste Muse employed her heaven-taught lyre  
 None but the noblest passions to inspire,  
 Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,  
 One line which, dying, he could wish to blot.

*Prologue to Thomson's Coriolanus.*

Women, like princes, find few real friends.

*Advice to a Lady.*

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,  
 Your heart's supreme ambition? To be fair. *Ibid.*

The lover in the husband may be lost. *Ibid.*

How much the wife is dearer than the bride.

*An Irregular Ode.*

None without hope e'er loved the brightest fair,  
 But love can hope where reason would despair.

*Epigram.*

Where none admire, 't is useless to excel;  
 Where none are beaux, 't is vain to be a belle.

*Soliloquy on a Beauty in the Country.*

Alas! by some degree of woe  
 We every bliss must gain;  
 The heart can ne'er a transport know  
 That never feels a pain.

*Song.*



RICHARD GRAVES. 1715—1804.

Each cursed his fate that thus their project crossed;  
 How hard their lot who neither won nor lost.

*An Incident in High Life. (Appendix of Original Pieces.)*

From the *Festoon*. London, 1767.

## LAURENCE STERNE. 1713-1768.

Go, poor devil, get thee gone; why should I hurt thee? This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me. *Tristram Shandy*. (Orig. ed.) *Vol. ii. Ch. xii.*

“Our armies swore terribly in Flanders,” cried my uncle Toby, “but nothing to this.” *Vol. iii. Ch. xi.*

Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world,—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst,—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting! *Vol. iii. Ch. xii.*

The accusing spirit, which flew up to heaven’s chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out forever.<sup>1</sup> *Vol. vi. Ch. viii.*

“They order,” said I, “this matter better in France.” *Sentimental Journey. Page 1.*

I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beer-sheba, and cry, ’T is all barren. *In the Street. Calais.*

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.<sup>2</sup> *Maria.*

“Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery,” said I, “still thou art a bitter draught.” *The Passport. The Hotel at Paris.*

The sad vicissitude of things.<sup>3</sup> *Sermon xvi.*

<sup>1</sup> But sad as angels for the good man’s sin,  
Weep to record, and blush to give it in.

Campbell, *Pleasures of Hope*, ii. *Line 357.*

<sup>2</sup> Dieu mesure le froid à la brebis tondue.

Henri Estienne (1594), *Prémices*, etc., p. 47.

Compare Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum*. *Page 161.*

<sup>3</sup> Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things.

R. Gifford, *Contemplation.*



## EDWARD MOORE. 1712-1757.

Can't I another's face commend,  
 And to her virtues be a friend,  
 But instantly your forehead lowers,  
 As if *her* merit lessened *yours*?

*The Farmer, the Spaniel, and the Cat. Fable ix.*

The maid who modestly conceals  
 Her beauties, while she hides, reveals;  
 Give but a glimpse, and fancy draws  
 Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.

*The Spider and the Bee. Fable x.*

But from the hoop's bewitching round,  
 Her very shoe has power to wound. . . . . *Ibid.*

Time still, as he flies, brings increase to her truth,  
 And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.  
*The Happy Marriage.*

I am rich beyond the dreams of avarice.<sup>1</sup>  
*The Gamester. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

'T is now the summer of your youth: time has not  
 cropt the roses from your cheek, though sorrow long  
 has washed them. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

MRS. GREVILLE.<sup>2</sup>

Nor peace nor ease the heart can know,  
 Which, like the needle true,  
 Turns at the touch of joy or woe,  
 But, turning, trembles too. *A Prayer for Indifference.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Johnson. Page 318.

<sup>2</sup> The pretty Fanny Macartney. — Walpole's *Memoirs*.

## WILLIAM SHENSTONE. 1714—1763.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,  
 Where'er his stages may have been,  
 May sigh to think he still has found  
 The warmest welcome at an inn.<sup>1</sup>

*Written on a Window of an Inn.*

So sweetly she bade me adieu,  
 I thought that she bade me return. *A Pastoral. Part i.*

I have found out a gift for my fair ;  
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed.  
*Part ii. Hope.*

For seldom shall she hear a tale  
 So sad, so tender, and so true. *Jemmy Dawson.*

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,  
 Emblems right meet of decency does yield.  
*The Schoolmistress. Stanza 6.*

Pun-provoking thyme. *Stanza 11.*

A little bench of heedless bishops here,  
 And there a chancellor in embryo. *Stanza 28.*



## DR. SAMUEL HOWARD. ————1782.

Gentle shepherd, tell me where. *Song.*

<sup>1</sup> There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn. — Johnson, Boswell's *Life*, 1766.

Archbishop Leighton often said, that, if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn. — *Works*, Vol. i. p. 76.

## THOMAS GRAY. 1716-1771.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers.

*On a Distant Prospect of Eton College. Stanza 1.*

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!

Ah, fields beloved in vain!

Where once my careless childhood strayed,

A stranger yet to pain!

I feel the gales that from ye blow

A momentary bliss bestow.

*Stanza 2.*

They hear a voice in every wind,

And snatch a fearful joy.

*Stanza 4.*

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,

Less pleasing when possess;

The tear forgot as soon as shéd,

The sunshine of the breast.

*Stanza 5.*

Alas! regardless of their doom,

The little victims play;

No sense have they of ills to come,

Nor care beyond to-day.

*Stanza 6.*

Ah, tell them they are men!

*Ibid.*

And moody madness laughing wild

Amid severest woe.

*Stanza 8.*

To each his sufferings; all are men,

Condemned alike to groan,—

The tender for another's pain,

The unfeeling for his own.

Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,

Since sorrow never comes too late,

And happiness too swiftly flies?  
 Thought would destroy their paradise.  
 No more; — where ignorance is bliss,  
 'T is folly to be wise.<sup>1</sup>

*On a Distant Prospect of Eton College. Stanza 10.*

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,  
 Thou tamer of the human breast,  
 Whose iron scourge and torturing hour  
 The bad affright, afflict the best! *Hymn to Adversity.*

From Helicon's harmonious springs  
 A thousand rills their mazy progress take.

*The Progress of Poesy. I. 1, Line 3.*

Glance their many-twinkling feet. *I. 3, Line 11.*

O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move  
 The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.  
*Line 16.*

Her track, where'er the goddess roves,  
 Glory pursue, and generous shame,  
 The unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame.<sup>2</sup>  
*II. 2, Line 10.*

Ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.  
*III. 1, Line 12.*

He passed the flaming bounds of place and time:  
 The living throne, the sapphire blaze,  
 Where angels tremble while they gaze,  
 He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,  
 Closed his eyes in endless night. *III. 2, Line 4.*

Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,  
 Scatters from her pictured urn  
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.<sup>3</sup>  
*III. 3, Line 2.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Prior, *To the Hon. Charles Montague.* Page 241.

He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow. — *Eccl. i. 18.*

<sup>2</sup> Unconquerable mind. — Wordsworth, *To Toussaint L' Ouverture.*

<sup>3</sup> Compare Cowley, *The Prophet.* Page 174.

Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,  
 Beneath the Good how far, — but far above the Great.  
*The Progress of Poesy.* III. 3, *Line 16.*

Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!

Confusion on thy banners wait!

Though fanned by Conquest's crimson wing,

They mock the air with idle state.

*The Bard.* I. 1, *Line 1.*

Loose his beard, and hoary hair

Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air.<sup>1</sup> I. 2, *Line 5.*

To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

*Line 14.*

Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes;

Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.<sup>2</sup>

I. 3, *Line 12.*

Weave the warp, and weave the woof,

The winding-sheet of Edward's race.

Give ample room, and verge enough<sup>3</sup>

The characters of hell to trace.

II. 1, *Line 1.*

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,

While proudly riding o'er the azure realm

In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;

Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;

Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,

That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

II. 2, *Line 9.*

Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,

With many a foul and midnight murder fed. *Line 11.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Cowley,  *Davideis* . Page 174.

The imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,

Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind.

Milton,  *Paradise Lost* , Book i. *Line 536.*

<sup>2</sup> Compare Shakespeare,  *Julius Cæsar* , Act ii. *Sc. 1.* Page 85.

Also Otway,  *Venice Preserved* , Act v. *Sc. 1.* Page 237.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Dryden,  *Don Sebastian* , Act i. *Sc. 1.* Page 231.

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!  
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!

*The Bard.* III. 1, *Line* 11.

And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest. III. 3, *Line* 3.

Comus, and his midnight crew. *Ode for Music.* *Line* 2.

While bright-eyed Science watches round. *Line* 11.

The still small voice of gratitude. *Line* 64.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,<sup>1</sup>  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

*Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* *Stanza* 1.

Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep. *Stanza* 4.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn. *Stanza* 5.

Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor. *Stanza* 8.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour.  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave. *Stanza* 9.

Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.  
*Stanza* 10.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?  
*Stanza* 11.

<sup>1</sup> The first edition reads, —

The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea.

Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

*Elegy in a Country Churchyard. Stanza 12.*

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;<sup>1</sup>  
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul. *Stanza 13.*

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.<sup>2</sup> *Stanza 14.*

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.  
*Stanza 15.*

The applause of listening senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes. *Stanza 16.*

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind. *Stanza 17.*

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;  
Along the cool sequestered vale of life,  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.<sup>3</sup> *Stanza 19.*

Implores the passing tribute of a sigh. *Stanza 20.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Sir Thomas Browne, *Relig. Med.* Page 177.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Young, *Love of Fame, Satire v. Line 228.* Page 266.  
Nor waste their sweetness in the desert air.

Churchill, *Gotham, Book ii. Line 20.*

<sup>3</sup> Usually quoted "even tenor of their way."

And many a holy text around she strews,  
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.  
*Elegy in a Country Churchyard. Stanza 21.*

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,  
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
 Nor cast one longing lingering look behind? *Stanza 22.*

E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,  
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.<sup>1</sup> *Stanza 23.*

Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,  
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn. *Stanza 25.*

One morn I missed him on the custom'd hill,  
 Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;  
 Another came; nor yet beside the rill,  
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he. *Stanza 28.*

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,  
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown:  
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,  
 And Melancholy marked him for her own.<sup>2</sup> *The Epitaph.*

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send:  
 He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,  
 He gained from heaven ('t was all he wished) a friend.  
*Ibid.*

No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose.)  
 The bosom of his Father and his God. *Ibid.*

Iron sleet of arrowy shower  
 Hurtles in the darkened air. *The Fatal Sisters. Line 3.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Chaucer, *The Reves Prologue*. Page 3.

<sup>2</sup> But God, who is able to prevail, wrestled with him; marked him for his own. — Walton, *Life of Donne*.



And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

*Sonnet. On the Death of Mr. West.*

The hues of bliss more brightly glow,  
Chastised by sabler tints of woe.

*Ode on the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude. Line 45.*

The meanest floweret of the vale,  
The simplest note that swells the gale,  
The common sun, the air, the skies,  
To him are opening paradise.

*Line 53.*

And hie him home, at evening's close,  
To sweet repast and calm repose.

*Line 87.*

From toil he wins his spirits light,  
From busy day the peaceful night;  
Rich, from the very want of wealth,  
In heaven's best treasures, peace and health.

*Line 93.*

The social smile, the sympathetic tear.

*Education and Government.*

When love could teach a monarch to be wise,  
And Gospel-light first dawned from Bullen's eyes.<sup>1</sup>

Rich windows that exclude the light,

And passages that lead to nothing. *A Long Story.*

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune;  
He had not the method of making a fortune.

*On his own Character.*

A favorite has no friend. *On the Death of a Favorite Cat.*

Now as the Paradisiacal pleasures of the Mahometans consist in playing upon the flute and lying with Houris, be mine to read eternal new romances of Mari-vaux and Crebillon. *To Mr. West. Letter iv. Third Series.*

<sup>1</sup> This was intended to be introduced in the *Alliance of Education and Government*. — Mason's edition of Gray, Vol. iii. p. 114.

## DAVID GARRICK. 1716–1779.

Corrupted freemen are the worst of slaves.

*Prologue to the Gamesters.*

Their cause I plead, — plead it in heart and mind ;  
A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind.<sup>1</sup>

*Prologue on Quitting the Stage in 1776.*

Prologues like compliments are loss of time ;  
'T is penning bows and making legs in rhyme.

*Prologue to Crisp's Tragedy of Virginia.*

Let others hail the rising sun :

I bow to that whose course is run.<sup>2</sup>

*On the Death of Mr. Pelham.*

This scholar, rake, Christian, dupe, gamester, and poet.

*Jupiter and Mercury.*

Hearts of oak are our ships,

Hearts of oak are our men.<sup>3</sup>

*Hearts of Oak.*



## JAMES MERRICK. 1720–1769.

Not what we wish, but what we want.

*Hymn.*

Oft has it been my lot to mark

A proud, conceited, talking spark.

*The Chameleon.*

<sup>1</sup> I would help others, out of a fellow-feeling. — Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy: Democritus to the Reader.*

Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.

Virgil, *Æneid*, Lib. i. 630.

<sup>2</sup> Pompey . . . . bade Sylla recollect that more worshipped the rising than the setting sun. — Dryden's *Plutarch*, Clough's ed., iv. 66, *Life of Pompey.*

<sup>3</sup> Our ships were British oak,

And hearts of oak our men. — S. J. Arnold, *Death of Nelson.*

## JOHN BROWN. 1715–1766.

Now let us thank the Eternal Power : convinced  
That Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction, —  
That oft the cloud which wraps the present hour  
Serves but to brighten all our future days.

*Barbarossa. Act v. Sc. 3.*

And coxcombs vanquish Berkeley by a grin.

*An Essay on Satire, occasioned by the Death of Mr. Pope.<sup>1</sup>*



## THOMAS GIBBONS. 1720–1785.

That man may last, but never lives,  
Who much receives but nothing gives ;  
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,  
Creation's blot, creation's blank. *When Jesus dwelt.*



## SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE. 1723–1780.

The royal navy of England hath ever been its greatest defence and ornament ; it is its ancient and natural strength, — the floating bulwark of our island.

*Commentaries. Vol. i. Book i. Ch. xiii. § 418.*

Time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. *Ch. xviii. § 472.*

<sup>1</sup> Anderson's *British Poets*, Vol. x. p. 879. See note in *Contemporary Review*, September, 1867, p. 4.

## MARK AKENSIDE. 1721–1770.

Such and so various are the tastes of men.

*Pleasures of the Imagination. Book iii. Line 567.*

Than Timoleon's arms require,  
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.

*Ode. On a Sermon against Glory. Stanza ii.*

The man forget not, though in rags he lies,  
And know the mortal through a crown's disguise.

*Epistle to Curio.*

Seeks painted trifles and fantastic toys,  
And eagerly pursues imaginary joys.

*The Virtuoso. Stanza x.*



## HORACE WALPOLE. 1717–1797.

Harry Vane, Pulteney's toad-eater.

*Letter to Sir Horace Mann, 1742.*

The world is a comedy to those that think, a tragedy  
to those who feel.

*Ibid., 1770.*

A careless song, with a little nonsense in it now and  
then, does not misbecome a monarch.<sup>1</sup>

*Ibid., 1774.*

The whole nation hitherto has been void of wit and  
humour, and even incapable of relishing it.<sup>2</sup>

*Ibid., 1778.*

<sup>1</sup> A little nonsense now and then

Is relished by the wisest men. — *Anon.*

<sup>2</sup> It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding. — Sydney Smith, Lady Holland's *Memoir*, Vol. i. p. 15.

## RICHARD HURD. 1720–1808.

In this awfully stupendous manner, at which Reason stands aghast, and Faith herself is half confounded, was the grace of God to man at length manifested.

*Sermons. Vol. ii. p. 287.*



## JAMES FORDYCE. 1720–1796.

Henceforth the majesty of God revere ;  
Fear Him, and you have nothing else to fear.<sup>1</sup>

*Answer to a Gentleman who apologized to the Author for Swearing.*



## JOHN HOME. 1724–1808.

In the first days  
Of my distracting grief, I found myself  
As women wish to be who love their lords.  
*Douglas. Act i. Sc. 1.*  
My name is Norval ; on the Grampian hills  
My father feeds his flocks ; a frugal swain,  
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,  
And keep his only son, myself, at home. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*  
Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

<sup>1</sup> Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte.

Racine (1639–1699), *Athalie*, Act i. Sc. 1.

From Piety, whose soul sincere  
Fears God, and knows no other fear.

W. Smyth, *Ode for the Installation of the Duke of  
Gloucester as Chancellor of Cambridge.*

## WILLIAM COLLINS. 1720-1756.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,  
By all their country's wishes blessed! *Ode in 1746.*

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;  
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;  
And Freedom shall awhile repair,  
To dwell a weeping hermit there. *Ibid.*

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,  
While yet in early Greece she sung. *The Passions. Line 1.*

Filled with fury, rapt, inspired. *Line 10.*

'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild. *Line 28.*

In notes by distance made more sweet. *Line 60.*

In hollow murmurs died away. *Line 68.*

O Music! sphere-descended maid,  
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid! *Line 95.*

Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell ;  
'T is virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.  
*Eclogue 1. Line 5.*

Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part ;  
Nature in him was almost lost in Art.  
*To Sir Thomas Hanmer on his Edition of Shakespeare.*

In yonder grave a Druid lies.  
*Ode on the Death of Thomson.*

## GEORGE A. STEVENS. 1720–1784.

Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer !

List, ye landsmen, all to me ;

Messmates, hear a brother sailor

Sing the dangers of the sea.

*The Storm.*



## SAMUEL FOOTE. 1720–1777.

He made him a hut, wherein he did put

The carcass of Robinson Crusoe.

O poor Robinson Crusoe !

*The Mayor of Garratt. Act i. Sc. 1.*



## TOBIAS SMOLLETT. 1721–1771.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share ;

Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,

Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,

Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.

*Ode to Independence.*

Thy fatal shafts unerring move,

I bow before thine altar, Love ! *Roderick Random. Ch. xi.*

Facts are stubborn things.<sup>1</sup>

*Translation of Gil Blas. Book x. Ch. 1.*

<sup>1</sup> Facts are stubborn things.

Elliot (1747), *Essay on Field Husbandry*, p. 35.

## OLIVER GOLDSMITH. 1728-1774.

- Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,  
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po.  
*The Traveller. Line 1.*
- Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,  
My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee;  
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,  
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain. *Line 7.*
- And learn the luxury of doing good.<sup>1</sup> *Line 22.*
- Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view.  
*Line 26.*
- These little things are great to little man. *Line 42.*
- Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine! *Line 50.*
- Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,  
His first, best country, ever is at home. *Line 73.*
- Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,  
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.  
*Line 91.*
- Man seems the only growth that dwindles here. *Line 126.*
- By sports like these are all their cares beguiled;  
The sports of children satisfy the child. *Line 153.*
- But winter lingering chills the lap of May. *Line 172.*
- Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,  
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes. *Line 185.*

<sup>1</sup> For all their luxury was doing good.

Garth, *Claremont*, *Line 149*; Crabbe, *Tales of the Hall*,  
*Book iii.*; Graves, *The Epicure*.



So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,  
But bind him to his native mountains more.

*The Traveller. Line 217.*

Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days  
Have led their children through the mirthful maze.  
And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,  
Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore. *Line 251.*

Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies.  
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,  
Where the broad ocean leans against the land. *Line 282.*

Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,  
I see the lords of humankind pass by.<sup>1</sup> *Line 327.*

The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms. *Line 356.*

For just experience tells, in every soil,  
That those that think must govern those that toil.  
*Line 372.*

Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law.  
*Line 386.*

Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,  
To traverse climes beyond the western main;  
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,  
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound. *Line 409.*

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find  
That bliss which only centres in the mind. *Line 423.*

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain.  
*The Deserted Village. Line 1.*

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,  
For talking age and whispering lovers made. *Line 13.*

The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love. *Line 29.*

<sup>1</sup> Lord of humankind.

Dryden, *The Spanish Friar, Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.  
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade,  
 A breath can make them as a breath has made;<sup>1</sup>  
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
 When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

*The Deserted Village.* Line 51.

His best companions, innocence and health,  
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth. Line 61.

How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,  
 A youth of labour with an age of ease! Line 99.

While Resignation gently slopes away, —  
 And, all his prospects brightening to the last,  
 His Heaven commences ere the world be past. Line 110.

The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,  
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind. Line 121.

A man he was to all the country dear,  
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year. Line 141.

Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,  
 Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won. Line 157.

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
 His pity gave ere charity began.  
 Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
 And even his failings leaned to Virtue's side. Line 161.

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries  
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
 He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,  
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way. Line 167.

<sup>1</sup> C'est un verre qui luit,

Qu'un souffle peut détruire, et qu'un souffle a produit.

De Caux (comparing the world to his hour-glass).

See Pope, *Satires and Epistles of Horace*, Book ii. Ep. i.

Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.

*The Deserted Village. Line 179.*

Even children followed with endearing wile,  
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.

*Line 183.*

As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

*Line 189.*

Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace  
The day's disasters in his morning face ;  
Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;  
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,  
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned :  
Yet was he kind, or, if severe in aught,  
The love he bore to learning was in fault.

*Line 199.*

In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,  
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still ;  
While words of learned length and thundering sound  
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;  
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew  
That one small head could carry all he knew.

*Line 211.*

The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,  
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door,  
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,  
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day.

*Line 227.*

To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.

*Line 253.*

And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,  
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

*Line 263.*

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,  
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.

*The Deserted Village. Line 329.*

Through torrid tracks with fainting steps they go,  
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe. *Line 344.*

In all the silent manliness of grief. *Line 384.*

O Luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree. *Line 385.*

Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,  
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so.  
*Line 413.*

Who mixed reason with pleasure, and wisdom with  
mirth. *Retaliation. Line 24.*

Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,  
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind:  
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his  
throat,

To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote.

Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,  
And thought of convincing, while they thought of  
dining:

Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;  
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit. *Line 31.*

His conduct still right, with his argument wrong.  
*Line 46.*

A flattering painter, who made it his care  
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.  
*Line 63.*

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,  
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man. *Line 93.*

As a wit, if not first, in the very first line. *Line 96.*

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting ;  
'T was only that when he was off he was acting.

*Retaliation. Line 101.*

He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,  
For he knew, when he pleased, he could whistle them  
back.

*Line 107.*

Who peppered the highest was surest to please.

*Line 112.*

When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and  
stuff,

He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

*Line 145.*

Taught by that Power that pities me,

I learn to pity them.

*The Hermit. Stanza 6.*

Man wants but little here below,

Nor wants that little long.<sup>1</sup>

*Stanza 8.*

And what is friendship but a name,

A charm that lulls to sleep,

A shade that follows wealth or fame.

And leaves the wretch to weep ?

*Stanza 19.*

The sigh that rends thy constant heart

Shall break thy Edwin's too.

*Stanza ult.*

A kind and gentle heart he had,

To comfort friends and foes ;

The naked every day he clad

When he put on his clothes.

*Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.*

And in that town a dog was found,

As many dogs there be.

Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound.

And curs of low degree.

*Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Young, *Night Thoughts*, iv. Page 264.

The dog, to gain his private ends,  
Went mad, and bit the man.

*Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.*

The man recovered of the bite,  
The dog it was that died.<sup>1</sup>

*Ibid.*

They would talk of nothing but high life, and high-lived company, with other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses.

*Vicar of Wakefield. Ch. ix.*

When lovely woman stoops to folly,  
And finds too late that men betray,  
What charm can soothe her melancholy?  
What art can wash her guilt away?

*Ibid. On Woman, Ch. xxiv.*

The only art her guilt to cover,  
To hide her shame from every eye,  
To give repentance to her lover,  
And wring his bosom, is — to die.

*Ibid.*

As aromatic plants bestow  
No spicy fragrance while they grow ;  
But crushed, or trodden to the ground,  
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.<sup>2</sup> *The Captivity. Act i.*

The wretch condemned with life to part,  
Still, still on hope relies ;  
And every pang that rends the heart  
Bids expectation rise.

*Act ii. (orig. MS.)*

<sup>1</sup> While Fell was reposing himself in the hay,  
A reptile concealed bit his leg as he lay ;  
But, all venom himself, of the wound he made light,  
And got well, while the scorpion died of the bite.

*Lessing's Paraphrase of a Greek Epigram by Demodocus.*

<sup>2</sup> Compare Bacon, *Of Adversity.* Page 137.

Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,  
 Adorns and cheers the way ;  
 And still, as darker grows the light,  
 Emits a brighter ray. *The Captivity. Act ii. (orig. MS.)*

Good people all, with one accord,  
 Lament for Madam Blaize,  
 Who never wanted a good word—  
 From those who spoke her praise.

*Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blaize.*<sup>1</sup>

The king himself has followed her  
 When she has walked before. *Ibid.*

For he who fights and runs away  
 May live to fight another day ;  
 But he who is in battle slain  
 Can never rise and fight again.<sup>2</sup>

*The Art of Poetry on a New Plan (1761). Vol. ii. p. 147.*

<sup>1</sup> Written in imitation of *Chanson sur le fameux La Palisse*, which is attributed to Bernard de la Monnoye.

On dit que dans ses amours  
 Il fut caressé des belles,  
 Qui le suivirent toujours,  
 Tant qu'il marcha devant elles,

<sup>2</sup> He that fights and runs away  
 May turn and fight another day ;  
 But he that is in battle slain  
 Will never rise to fight again.

Ray's *History of the Rebellion* (Bristol, 1752), p. 48.

That same man, that runnith awaie,  
 Maie again fight an other daie.

Erasmus, *Apothegms* (1542), translated by Udall.

For those that fly may fight again,  
 Which he can never do that 's slain.

Butler, *Hudibras*, Part iii. Canto 3.

Sed omissis quidem divinis exhortationibus illum magis Græcum versiculum secularis sententiæ sibi adhibent. *Qui fugiebat, rursus præliabitur*: ut et rursus forsitan fugiat.—Tertullian, *De Fuga in Persecutione*, c. 10.

The corresponding Greek, Ἄνθρωπος ὁ φεύγων καὶ πάλιν μαχήσεται,

Such dainties to them, their health it might hurt ;  
It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.<sup>1</sup>

*The Haunch of Venison.*

This same philosophy is a good horse in the stable,  
but an arrant jade on a journey.<sup>2</sup>

*The Good-Natured Man. Act i.*

Measures, not men, have always been my mark.<sup>3</sup> *Act ii.*

The very pink of perfection. *She Stoops to Conquer. Act i.*

The genteel thing. *Ibid.*

A concatenation accordingly. *Ibid.*

I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon. *Ibid.*

I love everything that's old : old friends, old times,  
old manners, old books, old wine.<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*

Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs. *Act iii.*

One writer, for instance, excels at a plan or a title-  
page, another works away the body of the book, and a  
third is a dab at an index. *The Bee. No. i., Oct. 6, 1759.*

The true use of speech is not so much to express our  
wants as to conceal them.<sup>5</sup> *No. iii., Oct. 20, 1759.*

is ascribed to Menander. See *Fragments* (appended to Aristophanes  
in Didot's *Bib. Græca*), p. 91.

Qui fuit, peut revenir aussi ;

Qui meurt, il n'en est pas ainsi. — Scarron (1610–1660).

Celui qui fuit de bonne heure

Peut combattre derechef. — From the *Satyre Menippée* (1594).

<sup>1</sup> To treat a poor wretch with a bottle of Burgundy, and fill his  
snuff-box, is like giving a pair of laced ruffles to a man that has  
never a shirt on his back. — Tom Brown, *Laconics*.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Rochefoucauld. Page 575.

<sup>3</sup> Of this stamp is the cant of *Not men, but measures*.

Burke, *Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents*.

<sup>4</sup> See *Appendix*, p. 630.

<sup>5</sup> Compare Young. Page 266.



## LORD JOHN MANNERS. 1721-1770.

Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,  
But leave us still our old nobility.

*England's Trust. Part iii. Line 227.*



## JAMES WOLFE. 1726-1759.

There is such a choice of difficulties that I am myself at a loss how to determine.

*Despatch to Pitt, Sept. 2, 1759.*



## BEILBY PORTEUS. 1731-1808.

In sober state,  
Through the sequestered vale of rural life,  
The venerable patriarch guileless held  
The tenor of his way.<sup>1</sup>

*Death. Line 108.*

One murder made a villain,  
Millions a hero. Princes were privileged  
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.<sup>2</sup>

*Line 154.*

War its thousands slays, Peace its ten thousands.

*Line 178.*

Teach him how to live,  
And, O still harder lesson! how to die.<sup>3</sup>

*Line 316.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Gray. Page 329.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Young, *Satire* vii. Page 267.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Tickell, *On the Death of Addison*. Page 293.

## EDMUND BURKE. 1729-1797.

The writers against religion, whilst they oppose every system, are wisely careful never to set up any of their own.

*A Vindication of Natural Society.*<sup>1</sup> *Preface, Vol. i. p. 7.*

“War,” says Machiavel, “ought to be the only study of a prince”; and by a prince he means every sort of state, however constituted. “He ought,” says this great political Doctor, “to consider peace only as a breathing-time, which gives him leisure to contrive, and furnishes ability to execute, military plans.” A meditation on the conduct of political societies made old Hobbes imagine that war was the state of nature.

*A Vindication of Natural Society. Vol. i. p. 15.*

There is, however, a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue.

*Observations on a Late Publication on the Present State of the Nation. Vol. i. p. 273.*

Illustrious predecessor.

*Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents. Vol. i. p. 456.*

When bad men combine, the good must associate; else they will fall, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice, in a contemptible struggle.

*Vol. i. p. 526.*

Fiction lags after truth, invention is unfruitful, and imagination cold and barren.

*Vol. ii. p. 116.*

A people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood.

*Speech on Conciliation with America. Vol. ii. p. 117.*

<sup>1</sup> Boston ed. 1865-1867.

A wise and salutary neglect.

*Speech on Conciliation with America.* Vol. ii. p. 117.

My vigour relents, — I pardon something to the spirit of liberty.

*Vol. ii. p. 118.*

The religion most prevalent in our northern colonies is a refinement on the principles of resistance: it is the dissidence of dissent, and the protestantism of the Protestant religion.

*Vol. ii. p. 123.*

I freely confess.

*Vol. ii. p. 132.*

The march of the human mind is slow.

*Vol. ii. p. 149.*

All government, indeed every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue and every prudent act, is founded on compromise and barter.

*Vol. ii. p. 169.*

The worthy gentleman who has been snatched from us at the moment of the election, and in the middle of the contest, whilst his desires were as warm and his hopes as eager as ours, has feelingly told us what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.

*Speech at Bristol on Declining the Poll.* Vol. ii. p. 429.

They made and recorded a sort of institute and digest of anarchy, called the Rights of Man.

*On the Army Estimates.* Vol. iii. p. 221.

You had that action and counteraction, which, in the natural and in the political world, from the reciprocal struggle of discordant powers draws out the harmony of the universe.<sup>1</sup>

*Reflections on the Revolution in France.* Vol. iii. p. 277.

<sup>1</sup> Quid velit et possit rerum concordia discors.

Horace, *Epist.* i. 12, 19.

Mr. Breen, in his *Modern English Literature*, says: "This remarkable thought, Alison, the historian, has turned to good ac-

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. . . . Little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded.

*Reflections on the Revolution in France.* Vol. iii. p. 331.

The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone. *Ibid.*

That chastity of honour which felt a stain like a wound. *Vol. iii. p. 332.*

Vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness. *Ibid.*

Kings will be tyrants from policy, when subjects are rebels from principle. *Vol. iii. p. 334.*

Learning will be cast into the mire, and trodden down under the hoofs of a swinish multitude.<sup>1</sup> *Vol. iii. p. 335.*

count; it occurs so often in his disquisitions, that he seems to have made it the staple of all wisdom and the basis of every truth."

<sup>1</sup> This expression was tortured to mean that he actually thought the people no better than swine, and the phrase "the swinish multitude" was bruited about in every form of speech and writing, in order to excite popular indignation.

Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle, reposed beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field, — that, of course, they are many in number, — or that, after all, they are other than the little, shrivelled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome insects of the hour.

*Reflections on the Revolution in France.* Vol. iii. p. 344.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.

*Vol. iii. p. 453.*

The cold neutrality of an impartial judge.

*Preface to Brissot's Address.* Vol. v. p. 67.

And having looked to government for bread, on the very first scarcity they will turn and bite the hand that fed them.<sup>1</sup>

*Thoughts and Details on Scarcity.* Vol. v. p. 156.

All men that are ruined are ruined on the side of their natural propensities.

*Letter i. On a Regicide Peace.* Vol. v. p. 286.

All those instances to be found in history, whether real or fabulous, of a doubtful public spirit, at which morality is perplexed, reason is staggered, and from which affrighted Nature recoils, are their chosen and almost sole examples for the instruction of their youth.

*Vol. v. p. 311.*

Early and provident fear is the mother of safety.

*Speech on the Petition of the Unitarians.* Vol. vii. p. 50.

<sup>1</sup> We set ourselves to bite the hand that feeds us.

*Cause of the Present Discontents,* Vol. i. p. 439.

The people never give up their liberties but under some delusion. *Speech at County Meeting of Bucks, 1784.*

Wisdom of our ancestors.<sup>1</sup>

*Discussion on the Traitorous Correspondence Bill, 1793.*

I am convinced that we have a degree of delight, and that no small one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others.<sup>2</sup>

*The Sublime and Beautiful.*

I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country churchyard, than in the tomb of the Capulets.<sup>3</sup>

*Letter to Matthew Smith.*

It has all the contortions of the sibyl, without the inspiration.<sup>4</sup>

*From Prior's Life of Burke.*<sup>5</sup>

He was not merely a chip of the old block, but the old block itself.<sup>6</sup>

*On Pitt's first Speech, Feb. 26, 1781. From Wraxall's Memoirs, First Series, Vol. i. p. 342.*

<sup>1</sup> Lord Brougham says of Bacon, "He it was who first employed the well-known phrase of 'the wisdom of our ancestors.'" See Sydney Smith, *Plymley's Letters*, v.; Lord Eldon on *Sir Samuel Romilly's Bill*, 1815; Cicero *de Legibus*, ii. 2. 3.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Rochefoucauld. Page 575.

<sup>3</sup> Family vault of "all the Capulets." — *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, Vol. iii. p. 349.

<sup>4</sup> When Croft's *Life of Dr. Young* was spoken of as a good imitation of Dr. Johnson's style, "No, no," said he, "it is not a good imitation of Johnson; it has all his pomp, without his force; it has all the nodosities of the oak, without its strength; it has all the contortions of the sibyl, without the inspiration." — *Prior's Life of Burke*.

The gloomy comparisons of a disturbed imagination, the melancholy madness of poetry, without the inspiration. — Junius, *Letter No. viii., To Sir W. Draper*.

<sup>5</sup> At the conclusion of one of Mr. Burke's eloquent harangues, Mr. Cruger, finding nothing to add, or perhaps, as he thought, to add with effect, exclaimed earnestly, in the language of the counting-house, "I say ditto to Mr. Burke, I say ditto to Mr. Burke." — *Prior's Life of Burke*, p. 152.

<sup>6</sup> See *Appendix*, p. 638.

## CHARLES CHURCHILL. 1731-1764.

He mouths a sentence, as curs mouth a bone.

*The Rosciad. Line 322.*

But, spite of all the criticising elves,

Those who would make us feel — must feel them-  
selves.<sup>1</sup>

*Line 961.*

Who to patch up his fame, or fill his purse,  
Still pilfers wretched plans, and makes them worse ;  
Like gypsies, lest the stolen brat be known,  
Defacing first, then claiming for his own.<sup>2</sup>

*The Apology. Line 233.*

With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,  
Preys on herself, and is destroyed by thought.

*Epistle to William Hogarth.*

Nor waste their sweetness in the desert air.<sup>3</sup>

*Gotham. Book ii. Line 20.*

Apt alliteration's artful aid.

*The Prophecy of Famine. Line 233.*

There webs were spread of more than common size,  
And half-starved spiders preyed on half-starved flies.

*Line 327.*

Men the most infamous are fond of fame,  
And those who fear not guilt, yet start at shame.

*The Author. Line 86.*

Be England what she will,

With all her faults she is my country still.<sup>4</sup>

*The Farewell. Line 27.*

<sup>1</sup> Si vis me flere, dolendum est

Primum ipsi tibi. — Horace, *Ars Poetica*, v. 102.

<sup>2</sup> Steal! to be sure they may, and, egad! serve your best thoughts  
as gypsies do stolen children, — disguise them to make 'em pass for  
their own. — Sheridan, *The Critic*, Act i. Sc. 1.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Gray. Page 329.

<sup>4</sup> England, with all thy faults I love thee still.

Cowper, *The Task*, Book ii. Line 206.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF. *Circa* 1735–1787.

Hope! thou nurse of young desire.

*Love in a Village. Act i. Sc. 1.*

There was a jolly miller once,

Lived on the river Dee;

He worked and sung from morn till night:

No lark more blithe than he.

*Act i. Sc. 2.*

And this the burthen of his song

For ever used to be: —

I care for nobody, no, not I,

If no one cares for me.<sup>1</sup>

*Ibid.*

Young fellows will be young fellows.

*Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Ay, do despise me. I'm the prouder for it; I like  
to be despised.

*The Hypocrite. Act v. Sc. 1.*



## RICHARD GIFFORD. 1725–1807.

Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound,

She feels no biting pang the while she sings;

Nor, as she turns the giddy wheel around,<sup>2</sup>

Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things.<sup>3</sup> *Contemplation.*

<sup>1</sup> If naebody care for me,

I'll care for naebody. — Burns, *I hae a Wife o' my Ain.*

<sup>2</sup> All at her work the village maiden sings,

Nor, while she turns the giddy wheel around.

Altered by Johnson.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Sterne. Page 322.



## EDWARD GIBBON. 1737-1794.

History, which is, indeed, little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind.<sup>1</sup>

*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* (1776). *Ch.* iii.

Revenge is profitable, gratitude is expensive. *Ch.* xi.

Amiable weaknesses of human nature.<sup>2</sup> *Ch.* xiv.

In every deed of mischief he had a heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute.<sup>3</sup> *Ch.* xlvi.

Our sympathy is cold to the relation of distant misery. *Ch.* xlix.

The winds and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators. *Ch.* lxviii.

Vicissitudes of fortune, which spares neither man nor the proudest of his works, which buries empires and cities in a common grave. *Ch.* lxxi.

All that is human must retrograde if it do not advance. *Ibid.*

On the approach of spring, I withdraw without reluctance from the noisy and extensive scene of crowds without company, and dissipation without pleasure.

*Memoir.* *Vol.* i. p. 116.

I was never less alone than when by myself.<sup>4</sup>

*Vol.* i. p. 117.

<sup>1</sup> L'histoire n'est que le tableau des crimes et des malheurs.

Voltaire, *L'Ingénu* (1767), *Ch.* x.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Fielding. Page 308.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Clarendon. Page 168.

<sup>4</sup> Never less alone than when alone. — Rogers, *Human Life*.

## WILLIAM COWPER. 1731-1800.

Is base in kind, and born to be a slave.

*Table Talk. Line 28.*

As if the world and they were hand and glove. *Line 173.*

Happiness depends, as Nature shows,  
Less on exterior things than most suppose. *Line 246.*

No. Freedom has a thousand charms to show,  
That slaves, howe'er contented, never know. *Line 260.*

Ages elapsed ere Homer's lamp appeared,  
And ages ere the Mantuan swan was heard :  
To carry nature lengths unknown before,  
To give a Milton birth, asked ages more. *Line 556.*

Elegant as simplicity, and warm  
As ecstasy. *Line 588.*

Low ambition and the thirst of praise. *Line 591.*

Nature, exerting an unwearied power,  
Forms, opens, and gives scent to every flower ;  
Spreads the fresh verdure of the field, and leads  
The dancing Naiads through the dewy meads. *Line 690.*

How much a dunce that has been sent to roam  
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home.  
*The Progress of Error. Line 415.*

Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true,  
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew.  
*Truth. Line 327.*

The sounding jargon of the schools.<sup>1</sup> *Line 367.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Prior. Page 241.

A fool must now and then be right by chance.  
*Conversation. Line 96.*

He would not, with a peremptory tone,  
 Assert the nose upon his face his own. *Line 121.*

A moral, sensible, and well-bred man  
 Will not affront me, and no other can *Line 193.*

Pernicious weed! whose scent the fair annoys,  
 Unfriendly to society's chief joys,  
 Thy worst effect is banishing for hours  
 The sex whose presence civilizes ours. *Line 251.*

I cannot talk with civet in the room,  
 A fine puss-gentleman that's all perfume. *Line 283.*

The solemn fop; significant and budge;  
 A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge.<sup>1</sup> *Line 299.*

His wit invites you by his looks to come,  
 But when you knock it never is at home.<sup>2</sup> *Line 203.*

Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,  
 Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.<sup>3</sup> *Line 357.*

That good diffused may more abundant grow. *Line 443.*

Absence of occupation is not rest,  
 A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.  
*Retirement. Line 623.*

An idler is a watch that wants both hands,  
 As useless if it goes as if it stands. *Line 681.*

Built God a church, and laughed his word to scorn.  
*Line 688.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Johnson. Page 315.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Pope, *Epigram*. Page 290.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Butler, *Hudibras*, *Part ii. Canto i.* Page 218.

The story of the lamp which was supposed to have burned about 1,550 years in the sepulchre of Tullia, the daughter of Cicero, is told by Pancirollus and others.

Philologists, who chase  
 A panting syllable through time and space,  
 Start it at home, and hunt it in the dark,  
 To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's ark.

*Retirement. Line 691.*

I praise the Frenchman,<sup>1</sup> his remark was shrewd,  
 How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude!  
 But grant me still a friend in my retreat,  
 Whom I may whisper, solitude is sweet.

*Line 739.*

A kick that scarce would move a horse  
 May kill a sound divine.

*The Yearly Distress.*

I am monarch of all I survey,  
 My right there is none to dispute.

*Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk.*

O Solitude! where are the charms  
 That sages have seen in thy face?

*Ibid.*

But the sound of the church-going bell  
 These valleys and rocks never heard,  
 Ne'er sighed at the sound of a knell,  
 Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

*Ibid.*

How fleet is a glance of the mind!  
 Compared with the speed of its flight,  
 The tempest itself lags behind,  
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.

*Ibid.*

There goes the parson, O illustrious spark!  
 And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk.

*On observing some Names of Little Note.*

But oars alone can ne'er prevail  
 To reach the distant coast;  
 The breath of heaven must swell the sail,  
 Or all the toil is lost.

*Human Frailty.*

<sup>1</sup> La Bruyère.

And the tear that is wiped with a little address,  
 May be followed perhaps by a smile. *The Rose.*

'T is Providence alone secures  
 In every change both mine and yours. *A Fable. Moral.*

I shall not ask Jean Jaques Rousseau  
 If birds confabulate or no. *Pairing Time Anticipated.*

Misses! the tale that I relate  
 This lesson seems to carry, —  
 Choose not alone a proper mate,  
 But proper time to marry. *Ibid.*

That, though on pleasure she was bent,  
 She had a frugal mind. *History of John Gilpin.*

A hat not much the worse for wear. *Ibid.*

Now let us sing, Long live the king,  
 And Gilpin long live he ;  
 And when he next doth ride abroad,  
 May I be there to see ! *Ibid.*

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,  
 Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.  
*To an Afflicted Protestant Lady.*

United yet divided, twain at once.  
 So sit two kings of Brentford on one throne.<sup>1</sup>  
*The Task. Book i. The Sofa. Line 77.*

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,  
 Exhilarate the spirit, and restore  
 The tone of languid nature. *Line 181.*

The earth was made so various, that the mind  
 Of desultory man, studious of change,  
 And pleased with novelty, might be indulged. *Line 506.*

<sup>1</sup> *Two Kings of Brentford*, from Buckingham's play of *The Rehearsal*.

His head,  
 Not yet by time completely silvered o'er,  
 Bespoke him past the bounds of freakish youth,  
 But strong for service still, and unimpaired.

*The Task. Book i. The Sofa. Line 702.*

God made the country, and man made the town.<sup>1</sup>

*Line 749.*

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,<sup>2</sup>  
 Some boundless contiguity of shade,  
 Where rumour of oppression and deceit,  
 Of unsuccessful or successful war,  
 Might never reach me more.

*Book ii. The Timepiece. Line 1.*

Mountains interposed  
 Make enemies of nations who had else,  
 Like kindred drops, been mingled into one. *Line 17.*

I would not have a slave to till my ground,  
 To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,  
 And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth  
 That sinews bought and sold have ever earned. *Line 29.*

Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs  
 Receive our air, that moment they are free;  
 They touch our country and their shackles fall.<sup>3</sup> *Line 40.*

Fast-anchored isle. *Line 151.*

England, with all thy faults I love thee still,  
 My country!<sup>4</sup> *Line 206.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Bacon, *Essays, Of Gardens.* Page 138.

<sup>2</sup> Oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place of wayfaring men! — *Jeremiah ix. 2.*

<sup>3</sup> Servi peregrini, ut primum Gallia fines penetraverint eodem momento liberi sunt. — Bodinus, *Liber i. c. 5.*

<sup>4</sup> Compare Churchill, *The Farewell.* Page 357.

Presume to lay their hand upon the ark  
Of her magnificent and awful cause.

*The Task. Book ii. The Timepiece. Line 231.*

Praise enough

To fill the ambition of a private man,  
That Chatham's language was his mother tongue.

*Line 235.*

There is a pleasure in poetic pains  
Which only poets know.<sup>1</sup>

*Line 285.*

Transforms old print

To zigzag manuscript, and cheats the eyes  
Of gallery critics by a thousand arts.

*Line 363.*

Reading what they never wrote,  
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,  
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene.

*Line 411.*

Whoe'er was edified, themselves were not.

*Line 444.*

Variety 's the very spice of life,  
That gives it all its flavour.

*Line 606.*

She that asks

Her dear five hundred friends.

*Line 642.*

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss  
Of Paradise that has survived the fall!

*Book iii. The Garden. Line 41.*

Great contest follows, and much learned dust.

*Line 161.*

From reveries so airy, from the toil  
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,  
And growing old in drawing nothing up.

*Line 188.*

How various his employments whom the world  
Calls idle, and who justly in return  
Esteems that busy world an idler too!

*Line 352.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Dryden, *Spanish Friar*. Page 230.

Who loves a garden, loves a greenhouse too.

*The Task. Book iii. The Garden. Line 566.*

I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,  
 And give them voice and utterance once again.  
 Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,  
 Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,  
 And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn  
 Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,<sup>1</sup>  
 That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,  
 So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

*Book iv. Winter Evening. Line 34.*

Which not even critics criticise.

*Line 51.*

And Katerfelto, with his hair on end  
 At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.  
 'T is pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,  
 To peep at such a world, — to see the stir  
 Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd. *Line 86.*

While fancy, like the finger of a clock,  
 Runs the great circuit, and is still at home. *Line 118.*

O Winter, ruler of the inverted year. *Line 120.*

With spots quadrangular of diamond form,  
 Ensanguined hearts, clubs typical of strife,  
 And spades, the emblems of untimely graves. *Line 217.*

Gloriously drunk, obey the important call. *Line 510.*

Sidney, warbler of poetic prose. *Line 516.*

The Frenchman's darling.<sup>2</sup> *Line 765.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Bishop Berkeley, *Siris*. Page 260.

<sup>2</sup> It was Cowper who gave this now common name to the mignonne.



Silently as a dream the fabric rose,  
No sound of hammer or of saw was there.<sup>1</sup>

*The Task. Book v. Winter Morning Walk. Line 144.*

But war 's a game which, were their subjects wise,  
Kings would not play at. *Line 187.*

The beggarly last doit. *Line 316.*

As dreadful as the Manichean god,  
Adored through fear, strong only to destroy. *Line 444.*

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free. *Line 733.*

With filial confidence inspired,  
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,  
And smiling say, My Father made them all! *Line 745.*

Give what thou canst, without Thee we are poor;  
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away.  
*Line 905.*

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,  
And as the mind is pitched the ear is pleased  
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave;  
Some chord in unison with what we hear  
Is touched within us, and the heart replies.  
How soft the music of those village bells  
Falling at intervals upon the ear  
In cadence sweet! *Book vi. Winter Walk at Noon. Line 1.*

Here the heart  
May give a useful lesson to the head,  
And Learning wiser grow without his books. *Line 85.*

<sup>1</sup> No hammers fell, no ponderous axes rung;  
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.

Heber, *Palestine.*

So that there was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron,  
heard in the house, while it was in building. — 1 *Kings* vi. 7.

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much ;  
 Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.  
 Books are not seldom talismans and spells.

*The Task. Book vi. Winter Walk at Noon. Line 96.*

Some to the fascination of a name  
 Surrender judgment hoodwinked. *Line 101.*

I would not enter on my list of friends  
 (Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
 Yet wanting sensibility) the man  
 Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm. *Line 560.*

An honest man, close-buttoned to the chin,  
 Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within.  
*Epistle to Joseph Hill.*

Shine by the side of every path we tread  
 With such a lustre, he that runs may read.<sup>1</sup>  
*Tirocinium. Line 79.*

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !  
 How sweet their memory still !  
 But they have left an aching void  
 The world can never fill. *Walking with God.*

And Satan trembles when he sees  
 The weakest saint upon his knees. *Exhortation to Prayer.*

God moves in a mysterious way  
 His wonders to perform ;  
 He plants his footsteps in the sea  
 And rides upon the storm. *Light Shining out of Darkness.*

Behind a frowning providence  
 He hides a shining face. *Ibid.*

Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day,  
 Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.  
*The Needless Alarm. Moral.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare *Habakkuk* ii. 2. Page 000.

O that those lips had language! Life has passed  
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.

*On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture.*

The son of parents passed into the skies.

*Ibid.*

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,  
And proves, by thumping on your back,<sup>1</sup>

His sense of your great merit,<sup>2</sup>

Is such a friend, that one had need  
Be very much his friend indeed

To pardon or to bear it.

*On Friendship.*

A worm is in the bud of youth,  
And at the root of age.

*Stanzas subjoined to a Bill of Mortality.*

Toll for the brave!

The brave that are no more!

All sunk beneath the wave,

Fast by their native shore!

*On the Loss of the Royal George.*

He sees that this great roundabout,  
The world, with all its motley rout,

Church, army, physic, law,

Its customs and its businesses,

Is no concern at all of his,

And says — what says he? — Caw.

*The Jackdaw.* (Translation from Vincent Bourne.)

For 't is a truth well known to most,

That whatsoever thing is lost,

We seek it, ere it come to light,

In every cranny but the right.

*The Retired Cat.*

<sup>1</sup> And friend received with thumps upon the back.

Young, *Universal Passion.*

<sup>2</sup> *Var.* How he esteems your merit.

He that holds fast the golden mean,  
 And lives contentedly between  
     The little and the great,  
 Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,  
 Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door.

*Translation of Horace. Book ii. Ode x.*

But strive still to be a man before your mother.<sup>1</sup>

*Connoisseur. Motto of No. iii.*



JAMES BEATTIE. 1735–1803.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb  
 The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar?

*The Minstrel. Book i. Stanza 1.*

Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;  
 Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;  
 Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.

*Stanza 2.*

Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

*Stanza 25.*

Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down;  
 Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,  
 With here and there a violet bestrewn,  
 Fast by a brook or fountain's murmuring wave;  
 And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave!

*Book ii. Stanza 17.*

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,  
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,  
 When naught but the torrent is heard on the hill,  
 And naught but the nightingale's song in the grove.

*The Hermit.*

He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Beaumont and Fletcher, *Love's Cure*. Page 153.

But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn?  
O, when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?

*The Hermit.*

By the glare of false science betrayed,  
That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind. *Ibid.*

And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb. *Ibid.*



W. J. MICKLE. 1734–1788.

The dews of summer nights did fall,  
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,<sup>1</sup>  
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall  
And many an oak that grew thereby. *Cumnor Hall.*

For there 's nae luck about the house,  
There 's nae luck at a';  
There 's little pleasure in the house  
When our gudeman 's awa'. *The Mariner's Wife.*<sup>2</sup>

His very foot has music in 't  
As he comes up the stairs. *Ibid.*



ARTHUR MURPHY. 1727–1805.

Thus far we run before the wind.  
*The Apprentice. Act v. Sc. 1.*  
Above the vulgar flight of common souls. *Zenobia. Act v.*

<sup>1</sup> Now Cynthia named, fair regent of the night.

Gay (1688–1732), *Trivia*, Book iii.

And hail their queen, fair regent of the night.

Darwin, *The Botanic Garden*, Part i. Canto ii. Line 90.

<sup>2</sup> *The Mariner's Wife* is now given "by common consent," says Sarah Tytler, to Jean Adam (1710–1765).

GEORGE WASHINGTON. 1732–1799.

To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.<sup>1</sup>

*Speech to both Houses of Congress, January 8, 1790.*



JOHN ADAMS. 1735–1826.

The second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary Festival. It ought to be commemorated, as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward for evermore.

*Letter to Mrs. Adams, July 3, 1776.*



JOHN DICKINSON. 1732–1808.

Then join in hand, brave Americans all;  
By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall.

*The Liberty Song (1768).*

<sup>1</sup> Qui desiderat pacem præparet bellum.

Vegetius, *Rei Mil.* 3. *Prolog.*

In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello.

Horace, *Book ii. Sat. ii.*

## THOMAS JEFFERSON. 1743-1826.

The God who gave us life gave us liberty at the same time. *Summary View of the Rights of British America.*

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

*Declaration of Independence.*

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*

We mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour. *Ibid.*

Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it. *Inaugural Address.*

Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, — entangling alliances with none; the support of the State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest

<sup>1</sup> All men are born free and equal, and have certain natural, essential, and unalienable rights. -- *Constitution of Massachusetts.*

bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigour, as the sheet anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; . . . freedom of religion; freedom of the press; freedom of person under the protection of habeas corpus; and trial by juries impartially selected, — these principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us, and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation.

*Inaugural Address.*

If a due participation of office is a matter of right, how are vacancies to be obtained? Those by death are few; by resignation, none.<sup>1</sup>

*Letter to a Committee of the Merchants of New Haven, 1801.*



### THOMAS PAINE. 1737–1809.

And the final event to himself (Mr. Burke) has been, that, as he rose like a rocket, he fell like the stick.

*Letter to the Addressers.*

These are the times that try men's souls.

*The American Crisis. No. 1.*

The sublime and the ridiculous are often so nearly related, that it is difficult to class them separately. One step above the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again.<sup>2</sup>

*Age of Reason. Part ii. ad fin. note.*

<sup>1</sup> Usually quoted, "Few die, and none resign."

<sup>2</sup> Probably the original of Napoleon's celebrated *mot*, "Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas."



## PATRICK HENRY. 1736–1799.

Cæsar had his Brutus, — Charles the First, his Cromwell, — and George the Third — (“Treason!” cried the Speaker) — *may profit by their example.* If this be treason, make the most of it. *Speech, 1765.*

Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death! *Speech, March, 1775.*

## A. M. TOPLADY. 1740–1778.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee. *Salvation through Christ.*

Love divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down. *Divine Love.*

## MRS. THRALE. 1739–1821.

The tree of deepest root is found  
Least willing still to quit the ground;  
'T was therefore said, by ancient sages,  
That love of life increased with years  
So much, that in our latter stages,  
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,  
The greatest love of life appears. *Three Warnings.*

## JOHN LANGHORNE. 1735–1779.

Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain,  
 Perhaps that parent mourned her soldier slain ;  
 Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew ;  
 The big drops, mingling with the milk he drew,  
 Gave the sad presage of his future years,  
 The child of misery, baptized in tears.<sup>1</sup>

*The Country Justice. Part i.*



## ERASMUS DARWIN. 1731–1802.

Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam ! afar  
 Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car ;  
 Or on wide waving wings expanded bear  
 The flying chariot through the field of air.

*The Botanic Garden. Part i. Canto i. Line 289.*

No radiant pearl, which crested Fortune wears,  
 No gem, that twinkling hangs from Beauty's ears,  
 Not the bright stars, which Night's blue arch adorn,  
 Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,  
 Shine with such lustre as the tear that flows  
 Down Virtue's manly cheek for other's woes.

*Part ii. Canto iii. Line 459.*

<sup>1</sup> This allusion to the dead soldier and his widow, on the field of battle, was made the subject of a print by Bunbury, under which were engraved the pathetic lines of Langhorne. Sir Walter Scott has mentioned that the only time he saw Burns this picture was in the room. Burns shed tears over it; and Scott, then a lad of fifteen, was the only person present who could tell him where the lines were to be found. — Chambers's *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, Vol. ii. p. 10.

## SIR WILLIAM JONES. 1746-1794.

Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,  
 Than all the gems of Samarcand. *A Persian Song of Hafiz.*

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,  
 Whose accents flow with artless ease.  
 Like orient pearls at random strung.<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*

On parent knees, a naked new-born child,  
 Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled:  
 So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,  
 Calm thou mayst smile, while all around thee weep.  
*From the Persian.*

What constitutes a state?

Men who their duties know,  
 But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain.  
 And sovereign law, that state's collected will.  
 O'er thrones and globes elate,  
 Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.<sup>2</sup>

*Ode in Imitation of Alcæus.*

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,  
 Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'T was he that ranged the words at random flung,  
 Pierced the fair pearls and them together strung.

*Eastwick's Anvari Suhaili.* Translated from Firdousi.

<sup>2</sup> Neither walls, theatres, porches, nor senseless equipage, make states, but men who are able to rely upon themselves. — Aristides, ed. Jebb, *Vol. i.*, translated by Arthur W. Austin.

By Themistocles alone, or with very few others, does this saying appear to be approved, which, though Alcæus formerly had produced, many afterwards claimed: "Not stones, nor wood, nor the art of artisans, make a state; but where men are who know how to take care of themselves, these are cities and walls." — *Ibid. Vol. ii.*

<sup>3</sup> See lines quoted by Sir Edward Coke. Page 10.

## THOMAS HOLCROFT. 1745–1809.

Ho! why dost thou shiver and shake,

Gaffer Grey?

And why does thy nose look so blue?

*Gaffer Grey.*



## MRS. BARBAULD. 1743–1825.

Man is the nobler growth our realms supply,

And souls are ripened in our northern sky.

*The Invitation.*

This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,

And Wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.

*A Summer's Evening Meditation.*

It is to hope, though hope were lost.<sup>1</sup>

*Come Here, Fond Youth.*

Life! we've been long together

Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;

'T is hard to part when friends are dear;

Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;

Then steal away, give little warning,

Choose thine own time;

Say not "Good night," but in some brighter clime

Bid me "Good morning."

*Life.*

So fades a summer cloud away;

So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;

So gently shuts the eye of day;

So dies a wave along the shore.

*The Death of the Virtuous.*

<sup>1</sup> Who against hope believed in hope. — *Romans* iv. 18.

JOHN WOLCOT.<sup>1</sup> 1738–1819.

What rage for fame attends both great and small!  
Better be d—d than mentioned not at all.

*To the Royal Academicians.*

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,  
And every grin, so merry, draws one out.

*Expostulatory Odes. Ode xv.*

A fellow in a market town,  
Most musical, cried razors up and down.

*Farewell Odes. Ode iii.*

## LORD STOWELL. 1745–1836.

A dinner lubricates business.

*Boswell's Johnson. Vol. viii. p. 67, note.*

The elegant simplicity of the three per cents.

*Campbell's Chancellors. Vol. x. Ch. 212.*

## JOHN O'KEEFE. 1747–1833.

A glass is good, and a lass is good,  
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather;  
The world is good, and the people are good,  
And we're all good fellows together.

*Sprigs of Laurel. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

<sup>1</sup> "Peter Pindar." In a note to *The Royal Town* an epigram is quoted, ending, "'T was a lucky escape for the stone," referring to a stone being flung at George III., and narrowly missing his head.

## WILLIAM PALEY. 1743–1805.

Who can refute a sneer?

*Moral Philosophy. Vol. ii. Book v. Ch. 9.*



## MISS ——— WROTHER.

Hope tells a flattering tale,<sup>1</sup>

Delusive, vain, and hollow,

Ah! let not Hope prevail,

Lest disappointment follow.

*From The Universal Songster. Vol. ii. p. 86.*



## HANNAH MORE. 1745–1833.

To those who know thee not, no words can paint!

And those who know thee know all words are faint!

*Sensibility.*

Since trifles make the sum of human things,

And half our misery from our foibles springs.

*Ibid.*

In men this blunder still you find,

All think their little set mankind.

*Florio. Part i.*

Small habits well pursued betimes

May reach the dignity of crimes.

*Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Hope told a flattering tale,  
That Joy would soon return;  
Ah! naught my sighs avail,  
For Love is doomed to mourn.

*Anon. Air by Giovanni Paisiello (1741–1816). Univ. Songster, Vol. i. p. 320.*

## JOSIAH QUINCY. 1744-1775.

Blandishments will not fascinate us, nor will threats of a "halter" intimidate. For, under God, we are determined that, wheresoever, whensoever, or howsoever we shall be called to make our exit, we will die freemen.

*Observations on the Boston Port Bill, 1774.*



## JOHN LOGAN. 1748-1788.

Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,  
No winter in thy year.

*To the Cuckoo.*

O, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!  
We'd make with joyful wing  
Our annual visit o'er the globe,  
Companions of the spring.

*Ibid.*

THOMAS MOSS. *Circa* 1740-1808.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,  
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,  
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;  
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

*The Beggar.*

A pampered menial drove me from the door.<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> This line stood originally, "A livery servant," etc., and altered as above by Goldsmith. — Foster's *Life of Goldsmith*, Vol. i. p. 215, fifth edition, 1871.

## RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

1751-1816.

A progeny of learning. . . . *The Rivals. Act i. Sc. 2.*

He is the very pine-apple of politeness! *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

If I reprehend any thing in this world, it is the use of my oracular tongue, and a nice derangement of epitaphs! *Ibid.*

As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile. *Ibid.*

Too civil by half. . . . *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

Our ancestors are very good kind of folks; but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

No caparisons, miss, if you please. Caparisons don't become a young woman. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

We will not anticipate the past; so mind, young people, — our retrospection will be all to the future. *Ibid.*

You are not like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once, are you? *Ibid.*

The quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands; we should only spoil it by trying to explain it. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

My valour is certainly going! it is sneaking off! I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palm of my hands! *Act v. Sc. 3.*

I own the soft impeachment. *Ibid.*



Steal! to be sure they may, and, egad, serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children, — disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own.<sup>1</sup> *The Critic. Act i. Sc. 1.*

The newspapers! — Sir, they are the most villanous — licentious — abominable — infernal — Not that I ever read them. No, I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

Egad! I think the interpreter is the hardest to be understood of the two! *Ibid.*

Sheer necessity, — the proper parent of an art so nearly allied to invention. *Ibid.*

No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope? *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Certainly nothing is unnatural, that is not physically impossible. *Ibid.*

Where they *do* agree on the stage, their unanimity is wonderful. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Inconsolable to the minuet in Ariadne. *Ibid.*

The Spanish fleet thou canst not see, — because — It is not yet in sight! *Ibid.*

An oyster may be crossed in love. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

You shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin. *School for Scandal. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Here is the whole set! a character dead at every word. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

I leave my character behind me. *Ibid.*

Here 's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;  
Here 's to the widow of fifty;

<sup>1</sup> Compare Churchill, *The Apology*. Page 353.

Here 's to the flaunting, extravagant quean,  
 And here 's to the housewife that 's thrifty.

Let the toast pass ;  
 Drink to the lass ;

I 'll warrant she 'll prove an excuse for the glass.

*School for Scandal. Act iii. Sc. 3.*

An unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting  
 countenance. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

It was an amiable weakness.<sup>1</sup>

*Ibid.*

I ne'er could any lustre see  
 In eyes that would not look on me ;  
 I ne'er saw nectar on a lip  
 But where my own did hope to sip.

*The Duenna. Act i. Sc. 2.*

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,  
 I ne'er could injure you.

*Act i. Sc. 5.*

Conscience has no more to do with gallantry than it  
 has with politics. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

Such protection as vultures give to lambs.

*Pizarro. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

A life spent worthily should be measured by a  
 nobler line, — by deeds, not years.<sup>2</sup> *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

The Right Honorable gentleman is indebted to his  
 memory for his jests and to his imagination for his  
 facts.<sup>3</sup> *Speech in Reply to Mr. Dundas. Sheridaniana.*

You write with ease to show your breeding,  
 But easy writing 's curst hard reading.

*Clio's Protest. Moore's Life of Sheridan. Vol. i. p. 155.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Fielding. Page 308.

<sup>2</sup> We live in deeds, not years. — Bailey, *Festus*.

<sup>3</sup> On peut dire que son esprit brille aux dépens de sa mémoire.

*Le Sage, Gil Blas, Livre iii. Ch. xi.*

## CHARLES DIBDIN. 1745-1814.

There 's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,  
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack. *Poor Jack.*

Did you ever hear of Captain Wattle?  
He was all for love and a little for the bottle.  
*Captain Wattle and Miss Roe.*

His form was of the manliest beauty,  
His heart was kind and soft;  
Faithful below he did his duty,  
But now he 's gone aloft. *Tom Bowling.*

For though his body 's under hatches,  
His soul has gone aloft. *Ibid.*

Spanking Jack was so comely, so pleasant, so jolly,  
Though winds blew great guns, still he 'd whistle  
and sing;  
Jack loved his friend, and was true to his Molly,  
And if honour gives greatness, was great as a king.  
*The Sailor's Consolation.*

---

 PHILIP FRENEAU. 1752-1832.

The hunter and the deer a shade.<sup>1</sup>  
*The Indian Burying-Ground.*

Then rushed to meet the insulting foe;  
They took the spear, but left the shield.<sup>2</sup>  
*To the Memory of the Americans who fell at Eutaw.*

<sup>1</sup> This line was appropriated by Campbell in *O'Connor's Child*.

<sup>2</sup> When Russia hurried to the field,

And snatched the spear, but left the shield.

Scott, *Marmion*, Introduction to Canto iii.

## MRS. ANNE CRAWFORD. 1734–1801.

Kathleen mavourneen! thy gray dawn is breaking,  
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill.

*Kathleen Mavourneen.*



## GEORGE CRABBE. 1754–1832.

O, rather give me commentators plain,  
Who with no deep researches vex the brain;  
Who from the dark and doubtful love to run,  
And hold their glimmering tapers to the sun.<sup>1</sup>

*The Parish Register. Part i. Introduc.*

Her air, her manners, all who saw admired;  
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired;  
The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed,  
And ease of heart her every look conveyed.

*Part ii. Marriages.*

In this fool's paradise he drank delight.<sup>2</sup>

*The Borough. Letter xii. Players.*

Books cannot always please, however good;  
Minds are not ever craving for their food.

*Letter xxiv. Schools.*

In idle wishes fools supinely stay;  
Be there a will, and wisdom finds a way.

*The Birth of Flattery.*

'T was good advice, and means, my son, be good.

*The Learned Boy.*

Cut and come again.

*Tales. vii. Line 26.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Young, *Satire* vii. *Line* 97. Page 267.

<sup>2</sup> See *Appendix*, p. 646.

## CHARLES MORRIS. 1739-1832.

Solid men of Boston, banish long potatoes ;  
 Solid men of Boston, make no long orations.<sup>1</sup>

*Pitt and Dundas's Return to London from Wimbledon.  
 American Song. From Lyra Urbanica.*

O, give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall!

*Town and Country.*

---

 JOHN TRUMBULL. 1750-1831.

But optics sharp it needs, I ween,  
 To see what is not to be seen. *McFingal. Canto i. Line 67.*

But as some muskets so contrive it  
 As oft to miss the mark they drive at,  
 And, though well aimed at duck or plover,  
 Bear wide, and kick their owners over. *Canto i. Line 93.*

As though there were a tie  
 And obligation to posterity.  
 We get them, bear them, breed and nurse.  
 What has posterity done for us,  
 That we, lest they their rights should lose,  
 Should trust our necks to gripe of noose. *Canto ii. Line 121.*

No man e'er felt the halter draw,  
 With good opinion of the law. *Canto iii. Line 489.*

<sup>1</sup> Solid men of Boston, make no long orations ;  
 Solid men of Boston, banish strong potatoes.  
*Billy Pitt and the Farmer. From Debrett's Asylum for  
 Fugitive Pieces, Vol. ii. p. 250.*

## ROBERT BURNS. 1759-1796.

Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,  
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,  
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm. *Tam o' Shanter.*

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet  
 To think how monie counsels sweet,  
 How monie lengthened sage advices,  
 The husband frae the wife despises. *Ibid.*

His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;  
 Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither, —  
 They had been fou for weeks thegither. *Ibid.*

The landlady and Tam grew gracious  
 Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious. *Ibid.*

The landlord's laugh was ready chorus. *Ibid.*

Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,  
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious. *Ibid.*

But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;  
 Or, like the snow-fall in the river,  
 A moment white, then melts for ever. *Ibid.*

Nae man can tether time or tide. *Ibid.*

That hour, o' night's black arch the keystone. *Ibid.*

Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn,  
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn! *Ibid.*

As Tammie glowered, amazed and curious,  
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious. *Ibid.*

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears  
 Her noblest work she classes, O ;  
 Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,  
 And then she made the lasses, O !<sup>1</sup>

*Green grow the Rashes.*

Some wee short hour ayont the twal.

*Death and Dr. Hornbook.*

The best laid schemes o' mice and men  
     Gang aft a-gley ;  
 And leave us naught but grief and pain  
     For promised joy.

*To a Mouse.*

Man's inhumanity to man  
 Makes countless thousands mourn.

*Man was made to Mourn.*

O Life ! how pleasant in thy morning,  
 Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning !  
 Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,

    We frisk away,

Like schoolboys at th' expected warning,

    To joy and play. *Epistle to James Smith.*

Affliction's sons are brothers in distress ;  
 A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss !

*A Winter's Night.*

His lockèd, lettered, braw brass collar  
 Showed him the gentleman and scholar. *The Twa Dogs.*

O wad some power the giftie gie us,  
 To see oursels as others see us !  
 It wad frae monie a blunder free us,  
     And foolish notion.

*To a Louse.*

<sup>1</sup> Man was made when Nature was  
 But an apprentice, but woman when she  
 Was a skilful mistress of her art. — *Cupid's Whirligig* (1607).

Then gently scan your brother man,  
 Still gentler, sister woman ;  
 Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,  
 To step aside is human. *Address to the Unco Guid.*

What 's done we partly may compute,  
 But know not what 's resisted. *Ibid.*

Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate  
 Full on thy bloom.<sup>1</sup> *To a Mountain Daisy.*

Perhaps it may turn out a sang,  
 Perhaps turn out a sermon. *Epistle to a Young Friend.*

I waive the quantum o' the sin,  
 The hazard of concealing ;  
 But, och ! it hardens a' within,  
 And petrifies the feeling ! *Ibid.*

The fear o' hell 's a hangman's whip  
 To haud the wretch in order ;  
 But where ye feel your honour grip,  
 Let that aye be your border. *Ibid.*

An atheist's laugh 's a poor exchange  
 For Deity offended ! *Ibid.*

And may you better reck the *rede*,<sup>2</sup>  
 Than ever did the adviser ! *Ibid.*

O life ! thou art a galling load,  
 Along a rough, a weary road,  
 To wretches such as I ! *Despondency.*

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise.  
*Sweet Afton.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Young, *Night Thoughts*, ix. Page 265.

<sup>2</sup> See Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, Act i. Sc. 3.



If naebody care for me,  
I'll care for naebody.<sup>1</sup>

*I hae a Wife o' my Ain.*

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to min' ?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days o' lang syne ?

*Auld Lang Syne.*

If there 's a hole in a' your coats,  
I rede ye tent it ;  
A chiel 's amang ye takin' notes,  
And, faith, he 'll prent it.

*On Captain Grose's Peregrinations through Scotland.*

Dweller in yon dungeon dark,  
Hangman of creation, mark !  
Who in widow weeds appears,  
Laden with unhonoured years,  
Noosing with care a bursting purse,  
Baited with many a deadly curse ?

*Ode on Mrs. Oswald.*

Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure  
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

*Sweet Sensibility.*

But to see her was to love her,  
Love but her, and love for ever.

*Æ Fond Kiss.*

Had we never loved sae kindly,  
Had we never loved sae blindly,  
Never met or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted !

*Ibid.*

To see her is to love her,  
And love but her for ever.

*Bonny Lesley.*

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour,  
See the front o' battle lour.

*Bannockburn.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Bickerstaff. Page 354.

Liberty 's in every blow!

Let us do or die.<sup>1</sup>

*Bannockburn.*

In durance vile<sup>2</sup> here must I wake and weep,  
And all my frowsy couch in sorrow steep.

*Epistle from Esopus to Maria.*

O, my luve 's like a red, red rose,

That 's newly sprung in June;

O, my luve 's like the melodie,

That 's sweetly played in tune.

*A Red, Red Rose.*

Misled by fancy's meteor ray,

By passion driven;

But yet the light that led astray

Was light from heav'n.

*The Vision.*

And, like a passing thought, she fled

In light away.

*Ibid.*

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,

The man 's the gowd for a' that.<sup>3</sup>

*For a' that and a' that.*

A prince can make a belted knight,<sup>4</sup>

A marquis, duke, and a' that;

But an honest man 's aboon his might,

Guid faith, he maunna fa' that.

*Ibid.*

'T is sweeter for thee despairing,

Than aught in the world beside, — Jessy!

*Jessy.*

<sup>1</sup> See *Appendix*, p. 643.

<sup>2</sup> Durance vile. — W. Kenrick (1766), *Falstaff's Wedding*, i. 2; Burke, *The Present Discontents*.

<sup>3</sup> I weigh the man, not his title; 't is not the king's stamp can make the metal better. — Wycherley, *The Plaindealer*, Act i. Sc. 1.

<sup>4</sup> Of the king's creation you may be; but he who makes a Count ne'er made a man. — Southerne, *Sir Anthony Love*, Act ii. Sc. 1.

It 's guid to be merry and wise,  
 It 's guid to be honest and true,  
 It 's guid to support Caledonia's cause,  
 And bide by the buff and the blue.

*Here's a Health to Them that's Awa'.*

Gars auld claes look amaist as weel 's the new.

*The Cotter's Saturday Night.*

Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening  
 gale. *Ibid.*

He wales a portion with judicious care ;  
 And " Let us worship God ! " he says with solemn air.  
*Ibid.*

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,  
 That makes her loved at home, revered abroad :  
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,  
 " An honest man 's the noblest work of God." *Ibid.*



JOHN LOWE. 1750 ———.

The moon had climbed the highest hill  
 Which rises o'er the source of Dee,  
 And from the eastern summit shed  
 Her silver light on tower and tree. *Mary's Dream.*



MRS. ANNE GRANT. 1755-1838.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,  
 Wat ye how she cheated me,  
 As I came o'er the braes of Balloch. *Roy's Wife.*

WILLIAM MASON. 1725–1797.

The fattest hog in Epicurus' sty.<sup>1</sup> *Heroic Epistle.*

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TIMOTHY DWIGHT. 1752–1817.

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,  
The queen of the world, and child of the skies!  
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,  
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold. *Columbia.*

---

REV. ROBERT HAWKER. 1753–1827.

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
Hope, and comfort from above;  
Let us each, thy peace possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming love. *Benediction.*

---

J. P. KEMBLE. 1757–1823.

Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,  
But — why did you kick me down stairs?<sup>2</sup>  
*The Panel. Act i. Sc. 1.*

<sup>1</sup> Me pinguem et nitidum bene curata cute vises,  
. . . . Epicuri de grege porcum.

Horace, *Epist.*, *Lib. I.* iv. 15, 16.

<sup>2</sup> Altered from Bickerstaff's '*T is Well 't is no Worse*. The lines are also found in Debrett's *Asylum for Fugitive Pieces*, *Vol. i.* p. 15.

GEORGE BARRINGTON. 1755—

True patriots all ; for be it understood  
We left our country for our country's good.<sup>1</sup>

*Prologue written for the Opening of the Play-house at New South Wales, Jan. 16, 1796. Barrington's New South Wales, p. 152.*



MARY ROBINSON. 1758-1799.

Bounding billows, cease your motion,  
Bear me not so swiftly o'er. *Bounding Billows.*



GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.  
1762-1836.

On their own merits modest men are dumb.  
*Epilogue to the Heir at Law.*

And what's impossible can't be,  
And never, never comes to pass. *The Maid of the Moor.*

Three stories high, long, dull, and old,  
As great lords' stories often are. *Ibid.*

Like two single gentlemen, rolled into one.  
*Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.*

But when ill indeed,  
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> 'T was for the good of my country that I should be abroad.  
Farquhar, *The Beaux Stratagem*, Act iii. Sc. 2.

When taken

To be well shaken.

*The Newcastle Apothecary.*

Thank you, good sir, I owe you one.

*The Poor Gentleman. Act i. Sc. 2.*

O Miss Bailey,

Unfortunate Miss Bailey!

*Love laughs at Locksmiths. Act ii. Song.*

'T is a very fine thing to be father-in-law

To a very magnificent three-tailed Bashaw!

*Blue Beard. Act ii. Sc. 5.*

I had a soul above buttons.

*Sylvester Daggerwood, or New Hay at the Old Market. Sc. 1.*

Mynheer Vandunck, though he never was drunk,

Sipped brandy and water gayly.

*Mynheer Vandunck.*

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WILLIAM PITT. 1759–1806.

Necessity is the argument of tyrants, it is the creed  
of slaves.<sup>1</sup>

*Speech on the India Bill, November, 1783.*

Prostrate the beauteous ruin lies; and all

That shared its shelter perish in its fall.

*From The Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin. No. xxxvi.*

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CHARLES COTESWORTH PINCKNEY.

1746–1825.

Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute.

*When Ambassador to the French Republic, 1796.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book iv. Line 393. Page 188.

## LORD THURLOW. 1732—1806.

The accident of an accident.

*Speech in Reply to the Duke of Grafton. Butler's  
Reminiscences. Vol. i. 142.*

When I forget my sovereign, may my God forget me.<sup>1</sup>

*27 Parl. Hist. 680; Ann. Reg. 1789.*



## JOHN TOBIN. 1770—1804.

The man that lays his hand upon a woman,  
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch,  
Whom 't were gross flattery to name a coward.

*The Honeymoon. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

She 's adorned

Amplly that in her husband's eye looks lovely, —  
The truest mirror that an honest wife  
Can see her beauty in.

*Act iii. Sc. 4.*



## CATHERINE M. FANSHAWE. 1764—1834.

'T was whispered in heaven, 't was muttered in hell,  
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;  
On the confines of earth 't was permitted to rest,  
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed.

*Enigma. The letter H.*

<sup>1</sup> Whereupon Wilkes is reported to have said, somewhat coarsely, but not unhappily, it must be allowed, "Forget you! He 'll see you d—d first." — Brougham, *Statesmen of the Time of George III. Thurlow.*

Burke also exclaimed, "The best thing that could happen to you."

## ANDREW CHERRY. 1762–1812.

Loud roared the dreadful thunder,  
The rain a deluge showers.

*The Bay of Biscay.*

As she lay, on that day,  
In the bay of Biscay, O!

*Ibid.*



## DAVID EVERETT. 1769–1813.

You 'd scarce expect one of my age  
To speak in public on the stage;  
And if I chance to fall below  
Demosthenes or Cicero,  
Don't view me with a critic's eye,  
But pass my imperfections by.  
Large streams from little fountains flow,  
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.<sup>1</sup>

*Lines written for a School Declamation.*



## THOMAS MORTON. 1764–1838.

What will Mrs. Grundy say?

*Speed the Plough. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Push on, — keep moving.

*A Cure for the Heartache. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed.

*Act v. Sc. 2.*

<sup>1</sup> The lofty oak from a small acorn grows.—Translated from Lewis Duncombe (1711–1730), *De Minimis Maxima*.



SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH. 1765–1832.

Diffused knowledge immortalizes itself. *Vindiciæ Gallicæ.*

The commons, faithful to their system, remained in  
a wise and masterly inactivity. *Ibid.*

Disciplined inaction. *Causes of the Revolution of 1688. Ch. vii.*

The frivolous work of polished idleness.  
*Dissertation on Ethical Philosophy. Remarks on Thomas  
Brown.*



JAMES HURDIS. 1763–1801.

Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed.  
*The Village Curate.*



LADY NAIRNE. 1766–1845.

There 's nae sorrow there, John,  
There 's neither cauld nor care, John,  
The day is aye fair,  
In the land o' the leal. *The Land o' the Leal.*

Gude nicht, and joy be wi' you a'. *Gude Nicht, etc.<sup>1</sup>*

O, we 're a' noddin', nid, nid, noddin';  
O, we 're a' noddin' at our house at hame.  
*We 're a' Noddin'.<sup>1</sup>*

A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.  
*The Laird o' Cockpen.*

<sup>1</sup> Sir Alexander Boswell composed a version of this song.

## HENRY LEE. 1756–1816.

To the memory of the Man, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

*Eulogy on Washington. Delivered by General Lee, Dec. 26, 1799.*<sup>1</sup> *Memoirs of Lee.*



## JOHN FERRIAR. 1764–1815.

The princeps copy, clad in blue and gold.

*Illustrations of Sterne. Bibliomania. Line 6.*

Now cheaply bought, for thrice their weight in gold.

*Line 65.*

Torn from their destined page (unworthy meed

Of knightly counsel, and heroic deed).

*Line 121.*

How pure the joy, when first my hands unfold

The small, rare volume, black with tarnished gold!

*Line 137.*



## HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS. 1762–1827.

While thee I seek, protecting Power,

Be my vain wishes stilled;

And may this consecrated hour

With better hopes be filled.

*Trust in Providence.*

<sup>1</sup> To the memory of the Man, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens. — From the *Resolutions presented to the House of Representatives, on the Death of General Washington*, December, 1799. *Marshall's Life of Washington.*

SIR SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES.  
1762-1837.

The glory dies not, and the grief is past.

*Sonnet on the Death of Sir Walter Scott.*

—◆—

JOANNA BAILLIE. 1762-1857.

O, swiftly glides the bonnie boat,

Just parted from the shore,

And to the fisher's chorus-note

Soft moves the dipping oar.

*O, swiftly glides the Bonnie Boat.*

—◆—

ROBERT HALL. 1764-1831.

His imperial fancy has laid all nature under tribute,  
and has collected riches from every scene of the crea-  
tion and every walk of art. (Of Burke.)

*Apology for the Freedom of the Press.*

He might be a very clever man by nature, for aught  
I know, but he laid so many books upon his head that  
his brains could not move. (Of Kippis.)

*From Gregory's Life of Hall.*

Call things by their right names. . . . Glass of  
brandy and water! That is the current, but not the  
appropriate name; ask for a glass of liquid fire and  
distilled damnation.<sup>1</sup>

*Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> He calls drunkenness an expression identical with ruin. Diog.  
Laertius, *Pythagoras*, vi. Compare Cyril Tourneur. Page 149.

## JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. 1767–1848.

This hand, to tyrants ever sworn the foe,  
 For Freedom only deals the deadly blow;  
 Then sheathes in calm repose the vengeful blade,  
 For gentle peace in Freedom's hallowed shade.<sup>1</sup>

*Written in an Album, 1842.*

## ANDREW JACKSON. 1767–1845.

Our Federal Union: it must be preserved.

*Toast given on the Jefferson Birthday Celebration in 1830.  
 Benton's Thirty Years' View, Vol. i. p. 148.*

## JOSIAH QUINCY. 1772–1864.

If this bill (for the admission of Orleans Territory as a State) passes, it is my deliberate opinion that it is virtually a dissolution of the Union; that it will free the States from their moral obligation, and, as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, definitely to prepare for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must.<sup>2</sup>

*Abridged Cong. Debates, Jan. 14, 1811. Vol. iv. p. 327.*

<sup>1</sup> Manus hæc inimica tyrannis

Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem. — Algernon Sidney.

<sup>2</sup> The gentleman (Mr. Quincy) cannot have forgotten his own sentiment, uttered even on the floor of this House, "Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must." — Henry Clay, *Speech*, Jan. 8, 1813.

## J. HOOKHAM FRERE. 1769—1846.

And don't confound the language of the nation  
With long-tailed words in *osity* and *ation*.

*The Monks and the Giants. Canto i. Line 6.*

A sudden thought strikes me, — let us swear an  
eternal friendship.<sup>1</sup> *The Rovers. Act i. Sc. 1.*



## GEORGE CANNING. 1770—1827.

Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir.

*The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder.*

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee d—d first. *Ibid.*

So down thy hill, romantic Ashbourn, glides  
The Derby dilly, carrying *Three INSIDES*.

*The Loves of the Triangles. Line 178.*

And finds, with keen, discriminating sight,  
Black 's not so black, — nor white so *very* white.

*New Morality.*

Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe,  
Bold I can meet, — perhaps may turn his blow;  
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,  
Save, save, O save me from the *Candid Friend!*<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

I called the New World into existence to redress the  
balance of the old. *The King's Message. (Dec. 12, 1826.)*

No, here 's to the pilot that weathered the storm.

*The Pilot that weathered the Storm.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Otway, *The Orphan*, Act iv. Sc. 2. Page 237.

<sup>2</sup> See *Appendix*, p. 625.

## DUKE OF WELLINGTON. 1769—1852.

Nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won. *Despatch, 1815.*



## SAMUEL ROGERS. 1763—1855.

A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,  
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing. *Human Life.*

Fireside happiness, to hours of ease  
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please. *Ibid.*

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,  
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;  
And feeling hearts, touch them but rightly, pour  
A thousand melodies unheard before! *Ibid.*

Then never less alone than when alone.<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*

Those that he loved so long and sees no more,  
Loved and still loves, — not dead, but gone before,<sup>2</sup> —  
He gathers round him. *Ibid.*

To vanish in the chinks that Time has made.<sup>3</sup> *Pæstum.*

That very law which moulds a tear  
And bids it trickle from its source,  
That law preserves the earth a sphere  
And guides the planets in their course. *To a Tear.*

<sup>1</sup> Numquam se minus otiosum esse, quam quum otiosus, nec minus solum, quam quum solus esset. — Cicero, *De Officiis, Liber iii. c. 1.* Compare Gibbon. Page 355.

<sup>2</sup> This is literally from Seneca, *Epist. lxxiii. 16.* Compare Matthew Henry. Page 233.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Waller. Page 175.

She was good as she was fair.

None — none on earth above her!

As pure in thought as angels are,

To know her was to love her.<sup>1</sup> *Jacqueline. Stanza 1.*

The good are better made by ill,

As odours crushed are sweeter still.<sup>2</sup> *Stanza 3.*

Go, — you may call it madness, folly;

You shall not chase my gloom away!

There 's such a charm in melancholy

I would not if I could be gay. *To —.*

Mine be a cot beside the hill;

A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear;

A willow brook, that turns a mill,

With many a fall, shall linger near. *A Wish.*



JOSEPH HOPKINSON. 1770-1842.

Hail, Columbia! happy land!

Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!

Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,

Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,

And when the storm of war was gone,

Enjoyed the peace your valor won.

Let independence be our boast,

Ever mindful what it cost;

Ever grateful for the prize,

Let its altar reach the skies! *Hail, Columbia!*

<sup>1</sup> To see her is to love her. — Burns, *Bonny Lesley*.

None knew thee but to love thee.

Halleck, *On the Death of Drake*.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Bacon, *Of Adversity*; Goldsmith, *The Captivity*; Wordsworth's *Prelude*, Book ix.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.<sup>1</sup> 1770-1850.

And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,  
 And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food.  
*Guilt and Sorrow. Stanza 41.*

Action is transitory, — a step, a blow,  
 The motion of a muscle, this way or that.  
*The Borderers. Act iii.*

Three sleepless nights I passed in sounding on,  
 Through words and things, a dim and perilous way.  
*Act iv. Sc. 2.*

The Child is father of the Man.<sup>2</sup> *My heart leaps up.*

Sweet childish days, that were as long  
 As twenty days are now. *To a Butterfly.*

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;  
 And humble cares, and delicate fears,  
 A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;  
 And love, and thought, and joy. *The Sparrow's Nest.*

The sweetest thing that ever grew  
 Beside a human door. *Lucy Gray. Stanza 2.*

A simple Child,  
 That lightly draws its breath,  
 And feels its life in every limb,  
 What should it know of death? *We are Seven.*

Drink, pretty creature, drink! *The Pet Lamb.*

Until a man might travel twelve stout miles,  
 Or reap an acre of his neighbour's corn. *The Brothers.*

<sup>1</sup> Coleridge said to Wordsworth, "Since Milton I know of no poet with so many *felicities* and unforgettable lines and stanzas as you." — *Wordsworth's Memoirs*, Vol. ii. p. 74.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Milton, *Paradise Regained*, Book iv. Page 196.



A noticeable Man with large gray eyes.

*Stanzas written in Thomson.*

She dwelt among the untrodden ways

Beside the springs of Dove,

A maid whom there were none to praise

And very few to love.

*She dwelt among the untrodden ways.*

A violet by a mossy stone

Half hidden from the eye!

Fair as a star, when only one

Is shining in the sky.

*Ibid.*

She lived unknown, and few could know

When Lucy ceased to be;

But she is in her grave, and oh!

The difference to me!

*Ibid.*

A Briton, even in love, should be

A subject, not a slave!

*Ere with cold beads of midnight dew.*

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,

Whose veil is unremoved

Till heart with heart in concord beats,

And the lover is beloved.

*To ———.*

Minds that have nothing to confer

Find little to perceive.

*Yes! thou art fair.*

That kill the bloom before its time;

And blanch, without the owner's crime,

The most resplendent hair. *Lament of Mary Queen of Scots.*

The bane of all that dread the Devil. *The Idiot Boy.*

Something between a hindrance and a help. *Michael.*

Lady of the Mere,

Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance.

*A narrow girdle of rough stones.*

But He is risen, a later star of dawn. *A Morning Exercise.*

Bright gem instinct with music, vocal spark. *Ibid.*

And he is oft the wisest man,

Who is not wise at all. *The Oak and the Broom.*

We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,

When such are wanted. *To the Daisy.*

The poet's darling.

*Ibid.*

Thou unassuming Commonplace

Of Nature. *To the same Flower.*

Oft on the dappled turf at ease

I sit, and play with similes,

Loose types of things through all degrees. *Ibid.*

Often have I sighed to measure

By myself a lonely pleasure,

Sighed to think I read a book,

Only read, perhaps, by me. *To the Small Celandine.*

O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,

Or but a wandering voice?

*To the Cuckoo.*

One of those heavenly days that cannot die. *Nutting.*

She was a Phantom of delight

When first she gleamed upon my sight;

A lovely apparition, sent

To be a moment's ornament. *She was a Phantom of delight.*

But all things else about her drawn

From May-time and the cheerful Dawn. *Ibid.*

A Creature not too bright or good

For human nature's daily food;

For transient sorrows, simple wiles,

Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles. *Ibid.*

The reason firm, the temperate will,  
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;  
 A perfect Woman, nobly planned,  
 To warn, to comfort, and command.

*She was a Phantom of delight.*

The stars of midnight shall be dear  
 To her; and she shall lean her ear  
 In many a secret place  
 Where rivulets dance their wayward round,  
 And beauty born of murmuring sound  
 Shall pass into her face.

*Three years she grew.*

That inward eye  
 Which is the bliss of solitude.

*I wandered lonely.*

The cattle are grazing,  
 Their heads never raising;  
 There are forty feeding like one!

*Written in March.*

A Youth to whom was given  
 So much of earth, so much of heaven.

*Ruth.*

As high as we have mounted in delight  
 In our dejection do we sink as low.

*Resolution and Independence. Stanza 4.*

But how can he expect that others should  
 Build for him, sow for him, and at his call  
 Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?

*Stanza 6.*

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous Boy,  
 The sleepless Soul that perished in his pride;  
 Of him who walked in glory and in joy,  
 Following his plough, along the mountain-side:  
 By our own spirits we are deified:  
 We Poets in our youth begin in gladness;  
 But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.

*Stanza 7.*

Choice word and measured phrase above the reach  
Of ordinary men. *Resolution and Independence. Stanza 14.*

And mighty Poets in their misery dead. *Stanza 17.*

“A jolly place,” said he, “in times of old!  
But something ails it now: the spot is cursed.”  
*Hart-Leap Well. Part ii.*

Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream. *Ibid.*

Never to blend our pleasure, or our pride,  
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels. *Ibid.*

Sensations sweet,  
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart. *Tintern Abbey.*

That best portion of a good man's life,  
His little, nameless, unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love. *Ibid.*

That blessed mood,  
In which the burden of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world,  
Is lightened. *Ibid.*

The fretful stir  
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,  
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart. *Ibid.*

The sounding cataract  
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,  
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
Their colours and their forms, were then to me  
An appetite; a feeling and a love,  
That had no need of a remoter charm  
By thoughts supplied, nor any interest  
Unborrowed from the eye. *Ibid.*

But hearing oftentimes  
The still, sad music of humanity. *Tintern Abbey.*

A sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean, and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :  
A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things. *Ibid.*

Knowing that Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her. *Ibid.*

Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
The dreary intercourse of daily life. *Ibid.*

The silence that is in the starry sky.  
*Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle.*

Like, — but oh! how different!  
*Yes, it was the mountain Echo.*

Type of the wise who soar, but never roam ;  
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.  
*To a Skylark.*

The Gods approve  
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul. *Laodamia.*

Mightier far  
Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway  
Of magic potent over sun and star,  
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,  
And though his favorite seat be feeble woman's breast.  
*Ibid.*

Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,  
Brought from a pensive, through a happy place. *Ibid.*

He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel  
 In worlds whose course is equable and pure ;  
 No fears to beat away, — no strife to heal, —  
 The past unsighed for, and the future sure. *Laodamia.*

Of all that is most beauteous, imaged there  
 In happier beauty ; more pellucid streams,  
 An ampler ether, a diviner air,  
 And fields invested with purpureal gleams. *Ibid.*

Yet tears to human suffering are due ;  
 And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown  
 Are mourned by man, and not by man alone. *Ibid.*

But Shapes that come not at an earthly call  
 Will not depart when mortal voices bid. *Dion.*

Shalt show us how divine a thing  
 A Woman may be made. *To a Young Lady.*

But an old age serene and bright,  
 And lovely as a Lapland night,  
 Shall lead thee to thy grave. *Ibid.*

When his veering gait  
 And every motion of his starry train  
 Seem governed by a strain  
 Of music, audible to him alone. *The Triad.*

Alas ! how little can a moment show  
 Of an eye where feeling plays  
 In ten thousand dewy rays ;  
 A face o'er which a thousand shadows go ! *Ibid.*

The bosom-weight, your stubborn gift,  
 That no philosophy can lift. *Presentiments.*

Stern Winter loves a dirge-like sound.  
*On the Power of Sound. xii.*

There 's something in a flying horse,  
 There 's something in a huge balloon.

*Peter Bell. Prologue. Stanza 1.*

The common growth of Mother Earth  
 Suffices me, — her tears, her mirth,  
 Her humblest mirth and tears.

*Stanza 27.*

Full twenty times was Peter feared,  
 For once that Peter was respected.

*Part i. Stanza 3.*

A primrose by a river's brim  
 A yellow primrose was to him,  
 And it was nothing more.

*Stanza 12.*

The soft blue sky did never melt  
 Into his heart; he never felt  
 The witchery of the soft blue sky!

*Stanza 15.*

On a fair prospect some have looked,  
 And felt, as I have heard them say,  
 As if the moving time had been  
 A thing as steadfast as the scene  
 On which they gazed themselves away.

*Stanza 16.*

As if the man had fixed his face,  
 In many a solitary place,  
 Against the wind and open sky!

*Stanza 26.<sup>1</sup>*

The holy time is quiet as a Nun  
 Breathless with adoration.

*Miscellaneous Sonnets. Part i. xxx.*

<sup>1</sup> The original edition (London, 1819, 8vo) had the following as the fourth stanza from the end of *Part i.*, which was omitted in all subsequent editions: —

Is it a party in a parlour?  
 Crammed just as they on earth were crammed, —  
 Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,  
 But, as you by their faces see,  
 All silent and all damned.

The world is too much with us ; late and soon,  
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :  
 Little we see in Nature that is ours.

*Miscellaneous Sonnets. Part i. xxxiii.*

Great God ! I 'd rather be  
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;  
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;  
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,  
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn. *Ibid.*

To the solid ground  
 Of nature trusts the Mind that builds for aye.  
*Part i. xxxiv.*

'T is hers to pluck the amaranthine flower  
 Of Faith, and round the Sufferer's temples bind  
 Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,  
 And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.  
*Part i. xxxv.*

And, when a damp  
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand  
 The Thing became a trumpet ; whence he blew  
 Soul-animating strains, — alas ! too few. *Part ii. i.*

Soft is the music that would charm for ever ;  
 The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly. *Part ii. ix.*

Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !  
 The river glideth at his own sweet will ;  
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;  
 And all that mighty heart is lying still ! *Part ii. xxxvi.*

How does the Meadow-flower its bloom unfold ?  
 Because the lovely little flower is free  
 Down to its root, and, in that freedom, bold.  
*Part iii. xxvii.*



Sweet Mercy! to the gates of Heaven  
 This Minstrel lead, his-sins forgiven;  
 The rueful conflict, the heart riven  
     With vain endeavour,  
 And memory of Earth's bitter leaven,  
     Effaced for ever.     *Thoughts suggested on the Banks of Nith.*

The best of what we do and are,  
     Just God, forgive!     *Ibid.*

May no rude hand deface it,  
 And its forlorn *hic jacet!*     *Ellen Irwin.*

For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
 And battles long ago.     *The Solitary Reaper.*

Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
 That has been, and may be again.     *Ibid.*

The music in my heart I bore,  
 Long after it was heard no more.     *Ibid.*

Yon foaming flood seems motionless as ice;  
 Its dizzy turbulence eludes the eye,  
 Frozen by distance.     *Address to Kilchurn Castle.*

A famous man is Robin Hood,  
 The English ballad-singer's joy.     *Rob Roy's Grave.*

    Because the good old rule  
 Sufficeth them, the simple plan,  
 That they should take who have the power,  
     And they should keep who can.     *Ibid.*

The Eagle, he was lord above,  
     And Rob was lord below.     *Ibid.*

A brotherhood of venerable Trees.  
     *Sonnet, composed at —— Castle.*

Let beeves and home-bred kine partake  
 The sweets of Burn-mill meadow ;  
 The swan on still St. Mary's Lake  
 Float double, swan and shadow ! *Yarrow Unvisited.*

O for a single hour of that Dundee  
 Who on that day the word of onset gave !<sup>1</sup>  
*Sonnet, in the Pass of Killicranky.*  
 A remnant of uneasy light. *The Matron of Jedborough.*

But thou, that didst appear so fair  
 To fond imagination,  
 Dost rival in the light of day  
 Her delicate creation. *Yarrow Visited.*

Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade  
 Of that which once was great is passed away.  
*Poems dedicated to National Independence. Part i. On the  
 Extinction of the Venetian Republic.*

Thou hast left behind  
 Powers that will work for thee ; air, earth, and skies ;  
 There 's not a breathing of the common wind  
 That will forget thee ; thou hast great allies ;  
 Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
 And love, and man's unconquerable mind.  
*To Toussaint L'Ouverture.*

Two voices are there ; one is of the sea,  
 One of the mountains ; each a mighty Voice.  
*Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland.*

<sup>1</sup> It was on this occasion (the failure in energy of Lord Mar at the battle of Sheriffmuir) that Gordon of Glenbucket made the celebrated exclamation, "O for an hour of Dundee!" — Mahon's *History of England*, Vol. i. p. 184.

O for one hour of blind old Dandolo,  
 The octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe!  
*Byron, Childe Harold, Canto iv. Stanza 12.*

Plain living and high thinking are no more.  
 The homely beauty of the good old cause  
 Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,  
 And pure religion breathing household laws.

*Poems dedicated to National Independence. Part i.  
 September, 1802.*

Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart. *London, 1802.*

So didst thou travel on life's common way,  
 In cheerful godliness. *Ibid.*

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue  
 That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold  
 Which Milton held. *Sonnet xvi.*

Every gift of noble origin  
 Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath. *Sonnet xx.*

A few strong instincts, and a few plain rules.  
*Part ii. Sonnet xii.*

That God's most dreaded instrument,  
 In working out a pure intent,  
 Is man, arrayed for mutual slaughter;  
 Yea, Carnage is his daughter.<sup>1</sup> *Ode, 1815.*

The sightless Milton, with his hair  
 Around his placid temples curled;  
 And Shakespeare at his side, — a freight,  
 If clay could think and mind were weight,  
 For him who bore the world! *The Italian Itinerant.*

Turning, for them who pass, the common dust  
 Of servile opportunity to gold. *Desultory Stanzas.*

<sup>1</sup> Altered in later editions by omitting the last two lines, the others reading,

But Man is thy most awful instrument  
 In working out a pure intent.

Meek Nature's evening comment on the shows  
That for oblivion take their daily birth  
From all the fuming vanities of Earth.

*Sky-Prospect, from the Plain of France.*

The monumental pomp of age  
Was with this goodly Personage ;  
A stature undepressed in size,  
Unbent, which rather seemed to rise,  
In open victory o'er the weight  
Of seventy years, to loftier height.

*The White Doe of Rylstone. Canto iii.*

Babylon,  
Learned and wise, hath perished utterly,  
Nor leaves her Speech one word to aid the sigh  
That would lament her.

*Ecclesiastical Sonnets. Part i. xxv. Missions and Travels.*

As thou these ashes, little Brook ! wilt bear  
Into the Avon, Avon to the tide  
Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,  
Into main ocean they, this deed accursed  
An emblem yields to friends and enemies  
How the bold Teacher's Doctrine, sanctified  
By truth, shall spread, throughout the world dispersed.<sup>1</sup>

*Part ii. xvii. To Wickliffe.*

<sup>1</sup> In obedience to the order of the Council of Constance (1415), the remains of Wickliffe were exhumed and burnt to ashes, and these cast into the Swift, a neighbouring brook running hard by, and "thus this brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon; Avon into Severn; Severn into the narrow seas; they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over."—Fuller, *Church History*, Sec. ii. Book iv. Par. 53.

Fox says: "What Heraclitus would not laugh, or what Democritus would not weep? . . . For though they digged up his body, burnt his bones, and drowned his ashes, yet the word of God and

The feather, whence the pen  
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,  
Dropped from an angel's wing.<sup>1</sup>

*Ecclesiastical Sonnets. Part iii. v. Walton's Book of Lives.*

Meek Walton's heavenly memory. *Ibid.*

But who would force the Soul tilts with a straw  
Against a Champion cased in adamant.

*Part iii. vii. Persecution of the Scottish Covenanters.*

Where music dwells  
Lingering, and wandering on as loth to die ;  
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof  
That they were born for immortality.

*Part iii. xliii. Inside of King's Chapel, Cambridge.*

Myriads of daisies have shone forth in flower  
Near the lark's nest, and in their natural hour  
Have passed away ; less happy than the one  
That, by the unwilling ploughshare, died to prove  
The tender charm of poetry and love.

*Poems composed in Summer of 1833. xxxvii.*

truth of his doctrine, with the fruit and success thereof, they could not burn." — *Book of Martyrs, Vol. i. p. 696, ed. 1641.*

"Some prophet of that day said,

'The Avon to the Severn runs,

The Severn to the sea :

And Wickliffe's dust shall spread abroad,

Wide as the waters be.'"

From *Address before the Sons of New Hampshire*, by Daniel Webster, 1849.

These lines are similarly quoted by the Rev. John Cumming in the *Voices of the Dead*.

<sup>1</sup> The pen wherewith thou dost so heavenly sing

Made of a quill from an angel's wing.

Henry Constable, *Sonnet*.

Whose noble praise

Deserves a quill pluckt from an angel's wing.

Dorothy Berry, *Sonnet*.

Nor less I deem that there are Powers  
 Which of themselves our minds impress ;  
 That we can feed this mind of ours  
 In a wise passiveness. *Expostulation and Reply.*

Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books,  
 Or surely you'll grow double :  
 Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks ;  
 Why all this toil and trouble? *The Tables Turned.*

Come forth into the light of things,  
 Let Nature be your Teacher. *Ibid.*

One impulse from a vernal wood  
 May teach you more of man,  
 Of moral evil and of good,  
 Than all the sages can. *Ibid.*

In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts  
 Bring sad thoughts to the mind.  
*Lines written in Early Spring.*

And 't is my faith, that every flower  
 Enjoys the air it breathes. *Ibid.*

O Reader! had you in your mind  
 Such stores as silent thought can bring,  
 O gentle Reader! you would find  
 A tale in everything. *Simon Lee.*

I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds  
 With coldness still returning ;  
 Alas! the gratitude of men  
 Hath oftener left me mourning. *Ibid.*

One that would peep and botanize  
 Upon his mother's grave. *A Poet's Epitaph. Stanza 5.*

He murmurs near the running brooks  
A music sweeter than their own.

*A Poet's Epitaph. Stanza 10.*

And you must love him, ere to you  
He will seem worthy of your love.

*Stanza 11.*

The harvest of a quiet eye,  
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

*Stanza 13.*

Yet, sometimes, when the secret cup  
Of still and serious thought went round,  
It seemed as if he drank it up,  
He felt with spirit so profound.

*Matthew.*

My eyes are dim with childish tears,  
My heart is idly stirred,  
For the same sound is in my ears  
Which in those days I heard.

*The Fountain.*

A happy youth, and their old age  
Is beautiful and free.

*Ibid.*

And often, glad no more,  
We wear a face of joy, because  
We have been glad of yore.

*Ibid.*

Maidens withering on the stalk. *Personal Talk. Stanza 1.*

Sweetest melodies

Are those that are by distance made more sweet.

*Stanza 2.*

Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,  
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;  
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,  
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

*Stanza 3.*

The gentle Lady married to the Moor,  
And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb.

*Ibid.*

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,  
 Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares, —  
 The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs  
 Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!

*Personal Talk. Stanza 4.*

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God! *Ode to Duty.*

A light to guide, a rod  
 To check the erring, and reprove. *Ibid.*

Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
 The spirit of self-sacrifice;  
 The confidence of reason give;  
 And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live! *Ibid.*

Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,  
 And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!  
 Turns his necessity to glorious gain.  
*Character of the Happy Warrior.*

Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves  
 Of their bad influence, and their good receives. *Ibid.*

But who, if he be called upon to face  
 Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined  
 Great issues, good or bad for humankind,  
 Is happy as a Lover. *Ibid.*

And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law  
 In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw. *Ibid.*

Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,  
 Nor thought of tender happiness betray. *Ibid.*

“What is good for a bootless bene?”  
 With these dark words begins my tale;  
 And their meaning is, Whence can comfort spring  
 When Prayer is of no avail? *Force of Prayer.*



Sad fancies do we then affect,  
 In luxury of disrespect  
 To our own prodigal excess  
 Of too familiar happiness.

*Ode to Lycoris.*

Or, shipwrecked, kindles on the coast  
 False fires, that others may be lost. *To the Lady Fleming.*

Small service is true service while it lasts :  
 Of humblest Friends, bright Creature! scorn not one :  
 The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,  
 Protects the lingering dewdrop from the Sun.

*To a Child. Written in her Album.*

Men who can hear the Decalogue, and feel  
 No self-reproach. *The Old Cumberland Beggar.*

As in the eye of Nature he has lived,  
 So in the eye of Nature let him die! *Ibid.*

To be a Prodigal's Favourite. — then, worse truth,  
 A Miser's Pensioner, — behold our lot!

*The Small Celandine.*

The light that never was, on sea or land,  
 The consecration, and the Poet's dream.  
*Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle, in a Storm. Stanza 4.*

A Power is passing from the earth.  
*Lines on the expected Dissolution of Mr. Fox.*

But hushed be every thought that springs  
 From out the bitterness of things. *Addressed to Sir G. H. B.*

Since every mortal power of Coleridge  
 Was frozen at its marvellous source ;  
 The rapt one, of the godlike forehead,  
 The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth :  
 And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,  
 Has vanished from his lonely hearth.  
*Extempore Effusion upon the Death of James Hogg.*

How fast has brother followed brother,  
From sunshine to the sunless land!

*Extempore Effusion upon the Death of James Hogg.*

But yet I know, where'er I go,  
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

*Ode. Intimations of Immortality. Stanza 2.*

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :  
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,

And cometh from afar :

Not in entire forgetfulness,

And not in utter darkness,

But trailing clouds of glory, do we come

From God, who is our home :

Heaven lies about us in our infancy!

*Stanza 5.*

At length the Man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day.

*Ibid.*

The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
Perpetual benediction.

*Stanza 9.*

Those obstinate questionings  
Of sense and outward things,  
Fallings from us, vanishings ;  
Blank misgivings of a Creature  
Moving about in worlds not realized,  
High instincts before which our mortal Nature  
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised.

*Ibid.*

Truths that wake,  
To perish never.

*Ibid.*

Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
Which brought us hither.

*Ibid.*

In years that bring the philosophic mind.

*Ode. Intimations of Immortality. Stanza 10.*

The Clouds that gather round the setting sun

Do take a sober colouring from an eye

That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality. *Stanza 11.*

To me the meanest flower that blows can give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears. *Ibid.*

The vision and the faculty divine ;

Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse.

*The Excursion. Book i.*

The imperfect offices of prayer and praise.

*Ibid.*

That mighty orb of song,

The divine Milton.

*Ibid.*

The good die first,

And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust

Burn to the socket.

*Ibid.*

This dull product of a scoffer's pen.

*Book ii.*

With battlements that on their restless fronts

Bore stars.

*Ibid.*

Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop

Than when we soar.

*Book iii.*

Wrongs unredressed, or insults unavenged.

*Ibid.*

Monastic brotherhood, upon rock

Aerial.

*Ibid.*

The intellectual power, through words and things,

Went sounding on, a dim and perilous way !<sup>1</sup>

*Ibid.*

Society became my glittering bride,

And airy hopes my children.

*Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare *The Borderers*. Page 402.

And the most difficult of tasks to keep  
 Heights which the soul is competent to gain.  
*The Excursion. Book iv.*

There is a luxury in self-dispraise ;  
 And inward self-disparagement affords  
 To meditative spleen a grateful feast. *Ibid.*

Pan himself,  
 The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring god! *Ibid.*

I have seen  
 A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract  
 Of inland ground, applying to his ear  
 The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell ;  
 To which, in silence hushed, his very soul  
 Listened intensely ; and his countenance soon  
 Brightened with joy ; for from within were heard  
 Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed  
 Mysterious union with its native sea.<sup>1</sup> *Book vi.*

One in whom persuasion and belief  
 Had ripened into faith, and faith become  
 A passionate intuition. *Ibid.*

Spires whose " silent finger points to heaven." <sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

Ah ! what a warning for a thoughtless man,  
 Could field or grove, could any spot of earth,  
 Show to his eye an image of the pangs  
 Which it hath witnessed, — render back an echo  
 Of the sad steps by which it hath been trod ! *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> See Landor's *Gebir*, *Book i.*

<sup>2</sup> An instinctive taste teaches men to build their churches in flat countries with spire steeples, which, as they cannot be referred to any other object, point as with silent finger to the sky and stars. — Coleridge, *The Friend*, No. 14.

And, when the stream  
Which overflowed the soul was passed away,  
A consciousness remained that it had left,  
Deposited upon the silent shore  
Of memory, images and precious thoughts  
That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed.

*The Excursion.* Book vii.

Wisdom married to immortal verse.<sup>1</sup>

*Ibid.*

A Man he seems of cheerful yesterdays  
And confident to-morrows.

*Ibid.*

The primal duties shine aloft, like stars;  
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,  
Are scattered at the feet of Man, like flowers.

*Book ix.*

By happy chance we saw  
A twofold image; on a grassy bank  
A snow-white ram, and in the crystal flood  
Another and the same!<sup>2</sup>

*Ibid.*

Another morn  
Risen on mid-noon.<sup>3</sup>

*The Prelude.* Book vi.

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
But to be young was very Heaven!

*Book xi.*

The budding rose above the rose full blown.

*Ibid.*

And thou art long, and lank, and brown,  
As is the ribbed sea sand.

*Lines added to the Ancient Mariner.*<sup>4</sup>

And listens like a three years' child.

*Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Milton, *L'Allegro*, Line 137. Page 205.

<sup>2</sup> Another and the same. — Darwin, *The Botanic Garden*.

An equivalent of the Latin phrase *alter et idem*. See Joseph Hall's *Mundus alter et idem*, published circa 1600.

<sup>3</sup> Verbatim from *Paradise Lost*, Book v. Line 310.

<sup>4</sup> Wordsworth, in his notes to *We are Seven*, claims to have written these lines in the *Ancient Mariner*.

## ROBERT SOUTHEY. 1774-1843.

How beautiful is night!  
 A dewy freshness fills the silent air;  
 No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,  
 Breaks the serene of heaven:  
 In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine  
 Rolls through the dark blue depths.  
 Beneath her steady ray  
 The desert circle spreads,  
 Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.  
 How beautiful is night!

*Thalaba.*

They sin who tell us Love can die:  
 With Life all other passions fly,  
 All others are but vanity.

*The Curse of Kehama. Canto x. Stanza 10.*

Love is indestructible:  
 Its holy flame for ever burneth;  
 From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth.

*Ibid.*

It soweth here with toil and care,  
 But the harvest-time of Love is there.

*Ibid.*

Oh! when a Mother meets on high  
 The Babe she lost in infancy,  
 Hath she not then, for pains and fears,  
 The day of woe, the watchful night,  
 For all her sorrow, all her tears,  
 An over-payment of delight?

*Stanza 11.*

Thou hast been called, O sleep! the friend of woe;  
 But 't is the happy that have called thee so.

*Canto xv. Stanza 11.*

Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue.<sup>1</sup>

*Madoc in Wales.* v.

And last of all an Admiral came,  
A terrible man with a terrible name, —  
A name which you all know by sight very well,  
But which no one can speak, and no one can spell.

*The March to Moscow.* Stanza 8.

He passed a cottage with a double coach-house,  
A cottage of gentility ;  
And he owned with a grin,  
That his favourite sin  
Is pride that apes humility.<sup>2</sup>

*The Devil's Walk.*

The Satanic school. *Vision of Judgment.* Original Preface.

“But what good came of it at last?”

Quoth little Peterkin.

“Why that I cannot tell,” said he ;

“But 't was a famous victory.” *The Battle of Blenheim.*

Where Washington hath left  
His awful memory  
A light for after times !

*Ode written during the War with America, 1814.*

My days among the Dead are passed ;  
Around me I behold,  
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
The mighty minds of old ;  
My never-failing friends are they,  
With whom I converse day by day.

*Occasional Pieces.* xviii.

<sup>1</sup> “Darkly, deeply, beautifully blue;”

As some one somewhere sings about the sky.

Byron, *Don Juan*, Canto iv. Stanza 110.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Coleridge, *The Devil's Thoughts.* Page 434.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,  
 The few locks which are left you are gray ;  
 You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man ;  
 Now tell me the reason I pray. *Father William.*

The march of intellect.<sup>1</sup>

*Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society. Vol. ii.  
 p. 360. The Doctor, Ch. Extraordinary.*

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JAMES SMITH. 1775–1839.

No Drury Lane for you to-day.  
*Rejected Addresses. The Baby's Début.*

I saw them go : one horse was blind,  
 The tails of both hung down behind,  
 Their shoes were on their feet. *Ibid.*

Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait. *The Theatre.*

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HORACE SMITH. 1779–1849.

Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,  
 And nought is every thing and every thing is nought.  
*Rejected Addresses. Cui Bono?*

In the name of the Prophet — figs. *Johnson's Ghost.*

And thou hast walked about (how strange a story !)

In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,  
 When the Memnonium was in all its glory.  
*Address to the Mummy at Belzoni's Exhibition.*

<sup>1</sup> The march of the human mind is slow.  
 Burke, *Speech on Conciliation with America.*



## SYDNEY SMITH. 1769-1845.

It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding.<sup>1</sup>

Lady Holland's *Memoir*. Vol. i. p. 15.

No one minds what Jeffrey says, — it is not more than a week ago that I heard him speak disrespectfully of the equator. Vol. i. p. 23.

We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal.<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

(Speaking of justice.) Truth is its handmaid, freedom is its child, peace is its companion, safety walks in its steps, victory follows in its train; it is the brightest emanation from the Gospel, it is the attribute of God. Vol. i. p. 29.

Avoid shame, but do not seek glory, — nothing so expensive as glory.<sup>3</sup> Vol. i. p. 88.

Daniel Webster struck me much like a steam-engine in trousers. Vol. i. p. 267.

Heat, ma'am! it was so dreadful here that I found there was nothing left for it but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones. *Ibid.*

Macaulay is like a book in breeches. . . . He has occasional flashes of silence, that make his conversation perfectly delightful. Vol. i. p. 363.

<sup>1</sup> The whole nation hitherto has been void of wit and humour, and even incapable of relishing it. — Horace Walpole, *Letter to Sir Horace Mann*, 1778.

<sup>2</sup> Motto proposed for the *Edinburgh Review*: Tenui Musam meditamur avena.

<sup>3</sup> A favorite motto, which through life he inculcated on his family.

Serenely full, the epicure would say,  
Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day.<sup>1</sup>

Lady Holland's *Memoir. Recipe for Salad. Vol. i. p. 374.*

If you choose to represent the various parts in life by holes upon a table, of different shapes,—some circular, some triangular, some square, some oblong,—and the persons acting these parts by bits of wood of similar shapes, we shall generally find that the triangular person has got into the square hole, the oblong into the triangular, and a square person has squeezed himself into the round hole. The officer and the office, the doer and the thing done, seldom fit so exactly that we can say they were almost made for each other.

*Sketches of Moral Philosophy.*

The schoolboy whips his taxed top, the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent, into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent, flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent, and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death.

*Review of Seybert's Annals of the United States. 1820.*

In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book? or goes to an American play? or looks at an American picture or statue? *Ibid.*

Magnificent spectacle of human happiness.

*America. Edinburgh Review, July, 1824.*

(Great storm at Sidmouth.) In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who

<sup>1</sup> Compare Dryden. Page 227.

lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington.

*Speech at Taunton, 1831.*

Men who prefer any load of infamy, however great, to any pressure of taxation, however light.

*On American Debts.*



JONATHAN M. SEWALL. 1748-1808.

No pent-up Utica contracts your powers,  
But the whole boundless continent is yours.

*Epilogue to Cato.*<sup>1</sup>



C. C. COLTON. 1780-1832.

Imitation is the sincerest flattery.

*The Lacon.*



WILLIAM KNOX. 1789-1825.

O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?  
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,  
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,  
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

*O, why should the Spirit of Mortal be proud?*

<sup>1</sup> Written for the Bow Street Theatre, Portsmouth, N. H.

## CHARLES LAMB. 1775-1834.

Gone before

To that unknown and silent shore. *Hester. Stanza 7.*

I have had playmates, I have had companions,  
 In my days of childhood, in my joyful school days.  
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

*Old Familiar Faces.*

And half had staggered that stout Stagirite.

*Written at Cambridge.*

Who first invented work and bound the free  
 And holiday-rejoicing spirit down

To that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood?

Sabbathless Satan!

*Work.*

For with G. D., to be absent from the body is  
 sometimes (not to speak profanely) to be present with  
 the Lord.

*Oxford in the Vacation.*

A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the  
 game.

*Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist.*

Sentimentally I am disposed to harmony. But or-  
 ganically I am incapable of a tune.

*A Chapter on Ears.*

Not if I know myself at all.

*The Old and New Schoolmaster.*

It is good to love the unknown.

*Valentine's Day.*

The pilasters reaching down were adorned with a  
 glistening substance (I know not what) under glass  
 (as it seemed), resembling — a homely fancy — but I  
 judged it to be sugar-candy — yet to my raised imagi-  
 nation, divested of its homelier qualities, it appeared a  
 glorified candy.

*Essays of Elia. My First Play.*

“Presents,” I often say, “endear Absents.”

*A Dissertation upon Roast Pig.*

It argues an insensibility.

*Ibid.*

Books which are no books. *Detached Thoughts on Books.*

Your absence of mind we have borne, till your presence of body came to be called in question by it.

*Amicus Redivivus.*

He might have proved a useful adjunct, if not an ornament, to society.

*Captain Starkey.*

Neat, not gaudy.

*Letter to Wordsworth, 1806.*

Martin, if dirt was trumps, what hands you would hold!

*Lamb's Suppers.*

Returning to town in the stage-coach, which was filled with Mr. Gilman's guests, we stopped for a minute or two at Kentish Town. A woman asked the coachman, “Are you full inside?” Upon which Lamb put his head through the window and said, “I am quite full inside; that last piece of pudding at Mr. Gilman's did the business for me.”

From Leslie's *Autobiographical Recollections.*



WILLIAM PITT. ———1840.

A strong nor'-wester 's blowing, Bill;

Hark! don't ye hear it roar now?

Lord help 'em, how I pities them

Unhappy folks on shore now! *The Sailor's Consolation.*

My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots

About their heads are flying.

*Ibid.*

## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. 1772-1834.

- Red as a rose is she. *The Ancient Mariner. Part i.*
- We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea. *Part ii.*
- As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean. *Ibid.*
- Water, water, everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink. *Ibid.*
- Without a breeze, without a tide,  
She steadies with upright keel. *Part iii.*
- Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on a wide, wide sea. *Part iv.*
- A spring of love gushed from my heart,  
And I blessed them unaware. *Ibid.*
- O sleep! it is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole. *Part v.*
- A noise like of a hidden brook  
In the leafy month of June,  
That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune. *Ibid.*
- Like one that on a lonesome road  
Doth walk in fear and dread,  
And, having once turned round, walks on  
And turns no more his head,  
Because he knows a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread. *Part vi.*
- So lonely 't was, that God himself  
Scarce seemed there to be. *Part vii.*

He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.

*The Ancient Mariner. Part vii.*

He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things, both great and small.

*Ibid.*

A sadder and a wiser man,  
He rose the morrow morn.

*Ibid.*

And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

*Christabel. Part i.*

A lady so richly clad as she, —  
Beautiful exceedingly.

*Ibid.*

Carved with figures strange and sweet,  
All made out of the carver's brain.

*Ibid.*

Her gentle limbs did she undress,  
And lay down in her loveliness.

*Ibid.*

A sight to dream of, not to tell!

*Ibid.*

That saints will aid if men will call :  
For the blue sky bends over all !

*Conclusion to Part i.*

Each matin bell, the Baron saith,  
Knells us back to a world of death.

*Part ii.*

Her face, oh ! call it fair, not pale.

*Ibid.*

Alas ! they had been friends in youth ;  
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;  
And constancy lives in realms above ;  
And life is thorny, and youth is vain ;  
And to be wroth with one we love  
Doth work like madness in the brain.

*Ibid.*

They stood aloof, the scars remaining, —  
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;  
A dreary sea now flows between.

*Ibid.*

Perhaps 't is pretty to force together  
Thoughts so all unlike each other ;  
To mutter and mock a broken charm,  
To dally with wrong that does no harm.

*Christabel. Conclusion to Part ii.*

Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,  
And shot my being through earth, sea, and air,  
Possessing all things with intensest love,  
O Liberty ! my spirit felt thee there. *France. An Ode. v.*

Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-place,  
(Portentous sight !) the owlet Atheism,  
Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,  
Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close,  
And, hooting at the glorious sun in heaven,  
Cries out, "Where is it?" *Fears in Solitude.*

And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin  
Is pride that apes humility.<sup>1</sup> *The Devil's Thoughts.*

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
All are but ministers of Love,  
And feed his sacred flame. *Love.*

Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limitless  
billows.

Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and  
the ocean.

*The Homeric Hexameter. Translated from Schiller.*

In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column,  
In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.  
*The Ovidian Elegiac Metre. From Schiller.*

<sup>1</sup> His favorite sin  
Is pride that apes humility. — Southey, *The Devil's Walk.*



Blest hour! it was a luxury — to be!

*Reflections on having left a Place of Retirement.*

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star

In his steep course? *Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni.*

Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines. *Ibid.*

Motionless torrents! silent cataracts! *Ibid.*

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost. *Ibid.*

Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God. *Ibid.*

A mother is a mother still,

The holiest thing alive. *The Three Graves.*

Never, believe me,

Appear the Immortals,

Never alone. *The Visit of the Gods.* (Imitated from Schiller.)

The Knight's bones are dust,

And his good sword rust;

His soul is with the saints, I trust. *The Knight's Tomb.*

To know, to esteem, to love, — and then to part,

Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart!

*On taking leave of ———, 1817.*

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan

A stately pleasure-dome decree:

Where Alph, the sacred river, ran

Through caverns measureless to man

Down to a sunless sea. *Kubla Khan.*

Ancestral voices prophesying war. *Ibid.*

A damsel with a dulcimer

In a vision once I saw:

It was an Abyssian maid,

And on her dulcimer she played,

Singing of Mount Abora. *Ibid.*

For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

*Kubla Khan.*

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,  
Death came with friendly care ;  
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,  
And bade it blossom there.

*Epitaph on an Infant.*

The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence.

*Dejection. Stanza 1.*

Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud.  
We in ourselves rejoice !

And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,  
All melodies the echoes of that voice,  
All colours a suffusion from that light.

*Stanza 5.*

Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn.

*A Christmas Carol. viii.*

Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends !  
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,  
The good great man ? three treasures, — love, and light,  
And calm thoughts, regular as infants' breath ;  
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night, —  
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

*Reproof.*

Nought cared this body for wind or weather

When youth and I lived in 't together. *Youth and Age.*

Flowers are lovely ; Love is flower-like ;  
Friendship is a sheltering tree ;  
O the Joys, that came down shower-like,  
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,  
Ere I was old !

*Ibid.*

I counted two-and-seventy stenches,  
All well defined, and several stinks.

*Cologne.*

The river Rhine, it is well known,  
 Doth wash your city of Cologne ;  
 But tell me, nymphs ! what power divine  
 Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine ? *Cologne.*

I stood in unimaginable trance  
 And agony that cannot be remembered.  
*Remorse. Act iv. Sc. 3.*

The intelligible forms of ancient poets,  
 The fair humanities of old religion,  
 The power, the beauty, and the majesty,  
 That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,  
 Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,  
 Or chasms and watery depths, — all these have vanished ;  
 They live no longer in the faith of reason.  
*Translation of Wallenstein. Part i. Act ii. Sc. 4.*

I've lived and loved. *Act ii. Sc. 6.*

Clothing the palpable and familiar  
 With golden exhalations of the dawn.  
*The Death of Wallenstein. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Often do the spirits  
 Of great events stride on before the events,  
 And in to-day already walks to-morrow. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

I have heard of reasons manifold  
 Why Love must needs be blind,  
 But this the best of all I hold, —  
 His eyes are in his mind.  
*To a Lady, offended by a Sportive Observation.*

What outward form and feature are  
 He guesseth but in part ;  
 But what within is good and fair  
 He seeth with the heart. *Ibid.*

My eyes make pictures, when they are shut.  
*A Day-Dream.*

Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand,  
 By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,  
 Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey,  
 Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.<sup>1</sup> *Fancy in Nubibus.*

Our myriad-minded Shakespeare.<sup>2</sup> *Biog. Lit. Ch. xv.*

A dwarf sees farther than the giant, when he has the  
 giant's shoulder to mount on.<sup>3</sup> *The Friend. Sec. i. Essay 8.*

An instinctive taste teaches men to build their  
 churches in flat countries with spire steeples, which, as  
 they cannot be referred to any other object, point as  
 with silent finger to the sky and stars.<sup>4</sup> *Ibid., No. 14.*

In many ways doth the full heart reveal  
 The presence of the love it would conceal.

*Motto to Poems written in Later Life.*



### WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER. 1770-1834.

Too late I stayed, — forgive the crime, —  
 Unheeded flew the hours ;  
 How noiseless falls the foot of time,<sup>5</sup>  
 That only treads on flowers. *Lines to Lady A. Hamilton.*

<sup>1</sup> And Iliad and Odyssey  
 Rose to the music of the sea.

From the German of Stolberg, *Thalatta*, p. 132.

<sup>2</sup> A phrase, says Coleridge, which I have borrowed from a Greek  
 monk, who applies it to a patriarch of Constantinople.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum*. Page 162.

Grant them but dwarfs, yet stand they on giants' shoulders, and  
 may see the further. — Fuller, *The Holy State*, Ch. vi. 8.

See Cyprianus, *Vita Campanellæ*, p. 15.

<sup>4</sup> Compare Wordsworth, *The Excursion*. Page 422.

<sup>5</sup> Compare Shakespeare, *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v. Sc. 3.  
 Page 48.

## JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1771-1854.

When the good man yields his breath  
(For the good man never dies).<sup>1</sup>

*The Wanderer of Switzerland. Part v.*

Gashed with honourable scars,

Low in Glory's lap they lie ;

Though they fell, they fell like stars,

Streaming splendour through the sky.

*The Battle of Alexandria.*

Distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea.

*The Ocean. Line 54.*

Once, in the flight of ages past,

There lived a man.

*The Common Lot.*

Counts his sure gains, and hurries back for more.

*The West Indies. Part iii.*

Joys too exquisite to last, —

And yet *more* exquisite when past.

*The Little Cloud.*

Bliss in possession will not last ;

Remembered joys are never past ;

At once the fountain, stream, and sea,

They were, they are, they yet shall be.

*Ibid.*

Friend after friend departs, —

Who hath not lost a friend ?

There is no union here of hearts,

That finds not here an end.

*Friends.*

Nor sink those stars in empty night, —

They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

*Ibid.*

'T is not the whole of life to live,

Nor all of death to die.

*The Issues of Life and Death.*

<sup>1</sup> Ὀνήσκειν μὴ λέγει τοὺς ἀγαθοὺς. — Callimachus, *Ep.* x.

Beyond this vale of tears  
 There is a life above,  
 Unmeasured by the flight of years ;  
 And all that life is love.     *The Issues of Life and Death.*

Night is the time to weep ;  
 To wet with unseen tears  
 Those graves of memory, where sleep  
 The joys of other years.     *Night.*

Who that hath ever been  
 Could bear to be no more ?  
 Yet who would tread again the scene  
 He trod through life before ?     *The Falling Leaf.*

Here in the body pent,  
 Absent from Him I roam ;  
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
 A day's march nearer home.     *At Home in Heaven.*

If God hath made this world so fair,  
 Where sin and death abound,  
 How beautiful beyond compare  
 Will paradise be found !     *The Earth full of God's Goodness.*

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,  
 Uttered or unexpressed,  
 The motion of a hidden fire  
 That trembles in the breast.     *What is Prayer ?*



ROBERT EMMET. 1780–1803.

Let there be no inscription upon my tomb ; let no  
 man write my epitaph : no man can write my epitaph.  
*Speech on his Trial and Conviction for High Treason, Sept., 1803.*

## THOMAS CAMPBELL. 1777-1844.

'T is distance lends enchantment to the view,  
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.<sup>1</sup>

*Pleasures of Hope. Part i. Line 7.*

But hope, the charmer, lingered still behind. *Line 40.*

O Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save. *Line 359.*

Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,<sup>2</sup>  
And Freedom shrieked — as Kosciusko fell! *Line 381.*

On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,  
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below. *Line 385.*

And rival all but Shakespeare's name below. *Line 472.*

Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,  
The power of grace, the magic of a name?

*Part ii. Line 5.*

Without the smile from partial beauty won,  
O what were man? — a world without a sun. *Line 21.*

The world was sad, — the garden was a wild;  
And Man, the hermit, sighed — till Woman smiled.  
*Line 37.*

While Memory watches o'er the sad review  
Of joys that faded like the morning dew. *Line 45.*

There shall he love, when genial morn appears,  
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears. *Line 95.*

And muse on Nature with a poet's eye. *Line 98.*

That gems the starry girdle of the year. *Line 194.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Webster. Page 167.

<sup>2</sup> At length, fatigued with life, he bravely fell,  
And health with Boerhaave bade the world farewell.  
Church, *The Choice* (1754).

Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll  
Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul!

*Pleasures of Hope. Part ii. Line 263.*

O star-eyed Science! hast thou wandered there,  
To waft us home the message of despair? *Line 325.*

But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,  
Weep to record, and blush to give it in.<sup>1</sup> *Line 357.*

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,  
But leave, O, leave the light of Hope behind!  
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,  
Like angel visits, few and far between.<sup>2</sup> *Line 375.*

The hunter and the deer a shade.<sup>3</sup>  
*O' Connor's Child. Stanza 5.*

Another's sword has laid him low,  
Another's and another's;  
And every hand that dealt the blow,  
Ah me! it was a brother's! *Stanza 10.*

'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
And coming events cast their shadows before.<sup>4</sup>  
*Lochiel's Warning.*

Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,  
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe,  
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,  
Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame.  
*Ibid.*

And rustic life and poverty  
Grow beautiful beneath his touch.  
*Ode to the Memory of Burns.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Sterne. Page 322.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Norris. Page 238.

<sup>3</sup> Verbatim from Freneau's *Indian Burying-Ground*.

<sup>4</sup> Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present. — Shelley, *A Defence of Poetry*.



Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,  
Whose truths electrify the sage.

*Ode to the Memory of Burns.*

Ye mariners of England!

That guard our native seas;

Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,

The battle and the breeze! *Ye Mariners of England.*

Britannia needs no bulwarks,

No towers along the steep;

Her march is o'er the mountain waves,

Her home is on the deep. *Ibid.*

When the stormy winds do blow:<sup>1</sup>

When the battle rages loud and long,

And the stormy winds do blow. *Ibid.*

The meteor flag of England

Shall yet terrific burn;

Till danger's troubled night départ,

And the star of peace return. *Ibid.*

There was silence deep as death;

And the boldest held his breath,

For a time. *Battle of the Baltic.*

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,

Who rush to glory, or the grave!

Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,

And charge with all thy chivalry! *Hohenlinden.*

Few, few, shall part where many meet!

The snow shall be their winding-sheet,

And every turf beneath their feet

Shall be a soldier's sepulchre. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> When the stormy winds do blow.

Martyn Parker, *Ye Gentlemen of England.*

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,  
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill ;  
 For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing  
 To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.

*The Exile of Erin.*

To bear is to conquer our fate.

*On visiting a Scene in Argyleshire.*

The sentinel stars set their watch in the sky.<sup>1</sup>

*The Soldier's Dream.*

In life's morning march, when my bosom was young.

*Ibid.*

But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,

And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away. *Ibid.*

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky

When storms prepare to part,

I ask not proud Philosophy

To teach me what thou art.

*To the Rainbow.*

A stoic of the woods, — a man without a tear.

*Gertrude of Wyoming. Part i. Stanza 23.*

O Love! in such a wilderness as this. *Part iii. Stanza 1.*

The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below! *Stanza 5.*

Again to the battle, Achaians!

Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance!

Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree,

It has been, and shall yet be, the land of the free.

*Song of the Greeks.*

Drink ye to her that each loves best,

And if you nurse a flame

That 's told but to her mutual breast,

We will not ask her name.

*Drink ye to her.*

<sup>1</sup> The starres, bright centinels of the skies.

Habington, *Castara, Dialogue between Night and Araphil.*

To live in hearts we leave behind,  
Is not to die.

*Hallowed Ground.*

O leave this barren spot to me!  
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree.<sup>1</sup>

*The Beech Tree's Petition (1802).*



CLEMENT C. MOORE. 1779–1863.

'T was the night before Christmas, when all through  
the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

*A Visit from St. Nicholas.*



PRINCESS AMELIA. 1783–1810.

Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,  
I laughed, and danced, and talked, and sung.



JAMES KENNEY. 1780–1849.

Behold, how brightly breaks the morning,  
Though bleak our lot, our hearts are warm.

*Behold how brightly breaks.*

<sup>1</sup> Woodman, spare that tree!  
Touch not a single bough!

*Morris, Woodman, spare that Tree.*

## JANE TAYLOR. 1783–1824.

Far from mortal cares retreating,  
 Sordid hopes and vain desires,  
 Here, our willing footsteps meeting,  
 Every heart to heaven aspires. *Hymn.*

I thank the goodness and the grace  
 Which on my birth have smiled,  
 And made me, in these Christian days,  
 A happy Christian child. *A Child's Hymn of Praise.*

O that it were my chief delight  
 To do the things I ought!  
 Then let me try with all my might  
 To mind what I am taught. *For a Very Little Child.*

Who ran to help me when I fell,  
 And would some pretty story tell,  
 Or kiss the place to make it well?  
 My mother.



## ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. 1785–1842.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,  
 A wind that follows fast,  
 And fills the white and rustling sail,  
 And bends the gallant mast. *A wet sheet and a flowing sea.*

While the hollow oak our palace is,  
 Our heritage the sea. *Ibid.*

When looks were fond, and words were few.  
*Poet's Bridal-Day Song.*

## SIR WALTER SCOTT. 1771-1832.

Such is the custom of Branksome Hall.

*Lay of the Last Minstrel. Canto i. Stanza 7.*

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,

Go visit it by the pale moonlight. *Canto ii. Stanza 1.*

O fading honours of the dead!

O high ambition, lowly laid! *Stanza 10.*

I was not always a man of woe. *Stanza 12.*

I cannot tell how the truth may be;

I say the tale as 't was said to me. *Stanza 22.*

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;

In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;

In halls, in gay attire is seen;

In hamlets, dances on the green.

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,

And men below, and saints above;

For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

*Canto iii. Stanza 1.*

Her blue eyes sought the west afar,

For lovers love the western star. *Stanza 24.*

Along thy wild and willowed shore. *Canto iv. Stanza 1.*

Ne'er

Was flattery lost on poet's ear:

A simple race! they waste their toil

For the vain tribute of a smile. *Stanza 35.*

Call it not vain; — they do not err

Who say, that, when the poet dies,

Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,

And celebrates his obsequies. *Canto v. Stanza 1.*

True love 's the gift which God has given  
To man alone beneath the heaven :

It is not fantasy's hot fire,  
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly ;  
It liveth not in fierce desire,  
With dead desire it doth not die ;

It is the secret sympathy,  
The silver link, the silken tie,  
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,  
In body and in soul can bind.

*Lay of the Last Minstrel. Canto v. Stanza 13.*

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land !  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,  
As home his footsteps he hath turned

From wandering on a foreign strand ?  
If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;  
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim, —  
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentred all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

*Canto vi. Stanza 1.*

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,  
Meet nurse for a poetic child !  
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood ;  
Land of the mountain and the flood.

*Stanza 2.*

Profaned the God-given strength, and marred the lofty  
line.

*Marmion. Introduction to Canto i.*

Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,  
When thought is speech, and speech is truth.

*Marmion. Introduction to Canto ii.*

When, musing on companions gone,  
We doubly feel ourselves alone.

*Ibid.*

'T is an old tale and often told ;  
But did my fate and wish agree,  
Ne'er had been read, in story old,  
Of maiden true betrayed for gold,  
That loved, or was avenged, like me.

*Stanza 27.*

When Russia hurried to the field,  
And snatched the spear, but left the shield.<sup>1</sup>

*Introduction to Canto iii.*

In the lost battle,  
Borne down by the flying,  
Where mingles war's rattle  
With groans of the dying.

*Stanza 10.*

Where 's the coward that would not dare  
To fight for such a land?

*Canto iv. Stanza 30.*

Lightly from fair to fair he flew,  
And loved to plead, lament, and sue ;  
Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain,  
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.

*Canto v. Stanza 9.*

With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.

*Stanza 12.*

But woe awaits a country when  
She sees the tears of bearded men.

*Stanza 16.*

And dar'st thou then  
To beard the lion in his den,  
The Douglas in his hall?

*Canto vi. Stanza 14.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Freneau. Page 381.

O, what a tangled web we weave,  
When first we practise to deceive!

*Marmion. Canto vi. Stanza 17.*

O woman! in our hours of ease  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
And variable as the shade  
By the light quivering aspen made;  
When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou!<sup>1</sup>

*Stanza 30.*

“Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on!”  
Were the last words of Marmion.

*Stanza 32.*

O for a blast of that dread horn<sup>2</sup>  
On Fontarabian echoes borne!

*Stanza 33.*

To all, to each, a fair good-night,  
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light!

*Ibid. L'Envoy. To the Reader.*

In listening mood, she seemed to stand,  
The guardian Naiad of the strand.

*Lady of the Lake. Canto i. Stanza 17.*

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace  
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,  
Of finer form, or lovelier face.

*Stanza 18.*

A foot more light, a step more true,  
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew.

*Ibid.*

On his bold visage middle age  
Had slightly pressed its signet sage,  
Yet had not quenched the open truth  
And fiery vehemence of youth:  
Forward and frolic glee was there,  
The will to do, the soul to dare.

*Stanza 21.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, Act v. Sc. 1. Page 119.

<sup>2</sup> O for the voice of that wild horn. — *Rob Roy*, Ch. ii.



Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

*Lady of the Lake. Canto i. Stanza 31.*

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!

*Canto ii. Stanza 19.*

Some feelings are to mortals given,  
With less of earth in them than heaven.

*Stanza 22.*

Time rolls his ceaseless course.

*Canto iii. Stanza 1.*

Like the dew on the mountain,  
Like the foam on the river,  
Like the bubble on the fountain,  
Thou art gone, and for ever!

*Stanza 16.*

The rose is fairest when 't is budding new,  
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears.  
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,  
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.

*Canto iv. Stanza 1.*

Art thou a friend to Roderick?

*Stanza 30.*

Come one, come all! this rock shall fly  
From its firm base as soon as I.

*Canto v. Stanza 10.*

And the stern joy which warriors feel  
In foemen worthy of their steel.

*Ibid.*

Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,  
Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain!  
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,  
And fickle as a changeful dream;  
Fantastic as a woman's mood,  
And fierce as Frenzy's fevered blood.  
Thou many-headed monster thing,  
O, who would wish to be thy king!

*Stanza 30.*

Where, where was Roderick then?  
 One blast upon his bugle horn  
 Were worth a thousand men.

*Lady of the Lake. Canto vi. Stanza 18.*

Come as the winds come, when  
 Forests are rended;  
 Come as the waves come, when  
 Navies are stranded.

*Pibroch of Donald Dhu.*

In man's most dark extremity  
 Oft succour dawns from Heaven.

*Lord of the Isles. Canto i. Stanza 20.*

Spangling the wave with lights as vain  
 As pleasures in the vale of pain,  
 That dazzle as they fade.

*Stanza 23.*

O, many a shaft, at random sent,  
 Finds mark the archer little meant!  
 And many a word, at random spoken,  
 May soothe, or wound, a heart that 's broken!

*Canto v. Stanza 18.*

Where lives the man that has not tried  
 How mirth can into folly glide,  
 And folly into sin!

*Bridal of Triermain. Canto i. Stanza 21.*

A mother's pride, a father's joy.

*Rokeby. Canto iii. Stanza 15.*

O, Brignall banks are wild and fair,  
 And Greta woods are green,  
 And you may gather garlands there  
 Would grace a summer's queen.

*Stanza 16.*

Thus aged men, full loth and slow,  
 The vanities of life forego,  
 And count their youthful follies o'er,  
 Till Memory lends her light no more.

*Canto v. Stanza 1.*

It 's no fish ye 're buying, it 's men's lives.<sup>1</sup>

*The Antiquary. Ch. xi.*

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
Out of the land of bondage came,  
Her fathers' God before her moved,  
An awful guide in smoke and flame.

*Ivanhoe. Ch. xxxix.*

Sea of upturned faces.

*Rob Roy. Ch. xx.*

There 's a gude time coming.

*Ch. xxxii.*

My foot is on my native heath, and my name is  
MacGregor.

*Ch. xxxiv.*

Scared out of his seven senses.<sup>2</sup>

*Ibid.*

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!

To all the sensual world proclaim,  
One crowded hour of glorious life  
Is worth an age without a name.

*Old Mortality. Ch. xxxiv.*

Within that awful volume lies

The mystery of mysteries!

*The Monastery. Ch. xii.*

And better had they ne'er been born,  
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

*Ibid.*

Widowed wife and wedded maid. *The Betrothed. Ch. xv.*

Woman's faith and woman's trust

Write the characters in dust.

*Ch. xx.*

But with the morning cool reflection came.<sup>3</sup>

*Chronicles of the Canongate. Ch. iv.*

<sup>1</sup> It is not linen you 're wearing out,  
But human creatures' lives. — Hood, *Song of the Shirt*.

<sup>2</sup> Huzzaed out of my seven senses.

*Spectator, No. 616, Nov. 5, 1774.*

<sup>3</sup> Also quoted in the notes to the *Monastery, Ch. iii. n. 11*; and with 'calm' substituted for 'cool,' in the *Antiquary, Ch. v.*; and with 'repentance' for 'reflection,' in *Rob Roy, Ch. xii.*

Compare Rowe, *The Fair Penitent, Act i. Sc. 1. Page 258.*

What can they see in the longest kingly line in Europe, save that it runs back to a successful soldier? <sup>1</sup>

*Woodstock. Ch. xxxvii.*

The playbill, which is said to have announced the tragedy of Hamlet, the character of the Prince of Denmark being left out. *Introduction to the Talisman.*

Jock, when ye hae naething else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jock, when ye 're sleeping. <sup>2</sup>

*The Heart of Midlothian. Ch. viii.*

Although too much of a soldier among sovereigns, no one could claim with better right to be a sovereign among soldiers. <sup>3</sup>

*Life of Napoleon.*

The sun never sets on the immense empire of Charles V. <sup>4</sup>

*Ibid. (February, 1807.)*



### LORD DENMAN. 1779—1854.

A delusion, a mockery, and a snare.

*O'Connell v. The Queen, 11 Clark and Finnelly.*

The mere repetition of the *Cantilena* of lawyers cannot make it law, unless it can be traced to some competent authority; and, if it be irreconcilable, to some clear legal principle. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Un soldat tel que moi peut justement prétendre  
À gouverner l'état, quand il l'a su défendre.  
Le premier qui fut roi, fut un soldat heureux:  
Qui sert bien son pays, n'a pas besoin d'aïeux.

*Voltaire, Merope, Act i. Sc. 3.*

<sup>2</sup> The very words of a Highland laird, while on his death-bed, to his son.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Johnson. Page 315.

<sup>4</sup> Compare Webster. Page 467.

## THOMAS MOORE. 1779-1852.

This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,  
The past, the future, two eternities!

*Lalla Rookh. The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast  
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last. *Ibid.*

There 's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream. *Ibid.*

Like the stained web that whitens in the sun,  
Grow pure by being purely shone upon. *Ibid.*

One morn a Peri at the gate  
Of Eden stood disconsolate. *Paradise and the Peri.*

But the trail of the serpent is over them all. *Ibid.*

O, ever thus, from childhood's hour,  
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;  
I never loved a tree or flower,  
But 't was the first to fade away.

I never nursed a dear gazelle,  
To glad me with its soft black eye,  
But when it came to know me well,  
And love me, it was sure to die. *The Fire-Worshippers.*

O for a tongue to curse the slave,  
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,  
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,  
And blasts them in their hour of might! *Ibid.*

Beholding heaven, and feeling hell. *Ibid.*

As sunshine, broken in the rill,  
Though turned astray, is sunshine still. *Ibid.*

Farewell, farewell to thee, Araby's daughter.

*Lalla Rookh. The Fire-Worshippers.*

Alas! how light a cause may move  
 Dissension between hearts that love!  
 Hearts that the world in vain had tried,  
 And sorrow but more closely tied,  
 That stood the storm, when waves were rough,  
 Yet in a sunny hour fall off,  
 Like ships that have gone down at sea,  
 When heaven was all tranquillity.

*The Light of the Haram.*

Love on through all ills, and love on till they die. *Ibid.*

And, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,

It is this, it is this.

*Ibid.*

How shall we rank thee upon glory's page?  
 Thou more than soldier and just less than sage.

*To Thomas Hume.*

Go where glory waits thee;  
 But, while fame elates thee,

O, still remember me!

*Go where glory waits.*

O, breathe not his name! let it sleep in the shade,  
 Where cold and unhonoured his relics are laid.

*O, breathe not his name!*

And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,  
 Shall long keep his memory green in our souls. *Ibid.*

The harp that once through Tara's halls

The soul of music shed,

Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls

As if that soul were fled.

So sleeps the pride of former days,

So glory's thrill is o'er,

And hearts that once beat high for praise

Now feel that pulse no more.

*The harp that once.*

Fly not yet, 't is just the hour  
 When pleasure, like the midnight flower  
 That scorns the eye of vulgar light,  
 Begins to bloom for sons of night,  
 And maids who love the moon.

*Fly not yet.*

O stay! — O stay! —  
 Joy so seldom weaves a chain  
 Like this to-night, that, oh! 't is pain  
 To break its links so soon.

*Ibid.*

And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers  
 Is always the first to be touched by the thorns.

*O think not my spirits.*

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,  
 And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore.

*Rich and rare.*

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet  
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.

*The Meeting of the Waters.*

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side  
 In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?

*Come, send round the wine.*

The moon looks  
 On many brooks,

“The brook can see no moon but this.”<sup>1</sup>

*While gazing on the moon's light.*

No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,  
 But as truly loves on to the close!  
 As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,  
 The same look which she turned when he rose.

*Believe me, if all those endearing.*

<sup>1</sup> This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's Works: “The moon looks upon many night-flowers, the night-flower sees but one moon.”

And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,  
The maiden herself will steal after it soon. *Ill Omens.*

But there 's nothing half so sweet in life  
As love's young dream. *Love's Young Dream.*

Eyes of unholy blue. *By that lake.*

To live with them is far less sweet  
Than to remember thee!<sup>1</sup> *I saw thy form.*

'T is the last rose of summer,  
Left blooming alone. *Last Rose of Summer.*

When true hearts lie withered  
And fond ones are flown,  
Oh! who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone? *Ibid.*

And the best of all ways  
To lengthen our days  
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!  
*The Young May Moon.*

You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.  
*Farewell! But whenever you welcome the hour.*

Thus, when the lamp that lighted  
The traveller at first goes out,  
He feels awhile benighted,  
And looks around in fear and doubt.  
But soon, the prospect clearing,  
By cloudless starlight on he treads,  
And thinks no lamp so cheering  
As that light which heaven sheds. *I'd mourn the hopes.*

<sup>1</sup> In imitation of Shenstone's inscription, "Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse."



No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,  
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us.

*Come o'er the sea.*

The light that lies  
In woman's eyes.

*The time I've lost.*

My only books  
Were woman's looks,  
And folly 's all they 've taught me.

*Ibid.*

I know not, I ask not, if guilt 's in that heart,  
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

*Come, rest in this bosom.*

To live and die in scenes like this,

With some we 've left behind us.

*As slow our ship.*

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free,  
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea.

*Remember thee.*

All that 's bright must fade, —

The brightest still the fleetest ;

All that 's sweet was made

But to be lost when sweetest ! *All that's bright must fade.*

Those evening bells ! those evening bells !

How many a tale their music tells,

Of youth, and home, and that sweet time

When last I heard their soothing chime !

*Those evening bells.*

As half in shade and half in sun

This world along its path advances,

May that side the sun 's upon

Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances !

*Peace be around thee.*

If I speak to thee in Friendship's name,

Thou think'st I speak too coldly ;

If I mention Love's devoted flame,

Thou say'st I speak too boldly.

*How shall I woo ?*

A friendship that like love is warm,  
 A love like friendship steady. *How shall I woo?*

Oft in the stilly night,  
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Fond Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me ;  
 The smiles, the tears,  
 Of boyhood's years,  
 The words of love then spoken ;  
 The eyes that shone  
 Now dimmed and gone,  
 The cheerful hearts now broken ! *Oft in the stilly night.*

I feel like one  
 Who treads alone  
 Some banquet-hall deserted,  
 Whose lights are fled,  
 Whose garlands dead,  
 And all but he departed ! *Ibid.*

O, call it by some better name,  
 For Friendship sounds too cold.  
*O, call it by some better name.*

When twilight dews are falling soft  
 Upon the rosy sea, love,  
 I watch the star whose beam so oft  
 Has lighted me to thee, love. *When twilight dews.*

To sigh, yet feel no pain,  
 To weep, yet scarce know why ;  
 To sport an hour with Beauty's chain,  
 Then throw it idly by. *The Blue Stocking.*

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !  
 Jehovah has triumphed, — his people are free.  
*Sound the loud timbrel.*

This world is all a fleeting show,  
 For man's illusion given;  
 The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,  
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow, —  
 There 's nothing true but Heaven!

*This world is all a fleeting show.*

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish:  
 Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

*Come, ye disconsolate.*

Where bastard Freedom waves  
 Her fustian flag in mockery over slaves.

*To the Lord Viscount Forbes.*

I give thee all, — I can no more,  
 Though poor the offering be;  
 My heart and lute are all the store  
 That I can bring to thee.<sup>1</sup>

*My Heart and Lute.*

I knew, by the smoke that so gracefully curled  
 Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,  
 And I said, "If there 's peace to be found in the world,  
 A heart that was humble might hope for it here."

*Ballad Stanzas.*

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,  
 Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.

*A Canadian Boat Song.*

Row, brothers row, the stream runs fast,  
 The rapids are near, and the daylight 's past. *Ibid.*

To Greece we give our shining blades. *Evenings in Greece.*

Ay, down to the dust with them, slaves as they are!  
 From this hour let the blood in their dastardly veins,  
 That shrunk at the first touch of Liberty's war,  
 Be wasted for tyrants, or stagnant in chains.

*On the Entry of the Austrians into Naples, 1821.*

<sup>1</sup> This song was introduced in Kemble's *Lodoiska*, Act iii. Sc. 1.

Who has not felt how sadly sweet  
 The dream of home, the dream of home,  
 Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet,  
 When far o'er sea or land we roam?

*The Dream of Home.*

A Persian's heaven is easily made,  
 'T is but black eyes and lemonade.

*Intercepted Letters. Letter vi.*

Humility, that low, sweet root,  
 From which all heavenly virtues shoot.

*Loves of the Angels. The Third Angel's Story.*

Who ran  
 Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all.

*On the Death of Sheridan.*

Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,  
 Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade.

*Ibid.*

Though an angel should write, still 't is devils must  
 print.

*The Fudges in England.*

Weep on; and, as thy sorrows flow,  
 I'll taste the luxury of woe.

*Anacreontic.*

Good at a fight, but better at a play,  
 Godlike in giving, but the devil to pay.

*On a Cast of Sheridan's Hand.*

The minds of some of our statesmen, like the pupil  
 of the human eye, contract themselves the more, the  
 stronger light there is shed upon them.

*Preface to Corruption and Intolerance.*

Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume  
 To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom,  
 See their own feathers plucked, to wing the dart  
 Which rank corruption destines for their heart.<sup>1</sup>

*Corruption.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Waller. Page 176.

## REGINALD HEBER. 1783-1826.

Failed the bright promise of your early day! *Palestine.*

No hammers fell, no ponderous axes rung;  
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.<sup>1</sup>  
Majestic silence!

*Ibid.*

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid. *Epiphany.*

By cool Siloam's shady rill  
How sweet the lily grows.

*First Sunday after Epiphany. No. ii.*

When spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing  
soil. *Seventh Sunday after Trinity.*

Death rides on every passing breeze,  
He lurks in every flower. *At a Funeral. No. i.*

Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,  
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb.

*No. ii.*

Thus heavenly hope is all serene,  
But earthly hope, how bright so e'er,  
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,  
As false and fleeting as 't is fair.

*On Heavenly Hope and Earthly Hope.*

From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand. *Missionary Hymn.*

<sup>1</sup> Altered in later editions to —

No workman steel, no ponderous axes rung,  
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.

Compare Cowper, *Winter Morning Walk*, Line 144. Page 363.

Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile.

*Missionary Hymn.*

I see them on their winding way,  
About their ranks the moonbeams play.

*Lines written to a March.*

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ROBERT TREAT PAINE. 1772–1811.

And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,  
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

*Adams and Liberty.*

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SAMUEL WOODWORTH. 1785–1842.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood!  
When fond recollection presents them to view.

*The Bucket.*

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well. *Ibid.*

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CHARLES MINER. 1780–1865.

When I see a merchant over-polite to his customers,  
begging them to taste a little brandy and throwing half  
his goods on the counter, thinks I, that man has an axe  
to grind.

*Who'll turn Grindstones.<sup>1</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> From *Essays from the Desk of Poor Robert the Scribe*, Doylestown, Pa., 1815. It first appeared in the *Wilkesbarre Gleaner*, 1811.

## DANIEL WEBSTER. 1782-1852.

Whatever makes men good Christians, makes them good citizens. *First Settlement of New England, Dec. 22, 1820.*

We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object to the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise! let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and the parting day linger and play on its summit.

*Address on laying the Corner-Stone of the Bunker Hill Monument, 1825.*

Let our object be, our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. *Ibid.*

Mind is the great lever of all things; human thought is the process by which human ends are ultimately answered. *Ibid.*

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote.<sup>1</sup>

*Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, Aug. 2, 1826.*

Independence now and Independence forever.<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Adams, describing a conversation with Jonathan Sewall, in 1774, says: "I answered, that the die was now cast; I had passed the Rubicon. Swim or sink, live or die, survive or perish with my country, was my unalterable determination." — *Adams's Works*, Vol. iv. p. 8.

Live or die, sink or swim. — *Peele, Edward I. (1584?)*.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Webster says of Mr. Adams: "On the day of his death,

I thank God, that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down.

*Second Speech on Foot's Resolution, Jan. 26, 1830.*

The past, at least, is secure. *Ibid.*

The people's government, made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people.<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*

When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood. *Ibid.*

Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable. *Ibid.*

He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of Public Credit, and it sprung upon its feet.<sup>2</sup> *Speech on Hamilton, March 10, 1831.*

On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they (the Colonies) raised their flag against a power, to which, for purposes of foreign con-

hearing the noise of bells and cannon, he asked the occasion. On being reminded that it was 'Independent Day,' he replied, 'Independence forever.' — Webster's *Works*, Vol. i. p. 150. See Bancroft's *History of the United States*, Vol. vii. p. 65.

<sup>1</sup> Compare Parker. Page 543.

<sup>2</sup> He it was that first gave to the law the air of a science. He found it a skeleton, and clothed it with life, colour, and complexion; he embraced the cold statue, and by his touch it grew into youth, health, and beauty. — Barry Yelverton (Lord Avonmore), on *Blackstone*.

See 2 *Kings* xiii. 21.



quest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared, — a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.<sup>1</sup>

*Speech, May 7, 1834.*

One country, one constitution, one destiny.

*Speech, March 15, 1837.*

Sea of upturned faces.<sup>2</sup>

*Speech, Sept. 30, 1842.*

Knowledge is the only fountain both of the love and the principles of human liberty.

*Completion of Bunker Hill Monument, June 17, 1843.*

Justice, sir, is the great interest of man on earth.

*On Mr. Justice Story, 1845.*

I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American.

*Speech of July 17, 1850.*

<sup>1</sup> Why should the brave Spanish soldier brag the sun never sets in the Spanish dominions, but ever shineth on one part or other we have conquered for our king? — Capt. John Smith, *Advertisements for the Unexperienced, &c., Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc., Third Series, Vol. iii. p. 49.*

It may be said of them (the Hollanders) as of the Spaniards, that the sun never sets upon their dominions. — Gage's *New Survey of the West Indies, Epistle Dedicatory.* London, 1648.

Ich heisse

Der reichste Mann in der getauften Welt;

Die Sonne geht in meinem Staat nicht unter.

I am called

The richest monarch in the Christian world;

The sun in my dominions never sets.

Schiller, *Don Karlos, Act i. Sc. 6.*

The sun never sets on the immense empire of Charles V.

Walter Scott, *Life of Napoleon, February, 1807.*

<sup>2</sup> This phrase, commonly supposed to have originated with Mr. Webster, occurs in *Rob Roy, Ch. xx.*

WASHINGTON IRVING. 1783—1859.

Free-livers on a small scale, who are prodigal within  
the compass of a guinea. *The Stout Gentleman.*

The Almighty Dollar, that great object of universal  
devotion throughout our land, seems to have no genu-  
ine devotees in these peculiar villages.<sup>1</sup>  
*The Creole Village.*



SIR W. F. P. NAPIER. 1785—1860.

Napoleon's troops fought in bright fields, where ev-  
ery helmet caught some beams of glory, but the British  
soldier conquered under the cool shade of aristocracy ;  
no honours awaited his daring, no despatch gave his  
name to the applauses of his countrymen ; his life of  
danger and hardship was uncheered by hope, his death  
unnoticed. *Peninsular War (1810). Vol. ii. Book xi. Ch. 3.*



WILLIAM A. MUHLENBERG. 1796—1877.

I would not live alway ; I ask not to stay,  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way.  
*I would not live alway.*

<sup>1</sup> Whilst that for which all virtue now is sold,  
And almost every vice, almighty gold.

*Ben Jonson, Epistle to Elizabeth.*

No: let the monarch's bags and coffers hold  
The flattering, mighty, nay al-mighty gold.

*Peter Pindar, Ode iv. to Kien Long.*

STEPHEN DECATUR. 1779-1820.

Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong. *Toast given at Norfolk, April, 1816.*

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JOSEPH STORY. 1779-1845.

Here shall the Press the People's right maintain,  
Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain;  
Here patriot Truth her glorious precepts draw,  
Pledged to Religion, Liberty, and Law.  
*Motto of the Salem Register. Life of Story, Vol. i. p. 127.*

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OLIVER H. PERRY. 1785-1820.

We have met the enemy, and they are ours.  
*Letter to General Harrison, dated "United States Brig Niagara.  
Off the Western Sisters. Sept. 10, 1813. 4 P. M."*

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PAUL MOON JAMES. 1780-1854.

The scene was more beautiful, far, to the eye,  
Than if day in its pride had arrayed it. *The Beacon.*

And o'er them the lighthouse looked lovely as hope,  
That star of life's tremulous ocean. *Ibid.*

## LORD BYRON. 1788-1824.

Farewell! if ever fondest prayer  
 For other's weal availed on high,  
 Mine will not all be lost in air,  
 But waft thy name beyond the sky. *Farewell! if ever.*

I only know we loved in vain:  
 I only feel — Farewell! — Farewell! *Ibid.*

When we two parted  
 In silence and tears,  
 Half broken-hearted,  
 To sever for years. *When we two parted.*

Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.  
*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. Line 6.*

'T is pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;  
 A book 's a book, although there 's nothing in 't. *Line 51.*

With just enough of learning to misquote. *Line 66.*

As soon

Seek roses in December, ice in June;  
 Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff,  
 Believe a woman, or an epitaph,  
 Or any other thing that 's false, before  
 You trust in critics. *Line 75.*

Perverts the Prophets and purloins the Psalms. *Line 326.*

O Amos Cottle! Phœbus! what a name! *Line 399.*

So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,  
 No more through rolling clouds to soar again,  
 Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,  
 And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.<sup>1</sup>  
*Line 826.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Waller. Page 176.

Yet truth will sometimes lend her noblest fires,  
 And decorate the verse herself inspires :  
 This fact, in Virtue's name, let Crabbe attest :  
 Though Nature's sternest painter, yet the best.

*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.* Line 839.

Maid of Athens, ere we part,  
 Give, O, give me back my heart! *Maid of Athens.*

Had sighed to many, though he loved but one.  
*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto i. Stanza 5.*

If ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy men.  
*Stanza 7.*

Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,  
 And Mammon wins his way where seraphs might  
 despair. *Stanza 9.*

Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal.  
*Stanza 10.*

Might shake the saintship of an anchorite. *Stanza 11.*

Adieu, adieu! my native shore  
 Fades o'er the waters blue. *Stanza 13.*

My native land, good night! *Ibid.*

O Christ! it is a goodly sight to see  
 What Heaven hath done for this delicious land.  
*Stanza 15.*

In hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell.  
*Stanza 20.*

By Heaven! it is a splendid sight to see  
 For one who hath no friend, no brother there.  
*Stanza 40.*

Still from the fount of Joy's delicious springs  
 Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings.<sup>1</sup>  
*Stanza 82.*

<sup>1</sup> Medio de fonte leporum  
 Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat.  
 Lucretius, iv. 1133.

War, war is still the cry, — “war even to the knife!”<sup>1</sup>  
*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto i. Stanza 86.*

Gone, glimmering through the dream of things that  
 were. *Canto ii. Stanza 2.*

A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour! *Ibid.*

Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of  
 power. *Ibid.*

The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul.<sup>2</sup> *Stanza 6.*

Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy?  
*Stanza 23.*

None are so desolate but something dear,  
 Dearer than self, possesses or possessed. *Stanza 24.*

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,  
 To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,  
 And roam along, the world's tired denizen,  
 With none who bless us, none whom we can bless.  
*Stanza 26.*

Cooped in their winged, sea-girt citadel. *Stanza 28.*

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!  
 Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!  
*Stanza 73.*

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not,  
 Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?  
*Stanza 76.*

A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;  
 An hour may lay it in the dust. *Stanza 84.*

Land of lost gods and godlike men. *Stanza 85.*

<sup>1</sup> “War even to the knife,” was the reply of Palafox, the governor of Saragossa, when summoned to surrender by the French, who besieged that city in 1808.

<sup>2</sup> And keeps that palace of the soul. — Waller, *Of Tea.*

Where'er we tread, 't is haunted, holy ground.

*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto ii. Stanza 88.*

Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

*Ibid.*

Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart.

*Canto iii. Stanza 1.*

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!

And the waves bound beneath me as a steed

That knows his rider.

*Stanza 2.*

I am as a weed,

Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam, to sail

Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath

prevail.

*Ibid.*

Years steal

Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb;

And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

*Stanza 8.*

There was a sound of revelry by night,

And Belgium's capital had gathered then

Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright

The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;

A thousand hearts beat happily; and when

Music arose with its voluptuous swell,

Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,

And all went merry as a marriage-bell.

*Stanza 21.*

On with the dance! let joy be unconfined.

*Stanza 22.*

And there was mounting in hot haste.

*Stanza 25.*

Or whispering, with white lips, "The foe! They

come! they come!"

*Ibid.*

Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,

Over the unreturning brave.

*Stanza 27.*

Battle's magnificently stern array.

*Stanza 28.*

- And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on.  
*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto iii. Stanza 32.*
- But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell. *Stanza 42.*
- He who surpasses or subdues mankind  
 Must look down on the hate of those below. *Stanza 45.*
- All tenantless, save to the crannyng wind. *Stanza 47.*
- The castled crag of Drachenfels  
 Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine. *Stanza 55.*
- He had kept
- The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.  
*Stanza 57.*
- But there are wanderers o'er Eternity  
 Whose bark drives on and on, and anchored ne'er shall  
 be. *Stanza 70.*
- By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone. *Stanza 71.*
- I live not in myself, but I become  
 Portion of that around me ;<sup>1</sup> and to me  
 High mountains are a feeling, but the hum  
 Of human cities torture. *Stanza 72.*
- This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing  
 To waft me from distraction. *Stanza 85.*
- On the ear
- Drops the light drip of the suspended oar. *Stanza 86.*
- All is concentred in a life intense,  
 Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,  
 But hath a part of being. *Stanza 89.*
- In solitude, where we are *least* alone. *Stanza 90.*

<sup>1</sup> I am a part of all that I have met. — Tennyson, *Ulysses*.



The sky is changed, — and such a change! O night,  
 And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,  
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light  
 Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,  
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among  
 Leaps the live thunder.

*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto iii. Stanza 92.*

Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer. *Stanza 107.*

I have not loved the world, nor the world me.<sup>1</sup>  
*Stanza 113.*

I stood

Among them, but not of them. *Ibid.*

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;  
 A palace and a prison on each hand. *Canto iv. Stanza 1.*

Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred  
 isles. *Ibid.*

The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree  
 I planted, they have torn me, and I bleed;  
 I should have known what fruit would spring from  
 such a seed. *Stanza 10.*

O for one hour of blind old Dandolo,  
 The octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe!<sup>2</sup>  
*Stanza 12.*

Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly  
 bound. *Stanza 23.*

The cold, the changed, perchance the dead, anew,  
 The mourned, the loved, the lost, — too many, yet how  
 few! *Stanza 24.*

<sup>1</sup> I never have sought the world; the world was not to seek me.

*Boswell's Johnson, An. 1783.*

<sup>2</sup> Compare Wordsworth. Page 412.

## Parting day

Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues  
 With a new colour as it gasps away,  
 The last still loveliest, till — 't is gone — and all is  
 gray. *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto iv. Stanza 29.*

The Ariosto of the North. *Stanza 40.*

Italia! O Italia! thou who hast  
 The fatal gift of beauty.<sup>1</sup> *Stanza 42.*

## Fills

The air around with beauty. *Stanza 49.*

Let these describe the undescribable. *Stanza 53.*

The starry Galileo with his woes. *Stanza 54.*

The poetry of speech. *Stanza 58.*

The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss.  
*Stanza 69.*

The Niobe of nations! there she stands. *Stanza 79.*

Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,  
 Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind.  
*Stanza 98.*

Heaven gives its favourites — early death.<sup>2</sup> *Stanza 102.*

## Man!

Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear. *Stanza 109.*

Egeria! sweet creation of some heart  
 Which found no mortal resting-place so fair  
 As thine ideal breast. *Stanza 115.*

The nympholepsy of some fond despair. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> A translation of the famous sonnet of Filicaja: Italia, Italia, O tu cui feo la sorte!

<sup>2</sup> Compare *Don Juan, Canto iv. Stanza 12.* Page 488.

Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore.

*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto iv. Stanza 57.*

Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth.

*Stanza 115.*

Alas! our young affections run to waste,

Or water but the desert.

*Stanza 120.*

I see before me the Gladiator lie.

*Stanza 140.*

*There* were his young barbarians all at play,

*There* was their Dacian mother, — he, their sire,

Butchered to make a Roman holiday!

*Stanza 141.*

“While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;

When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;

And when Rome falls, — the World.”<sup>1</sup>

*Stanza 145.*

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou?

Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead?

Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low

Some less majestic, less beloved head?

*Stanza 168.*

O that the desert were my dwelling-place,

With one fair Spirit for my minister,

That I might all forget the human race,

And, hating no one, love but only her!

*Stanza 177.*

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,

There is a rapture on the lonely shore,

There is society, where none intrudes,

By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:

I love not Man the less, but Nature more.

*Stanza 178.*

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, — roll!

Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;

Man marks the earth with ruin, — his control

Stops with the shore.

*Stanza 179.*

<sup>1</sup> Literally the exclamation of the pilgrims in the eighth century.

He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.  
*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto iv. Stanza 179.*

Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow, —  
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.<sup>1</sup>  
*Stanza 182.*

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
 Glasses itself in tempests.  
*Stanza 183.*

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy  
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be  
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy  
 I wanted with thy breakers,

And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
 And laid my hand upon thy mane, — as I do here.<sup>2</sup>  
*Stanza 184.*

And what is writ, is writ, —  
 Would it were worthier!  
*Stanza 185.*

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been, —  
 A sound which makes us linger; yet — farewell!  
*Stanza 186.*

Hands promiscuously applied,  
 Round the slight waist, or down the glowing side.  
*The Waltz.*

He who hath bent him o'er the dead  
 Ere the first day of death is fled,  
 The first dark day of nothingness,  
 The last of danger and distress,  
 Before Decay's effacing fingers  
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers.

*The Giaour. Line 68.*

<sup>1</sup> And thou vast ocean, on whose awful face  
 Time's iron feet can print no ruin-trace.

Robert Montgomery, *The Omnipresence of the Deity.*

<sup>2</sup> He laid his hand upon "the ocean's mane,"  
 And played familiar with his hoary locks.

Pollok, *The Course of Time, Book iv. Line 389.*

Such is the aspect of this shore ;  
 'T is Greece, but living Greece no more !  
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
 We start, for soul is wanting there. *The Giaour. Line 90.*

Shrine of the mighty ! can it be  
 That this is all remains of thee ? *Line 106.*

For freedom's battle, once begun,  
 Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,  
 Though baffled oft, is ever won. *Line 123.*

And lovelier things have mercy shown  
 To every failing but their own ;  
 And every woe a tear can claim,  
 Except an erring sister's shame. *Line 418.*

The keenest pangs the wretched find  
 Are rapture to the dreary void,  
 The leafless desert of the mind,  
 The waste of feelings unemployed. *Line 957.*

Better to sink beneath the shock  
 Than moulder piecemeal on the rock ! *Line 969.*

The cold in clime are cold in blood,  
 Their love can scarce deserve the name. *Line 1009.*

I die, — but first I have possessed,  
 And, come what may, I *have been* blest. *Line 1114.*

She was a form of life and light,  
 That, seen, became a part of sight ;  
 And rose, where'er I turned mine eye,  
 The Morning-star of Memory !  
 Yes, Love indeed is light from heaven ;  
 A spark of that immortal fire  
 With angels shared, by Alla given,  
 To lift from earth our low desire. *Line 1127.*

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle  
 Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,  
 Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,  
 Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime? <sup>1</sup>

*The Bride of Abydos. Canto i. Stanza 1.*

Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,  
 And all, save the spirit of man, is divine? *Ibid.*

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay  
 To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?  
 Who doth not feel, until his failing sight  
 Faints into dimness with its own delight,  
 His changing cheek, his sinking heart, confess  
 The might — the majesty of Loveliness? *Stanza 6.*

The light of love, the purity of grace,  
 The mind, the music breathing from her face,<sup>2</sup>  
 The heart whose softness harmonized the whole,  
 And oh! that eye was in itself a Soul! *Ibid.*

The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle. *Canto ii. Stanza 2.*

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!  
 The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,  
 And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray! *Stanza 20.*

He makes a solitude, and calls it — peace! <sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*

Hark! to the hurried question of Despair:  
 "Where is my child?" — an Echo answers, "Where?" <sup>4</sup>  
*Stanza 27.*

<sup>1</sup> Know'st thou the land where the lemon-trees bloom,  
 Where the gold orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom,  
 Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,  
 And the groves are of laurel, and myrtle, and rose?

Goethe, *Wilhelm Meister.*

<sup>2</sup> Compare Lovelace. Page 172. Also Browne's *Religio Medici*,  
*Part ii. Sec. 9.* Page 177.

<sup>3</sup> Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant. — Tacitus, *Agricola*, 30.

<sup>4</sup> I came to the place of my birth, and cried, "The friends of my

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,  
 Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,  
 Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,<sup>1</sup>  
 Survey our empire, and behold our home!  
 These are our realms, no limit to their sway, —  
 Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.

*The Corsair. Canto i. Stanza 1.*

O, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried. *Ibid.*

She walks the waters like a thing of life,  
 And seems to dare the elements to strife. *Stanza 3.*

The power of Thought, — the magic of the Mind!  
*Stanza 8.*

The many still must labour for the one. *Ibid.*

There was a laughing devil in his sneer. *Stanza 9.*

Hope withering fled, and Mercy sighed farewell! *Ibid.*

Farewell!

For in that word, — that fatal word, — howe'er  
 We promise, hope, believe, — there breathes despair.  
*Stanza 15.*

No words suffice the secret soul to show,  
 For truth denies all eloquence to woe. *Canto iii. Stanza 22.*

He left a Corsair's name to other times,  
 Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes.<sup>2</sup>  
*Stanza 24.*

youth, where are they?" And an Echo answered, "Where are they?" — From an *Arabic MS.*

<sup>1</sup> To all nations their empire will be dreadful; because their ships will sail wherever billows roll or winds can waft them. — Dalrymple's *Memoirs*, iii. 152.

<sup>2</sup> Hannibal, as he had mighty virtues, so had he many vices; *unam virtutem mille vitia comitantur*. As Machiavel said of Cosmo de Medici, he had two distinct persons in him. — Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy. Democritus to the Reader.*

Lord of himself, — that heritage of woe!

*Lara. Canto i. Stanza 2.*

She walks in beauty, like the night  
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies ;  
 And all that 's best of dark and bright  
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes ;  
 Thus mellowed to that tender light  
 Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

*Hebrew Melodies. She walks in beauty.*

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold.

*The Destruction of Sennacherib.*

It is the hour when from the boughs  
 The nightingale's high note is heard ;  
 It is the hour when lovers' vows  
 Seem sweet in every whispered word.

*Parisina. Stanza 1.*

Yet in my lineaments they trace  
 Some features of my father's face.

*Stanza 13.*

Fare thee well ! and if for ever,  
 Still for ever fare *thee well*.

*Fare thee well.*

Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred.

*A Sketch.*

In the desert a fountain is springing,  
 In the wide waste there still is a tree,  
 And a bird in the solitude singing,  
 Which speaks to my spirit of *thee*.

*Stanzas to Augusta.*

The careful pilot of my proper woe.

*Epistle to Augusta. Stanza 3.*

When all of Genius which can perish dies.

*Monody on the Death of Sheridan. Line 22.*

Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame.

*Line 68.*

Who track the steps of Glory to the grave.

*Line 74.*



Sighing that Nature formed but one such man,  
And broke the die — in moulding Sheridan.<sup>1</sup>

*Monody on the Death of Sheridan. Line 117.*

O God! it is a fearful thing  
To see the human soul take wing  
In any shape, in any mood. *Prisoner of Chillon. Stanza 8.*

And both were young, and one was beautiful.  
*The Dream. Stanza 2.*

And to his eye  
There was but one beloved face on earth,  
And that was shining on him. *Ibid.*

She was his life,  
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,<sup>2</sup>  
Which terminated all. *Ibid.*

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream. *Stanza 3.*

And they were canopied by the blue sky,  
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,  
That God alone was to be seen in heaven. *Stanza 4.*

There 's not a joy the world can give like that it takes  
away. *Stanzas for Music.*

I had a dream which was not all a dream. *Darkness.*

My boat is on the shore,  
And my bark is on the sea. *To Thomas Moore.*

<sup>1</sup> Natura il fece, e poi ruppe la stampa.

Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, Canto x. St. 84.

The idea that Nature lost the perfect mould has been a favorite one with all song writers and poets, and is found in the literature of all European nations. — *Book of English Songs*, p. 28.

<sup>2</sup> She floats upon the river of his thoughts.

Longfellow, *The Spanish Student*, Act ii. Sc. 3.

Si che chiaro

Per essa scenda della mente il fiume.

Dante, *Purgatorio*, Canto xiii. 89.

Here 's a sigh to those who love me,  
 And a smile to those who hate ;  
 And, whatever sky 's above me,  
 Here 's a heart for every fate.<sup>1</sup>

*To Thomas Moore.*

Were 't the last drop in the well,  
 As I gasped upon the brink,  
 Ere my fainting spirit fell,  
 'T is to thee that I would drink.

*Ibid.*

So we 'll go no more a roving  
 So late into the night.

*So we 'll go.*

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains ;  
 They crowned him long ago  
 On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,  
 With a diadem of snow.

*Manfred. Act i. Sc. 1.*

But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,  
 Half dust, half deity, alike unfit  
 To sink or soar.

*Act i. Sc. 2.*

The heart ran o'er  
 With silent worship of the great of old !  
 The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule  
 Our spirits from their urns.

*Act iii. Sc. 4.*

I am the very slave of circumstance  
 And impulse, — borne away with every breath !

*Sardanapalus. iv. 1.*

For most men (till by losing rendered sager)  
 Will back their own opinions by a wager.

*Beppo. Stanza 27.*

Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto,  
 Wished him five fathom under the Rialto.

*Stanza 32.*

<sup>1</sup> With a heart for any fate. — Longfellow, *A Psalm of Life*.

His heart was one of those which most enamour us  
Wax to receive, and marble to retain.<sup>1</sup> *Beppo. Stanza 34.*

Besides, they always smell of bread and butter. *Stanza 39.*

That soft bastard Latin,  
Which melts like kisses from a female mouth. *Stanza 44.*

Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,  
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies. *Stanza 45.*

O Mirth and Innocence! O Milk and Water!  
Ye happy mixtures of more happy days! *Stanza 80.*

And if we do but watch the hour,  
There never yet was human power  
Which could evade, if unforgiven,  
The patient search and vigil long  
Of him who treasures up a wrong. *Mazeppa. Stanza x.*

They never fail who die  
In a great cause. *Marino Fallero. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones,  
Whose table earth, whose dice were human bones.  
*Age of Bronze. Stanza 3.*

I loved my country, and I hated him.  
*Vision of Judgment. lxxxiii.*

Sublime tobacco! which from east to west  
Cheers the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest.  
*The Island. Canto ii. Stanza 19.*

Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,  
When tipped with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe;  
Like other charmers, wooing the caress  
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress;  
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far  
Thy naked beauties — Give me a cigar! *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Cervantes, *La Gitanilla*. Page 574.

My days are in the yellow leaf ;

The flowers and fruits of love are gone ;

The worm, the canker, and the grief

Are mine alone !

*On my Thirty-sixth Year.*

Brave men were living before Agamemnon.<sup>1</sup>

*Don Juan. Canto i. Stanza 5.*

In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,

Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar ! *Stanza 17.*

But, O ye lords of ladies intellectual !

Inform us truly have they not henpecked you all ?

*Stanza 22.*

The languages, especially the dead.

The sciences, and most of all the abstruse,

The arts, at least all such as could be said

To be the most remote from common use. *Stanza 40.*

Her stature tall, — I hate a dumpy woman. *Stanza 61.*

Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded

That all the Apostles would have done as they did.

*Stanza 83.*

And whispering, "I will ne'er consent," — consented.

*Stanza 117.*

'T is sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark

Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home ;

'T is sweet to know there is an eye will mark

Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

*Stanza 123.*

Sweet is revenge — especially to women. *Stanza 124.*

And truant husband should return, and say,

"My dear, I was the first who came away." *Stanza 141.*

<sup>1</sup> Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona  
Multi. — Horace, *Ode*, iv. 9. 25.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,  
'T is woman's whole existence.

*Don Juan. Canto i. Stanza 194.*

In my hot youth, when George the Third was king.

*Stanza 212.*

So for a good old-gentlemanly vice,

I think I must take up with avarice.

*Stanza 216.*

What is the end of Fame? 't is but to fill

A certain portion of uncertain paper.

*Stanza 218.*

At leaving even the most unpleasant people  
And places, one keeps looking at the steeple.

*Canto ii. Stanza 14.*

There 's naught, no doubt, so much the spirit calms

As rum and true religion.

*Stanza 34.*

A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry

Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

*Stanza 53.*

All who joy would win

Must share it, — Happiness was born a twin.

*Stanza 172.*

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love.

*Stanza 186.*

Alas! the love of women! it is known

To be a lovely and a fearful thing.

*Stanza 199.*

In her first passion, woman loves her lover:

In all the others, all she loves is love.<sup>1</sup>

*Canto iii. Stanza 3.*

He was the mildest-mannered man

That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat.

*Stanza 41.*

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!

Where burning Sappho loved and sung.

*Stanza 86. 1.*

<sup>1</sup> Dans les premières passions les femmes aiment l'amaant, et dans les autres elles aiment l'amour. — La Rochefoucauld, *Maxims* 471, ed. London, 1871.

Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
But all, except their sun, is set.

*Don Juan. Canto iii. Stanza 86. 1.*

The mountains look on Marathon,  
And Marathon looks on the sea;  
And musing there an hour alone,  
I dreamed that Greece might still be free.

*Stanza 86. 3.*

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,  
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?  
Of two such lessons, why forget  
The nobler and the manlier one?

You have the letters Cadmus gave. —

Think ye he meant them for a slave?

*Stanza 86. 10.*

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,  
Where nothing, save the waves and I,  
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;  
There, swan-like, let me sing and die.

*Stanza 86. 16.*

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,  
Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces  
That which makes thousands perhaps millions, think.

*Stanza 88.*

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,  
'T is that I may not weep.

*Canto iv. Stanza 4.*

The precious porcelain of human clay.<sup>1</sup>

*Stanza 11.*

“Whom the gods love die young,” was said of yore.<sup>2</sup>

*Stanza 12.*

These two hated with a hate  
Found only on the stage.

*Stanza 93.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Dryden, *Don Sebastian*, Act i. Sc. 1. Page 231.

<sup>2</sup> Quem Di diligunt

Adolescens moritur. — Plautus, *Bacchus*, Act iv. Sc. 6.

\*Ὁς οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκει νέος.

Menander, *apud Stob. Flor.*, cxx. 8.

“Arcades ambo,” — *id est*, blackguards both.

*Don Juan. Canto iv. Stanza 93.*

I’ve stood upon Achilles’ tomb,  
And heard Troy doubted: time will doubt of Rome.

*Stanza 101.*

O “darkly, deeply, beautifully blue”!<sup>1</sup>

As some one somewhere sings about the sky.

*Stanza 110.*

That all-softening, overpowering knell,  
The tocsin of the soul, — the dinner bell.

*Canto v. Stanza 49.*

The women pardoned all except her face.

*Stanza 113.*

Heroic, staid Cato, the sententious.

Who lent his lady to his friend Hortensius.

*Canto vi. Stanza 7.*

A “strange coincidence,” to use a phrase

By which such things are settled nowadays.

*Stanza 78.*

The drying up a single tear has more

Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.

*Canto viii. Stanza 3.*

Thrice happy he whose name has been well spelt

In the despatch: I knew a man whose loss

Was printed *Grove*, although his name was *Grose*.

*Stanza 18.*

And wrinkles, the d—d democrats, won’t flatter.

*Canto x. Stanza 24.*

O for a *forty parson power*!

*Stanza 34.*

When Bishop Berkeley said “there was no matter,”

And proved it, — ’t was no matter what he said.

*Canto xi. Stanza 1.*

And, after all, what is a lie? ’T is but

The truth in masquerade.

*Stanza 37.*

<sup>1</sup> Though in blue ocean seen

Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue.

*Southey, Madoc in Wales, v.*

'T is strange the mind, that very fiery particle,  
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article.

*Don Juan. Canto xi. Stanza 59.*

Of all tales 't is the saddest, — and more sad,  
Because it makes us smile.

*Canto xiii. Stanza 9.*

Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away.

*Stanza 11.*

Society is now one polished horde,  
Formed of two mighty tribes, the *Bores* and *Bored*.

*Stanza 95.*

'T is strange, but true; for truth is always strange;  
Stranger than fiction.

*Canto xiv. Stanza 101.*

The Devil hath not, in all his quiver's choice,  
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.

*Canto xv. Stanza 13.*

A lovely being, scarcely formed or moulded,  
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.

*Stanza 43.*

Friendship is Love without his wings.

*L'Amitié est l'Amour sans Ailes.*

✓ I awoke one morning and found myself famous.

*Memoranda from his Life, by Moore, Ch. xiv.*

The best of prophets of the future is the past.

*Letter, Jan. 28, 1821.*

What say you to such a supper with such a woman? <sup>1</sup>

*Note to Letter on Bowles.*

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### MISS FANNY STEERS.

The last link is broken  
That bound me to thee,  
And the words thou hast spoken  
Have rendered me free.

*Song.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Lady Montagu. Page 296.



## F. S. KEY. 1779-1843.

And the star-spangled banner, O long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

*The Star-spangled Banner.*

Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a  
nation!

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust";  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

*Ibid.*

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 JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES. 1784-1862.

A sound so fine, there 's nothing lives  
'Twixt it and silence.

*Virginius. Act v. Sc. 2.*

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 LEIGH HUNT. 1784-1859.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace.

*Abou Ben Adhem.*

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

*Ibid.*

O for a seat in some poetic nook,  
Just hid with trees and sparkling with a brook!

*Politics and Poetics.*

With spots of sunny openings, and with nooks  
To lie and read in, sloping into brooks.

*The Story of Rimini.*

## PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. 1792-1822.

How wonderful is Death!  
 Death and his brother Sleep. *Queen Mab. i.*

Power, like a desolating pestilence,  
 Pollutes whate'er it touches; and obedience,  
 Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,  
 Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame  
 A mechanized automaton. *Ibid. iii.*

Heaven's ebon vault,  
 Studded with stars unutterably bright,  
 Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,  
 Seems like a canopy which love has spread  
 To curtain her sleeping world. *Ibid. iv.*

Then black despair,  
 The shadow of a starless night, was thrown  
 Over the world in which I moved alone.  
*The Revolt of Islam. Dedication, Stanza 6.*

With hue like that when some great painter dips  
 His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.  
*Canto v. Stanza 23.*

Kings are like stars, — they rise and set, they have  
 The worship of the world, but no repose.<sup>1</sup> *Hellas.*

The moon of Mahomet  
 Arose, and it shall set;  
 While, blazoned as on heaven's immortal noon,  
 The cross leads generations on. *Chorus from Hellas.*

That orb'd maiden, with white fire laden,  
 Whom mortals call the moon. *The Cloud. iv.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Bacon, *Essay xx., Empire.* Page 138.

All love is sweet,  
Given or returned. Common as light is love,  
And its familiar voice wearies not ever.

They who inspire it most are fortunate,  
As I am now; but those who feel it most  
Are happier still.<sup>1</sup> *Prometheus Unbound. Act ii. Sc. 5.*

Those who inflict must suffer, for they see  
The work of their own hearts, and that must be  
Our chastisement or recompense. *Julian and Maddalo.*

Most wretched men  
Are cradled into poetry by wrong;  
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

I could lie down like a tired child,  
And weep away the life of care  
Which I have borne, and yet must bear.  
*Stanzas written in Dejection, near Naples.*

The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame  
Over his living head like Heaven is bent,  
An early but enduring monument,  
Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song  
In sorrow. *Adonais. xxx.*

A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift. *Ibid. xxxii.*

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,  
Stains the white radiance of eternity. *Ibid. liii.*

<sup>1</sup> The pleasure of love is in loving. We are much happier in the passion we feel, than in that we inspire. — Rochefoucauld, *Maxim* 259.

<sup>2</sup> And poets by their sufferings grow,  
As if there were no more to do,  
To make a poet excellent,  
But only want and discontent. — Butler's *Fragments.*

Music, when soft voices die,  
 Vibrates in the memory;  
 Odours, when sweet violets sicken,  
 Live within the sense they quicken.

*Poems written in 1821. To ——.*

The desire of the moth for the star,  
 Of the night for the morrow,  
 The devotion to something afar  
 From the sphere of our sorrow!

*Ibid.*

You lie — under a mistake,  
 For this is the most civil sort of lie  
 That can be given to a man's face. I now  
 Say what I think.

*Translation of Calderon's Magico Prodigioso. Scene i.*

Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present.<sup>1</sup> *A Defence of Poetry.*



THOMAS DIBDIN. 1771–1841.

O, it's a snug little island!  
 A right little, tight little island! *The Snug Little Island.*



WILLIAM L. MARCY. 1786–1857.

They see nothing wrong in the rule that to the victors belong the spoils of the enemy.

*Speech in the United States Senate, January, 1832.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Campbell. Page 442.

## FELICIA D. HEMANS. 1794-1835.

The stately homes of England!

How beautiful they stand,  
Amid their tall ancestral trees,

O'er all the pleasant land! *The Homes of England.*

The breaking waves dashed high

On a stern and rock-bound coast;  
And the woods against a stormy sky  
Their giant branches tossed.

*Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.*

Ay, call it holy ground,

The soil where first they trod;  
They have left unstained what there they found, —  
Freedom to worship God. *Ibid.*

Through the laburnum's dropping gold  
Rose the light shaft of Orient mould,  
And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,  
Purpled the mossbeds at its feet.

*The Palm Tree.*

They grew in beauty side by side,

They filled one home with glee;  
Their graves are severed far and wide,  
By mount, and stream, and sea.

*The Graves of a Household.*

Alas for love, if thou wert all,

And naught beyond, O Earth! *Ibid.*

The boy stood on the burning deck,

Whence all but him had fled;  
The flame that lit the battle's wreck  
Shone round him o'er the dead.

*Casabianca.*

Leaves have their time to fall,  
 And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,  
 And stars to set; — but all,  
 Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

*The Hour of Death.*

Come to the sunset tree!

The day is past and gone;  
 The woodman's axe lies free,  
 And the reaper's work is done. *Tyrolese Evening Song.*

In the busy haunts of men.

*Tale of the Secret Tribunal. Part i.*

Calm on the bosom of thy God,  
 Fair spirit, rest thee now! *Siege of Valencia. Scene ix.*

O, call my brother back to me!

I cannot play alone;  
 The summer comes with flower and bee, —  
 Where is my brother gone? *The Child's First Grief.*

I have looked on the hills of the stormy North,  
 And the larch has hung his tassels forth.  
*The Voice of Spring.*

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### G. W. BELLAMY.

Old Simon the cellarer keeps a rare store  
 Of Malmsey and Malvoisie. *Simon the Cellarer.*

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### SCROPE DAVIES.

Babylon in all its desolation is a sight not so awful  
 as that of the human mind in ruins.

*Letter to Thomas Raikes, May 25, 1835.*

## LORD BROUGHAM. 1779-1868.

Let the soldier be abroad if he will, he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage, a personage less imposing in the eyes of some, perhaps insignificant. The schoolmaster is abroad, and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array. *Speech, Jan. 29, 1828.*

In my mind, he was guilty of no error, he was chargeable with no exaggeration, he was betrayed by his fancy into no metaphor, who once said, that all we see about us, kings, lords, and commons, the whole machinery of the state, all the apparatus of the system, and its varied workings, end in simply bringing twelve good men into a box. *Present State of the Law, Feb. 7, 1828.*

Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties.<sup>1</sup>

Death was now armed with a new terror.<sup>2</sup>

## EMMA WILLARD. 1787-1870.

Rocked in the cradle of the deep,  
I lay me down in peace to sleep. *The Cradle of the Deep.*

<sup>1</sup> The title given by Lord Brougham to a book published in 1830.

<sup>2</sup> Brougham delivered a very warm panegyric upon the Ex-Chancellor, and expressed a hope that he would make a good end. Although to an expiring Chancellor Death was now armed with a new terror. — Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*, Vol. viii. p. 163.

Lord St. Leonards attributes this phrase to Sir Charles Wetherell, who used it on the occasion referred to by Lord Campbell.

From Edmund Curll's practice of issuing miserable catch-penny lives of every eminent person immediately after his decease, Arbuthnot wittily styled him "one of the new terrors of death." — Carver's *Life of Pope*, 2d ed., p. 149.

## JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE. 1795–1820.

When Freedom from her mountain height  
 Unfurled her standard to the air,  
 She tore the azure robe of night,  
 And set the stars of glory there.  
 She mingled with its gorgeous dyes  
 The milky baldrick of the skies,  
 And striped its pure, celestial white  
 With streakings of the morning light.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!

By angel hands to valour given!

Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,

And all thy hues were born in heaven.

Forever float that standard sheet!

Where breathes the foe but falls before us,

With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,

And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

*The American Flag.*



## HARTLEY COLERIDGE. 1796–1849.

Her very frowns are fairer far  
 Than smiles of other maidens are.

*She is not fair.*



## HENRY HART MILMAN. 1791–1868.

And the cold marble leapt to life a god.

*The Belvedere Apollo.*

Too fair to worship, too divine to love.

*Ibid.*



B. E. O'MEARA. 1778-1836.

March to the battle-field,  
The foe is now before us ;  
Each heart is Freedom's shield,  
And heaven is shining o'er us. *March to the Battle-Field.*

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EATON S. BARRETT. 1785-1820.

Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung,  
Not she denied him with unholy tongue ;  
She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,  
Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave.  
*Woman. (Ed. 1822.) Part i.*

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CHARLES SPRAGUE. 1791-1874.

Lo, where the stage, the poor, degraded stage,  
Holds its warped mirror to a gaping age. *Curiosity.*

Through life's dark road his sordid way he wends,  
An incarnation of fat dividends. *Ibid.*

Behold ! in Liberty's unclouded blaze  
We lift our heads, a race of other days.  
*Centennial Ode. Stanza 22.*

Yes, social friend, I love thee well,  
In learned doctors spite ;  
Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,  
And lap me in delight. *To my Cigar.*

## FITZ-GREENE HALLECK. 1790-1867.

Strike — for your altars and your fires ;  
 Strike — for the green graves of your sires ;  
 God, and your native land ! *Marco Bozzaris.*

Come to the bridal chamber, Death !  
 Come to the mother's, when she feels,  
 For the first time, her first-born's breath ;  
 Come when the blessed seals  
 That close the pestilence are broke,  
 And crowded cities wail its stroke ;  
 Come in consumption's ghastly form,  
 The earthquake shock, the ocean storm ;  
 Come when the heart beats high and warm,  
 With banquet song, and dance, and wine ;  
 And thou art terrible, — the tear,  
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,  
 And all we know, or dream, or fear  
 Of agony are thine. *Ibid.*

But to the hero, when his sword  
 Has won the battle for the free,  
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word ;  
 And in its hollow tones are heard  
 The thanks of millions yet to be. *Ibid.*

One of the few, the immortal names,  
 That were not born to die. *Ibid.*

Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,  
 Shrines to no code or creed confined, —  
 The Delphian vales, the Palestines,  
 The Meccas of the mind. *Burns.*

Green be the turf above thee,  
 Friend of my better days ;  
 None knew thee but to love thee,<sup>1</sup>  
 Nor named thee but to praise.

*On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake.*

There is an evening twilight of the heart,  
 When its wild passion-waves are lulled to rest. *Twilight.*

They love their land, because it is their own,  
 And scorn to give aught other reason why ;  
 Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,  
 And think it kindness to his majesty. *Connecticut.*

This bank-note world. *Alnwick Castle.*

Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,  
 The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,  
 The Douglas in red herrings. *Ibid.*



JOHN G. LOCKHART. 1794—1854.

Rise up, rise up, Xarifa ! lay your golden cushion down ;  
 Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town.  
*The Bridal of Andalla.*



CHARLES PHILLIPS. 1789—1859.

Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne  
 a sceptred hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own  
 originality. *The Character of Napoleon.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Rogers, *Jacqueline*. Page 401.

JOHN KEATS.<sup>1</sup> 1795-1821.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever ;  
 Its loveliness increases ; it will never  
 Pass into nothingness. *Endymion. Line 1.*

Philosophy will clip an angel's wings. *Lamia. Part ii.*

Music's golden tongue  
 Flattered to tears this aged man and poor.  
*The Eve of St. Agnes. Stanza 3.*  
 Asleep in lap of legends old. *Stanza 15.*

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,  
 Flushing his brow. *Stanza 16.*

A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing.  
*Stanza 18.*

As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.  
*Stanza 27.*

And lucent sirups, tinct with cinnamon. *Stanza 30.*

That large utterance of the early gods! *Hyperion. Book i.*

Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,  
 Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,  
 Dream, and so dream all night without a stir. *Ibid.*

O for a beaker full of the warm South,  
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene!  
*Ode to a Nightingale.*

Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam  
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> He asked to have this epitaph inscribed upon his gravestone:—  
 Here lies one whose name was writ in water.

*Lowell's Life of Keats.*

Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time.

*Ode on a Grecian Urn.*

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard

Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on ;  
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,

Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone. *Ibid.*

Beauty is truth, truth beauty, — that is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know. *Ibid.*

Hear ye not the hum

Of mighty workings? *Addressed to Haydon.*

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies

When a new planet swims into his ken ;  
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes

He stared at the Pacific, — and all his men  
Looked at each other with a wild surmise, —  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

*On first looking into Chapman's Homer.*

E'en like the passage of an angel's tear

That falls through the clear ether silently.

*To One who has been long in City pent.*

The poetry of earth is never dead.

*On the Grasshopper and Cricket.*

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J. HOWARD PAYNE. 1792–1852.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there 's no place like home.<sup>1</sup>

*Home, Sweet Home.*<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Home is home, though it be never so homely," is a proverb, and is found in the collections of the seventeenth century.

<sup>2</sup> From the opera of *Clari, the Maid of Milan.*

## CHARLES WOLFE. 1791—1823.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
As his corse to the rampart we hurried.

*The Burial of Sir John Moore.*

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.

*Ibid.*

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;  
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,  
But we left him alone with his glory.

*Ibid.*

If I had thought thou couldst have died,  
I might not weep for thee ;  
But I forgot, when by thy side,  
That thou couldst mortal be.

*To Mary.*

Go, forget me, — why should sorrow  
O'er that brow a shadow fling ?

Go, forget me, — and to-morrow  
Brightly smile and sweetly sing.

Smile, — though I shall not be near thee ;

Sing, — though I shall never hear thee. *Go, forget me.*



## RICHARD HENRY WILDE. 1789—1847.

My life is like the summer rose,  
That opens to the morning sky,  
But ere the shades of evening close  
Is scattered on the ground — to die.

*My life is like the summer rose.*

## JOHN KEBLE. 1792-1866.

The trivial round, the common task,  
Would furnish all we ought to ask. *Morning.*

Why should we faint and fear to live alone,  
Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die,  
Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,  
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh?  
*The Christian Year. Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.*

'T is sweet, as year by year we lose  
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse  
How grows in Paradise our store. *Burial of the Dead.*

Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die. *Evening.*



## EDWARD EVERETT. 1794-1865.

When I am dead, no pageant train  
Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,  
Nor worthless pomp of homage vain  
Stain it with hypocritic tear. *Alaric the Visigoth.*

You shall not pile, with servile toil,  
Your monuments upon my breast,  
Nor yet within the common soil  
Lay down the wreck of power to rest,  
Where man can boast that he has trod  
On him that was "the scourge of God." *Ibid.*

## THOMAS CARLYLE. 1795-1881.

Literary men are a perpetual priesthood.

*State of German Literature. Edinburgh Review, 1827.*

Clever men are good, but they are not the best.

*Goethe. Ibid., 1828.*

We are firm believers in the maxim that, for all right judgment of any man or thing, it is useful, nay, essential, to see his good qualities before pronouncing on his bad.

*Ibid.*

How does the poet speak to men with power, but by being still more a man than they?

*Burns. Ibid., 1828.*

A poet without love were a physical and metaphysical impossibility.

*Ibid.*

His religion at best is an anxious wish, like that of Rabelais, a great Perhaps.

*Ibid.*

We must repeat the often repeated saying, that it is unworthy a religious man to view an irreligious one either with alarm or aversion; or with any other feeling than regret, and hope, and brotherly commiseration.

*Voltaire. Foreign Review, 1829.*

There is no life of a man, faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed.

*Sir Walter Scott. London and Westminster Review, 1838.*

Silence is deep as Eternity; speech is shallow as Time.

*Ibid.*

It can be said of him, when he departed, he took a man's life with him. No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of time.

*Ibid.*

The eye of the intellect "sees in all objects what it brought with it the means of seeing."

*Varnhagen Von Ense's Memoirs. Ibid.*



## THOMAS NOON TALFOURD. 1795–1854.

So his life has flowed  
 From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,  
 In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure  
 Alone are mirrored; which, though shapes of ill  
 May hover round its surface, glides in light,  
 And takes no shadow from them. *Ion. Act i. Sc. 1.*

'T is a little thing  
 To give a cup of water; yet its draught  
 Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,  
 May give a shock of pleasure to the frame  
 More exquisite than when nectarean juice  
 Renews the life of joy in happiest hours. *Act i. Sc. 2.*



## ROBERT POLLOK. 1799–1827.

Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy.  
*The Course of Time. Book i. Line 464.*

He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's mane,"  
 And played familiar with his hoary locks.<sup>1</sup>  
*Book iv. Line 389.*

He was a man  
 Who stole the livery of the court of Heaven  
 To serve the Devil in. *Book viii. Line 616.*

With one hand he put  
 A penny in the urn of poverty,  
 And with the other took a shilling out. *Line 632.*

<sup>1</sup> See Byron, *Childe Harold*, *Canto iv. Stanza 184. Page 478.*

## THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY. 1797–1839.

- I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,  
Where roses and lilies and violets meet. *I'd be a butterfly.*
- O, no! we never mention her,  
Her name is never heard;  
My lips are now forbid to speak  
That once familiar word. *O, no! we never mention her.*
- We met, — 't was in a crowd. *We met.*
- Gayly the Troubadour  
Touched his guitar. *Welcome me home.*
- Why don't the men propose, mamma?  
Why don't the men propose? *Why don't the men propose?*
- She wore a wreath of roses,  
The night that first we met. *She wore a wreath.*
- Friends depart, and memory takes them  
To her caverns, pure and deep. *Teach me to forget.*
- Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,  
Long, long ago, long, long ago. *Long, long ago.*
- The rose that all are praising  
Is not the rose for me. *The rose that all are praising.*
- O pilot! 't is a fearful night,  
There 's danger on the deep. *The Pilot.*
- Absence makes the heart grow fonder;<sup>1</sup>  
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well! *Isle of Beauty.*

<sup>1</sup> I find that absence still increases love.

Charles Hopkins (1664–1699), *To C. C.*  
Distance sometimes endears friendship, and absence sweeteneth it.  
Howell, *Familiar Letters*, Book i. Sec. i. No. 6.

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,  
 The holly branch shone on the old oak wall.  
*The Mistletoe Bough.*  
 O, I have roamed o'er many lands,  
 And many friends I've met;  
 Not one fair scene or kindly smile  
 Can this fond heart forget. *O, steer my bark to Erin's isle.*



JOHN G. C. BRAINARD. 1795-1828.

I saw two clouds at morning,  
 Tinged by the rising sun,  
 And in the dawn they floated on,  
 And mingled into one. *I saw two clouds at morning.*



BRYAN W. PROCTER. 1787-1874.

The sea! the sea! the open sea!  
 The blue, the fresh, the ever free! *The Sea.*  
 I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!  
 I am where I would ever be.  
 With the blue above and the blue below,  
 And silence wheresoe'er I go. *Ibid.*  
 I never was on the dull, tame shore.  
 But I loved the great sea more and more. *Ibid.*  
 Touch us gently, Time!  
 Let us glide adown thy stream  
 Gently, — as we sometimes glide  
 Through a quiet dream. *Touch us gently, Time!*

H. S. VANDYK. 1798–1828.

O, leave the gay and festive scenes,  
The halls of dazzling light. *The Light Guitar.*



CHARLES DANCE. 1794–1863.

By the margin of fair Zurich's waters  
Dwelt a youth, whose fond heart, night and day,  
For the fairest of fair Zurich's daughters,  
In a dream of love melted away. *Fair Zurich's Waters.*



GEORGE LINLEY. 1798–1865.

Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming,  
Thy gentle voice my spirit can cheer. *Ever of thee.*

Thou art gone from my gaze like a beautiful dream,  
And I seek thee in vain by the meadow and stream. *Thou art gone.*

Though lost to sight, to memory dear  
Thou ever wilt remain;  
One only hope my heart can cheer,  
The hope to meet again. *Though lost to sight.*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A song entitled "*Though lost to sight, to memory dear*, written by Ruthven Jenkyns in 1703," was published in London, 1880. The composer, in a private letter, acknowledged to have copied it from an American newspaper. There is no other authority for the origin of the song, and Ruthven Jenkyns, bearing another name, is now living in San Francisco.

JOHN PIERPONT. 1785-1866.

A weapon that comes down as still  
As snowflakes fall upon the sod ;  
But executes a freeman's will,  
As lightning does the will of God ;  
And from its force, nor doors nor locks  
Can shield you ; — 't is the ballot-box.

*A Word from a Petitioner.*



THOMAS C. HALIBURTON. 1796-1865.

I want you to see Peel, Stanley, Graham, Shiel,  
Russell, Macaulay, Old Joe, and so on. They are all  
upper-crust here.<sup>1</sup>

*Sam Slick in England. Ch. xxiv.*



WILLIAM MOTHERWELL. 1797-1835.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,  
Through many a weary way ;  
But never, never can forget  
The love of life's young day.

*Jeannie Morrison.*

And we, with Nature's heart in tune,  
Concerted harmonies.

*Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Those families, you know, are our upper-crust, — not upper ten thousand. — Cooper, *The Ways of the Hour*, Ch. vi. (1850). *Sam Slick* first appeared in a weekly paper of Nova Scotia, 1835.

## THOMAS HOOD. 1798-1845.

There is a silence where hath been no sound,  
 There is a silence where no sound may be, —  
 In the cold grave, under the deep, deep sea,  
 Or in the wide desert where no life is found.

*Sonnet. Silence.*

We watched her breathing through the night,  
 Her breathing soft and low,  
 As in her breast the wave of life  
 Kept heaving to and fro.

*The Death-Bed.*

Our very hopes belied our fears,  
 Our fears our hopes belied;  
 We thought her dying when she slept,  
 And sleeping when she died.

*Ibid.*

I remember, I remember,  
 The fir-trees dark and high;  
 I used to think their slender tops  
 Were close against the sky;  
 It was a childish ignorance,  
 But now 't is little joy  
 To know I'm farther off from heaven  
 Than when I was a boy.

*I remember, I remember.*

When he is forsaken,  
 Withered, and shaken,  
 What can an old man do but die?

*Spring it is cheery.*

And there is even a happiness  
 That makes the heart afraid.

*Ode to Melancholy.*

There's not a string attuned to mirth,  
 But has its chord in Melancholy.

*Ibid.*

But evil is wrought by want of thought,  
As well as want of heart. *The Lady's Dream.*

Oh! would I were dead now,  
Or up in my bed now,  
To cover my head now,  
And have a good cry! *A Table of Errata.*

Straight down the crooked lane,  
And all round the square. *A Plain Direction.*

For my part getting up seems not so easy  
By half as *lying*. *Morning Meditations.*

A man that's fond precociously of *stirring*,  
Must be a spoon. *Ibid.*

Seemed washing his hands with invisible soap  
In imperceptible water. *Miss Kilmansegg.*

He lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way.  
Tormenting himself with his prickles. *Ibid.*

O bed! bed! bed! delicious bed!  
That heaven upon earth to the weary head! *Ibid.*

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!  
Bright and yellow, hard and cold. *Ibid.*

Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old  
To the very verge of the churchyard mould. *Ibid.*

How widely its agencies vary, —  
To save, to ruin, to curse, to bless, —  
As even its minted coins express,  
Now stamped with the image of Good Queen Bess.  
And now of a bloody Mary. *Ibid.*

Another tumble! That's his precious nose!  
*Parental Ode to my Infant Son.*

Boughs are daily rifled  
 By the gusty thieves,  
 And the book of Nature  
 Getteth short of leaves.

*The Season.*

With fingers weary and worn,  
 With eyelids heavy and red.

*Song of the Shirt.*

It is not linen you're wearing out,  
 But human creatures' lives !<sup>1</sup>

*Ibid.*

My tears must stop, for every drop  
 Hinders needle and thread !

*Ibid.*

One more Unfortunate  
 Weary of breath,  
 Rashly importunate,  
 Gone to her death.

*The Bridge of Sighs.*

Take her up tenderly,  
 Lift her with care ;  
 Fashioned so slenderly,  
 Young, and so fair !

*Ibid.*

Alas for the rarity  
 Of Christian charity  
 Under the sun !

*Ibid.*

Even God's providence  
 Seeming estranged.

*Ibid.*

No sun, no moon, no morn, no noon,  
 No dawn, no dusk, no proper time of day,  
 No road, no street, no t' other side the way,  
 No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,  
 No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no buds.

*November.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Scott, *The Antiquary*, Ch. xi.



## WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. 1794-1878.

Here the free spirit of mankind, at length,  
 Throws its last fetters off; and who shall place  
 A limit to the giant's unchained strength,  
 Or curb his swiftness in the forward race?

*The Ages.* xxxiii.

To him who in the love of Nature holds  
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
 A various language.

*Thanatopsis.*

Go forth under the open sky, and list  
 To Nature's teachings.

*Ibid.*

The hills,  
 Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun.

*Ibid.*

Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste.

*Ibid.*

All that tread  
 The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
 That slumber in its bosom.

*Ibid.*

So live, that when thy summons comes to join,  
 The innumerable caravan which moves<sup>1</sup>  
 To that mysterious realm where each shall take  
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
 Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch  
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

*Ibid.*

The groves were God's first temples. *A Forest Hymn.*

<sup>1</sup> The innumerable caravan that moves  
 To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take.

*Edition of 1821.*

The stormy March has come at last,  
 With winds and clouds and changing skies ;  
 I hear the rushing of the blast  
 That through the snowy valley flies. *March.*

But 'neath yon crimson tree,  
 Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,  
 Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,  
 Her blush of maiden shame. *Autumn Woods.*

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,  
 Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows  
 brown and sear. *The Death of the Flowers.*

And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream  
 no more. *Ibid.*

Loveliest of lovely things are they  
 On earth that soonest pass away.  
 The rose that lives its little hour  
 Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.  
*A Scene on the Banks of the Hudson.*

The victory of endurance born. *The Battle-Field.*

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again :  
 The eternal years of God are hers ;  
 But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,  
 And dies among his worshippers. *Ibid.*



JAMES G. PERCIVAL. 1795-1856.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,  
 The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,  
 And round his heart the ripples break,  
 As down he bears before the gale. *To Seneca Lake.*

## RUFUS CHOATE. 1799—1859.

There was a state without king or nobles; there was a church without a bishop;<sup>1</sup> there was a people governed by grave magistrates which it had selected, and equal laws which it had framed.

*Speech before the New England Society, Dec. 22, 1843.*

We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union.

*Letter to the Whig Convention.*

Its constitution the glittering and sounding generalities<sup>2</sup> of natural right which make up the Declaration of Independence. *Letter to the Maine Whig Committee, 1856.*



## COLONEL BLACKER.

Put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.<sup>3</sup>

*Oliver's Advice. 1834.*

<sup>1</sup> The Americans equally detest the pageantry of a king, and the supercilious hypocrisy of a bishop. — Junius, *Letter No. 35*, Dec. 19, 1769.

It (Calvinism) established a religion without a prelate, a government without a king. — George Bancroft, *History of the United States*, Vol. iii. Ch. 6.

<sup>2</sup> We fear that the *glittering generalities* of the speaker have left an impression more delightful than permanent. — Franklin J. Dickman, *Review of a Lecture by Rufus Choate*, in the *Providence Journal*, Dec. 14, 1849.

<sup>3</sup> There is a well-authenticated anecdote of Cromwell. On a certain occasion, when his troops were about crossing a river to attack the enemy, he concluded an address, couched in the usual fanatic terms in use among them, with these words: "Put your trust in God; but mind to keep your powder dry." — Hayes's *Ballads of Ireland*, Vol. i. p. 191.

## THOMAS K. HERVEY. 1799—1859.

The tomb of him who would have made  
The world too glad and free. *The Devil's Progress.*

He stood beside a cottage lone,  
And listened to a lute,  
One summer's eve, when the breeze was gone,  
And the nightingale was mute. *Ibid.*

A love that took an early root,  
And had an early doom. *Ibid.*

Like ships, that sailed for sunny isles,  
But never came to shore. *Ibid.*

A Hebrew knelt in the dying light,  
His eye was dim and cold,  
The hairs on his brow were silver-white,  
And his blood was thin and old. *Ibid.*



## W. M. PRAED. 1802—1839.

Twelve years ago I was a boy,  
A happy boy at Drury's. *School and Schoolfellows.*

Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,  
And some before the speaker. *Ibid.*

I remember, I remember  
How my childhood fled by, —  
The mirth of its December,  
And the warmth of its July. *I remember, I remember.*

## MACDONALD CLARKE. 1792-1842.

Whilst Twilight's curtain, gathering far,  
Is pinned with a single diamond star.<sup>1</sup> *Death in Disguise.*



## WILLIAM H. SEWARD. 1801-1872.

There is a higher law than the Constitution.

*Speech, March 11, 1850.*

It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and  
enduring forces. *Speech, Oct. 25, 1858.*



## ALBERT G. GREENE. 1802-1868.

Old Grimes is dead, that good old man,

We ne'er shall see him more ;

He used to wear a long black coat,

All buttoned down before.<sup>2</sup>

*Old Grimes.*

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Child says "he thus describes the closing day":—

Now twilight lets her curtain down,

And pins it with a star.

*Letters from New York, First Series, p. 92.*

<sup>2</sup> John Lee is dead, that good old man,

We ne'er shall see him more ;

He used to wear an old drab coat,

All buttoned down before.

"To the Memory of John Lee, who died May 21st, 1823."—

*An inscription in Matherne churchyard.*

Old Abram Brown is dead and gone,

You'll never see him more ;

He used to wear a long brown coat

That buttoned down before.

*Halliwell's Nursery Rhymes of England, p. 60.*

## THOMAS B. MACAULAY. 1800-1859.

Wherever literature consoles sorrow, or assuages pain, — wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep, — there is exhibited, in its noblest form, the immortal influence of Athens..

*Essay on Mitford's History of Greece.*

Nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. *Essay on Milton.*

He had a head which statuaries loved to copy, and a foot the deformity of which the beggars in the streets mimicked.

*On Moore's Life of Lord Byron.*

We know no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality. *Ibid.*

From the poetry of Lord Byron they drew a system of ethics, compounded of misanthropy and voluptuousness, a system in which the two great commandments were to hate your neighbour and to love your neighbour's wife.

*Ibid.*

What a singular destiny has been that of this remarkable man! To be regarded in his own age as a classic, and in ours as a companion! To receive from his contemporaries that full homage which men of genius have in general received only from posterity! To be more intimately known to posterity than other men are known to their contemporaries!

*On Boswell's Life of Johnson.*

I have not the Chancellor's encyclopedic mind. He is indeed a kind of semi-Solomon. He *half knows* everything, from the cedar to the hyssop.

*Letter to Macvey Napier, Dec. 17, 1830.*

She [the Roman Catholic Church] may still exist in undiminished vigour, when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.<sup>1</sup> *Review of Ranke's History of the Popes.*

The Chief Justice was rich, quiet, and infamous.

*On Warren Hastings.*

<sup>1</sup> The same image was employed by Macaulay in 1824, in the concluding paragraph of a review of Mitford's *Greece*; and he repeated it in his review of Mill's *Essay on Government*, in 1829.

What cities, as great as this, have . . . promised themselves immortality! Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some. The sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others. . . . Here stood their citadel, but now grown over with weeds; there their senate-house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile; temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruins. — Goldsmith, *The Bee*, No. iv. (1759), *A City Night Piece*.

Who knows but that hereafter some traveller like myself will sit down upon the banks of the Seine, the Thames, or the Zuyder Zee, where now, in the tumult of enjoyment, the heart and the eyes are too slow to take in the multitude of sensations? Who knows but he will sit down solitary amid silent ruins, and weep a people inurned and their greatness changed into an empty name? — Volney's *Ruins*, Ch. ii.

At last some curious traveller from Lima will visit England, and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's, like the editions of Baalbec and Palmyra. — Horace Walpole, *Letter to Mason*, Nov. 24, 1774.

Where now is Britain?

Even as the savage sits upon the stone

That marks where stood her capitols, and hears

The bitter booming in the weeds, he shrinks

From the dismaying solitude. — Henry Kirke White, *Time*.

In the firm expectation, that when London shall be an habitation of bitterns, when St. Paul and Westminster Abbey shall stand, shapeless and nameless ruins, in the midst of an unpeopled marsh, when the piers of Waterloo Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and osiers, and cast the jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary stream, some Transatlantic commentator will be weighing in the scales of some new and now unimagined system of criticism the respective merits of the Bells and the Fudges, and their historians. — Shelley, *Dedication to Peter Bell*.

In that temple of silence and reconciliation where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried, in the great Abbey which has during many ages afforded a quiet resting-place to those whose minds and bodies have been shattered by the contentions of the Great Hall.

*On Warren Hastings.*

In order that he might rob a neighbour whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America.

*Frederic the Great.*

We hardly know an instance of the strength and weakness of human nature so striking, and so grotesque, as the character of this haughty, vigilant, resolute, sagacious blue-stocking, half Mithridates and half Trissotin, bearing up against a world in arms, with an ounce of poison in one pocket and a quire of bad verses in the other.

*Ibid.*

I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history.<sup>1</sup>

*History of England. Vol. i. Ch. 1.*

There were gentlemen and there were seamen in the navy of Charles II. But the seamen were not gentlemen; and the gentlemen were not seamen.<sup>2</sup>

*Vol. i. Ch. 2.*

The Puritans hated bearbaiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators.<sup>3</sup>

*Vol. i. Ch. 3.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Fielding. Page 308.

<sup>2</sup> I have read their platform; but I see nothing in it both new and valuable. "What is valuable is not new, and what is new is not valuable." — Daniel Webster, *Speech*, March, 1848.

If I am Sophocles, I am not mad; and if I am mad, I am not Sophocles. — *Vit. anon.* Plumptre, p. lxiv.

<sup>3</sup> Even bearbaiting was esteemed heathenish and unchristian; the sport of it, not the inhumanity, gave offence. — Hume, *History of England*, Vol. i. Ch. 62.



He [Steele] was a rake among scholars, and a scholar among rakes.<sup>1</sup> *Review of Aikin's Life of Addison.*

Temple was a man of the world amongst men of letters, a man of letters amongst men of the world.<sup>1</sup>  
*Review of Life and Letters of Sir William Temple.*

To every man upon this earth

Death cometh soon or late,

And how can man die better

Than facing fearful odds,

For the ashes of his fathers

And the temples of his gods?

*Lays of Ancient Rome. Horatius, xxvii.*

How well Horatius kept the bridge

In the brave days of old.

*Ibid., lxx.*

These be the Great Twin Brethren

To whom the Dorians pray. *The Battle of Lake Regillus.*

The sweeter sound of woman's praise.

*Lines written in August, 1847.*



## ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

Our Country, — whether bounded by the St. John's and the Sabine, or however otherwise bounded or described, and be the measurements more or less, — still our Country, to be cherished in all our hearts, to be defended by all our hands.

*Toast at Faneuil Hall on the 4th of July, 1845.*

A star for every State, and a State for every star.

*Address on Boston Common in 1862.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Johnson. Page 315.

## SAMUEL LOVER. 1797-1868.

A baby was sleeping,  
Its mother was weeping. *The Angel's Whisper.*

Reproof on her lips, but a smile in her eye.<sup>1</sup> *Rory O'More.*

For drames always go by *conthraries*, my dear.<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

“Then here goes another,” says he, “to make sure,  
For there 's luck in odd numbers,”<sup>3</sup> says Rory O'More.  
*Ibid.*

There was a place in childhood that I remember well,  
And there a voice of sweetest tone bright fairy tales  
did tell. *My Mother Dear.*

Sure the shovel and tongs  
To each other belongs. *Widow Machree.*



## SALMON P. CHASE. 1808-1873.

An indestructible Union composed of indestructible  
States. *Texas v. White, 7 Wallace, 725.*



## CAROLINE E. S. NORTON. 1808-1877.

We have been friends together  
In sunshine and in shade. *We have been Friends.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Scott, *Marmion*. Page 449.

<sup>2</sup> Ground not upon dreams, you know they are ever contrary.

Middleton, *The Family of Love*, iv. 3.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Shakespeare, *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Page 23.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON. 1805–1873.

Curse away!

And let me tell thee, Beausant, a wise proverb  
The Arabs have, — “Curses are like young chickens,  
And still come home to roost.”

*The Lady of Lyons. Act v. Sc. 2.*

Beneath the rule of men entirely great,  
The pen is mightier than the sword.

*Richelieu. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Take away the sword;

States can be saved without it.

*Ibid.*

In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves  
For a bright manhood, there is no such word  
As Fail.

*Ibid.*

Frank, haughty, rash, — the Rupert of debate.<sup>1</sup>

*The New Timon. (1846.) Part i. Stanza 6.*

*Alone!* — that worn-out word,

So idly spoken, and so coldly heard;  
Yet all that poets sing, and grief hath known,  
Of hopes laid waste, knells in that word, **ALONE!**

*Part ii. Stanza 7.*

When stars are in the quiet skies,

Then most I pine for thee;

Bend on me then thy tender eyes,

As stars look on the sea. *When stars are in the quiet skies.*

Buy my flowers, O buy, I pray!

The blind girl comes from afar.

*Buy my Flowers.*

The man who smokes thinks like a sage, and acts  
like a Samaritan. *Night and Morning. Ch. vi.*

<sup>1</sup> In April, 1844, Mr. Disraeli thus alluded to Lord Stanley: “The noble lord is the Prince Rupert of Parliamentary discussion.”

## RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

(LORD HOUGHTON.)

But on and up, where Nature's heart  
 Beats strong amid the hills.

*Tragedy of the Lac de Gaube. Stanza 2.*

Great thoughts, great feelings came to them,  
 Like instincts, unawares.

*The Men of Old.*

A man's best things are nearest him,  
 Lie close about his feet.

*Ibid.*

I wandered by the brook-side,  
 I wandered by the mill, —  
 I could not hear the brook flow,  
 The noisy wheel was still.

*The Brookside.*

The beating of my own heart  
 Was all the sound I heard.

*Ibid.*



## WILLIAM MEE.

She 's all my fancy painted her,  
 She 's lovely, she 's divine.

*Alice Gray.*



## JOHN K. INGRAM.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?  
 Who blushes at the name?  
 When cowards mock the patriot's fate,  
 Who hangs his head for shame?

*From The Dublin Nation, April 1, 1843, Vol. i. p. 339.*

ALFRED BUNN. *Circa* 1790–1860.

I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,  
With vassals and serfs at my side. *Song.*

The light of other days is faded,  
And all their glories past. *Song.*

The heart bowed down by weight of woe,  
To weakest hope will cling. *Song.*



## GEORGE P. MORRIS. 1802–1864.

Woodman, spare that tree!  
Touch not a single bough!<sup>1</sup>  
In youth it sheltered me,  
And I'll protect it now.

*Woodman, spare that tree!* (1830.)

A song for our banner! The watchword recall

Which gave the Republic her station:

“United we stand, — divided we fall!”

It made and preserves us a nation!

The union of lakes, the union of lands,

The union of States none can sever,

The union of hearts, the union of hands,

And the Flag of our Union forever!

*The Flag of our Union.*

Near the lake where drooped the willow,

Long time ago!

*Near the Lake.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Campbell, *The Beech Tree's Petition*. Page 445.

## SIR HENRY TAYLOR. 1800—

The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

*Philip Van Artevelde. Part i. Act i. Sc. 5.*

An unreflected light did never yet

Dazzle the vision feminine.

*Ibid.*

He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.

Eternity mourns that. 'T is an ill cure

For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.

Where sorrow 's held intrusive and turned out,

There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,

Nor aught that dignifies humanity.

*Ibid.*

We figure to ourselves

The thing we like, and then we build it up

As chance will have it, on the rock or sand:

For thought is tired of wandering o'er the world,

And homebound Fancy runs her bark ashore.

*Ibid.*

Such souls,

Whose sudden visitations daze the world,

Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind

A voice that in the distance far away

Wakens the slumbering ages.

*Act i. Sc. 7.*



## GERALD GRIFFIN. 1803—1840.

A place in thy memory, dearest,

Is all that I claim,

To pause and look back when thou hearest

The sound of my name.

*A Place in thy Memory.*

J. A. WADE. 1800–1875.

Meet me by moonlight alone,  
 And then I will tell you a tale  
 Must be told by the moonlight alone,  
 In the grove at the end of the vale!

*Meet me by Moonlight.*

'T were vain to tell thee all I feel,  
 Or say for thee I'd die.

*'T were vain to tell.*

LYDIA MARIA CHILD. 1802–1880.

England may as well dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes, as to fetter the step of Freedom, more proud and firm, in this youthful land, than where she treads the sequestered glens of Scotland, or couches herself among the magnificent mountains of Switzerland.

*Supposititious Speech of James Otis. From The Rebels, Ch. iv.*

MARY HOWITT. 1804—

Old England is our home, and Englishmen are we;  
 Our tongue is known in every clime, our flag in every  
 sea.

*Old England is our Home.*

“Will you walk into my parlour?” said a spider to a  
 fly,

“’T is the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy.”

*The Spider and the Fly.*

## KATÉ FRANKLIN.

Stately and tall he moves in the hall,  
The chief of a thousand for grace.

*Life at Olympus.* From the *Lady's Book*, Vol. xxiii. p. 33.



## G. P. R. JAMES. 1801–1860.

I envy them, those monks of old,  
Their books they read, and their beads they told.

*The Monks of Old.*

BENJAMIN DISRAELI (LORD BEACONSFIELD).  
1805–1881.

A precedent embalms a principle.

*Speech in the House of Commons, Feb. 22, 1848.*

Assassination has never changed the history of the  
world.

*Ibid., May, 1865.*

The secret of success is constancy to purpose.

*Speech at the Crystal Palace, June 24, 1870.*

The author who speaks about his own books is al-  
most as bad as a mother who talks about her own chil-  
dren.

*Speech at Glasgow, Nov. 19, 1870.*

Apologies only account for that which they do not  
alter.

*Speech in the House of Commons, July 28, 1871.*

Youth is a blunder; Manhood a struggle; Old Age  
a regret.

*Coningsby. Book iii. Ch. i.*



The disappointment of manhood succeeds to the delusion of youth. *Vivian Grey.*

That when a man fell into his anecdotage, it was a sign for him to retire. *Lothair. Ch. xxviii.*

You know who critics are? the men who have failed in literature and art. *Ch. xxxv.*

The sweet simplicity of the three per cents. *Endymion.*

The Athanasian Creed is the most splendid ecclesiastical lyric ever poured forth by the genius of man. *Ibid.*

Blushing like a Worcestershire orchard before harvest. *Ibid.*

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MRS. (DAVID) PORTER.

Thou hast wounded the spirit that loved thee,

And cherished thine image for years ;

Thou hast taught me at last to forget thee,

In secret, in silence and tears.

*Thou hast wounded the spirit.*

---

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS. 1805-1848.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Nearer to Thee !

E'en though it be a cross

That raiseth me ;

Still all my song shall be,

Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Nearer to Thee !

## RALPH WALDO EMERSON. 1803-1882.

I wiped away the weeds and foam,  
 I fetched my sea-born treasures home ;  
 But the poor, unsightly, noisome things  
 Had left their beauty on the shore,  
 With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.

*Each and All.*

Not from a vain or shallow thought  
 His awful Jove young Phidias brought.

*The Problem.*

Out from the heart of Nature rolled  
 The burdens of the Bible old.

*Ibid.*

The hand that rounded Peter's dome,  
 And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,  
 Wrought in a sad sincerity ;  
 Himself from God he could not free ;  
 He builded better than he knew ;—  
 The conscious stone to beauty grew.

*Ibid.*

Earth proudly wears the Parthenon  
 As the best gem upon her zone.

*Ibid.*

Good by, proud world! I'm going home :  
 Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.

*Good By.*

What are they all in their high conceit,  
 When man in the bush with God may meet?

*Ibid.*

If eyes were made for seeing,  
 Then Beauty is its own excuse for being.

*The Rhodora.*

Here once the embattled farmers stood,  
 And fired the shot heard round the world.

*Hymn sung at the Completion of the Concord Monument.*

The silent organ loudest chants

The master's requiem.

*Dirge.*

Things are in the saddle,

And ride mankind.

*Ode, inscribed to W. H. Channing.*

Nothing is more simple than greatness ; indeed, to be simple is to be great.

*Literary Ethics.*

Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it.<sup>1</sup>

*Quotation and Originality.*

It is as impossible for a man to be cheated by any one but himself, as for a thing to be and not to be at the same time.<sup>2</sup>

*Essay on Compensation.*

All mankind love a lover.

*Essay on Love.*

The alleged power to charm down insanity, or ferocity in beasts, is a power behind the eye.

*Essay on Behaviour.*

Thought is the property of him who can entertain it, and of him who can adequately place it.

*Representative Men. Shakespeare.*

Is not marriage an open question, when it is alleged, from the beginning of the world, that such as are in the institution wish to get out, and such as are out wish to get in ?<sup>3</sup>

*Ibid. Montaigne.*

I rarely read any Latin, Greek, German, Italian, sometimes not a French book, in the original, which I

<sup>1</sup> There is not less wit, nor less invention, in applying rightly a thought one finds in a book, than in being the first author of that thought. Cardinal du Perron has been heard to say that the happy application of a verse of Virgil has deserved a talent. — Bayle, *Vol. ii.* p. 779.

<sup>2</sup> Man wird nie betrogen ; man betrügt sich selbst.

We are never deceived ; we deceive ourselves.

Goethe, *Maxims*, Vol. iii. p. 219.

<sup>3</sup> Compare John Webster. Page 167.

can procure in a good version. . . . I should as soon think of swimming across Charles River when I wish to go to Boston, as of reading all my books in originals, when I have them rendered for me in my mother tongue. *Books.*



CHARLES JEFFERYS. 1807—1865.

Come o'er the moonlit sea,  
The waves are brightly glowing. *The Moonlit Sea.*

The morn was fair, the skies were clear,  
No breath came o'er the sea. *The Rose of Allandale.*

Meek and lowly, pure and holy,  
Chief among the "blessed three." *Charity.*

Come, wander with me, for the moonbeams are bright,  
On river and forest, o'er mountain and lea.  
*Come, wander with me.*

A word in season spoken  
May calm the troubled breast. *A word in season.*

The bud is on the bough again,  
The leaf is on the tree.  
*The Meeting of Spring and Summer.*

I have heard the mavis singing  
Its love-song to the morn ;  
I've seen the dew-drop clinging  
To the rose just newly born. *Mary of Argyle.*

We have lived and loved together  
Through many changing years,  
We have shared each other's gladness,  
And wept each other's tears.  
*We have lived and loved together.*

## HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. 1807-1882.

Look, then, into thine heart, and write! <sup>1</sup>

*Voices of the Night. Prelude.*

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,

“Life is but an empty dream!” <sup>2</sup>

For the soul is dead that slumbers,

And things are not what they seem. <sup>3</sup> *A Psalm of Life.*

Art is long, and Time is fleeting, <sup>4</sup>

And our hearts, though stout and brave,

Still, like muffled drums, are beating

Funeral marches to the grave.

*Ibid.*

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!

Let the dead Past bury its dead!

*Ibid.*

Lives of great men all remind us

We can make our lives sublime,

And, departing, leave behind us

Footprints on the sands of time.

*Ibid.*

Let us, then, be up and doing,

With a heart for any fate; <sup>5</sup>

Still achieving, still pursuing,

Learn to labour, and to wait.

*Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Fool! said my muse to me, look in thy heart, and write.

Sidney, *Astrophel and Stella*, i.

<sup>2</sup> Singet nicht in Trauertönen

Von der Einsamkeit der Nacht.

*Song of Philine in Wilhelm Meister.*

<sup>3</sup> Non semper ea sunt quæ videntur. — Phædrus, *Book iv. Fable 2.*

<sup>4</sup> Ars longa, vita brevis. — Hippocrates, *Aphorism i.*

Die Kunst ist lang, das Leben kurz.

Goethe, *Wilhelm Meister*, vii. 9.

<sup>5</sup> Compare Byron, *To Moore*. Page 484.

There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,<sup>1</sup>

And, with his sickle keen,  
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.

*The Reaper and the Flowers.*

The star of the unconquered will. *The Light of Stars.*

O, fear not in a world like this,  
And thou shalt know ere long, —  
Know how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong.

*Ibid.*

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,  
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,  
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,  
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine. *Flowers.*

The hooded clouds, like friars,  
Tell their beads in drops of rain. *Midnight Mass.*

No tears

Dim the sweet look that Nature wears. *Sunrise on the Hills.*

No one is so accursed by fate,  
No one so utterly desolate,  
But some heart, though unknown,  
Responds unto his own. *Endymion.*

Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary. *The Rainy Day.*

For Time will teach thee soon the truth,  
There are no birds in last year's nest!<sup>2</sup>  
*It is not always May.*

<sup>1</sup> Es ist ein Schnitter, heisst der Tod. — *Erntelied*. From *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (Arnim and Brentano), ed. 1857, Vol. i. p. 59.

<sup>2</sup> Pues ya en los nidos de antaño, no hay pajaros ogano. — Cervantes, *Don Quijote*, Part i. Book iv. Ch. 2.

Time has laid his hand  
 Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,  
 But as a harper lays his open palm  
 Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.

*The Golden Legend.* iv.

Standing, with reluctant feet,  
 Where the brook and river meet,  
 Womanhood and childhood fleet!

*Maidenhood.*

O thou child of many prayers!  
 Life hath quicksands, — life hath snares!

*Ibid.*

This is the place. Stand still, my steed,  
 Let me review the scene,

And summon from the shadowy Past

The forms that once have been. *A Gleam of Sunshine.*

The day is done, and the darkness

Falls from the wings of Night,

As a feather is wafted downward

From an eagle in his flight.

*The Day is Done.*

A feeling of sadness and longing,

That is not akin to pain,

And resembles sorrow only

As the mist resembles the rain.

*Ibid.*

And the night shall be filled with music,

And the cares that infest the day

Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,

And as silently steal away.

*Ibid.*

She floats upon the river of his thoughts.<sup>1</sup>

*The Spanish Student.* Act ii. Sc. 3.

This is the forest primeval.

*Evangeline.* Part i.

<sup>1</sup> Compare Byron, *The Dream.* Page 483.

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of  
exquisite music. *Evangeline. Part i. 1.*

Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the  
angels. *Part i. 3.*

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the  
consoler,  
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it for-  
ever. *Part ii. 5.*

God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for  
this planting.<sup>1</sup> *The Courtship of Miles Standish. iv.*

Into a world unknown, — the corner-stone of a nation!<sup>2</sup>  
*Ibid.*

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,  
That of our vices we can frame  
A ladder, if we will but tread  
Beneath our feet each deed of shame.<sup>3</sup>  
*The Ladder of St. Augustine.*

The heights by great men reached and kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night. *Ibid.*

Sail on, O Ship of State!  
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!  
Humanity with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate! *The Building of the Ship.*

<sup>1</sup> God sifted a whole nation that he might send choice grain over into this wilderness. — William Stoughton, *Election Sermon at Boston*, April 29, 1669.

<sup>2</sup> Plymouth Rock.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Tennyson. Page 551.



Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,  
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
 Are all with thee, — are all with thee !

*The Building of the Ship.*

The leaves of memory seemed to make  
 A mournful rustling in the dark.

*The Fire of Drift-wood.*

A banner with the strange device. *Excelsior.*

There is no flock, however watched and tended,  
 But one dead lamb is there ;  
 There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,  
 But has one vacant chair.

*Resignation.*

The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
 And mournings for the dead.

*Ibid.*

There is no Death ! What seems so is transition ;  
 This life of mortal breath  
 Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
 Whose portal we call Death.

*Ibid.*

In the elder days of Art,  
 Builders wrought with greatest care  
 Each minute and unseen part ;  
 For the gods see everywhere.

*The Builders.*

Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,  
 Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours  
 Weeping upon his bed has sate,  
 He knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers.

From Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*.<sup>1</sup> *Motto, Hyperion, Book i.*

<sup>1</sup> Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass,  
 Wer nicht die kummervollen Nächte  
 Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,  
 Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte.

*Wilhelm Meister, Book ii. Ch. 13.*

Something the heart must have to cherish,  
 Must love, and joy, and sorrow learn;  
 Something with passion clasp or perish,  
 And in itself to ashes burn.

From Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*. *Motto, Hyperion, Book ii.*

Alas! it is not till time, with reckless hand, has torn  
 out half the leaves from the Book of Human Life to  
 light the fires of passion with, from day to day, that  
 man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few  
 in number.

*Hyperion. Book iv. Ch. 8.*

"Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee."<sup>1</sup>

*Kavanagh, ad fin.*

Hospitality sitting with Gladness.

*Frithiof's Saga. (Translation.)*

With useless endeavour  
 Forever, forever,  
 Is Sisyphus rolling  
 His stone up the mountain!

*The Masque of Pandora. Chorus of the Eumenides.*

The prayer of Ajax was for light.

*The Goblet of Life.*

O suffering, sad humanity!  
 O ye afflicted ones, who lie  
 Steeped to the lips in misery,  
 Longing, and yet afraid to die,  
 Patient, though sorely tried!

*Ibid.*

He has singed the beard of the king of Spain.<sup>2</sup>

*The Dutch Picture.*

<sup>1</sup> From *To-morrow*, Nathaniel Cotton. Compare *Genesis xxxiii.*

<sup>2</sup> Sir Francis Drake entered the harbour of Cadiz, April 19th, 1587, and destroyed shipping to the amount of ten thousand tons lading. To use his own expressive phrase, he had singed the Spanish king's beard. — Knight's *Pictorial History of England*, Vol. iii. p. 215.

MRS. C. B. WILSON. — — — — 1846.

What fairy-like music steals over the sea,  
Entrancing our senses with charmed melody?  
*What fairy-like music.*

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JOHN G. WHITTIER. 1807 — — — —.

The hope of all who suffer,  
The dread of all who wrong,  
*The Mantle of St. John de Matha.*  
Making their lives a prayer.  
*On receiving a Basket of Sea Mosses.*

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"  
*Maud Muller.*

Give lettered pomp to teeth of time,  
So Bonny Doon but tarry;  
Blot out the epic's stately rhyme,  
But spare his Highland Mary.  
*Lines on Burns.*

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LADY DUFFERIN. 1807—1867.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,  
Where we sat side by side.  
*Lament of the Irish Emigrant.*

I'm very lonely now, Mary,  
For the poor make no new friends;  
But oh! they love the better still  
The few our Father sends.  
*Ibid.*

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN. 1806—1850.

Sparkling and bright in liquid light  
 Does the wine our goblets gleam in ;  
 With hue as red as the rosy bed  
 Which a bee would choose to dream in.

*Sparkling and Bright.*



FREDERICK W. THOMAS. 1808 ———.

'T is said that absence conquers love ;  
 But oh ! believe it not.  
 I've tried, alas ! its power to prove,  
 But thou art not forgot.

*Absence conquers Love.*



FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. 1811 ———.

A sacred burden is this life ye bear :  
 Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,  
 Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly.  
 Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,  
 But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.

*Lines addressed to the Young Gentlemen leaving the Lenox  
 Academy, Mass.*

Better trust all, and be deceived,  
 And weep that trust and that deceiving,  
 Than doubt one heart, that, if believed,  
 Had blessed one's life with true believing.

*Faith.*

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN. 1809—1865.

That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.<sup>1</sup>

*Speech at Gettysburg, Nov. 19, 1863.*

With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right.

*Second Inaugural Address.*



## THEODORE PARKER. 1810—1860.

There is what I call the American idea. . . . This idea demands, as the proximate organization thereof, a democracy, that is, a government of all the people, by all the people, for all the people; of course, a government of the principles of eternal justice, the unchanging law of God: for shortness' sake I will call it the idea of Freedom.<sup>1</sup>

*Speech at the New England Antislavery Convention,  
Boston, May 29, 1850.*



## THOMAS NOEL.

Rattle his bones over the stones!

He 's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

*The Pauper's Ride.*

<sup>1</sup> The people's government, made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people.—Daniel Webster, *Speech*, Jan. 26, 1830.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. 1809 ———.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down !  
 Long has it waved on high,  
 And many an eye has danced to see  
 That banner in the sky.

*Old Ironsides.*

Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
 Set every threadbare sail,  
 And give her to the god of storms,  
 The lightning and the gale !

*Ibid.*

Like Sentinel and Nun, they keep  
 Their vigil on the green.     *The Cambridge Churchyard.*

The mossy marbles rest  
 On the lips that he has prest  
     In their bloom ;  
 And the names he loved to hear  
 Have been carved for many a year  
     On the tomb.

*The Last Leaf.*

I know it is a sin  
 For me to sit and grin  
     At him here ;  
 But the old three-cornered hat,  
 And the breeches, and all that,  
     Are so queer !

*Ibid.*

Thou say'st an undisputed thing  
 In such a solemn way.

*To an Insect.*

The freeman casting with unpurchased hand  
 The vote that shakes the turrets of the land.

*Poetry, a Metrical Essay.*

Their discords sting through Burns and Moore,  
Like hedgehogs dressed in lace.     *The Music-Grinders.*

You think they are crusaders, sent  
From some infernal clime,  
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,  
And dock the tail of Rhyme,  
To crack the voice of Melody,  
And break the legs of Time.     *Ibid.*

And, since, I never dare to write  
As funny as I can.     *The Height of the Ridiculous.*

When the last reader reads no more.     *The Last Reader.*

Thine eye was on the censor,  
And not the hand that bore it.     *Lines by a Clerk.*

Where go the poet's lines?  
Answer, ye evening tapers!  
Ye auburn locks, ye golden curls,  
Speak from your folded papers!     *The Poet's Lot.*

Yes, child of suffering, thou mayst well be sure,  
He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor!     *Urania.*

And, when you stick on conversation's burrs,  
Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful *urs*.     *Ibid.*

You hear that boy laughing? — you think he's all fun;  
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;  
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,  
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of  
all!     *The Boys.*

Boston State-house is the hub of the Solar System.  
You could n't pry that out of a Boston man if you had  
the tire of all creation straightened out for a crow-bar.

*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, p. 143.

## SAMUEL F. SMITH. 1808 ———.

My country, 't is of thee,  
 Sweet land of liberty,  
 Of thee I sing:  
 Land where my fathers died,  
 Land of the pilgrims' pride,  
 From every mountain-side  
 Let freedom ring.

*National Hymn.*



## MARK LEMON. 1809—1870.

O, would I were a boy again,  
 When life seemed formed of sunny years,  
 And all the heart then knew of pain  
 Was wept away in transient tears!

*O, would I were a boy again.*



## JAMES ALDRICH. 1810—1856.

Her suffering ended with the day,  
 Yet lived she at its close,  
 And breathed the long, long night away,  
 In statue-like repose.

*A Death-Bed.*

But when the sun, in all his state,  
 Illumed the eastern skies,  
 She passed through Glory's morning-gate,  
 And walked in Paradise.

*Ibid.*



## ALFRED TENNYSON.

And statesmen at her council met  
 Who knew the seasons, when to take  
 Occasion by the hand, and make  
 The bounds of freedom wider yet. *To the Queen.*

Broad based upon her people's will,  
 And compassed by the inviolate sea. *Ibid.*

For it was in the golden prime  
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.  
*Recollections of the Arabian Nights.*

Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn.  
*The Poet.*

Across the walnuts and the wine. *The Müller's Daughter.*

I built my soul a lordly pleasure-house,  
 Wherein at ease for aye to dwell. *The Palace of Art.*

Her manners had not that repose  
 Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.  
*Lady Clara Vere de Vere. Stanza 5.*

From yon blue heaven above us bent,  
 The grand old gardener and his wife<sup>1</sup>  
 Smile at the claims of long descent. *Stanza 7.*

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,  
 'T is only noble to be good.<sup>2</sup>  
 Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
 And simple faith than Norman blood. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> This line stands in the edition of 1842 (Moxon, 2 vols.),  
 The gardener Adam and his wife,  
 and has been restored by the author in his edition of 1873.

<sup>2</sup> Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus.

Juvenal, *Satire viii. Line 20.*

To be noble, we 'll be good. — Percy's *Reliques, Winifreda.*

O love, O fire! once he drew  
 With one long kiss my whole soul through  
 My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew. *Fatima. Stanza 3.*

You must wake and call me early, call me early,  
 mother dear;

To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New  
 Year;

Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merri-  
 est day;

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be  
 Queen o' the May. *The May Queen.*

God gives us love. Something to love

He lends us; but, when love is grown

To ripeness, that on which it throve

Falls off, and love is left alone.

*To J. S.*

More black than ashbuds in the front of March.

*The Gardener's Daughter.*

I am a part of all that I have met.<sup>1</sup>

*Ulysses.*

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished  
 dove;

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to  
 thoughts of love. *Locksley Hall.*

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the  
 chords with might;

Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in mu-  
 sic out of sight. *Ibid.*

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent  
 its novel force,

Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his  
 horse. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Byron, *Childe Harold*, *Canto iii. St. 72.* Page 474.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams. *Locksley Hall.*

With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a  
daughter's heart. *Ibid.*

This is truth the poet sings,  
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering hap-  
pier things.<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Hon-  
our feels. *Ibid.*

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping  
something new. *Ibid.*

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing pur-  
pose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process  
of the suns. *Ibid.*

I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my  
dusky race. *Ibid.*

I, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time.  
*Ibid.*

Let the great world spin forever down the ringing  
grooves of change. *Ibid.*

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.  
*Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Nessun maggior dolore  
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice  
Nella miseria. — Dante, *Inferno*, *Canto* v. 121.  
For of fortunes sharpe adversite,  
The worst kind of infortune is this,  
A man that has been in prosperite,  
And it remember, whan it passed is.

Chaucer, *Troilus and Creseide*, *Book* iii. *Line* 1625.

In omni adversitate fortunæ, infelicissimum genus est infortunii  
fuisse felicem. — Boethius, *De Consol. Phil.*, *Lib.* ii.

I waited for the train at Coventry ;  
 I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,  
 To watch the three tall spires ; and there I shaped  
 The city's ancient legend into this. *Godiva.*

We are ancients of the earth,  
 And in the morning of the times.  
*The Day-Dream. L'Envoi.*

As she fled fast through sun and shade,  
 The happy winds upon her played,  
 Blowing the ringlet from the braid.  
*Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere.*

But O for the touch of a vanished hand,  
 And the sound of a voice that is still !  
*Break, break, break.*

But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
 Will never come back to me. *Ibid.*

With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,  
 And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.  
*The Princess. Prologue.*

A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,  
 And sweet as English air could make her, she. *Ibid.*

Jewels five-words-long,  
 That on the stretched forefinger of all Time  
 Sparkle for ever. *Ibid. ii.*

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
 Blow, bugle ; answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.  
*Ibid. iii.*

O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
 They faint on hill or field or river :  
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
 And grow for ever and for ever.  
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying. *Ibid.*

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
 In looking on the happy Autumn fields,  
 And thinking of the days that are no more.

*The Princess.* iv.

Unto dying eyes  
 The casement slowly grows a glimmering square. *Ibid.*

Dear as remembered kisses after death,  
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned  
 On lips that are for others; deep as love,  
 Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;  
 O Death in Life! the days that are no more. *Ibid.*

Sweet is every sound,  
 Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;  
 Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,  
 The moan of doves in immemorial elms,  
 And murmuring of innumerable bees. *vii.*

Happy he  
 With such a mother! faith in womankind  
 Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high  
 Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall,  
 He shall not blind his soul with clay. *Ibid.*

Let knowledge grow from more to more.  
*In Memoriam. Prologue. Line 25.*

I held it truth, with him who sings<sup>1</sup>  
 To one clear harp in divers tones,  
 That men may rise on stepping-stones  
 Of their dead selves to higher things. *Ibid.* i.

<sup>1</sup> Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,  
 That of our vices we can frame  
 A ladder, if we will but tread  
 Beneath our feet each deed of shame.

Longfellow, *The Ladder of St. Augustine.*

Never morning wore  
To evening, but some heart did break. *In Memoriam.* vi.

And topples round the dreary west  
A looming bastion fringed with fire. *Ibid.* xv.

And from his ashes may be made  
The violet of his native land.<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.* xviii.

I do but sing because I must,  
And pipe but as the linnets sing. *Ibid.* xxi.

The shadow cloaked from head to foot,  
Who keeps the keys of all the creeds. *Ibid.* xxiii.

And Thought leaped out to wed with Thought  
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech. *Ibid.*

'T is better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all. *Ibid.* xxvii.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer. *Ibid.* xxxii.

Whose faith has centre everywhere,  
Nor cares to fix itself to form. *Ibid.* xxxiii.

Short swallow-flights of song, that dip  
Their wings in tears, and skim away. *Ibid.* xlvii.

Hold thou the good: define it well:  
For fear divine Philosophy  
Should push beyond her mark, and be  
Procuress to the Lords of Hell. *Ibid.* lii.

O yet we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill. *Ibid.* liii.

<sup>1</sup> Compare Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, Act v. Sc. 1. Page 119.

But what am I?

An infant crying in the night:

An infant crying for the light:

And with no language but a cry. *In Memoriam.* liii.

So careful of the type she seems,

So careless of the single life. *Ibid.* lv.

The great world's altar-stairs,

That slope through darkness up to God. *Ibid.*

Who battled for the True, the Just. *Ibid.* lv.

And grasps the skirts of happy chance,

And breasts the blows of circumstance. *Ibid.* lxxiii.

And lives to clutch the golden keys,

To mould a mighty state's decrees,

And shape the whisper of the throne. *Ibid.*

So many worlds, so much to do,

So little done, such things to be. *Ibid.* lxxii.

Thy leaf has perished in the green. *Ibid.* lxxiv.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,

Believe me, than in half the creeds. *Ibid.* xc.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky. *Ibid.* cv.

Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,

But ring the fuller minstrel in. *Ibid.*

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,

Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;

Ring out the thousand wars of old,

Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,

The eager heart, the kindlier hand;

Ring out the darkness of the land,

Ring in the Christ that is to be. *Ibid.*

And thus he bore without abuse  
 The grand old name of gentleman,  
 Defamed by every charlatan,  
 And soiled with all ignoble use. *In Memoriam.* cx.

Some novel power  
 Sprang up forever at a touch,  
 And hope could never hope too much,  
 In watching thee from hour to hour. *Ibid.* cxi.

Large elements in order brought,  
 And tracts of calm from tempest made,  
 And world-wide fluctuation swayed  
 In vassal tides that followed thought. *Ibid.*

One God, one law, one element,  
 And one far-off divine event,  
 To which the whole creation moves. *Ibid.* *Conclusion.*

Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null. *Maud.* i. 5.

That jewelled mass of millinery,  
 That oiled and curled Assyrian Bull. *Ibid.* v. 6.

Ah Christ, that it were possible  
 For one short hour to see  
 The souls we loved, that they might tell us  
 What and where they be. *Ibid.* xxvi. 3.

For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on for ever. *The Brook.*

Rich in saving common-sense,  
 And, as the greatest only are,  
 In his simplicity sublime.  
*Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.* Stanza 4.

O good gray head which all men knew. *Ibid.*



That tower of strength  
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew !  
*Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington. Stanza 4.*

In that fierce light which beats upon a throne.  
*Idylls of the King. Dedication.*

It is the little rift within the lute,  
That by and by will make the music mute,  
And ever widening slowly silence all. *Vivien.*

Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do and die. *Charge of the Light Brigade.*

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them. *Ibid.*

Mastering the lawless science of our law,  
That codeless myriad of precedent,  
That wilderness of single instances. *Aylmer's Field.*

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AMELIA B. RICHARDS.

The martial airs of England  
Encircle still the earth. *The Martial Airs of England.*

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MARTIN F. TUPPER. 1810 — — —.

A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure.  
*Of Education.*  
God, from a beautiful necessity, is Love. *Of Immortality.*

## WILLIAM MILLER. 1810-1872.

Wee Willie Winkie rins through the toun,  
 Up-stairs and doun-stairs, in his nicht-goun,  
 Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,  
 "Are the weans in their bed, for it's nou ten o'clock?"  
*Willie Winkie.*

## EDMUND H. SEARS. 1810-1876.

Calm on the listening ear of night  
 Come Heaven's melodious strains,  
 Where wild Judea stretches far  
 Her silver-mantled plains. *Christmas Song.*

It came upon the midnight clear,  
 That glorious song of old. *The Angels' Song.*

## EDGAR A. POE. 1811-1849.

Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber  
 door, —  
 Perched, and sat, and nothing more. *The Raven.*

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form  
 from off my door!  
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore." *Ibid.*

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on  
 the floor  
 Shall be lifted — Nevermore! *Ibid.*

To the glory that was Greece  
 And the grandeur that was Rome. *To Helen.*

## ALFRED DOMETT. 1811—

It was the calm and silent night!  
 Seven hundred years and fifty-three  
 Had Rome been growing up to might,  
 And now was queen of land and sea.  
 No sound was heard of clashing wars,  
 Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;  
 Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars  
 Held undisturbed their ancient reign  
 In the solemn midnight,  
 Centuries ago.

*Christmas Hymn.*

## ROBERT BROWNING. 1812—

Are there not, dear Michal,  
 Two points in the adventure of the diver,  
 One — when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge?  
 One — when, a prince, he rises with his pearl?  
 Festus, I plunge. *Paracelsus. ii.*  
 Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts!  
*Ibid. iii.*  
 Other heights in other lives, God willing.  
*One Word More.*

## ELIZABETH BROWNING. 1809—1861.

Death forerunneth Love to win  
 "Sweetest eyes were ever seen."<sup>1</sup> *Catarina to Camoens.*

<sup>1</sup> From Camoens.

## CHARLES DICKENS. 1812—1870.

- A demd, damp, moist, unpleasant body !  
*Nicholas Nickleby. Ch. xxxiv.*
- My life is one demd horrid grind. *Ch. lxiv.*
- In a Pickwickian sense. *Pickwick Papers. Ch. i.*
- O, a dainty plant is the Ivy green,  
 That creepeth o'er ruins old!  
 Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,  
 In his cell so lone and cold.  
 Creeping where no life is seen,  
 A rare old plant is the Ivy green. *Ch. vi.*
- He's tough, ma'am, tough is J. B. Tough and devilish sly.  
*Dombey and Son. Ch. vii.*
- When found, make a note of. *Ch. xv.*
- The bearings of this observation lays in the application on it. *Ch. xxiii.*
- Barkis is willin'. *David Copperfield. Ch. v.*
- Whatever was required to be done, the Circumlocution Office was beforehand with all the public departments in the art of perceiving HOW NOT TO DO IT.  
*Little Dorrit. Ch. x.*
- In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile.  
*Christmas Carol. Stave Two.*



## THEODORE L. BARKER.

- When the sun's last rays are fading  
 Into twilight soft and dim. *Thou wilt think of me again.*

## MICHAEL J. BARRY.

But whether on the scaffold high  
 Or in the battle's van,  
 The fittest place where man can die  
 Is where he dies for man!

From *The Dublin Nation*, Sept. 28, 1844, Vol. ii. p. 809.



## THOMAS O. DAVIS. 1814–1845.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning;  
 Come when you're looked for, or come without warn-  
 ing. *The Welcome.*



## CHARLES MACKAY. 1814—

Cleon hath a million acres, ne'er a one have I;  
 Cleon dwelleth in a palace, in a cottage I. *Cleon and I.*

But the sunshine aye shall light the sky,  
 As round and round we run;  
 And the truth shall ever come uppermost,  
 And justice shall be done. *Eternal Justice. Stanza 4.*

Some love to roam o'er the dark sea's foam,  
 Where the shrill winds whistle free. *Some love to roam.*

There's a good time coming, boys,  
 A good time coming. *The Good Time Coming.*

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might  
 In the days when earth was young. *Tubal Cain.*

## EPES SARGENT. 1813-1881.

A life on the ocean wave!  
 A home on the rolling deep,  
 Where the scattered waters rave,  
 And the winds their revels keep! *Life on the Ocean Wave.*

A home on the rolling sea!  
 A life on the ocean wave! *Ibid.*



## F. W. FABER. 1814-1863.

For right is right, since God is God,  
 And right the day must win;  
 To doubt would be disloyalty,  
 To falter would be sin. *The Right must win.*

Labour itself is but a sorrowful song,  
 The protest of the weak against the strong.  
*The Sorrowful World.*



## ELLEN STURGIS HOOPER. 1816-1841.

I slept, and dreamed that life was Beauty;  
 I woke, and found that life was Duty.  
 Was thy dream then a shadowy lie?  
 Toil on, poor heart, unceasingly;  
 And thou shalt find thy dream to be  
 A truth and noonday light to thee. *Life a Duty.*

JOSEPH E. CARPENTER. 1813 ———.

What are the wild waves saying,  
Sister, the whole day long,  
That ever amid our playing  
I hear but their low, lone song?  
*What are the wild waves saying?*

---

MISS JULIA PARDOE. 1816—1862.

O, the heart is a free and a fetterless thing,  
A wave of the ocean, a bird on the wing!  
*The Captive Greek Girl.*

---

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY. 1816 ———.

We live in deeds, not years; <sup>1</sup> in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.  
Life 's but a means unto an end, that end  
Beginning, mean, and end to all things, — God.  
*Festus. Scene, A Country Town.*

Poets are all who love, who feel great truths,  
And tell them; and the truth of truths is love.  
*Scene, Another and a Better World.*

<sup>1</sup> A life spent worthily should be measured by a nobler line, — by deeds, not years. — Sheridan, *Pizarro*, Act iv. Sc. 1.

## NATHANIEL P. WILLIS. 1817–1867.

At present there is no distinction among the upper ten thousand of the city.<sup>1</sup> *Necessity for a Promenade Drive.*

For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,  
 And makes his pulses fly,  
 To catch the thrill of a happy voice,  
 And the light of a pleasant eye. *Saturday Afternoon.*

It is the month of June,  
 The month of leaves and roses,  
 When pleasant sights salute the eyes,  
 And pleasant scents the noses. *The Month of June.*

Let us weep in our darkness, but weep not for him!  
 Not for him, who, departing, leaves millions in tears!  
 Not for him, who has died full of honor and years!  
 Not for him, who ascended Fame's ladder so high  
 From the round at the top he has stepped to the sky.  
*The Death of Harrison.*



## A. H. LAYARD.

I have always believed that success would be the inevitable result if the two services, the army and the navy, had fair play, and if we sent the right man to fill the right place.

*Speech, Jan. 15, 1855. Hansard, Parliamentary Debates, Third Series, Vol. cxxxviii. p. 2077.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Haliburton. Page 511.



## ELIZA COOK. 1817 ———.

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare  
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?

*The Old Arm-Chair.*

How cruelly sweet are the echoes that start,  
When memory plays an old tune on the heart!

*Old Dobbin.*



## CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH. 1813 ———.

Thought is deeper than all speech,  
Feeling deeper than all thought;  
Souls to souls can never teach  
What unto themselves was taught.

*Stanzas.*



## JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

'T is heaven alone that is given away,  
'T is only God may be had for the asking.

*The Vision of Sir Launfal.*

And what is so rare as a day in June?  
Then, if ever, come perfect days;  
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,  
And over it softly her warm ear lays.

*Ibid.*

This child is not mine as the first was,  
I cannot sing it to rest,  
I cannot lift it up fatherly  
And bless it upon my breast;

Yet it lies in my little one's cradle,  
 And sits in my little one's chair,  
 And the light of the heaven she 's gone to  
 Transfigures its golden hair. *The Changeling.*

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,  
 Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold.  
*To the Dandelion.*

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies  
 In other men, sleeping, but never dead,  
 Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.  
*Sonnet iv.*

Great Truths are portions of the soul of man;  
 Great souls are portions of Eternity. *Sonnet vi.*

To win the secret of a weed's plain heart. *Sonnet xxxv.*

Two meanings have our lightest fantasies,  
 One of the flesh, and of the spirit one.  
*Sonnet xxxiv. Ed. 1844.*

Earth's noblest thing, a Woman perfected. *Irené.*

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to  
 decide,  
 In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or  
 evil side;  
 Some great cause, God's new Messiah offering each the  
 bloom or blight,  
 Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon  
 the right;  
 And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness  
 and that light. *The Present Crisis.*

Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the  
 throne. *Ibid.*

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her  
wretched crust,

Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 't is prosper-  
ous to be just ;

Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward  
stands aside,

Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified.

*The Present Crisis.*

Before man made us citizens, great Nature made us men.

*The Capture.*

Ez fer war, I call it murder, —

There you hev it plain an' flat ;

I don't want to go no furder

Than my Testymnt fer that. *The Biglow Papers. No. i.*

An' you 've gut to git up airly

Ef you want to take in God.

*Ibid.*

Laborin' man an' laborin' woman

Hev one glory an' one shame,

Ev'y thin' thet 's done inhuman

Injers all on 'em the same.

*Ibid.*

This goin' ware glory waits ye haint one agreeable  
feetur.

*Ibid. No. ii.*

We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage.

*Ibid. No. iii.*

But John P.

Robinson he

Sez they did n't know everythin' down in Judee. *Ibid.*

Of my merit

On thet point you yourself may jedge ;

All is, I never drink no sperit,

Nor I haint never signed no pledge. *Ibid. No. vii.*

Under the yaller pines I house,

When sunshine makes 'em all sweet-scented,  
An' hear among their furry boughs

The baskin' west-wind purr contented.

*The Biglow Papers. No. x. Second Series.*

Wut's words to them whose faith an' truth

On War's red techstone rang true metal,  
Who ventered life an' love an' youth

For the gret prize o' death in battle?

*Ibid.*

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown

And peeked in thru' the winder,  
An' there sot Huldy all alone,

'Ith no one nigh to hender.

*The Courtin'.*

'T was kin' o' kingdom-come to look

On sech a blessed cretur.

*Ibid.*

—◆—

HARRIET W. SEWALL. 1819—

Why thus longing, thus forever sighing,

For the far-off, unattained, and dim,

While the beautiful, all round thee lying,

Offers up its low, perpetual hymn? *Why thus longing?*

—◆—

DINAH M. MULOCK. 1826—

Two hands upon the breast,

And labour 's done :<sup>1</sup>

Two pale feet crossed in rest,

The race is won.

*Now and Afterwards.*

<sup>1</sup> Two hands upon the breast, and labour is past. — *Russian Proverb.*

CHARLES KINGSLEY. 1819–1875.

O Mary, go and call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home,  
Across the sands o' Dee! *The Sands o' Dee.*

---

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH. 1819—

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?  
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown,  
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,  
And trembled with fear at your frown! *Ben Bolt.*

---

AMELIA B. WELBY. 1821–1852.

For every wave with dimpled face,  
That leaped upon the air,  
Had caught a star in its embrace,  
And held it trembling there. *Musings. Stanza 4.*

---

EDWIN RANSFORD.

In the days when we went gypsying  
A long time ago;  
The lads and lassies in their best  
Were dressed from top to toe.  
*In the days when we went gypsying.*

## H. F. CHORLEY. 1831—1872.

A song to the oak, the brave old oak,  
 Who hath ruled in the greenwood long.

*The Brave Old Oak.*

Then here 's to the oak, the brave old oak

Who stands in his pride alone ;  
 And still flourish he, a hale green tree,  
 When a hundred years are gone !

*Ibid.*



## ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN. 1832 ———.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,  
 Make me a child again, just for to-night !

*Rock me to sleep.*

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years !  
 I am so weary of toil and of tears,  
 Toil without recompense, — tears all in vain, —  
 Take them, and give me my childhood again !

*Ibid.*



## FRANCIS BRET HARTE. 1839 ———.

Which I wish to remark, —  
 And my language is plain, —  
 That for ways that are dark  
 And for tricks that are vain,  
 The heathen Chineese is peculiar.

*Plain Language from Truthful James.*

Ah Sin was his name.

*Ibid.*

With the smile that was childlike and bland.

*Ibid.*

ALEXANDER SMITH. 1830-1867.

Like a pale martyr in his shirt of fire.

*A Life Drama. Sc. ii.*

In winter when the dismal rain

Came down in slanting lines,

And Wind, that grand old harper, smote

His thunder-harp of pines.

*Ibid.*

A poem round and perfect as a star.

*Ibid.*

---

THEODORE O'HARA.

On fame's eternal camping ground

Their silent tents are spread,

And Glory guards with solemn sound

The bivouac of the dead.

*The Bivouac of the Dead.*

---

G. W. LANGFORD.

Speak gently! 't is a little thing,

Dropped in the heart's deep well;

The good, the joy, that it may bring,

Eternity shall tell.

*Speak gently.*

---

BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING.

Ho! stand to your glasses steady!

This world is a world of lies;

A cup to the dead already, —

Hurra for the next that dies!

*Revelry in India.*

TRANSLATIONS.

—◆—  
HIPPOCRATES. 460–357 B. C.

Life is short and the art long. *Aphorism i.*

Extreme remedies are very appropriate for extreme diseases.<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*

—◆—  
DANTE. 1265–1321.

All hope abandon ye who enter here. *Hell.*<sup>2</sup> *Canto iii. 9.*

No greater grief than to remember days  
Of joy when misery is at hand. *Canto v. 121.*

—◆—  
MICHAEL ANGELO. 1474–1564.

As when, O lady mine,  
With chiselled touch  
The stone unhewn and cold  
Becomes a living mould,  
The more the marble wastes,  
The more the statue grows.<sup>3</sup> *Sonnet.*

<sup>1</sup> Diseases desperate grown  
By desperate appliance are relieved.  
Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, Act iv. Sc. 3.

<sup>2</sup> Cary's translation.

<sup>3</sup> Translated by Mrs. Henry Roscoe.



OMAR KHAYYAM.

The moving Finger writes, and, having writ,  
 Moves on; nor all your Pity nor Wit  
 Shall lure it back to conceal half a line,  
 Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

From the *Rubaiyat*.<sup>1</sup>

MARTIN LUTHER. 1483–1546.

A mighty fortress is our God,  
 A bulwark never failing;  
 Our helper he amid the flood  
 Of mortal ills prevailing.<sup>2</sup>

*Hymn.*

JOHN SIRMOND. 1589 (?)–1649.

If on my theme I rightly think,  
 There are five reasons why men drink:  
 Good wine, a friend, because I'm dry,  
 Or lest I should be by and by,  
 Or any other reason why.<sup>3</sup>

*Causæ Bibendi*.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Translated by Edward Fitzgerald. Omar Khayyam was born at Naishapur, in Khorasan, in the latter half of our eleventh century.

<sup>2</sup> Translated by Frederic H. Hedge.

<sup>3</sup> These lines are a translation of a Latin epigram (erroneously ascribed to Henry Aldrich in the *Biog. Britannica*, 2d ed., Vol. i. p. 131), which Menage and De la Monnoye attribute to Père Sirmond: —

Si bene commemini, causæ sunt quinque bibendi;  
 Hospitis adventus; præsens sitis atque futura;  
 Et vini bonitas, et quælibet altera causa.

*Menagiana*, Vol. i. p. 172.

## FRANCIS RABELAIS. 1495-1553.

I am just going to leap into the dark.<sup>1</sup>

From Motteux's *Life*.

He left a paper sealed up, wherein were found three articles as his last will: "I owe much, I have nothing, I give the rest to the poor." *Ibid.*

To return to our wethers.<sup>2</sup> *Works. Book i. Ch. 1, n. 2.*

I drink no more than a sponge. *Ch. 5.*

Appetite comes with eating, says Angeston. *Ibid.*

By robbing Peter he paid Paul, . . . and hoped to catch larks if ever the heavens should fall. *Ch. 11.*

Then I began to think that it is very true which is commonly said, that one half of the world knoweth not how the other half liveth. *Book ii. Ch. 32, ad fin.*

I'll go his halves. *Book iv. Ch. 23.*

The Devil was sick, the Devil a monk would be;  
The Devil was well, the Devil a monk was he. *Ch. 24.*



## MIGUEL DE CERVANTES. 1547-1616.

Too much of a good thing.

*Don Quixote.*<sup>3</sup> *Part i. Book i. Ch. 6.*

He had a face like a benediction. *Book ii. Ch. 4.*

I tell thee, that is Mambrino's helmet. *Book iii. Ch. 7.*

<sup>1</sup> Je m'en vay chercher un grand peut-estre.

<sup>2</sup> *Revenons à nos moutons*, a proverb taken from the French farce of *Pierre Patelin*, ed. 1762, p. 90.

<sup>3</sup> Jarvis's translation.

The more thou stir it, the worse it will be.

*Don Quixote. Part i. Book iii. Ch. 8.*

Every one is the son of his own works. *Book iv. Ch. 20.*

I would do what I pleased, and doing what I pleased, I should have my will, and having my will, I should be contented; and when one is contented, there is no more to be desired; and when there is no more to be desired, there is an end of it. *Ch. 23.*

Every one is as God has made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse. *Part ii. Book i. Ch. 4.<sup>1</sup>*

Patience and shuffle the cards. *Ch. 6.<sup>2</sup>*

Sancho Panza am I, unless I was changed in the cradle. *Book ii. Ch. 13.<sup>3</sup>*

Sit thee down, chaff-threshing churl: for, let me sit where I will, that is the upper end to thee.<sup>4</sup> *Ch. 14.<sup>5</sup>*

Blessings on him who invented sleep, the mantle that covers all human thoughts, the food that appeases hunger, the drink that quenches thirst, the fire that warms cold, the cold that moderates heat, and, lastly, the general coin that purchases all things, the balance and weight that equals the shepherd with the king, and the simple with the wise. *Ch. 16.<sup>6</sup>*

The painter Orbaneja of Ubeda, — if he chanced to draw a cock, he wrote under it, This is a cock, lest the people should take it for a fox. *Ch. 19.<sup>7</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> Lockhart's translation, *Part ii. Ch. 4.*

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, *Ch. 23.*

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, *Ch. 30.*

<sup>4</sup> This is generally placed in the mouth of Macgregor: "Where Macgregor sits, there is the head of the table." Emerson quotes it, in his *American Scholar*, as the saying of Macdonald, and Theodore Parker as the saying of the Highlander.

<sup>5</sup> Lockhart's translation, *Part ii. Ch. 31.*

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, *ii. Ch. 68.*

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, *Ch. 71.*

Don't put too fine a point to your wit for fear it  
should get blunted. *The Little Gypsy. (La Gitanilla.)*

My heart is wax to be moulded as she pleases, but  
enduring as marble to retain.<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*

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FRIEDRICH VON LOGAU. 1604–1655.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind  
exceeding small;<sup>2</sup>

Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness  
grinds He all. *Retribution. From the Sinngedichte.*<sup>3</sup>

Man-like is it to fall into sin,  
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,  
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,  
God-like is it all sin to leave. *Sin. Ibid.*<sup>3</sup>

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ISAAC DE BENSERADE. 1612–1691.

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry,  
And, born in bed, in bed we die;  
The near approach a bed may show  
Of human bliss to human woe.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> His heart was one of those which most enamour us,  
Wax to receive, and marble to retain.

*Byron, Beppo, Stanza 34.*

<sup>2</sup> Ὁψὲ θεοῦ μύλοι ἀλέουσι τὸ λεπτὸν ἄλευρον. — *Oracula Sibyllina, Lib. viii. Line 14.*

<sup>3</sup> Ὁψὲ θεῶν ἀλέουσι μύλοι, ἀλέουσι δὲ λεπτά. — Leutsch and Schneidewin, *Corp. Paræm. Græc., Vol. i. p. 441.*

God's mills grind slow but sure. — Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum.*

<sup>3</sup> Translated by H. W. Longfellow.

<sup>4</sup> Translated by Dr. Samuel Johnson.

FRANCIS, DUC DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.  
1613-1680.

Philosophy triumphs easily over past evils and future evils, but present evils triumph over it.<sup>1</sup> *Maxim 22.*

We are never so happy or so unhappy as we suppose. *Maxim 49.*

Hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue. *Maxim 227.*

The pleasure of love is in loving. We are happier in the passion we feel, than in that we inspire.<sup>2</sup> *Maxim 259.*

We always like those who admire us, we do not always like those whom we admire. *Maxim 294.*

The gratitude of most men is but a secret desire of receiving greater benefits.<sup>3</sup> *Maxim 298.*

In their first passion women love their lovers, in all the others they love love.<sup>4</sup> *Maxim 471.*

In the adversity of our best friends we always find something which is not wholly displeasing to us.<sup>5</sup>  
*Reflections, xv.*

<sup>1</sup> This same philosophy is a good horse in the stable, but an ar-rant jade on a journey. — Goldsmith, *Good-Natured Man*, Act i.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Shelley. Page 493.

<sup>3</sup> The gratitude of place-expectants is a lively sense of future favours. — Sir Robert Walpole.

<sup>4</sup> In her first passion, woman loves her lover:

In all the others, all she loves is love.

Byron, *Don Juan*, Canto iii. Stanza 3.

<sup>5</sup> I am convinced that we have a degree of delight, and that no small one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others. — Burke, *The Sublime and Beautiful*, Part i. Sec. 14.

ALAIN RENÉ LE SAGE. 1668–1747.

I wish you all sorts of prosperity with a little more taste. *Gil Blas. Book vii. Ch. 4.*

Isocrates was in the right to insinuate, in his elegant Greek expression, that what is got over the Devil's back is spent under his belly. *Book viii. Ch. 9.*

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JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU. 1712–1778.

Days of absence, sad and dreary,  
Clothed in sorrow's dark array, —  
Days of absence, I am weary, —  
She I love is far away. *Days of Absence.*

---

JOSEPH FOUCHÉ. 1763–1820.

It is more than a crime, it is a political fault; <sup>1</sup> words which I record because they have been repeated and attributed to others. *Memoirs of Fouché.*

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MADAME ROLAND. 1754–1793.

O Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name! (1793.)  
*Macaulay, Mirabeau. Ed. Review, July, 1832.*

<sup>1</sup> Commonly quoted, "It is worse than a crime, it is a blunder," and attributed to Talleyrand.

BERTRAND BARÈRE. 1755–1841.

The tree of liberty only grows when watered by the  
blood of tyrants.<sup>1</sup> *Speech in the Convention Nationale, 1792.*



A. F. F. VON KOTZEBUE. 1761–1819.

There is another and a better world.<sup>2</sup>  
*The Stranger. Act i. Sc. 1.*



J. G. VON SALIS. 1762–1834.

Into the Silent Land!  
Ah! who shall lead us thither? *The Silent Land.*<sup>3</sup>  
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand  
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms  
Into the Silent Land! *Ibid.*



J. M. USTERI. 1763–1827.

Life let us cherish, while yet the taper glows,  
And the fresh flow'ret pluck ere it close;  
Why are we fond of toil and care?  
Why choose the rankling thorn to wear?  
*Life let us Cherish.*

<sup>1</sup> L'arbre de la liberté ne croit qu'arrosé par le sang des tyrans.

<sup>2</sup> Translated by A. Schink. London, 1799.

<sup>3</sup> Translated by H. W. Longfellow.

JOSEPH ROUGET DE L'ISLE. 1760 ———.

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!  
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!  
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary, —  
Behold their tears and hear their cries!

*The Marseilles Hymn.*<sup>1</sup>

To arms! to arms! ye brave!  
The avenging sword unsheathe!  
March on! march on! all hearts resolved  
On victory or death!

*Ibid.*



JOHANN L. UHLAND. 1787–1862.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee, —  
Take, I give it willingly;  
For, invisible to thee,  
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

*The Passage.*<sup>2</sup>



VON MÜNCH BELLINGHAUSEN. 1806–1871.

Two souls with but a single thought,  
Two hearts that beat as one.<sup>3</sup>

*Ingomar the Barbarian.*<sup>4</sup> Act ii.

<sup>1</sup> Anonymous translation.

<sup>2</sup> Anonymous translation from the *Edinburgh Review*.

<sup>3</sup> Zwei Seelen und ein Gedanke,  
Zwei Herzen und ein Schlag.

<sup>4</sup> Translated by Maria Lovell.



## MISCELLANEOUS.

Junius, Aprilis, Septémq; Nouemq; tricenos,  
 Vnum plus reliqui, Februs tenet octo vicanos,  
 At si bissextus fuerit superadditur vnus.

William Harrison's *Description of Britaine*, prefixed to  
 Holinshed's *Chronicle*, 1577.

Thirty dayes hath Nouember,  
 Aprill, June, and September,  
 February hath xxviii alone,  
 And all the rest have xxxi.

Richard Grafton's *Chronicles of England*, 1590.

Thirty days hath September,  
 April, June, and November,  
 February has twenty-eight alone,  
 All the rest have thirty-one;  
 Excepting leap year, that 's the time  
 When February's days are twenty-nine.

*The Return from Parnassus*. London, 1606.

Thirty days hath September,  
 April, June, and November,  
 All the rest have thirty-one  
 Excepting February alone:  
 Which hath but twenty-eight, in fine,  
 Till leap year gives it twenty-nine.

Common in the New England States.

Fourth, eleventh, ninth, and sixth,  
 Thirty days to each affix;  
 Every other thirty-one  
 Except the second month alone.

Common in Chester County, Pa., among the Friends.

Terrible he rode alone,  
 With his Yemen sword for aid;  
 Ornament it carried none,  
 But the notches on the blade.

*The Death Feud. An Arab War Song.*<sup>1</sup>

Be the day short or never so long,  
 At length it ringeth to even-song.

Quoted at the stake by George Tankerfield (1555). See Fox's *Martyrs*, vii. 346; Heywood's *Proverbs*.

“Be of good comfort, Master Ridley,” Latimer cried at the crackling of the flames; “play the man: we shall this day light such a candle, by God’s grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out.”<sup>2</sup>

Black spirits and white,  
 Red spirits and gray,  
 Mingle, mingle, mingle,

You that mingle may! Middleton, *The Witch*, Act v. Sc. 2.

The first two lines are introduced into *Macbeth*. According to Steevens, “the song was, in all probability, a traditional one.” Collier says, “Doubtless it does not belong to Middleton more than to Shakespeare.” Dyce says, “There seems to be little doubt that *Macbeth* is of an earlier date than *The Witch*.”

The King of France went up the hill,  
 With twenty thousand men;  
 The King of France came down the hill,  
 And ne’er went up again.

In a tract called *Pigges Corantoe, or Newes from the North*, 4to, London, 1642, p. 3. This is called *Old Tarlton’s Song*.

<sup>1</sup> The production of an age earlier than that of Mahomet.— Anonymous translation from *Tait’s Magazine*, July, 1850.

<sup>2</sup> I shall light a candle of understanding in thine heart, which shall not be put out.—2 *Esdra*s xiv. 25.

Nose, nose, nose, nose,  
And who gave thee that jolly red nose?

Sinament and Ginger, Nutmegs and Cloves,  
And that gave me my jolly red nose.

Ravenscroft's *Deuteromela*, Song No. 7 (1609). See Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, Act i. Sc. 3.

Begone, dull Care, I prithee begone from me ;  
Begone, dull Care, thou and I shall never agree.

*Begone, old Care.* From Playford's *Musical Companion*, 1687.

Use three Physicians,  
Still-first Dr. Quiet,  
Next Dr. Mery-man  
And Dr. Dyet.

From *Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum*, ed. 1607.

I see the right, and I approve it too,  
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.

From Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, vii. 20; translated by Tate and Stonestreet, ed. Garth.

He that had neyther been kithe nor kin  
Might have seen a full fayre sight.

From Percy's *Reliques*. *Guy of Gisborne*.

Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone,  
Wi' the auld moon in hir arme.<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.* *Sir Patrick Spens*.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,  
Thy sorrow is in vain ;  
For violets plucked, the sweetest showers  
Will ne'er make grow again.

*Ibid.* *The Friar of Orders Gray*.

<sup>1</sup> I saw the new moon, late yestreen,  
Wi' the auld moon in her arm.

From *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

Every white will have its black,  
And every sweet its sour.

From Percy's *Reliques*. *Sir Carline*.

We 'll shine in more substantial honours,  
And to be noble we 'll be good.<sup>1</sup>

*Ibid.* *Winifreda* (1726).

And when with envy Time, transported,  
Shall think to rob us of our joys,  
You 'll in your girls again be courted,  
And I 'll go wooing in my boys.

*Ibid.*

He that wold not when he might,

He shall not when he wolda.<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* *The Baffled Knight*.

What we gave, we have ;

What we spent, we had ;

What we left, we lost.

*Epitaph of Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire.* From  
Cleaveland's *Genealogical History of the Family of Courtenay*, p. 142.

When Adam dolve, and Eve span,

Who was then the gentleman ?

*Lines used by John Ball, in Wat Tyler's Rebellion.* Hume's  
*History of England*, Vol. i. Ch. 17, n. 8.

Now bething the, gentilman,

How Adam dalf, and Eve span.<sup>3</sup>

From a *MS. of the Fifteenth Century*, in the British Museum.

<sup>1</sup> Compare Tennyson. Page 547.

<sup>2</sup> He that will not when he may,  
When he will, he shall have nay.

Heywood's *Proverbs* (1546); Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, p. iii. Sec. 2, Mem. 5, Subs. 5.

<sup>3</sup> The same proverb existed in German:—

So Adam reutte, und Eva span ;  
Wer was da ein eddelman ?

Agricola, *Prov.*, No. 254.

For angling-rod, he took a sturdy oak ;  
 For line a cable, that in storm ne'er broke ;

His hook was baited with a dragon's tail,  
 And then on rock he stood to bob for whale.

From *The Mock Romance*, a rhapsody attached to *The Loves of Hero and Leander*, published in London in the years 1653 and 1677. Chambers's *Book of Days*, Vol. i. p. 173; and Daniel's *Rural Sports, Supplement*, p. 57.

His angle-rod made of a sturdy oak ;  
 His line a cable which in storms ne'er broke ;  
 His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,  
 And sat upon a rock, and bobbed for whale.

In Chalmers's *British Poets* ascribed to William King (1663-1712). *Upon a Giant's Angling*.

Count that day lost whose low descending sun  
 Views from thy hand no worthy action done.<sup>1</sup>

Author unknown. From Staniford's *Art of Reading*, 3d ed., p. 27, Boston, 1803.

I do not give you to posterity as a pattern to imitate,  
 but as an example to deter.

*Letters of Junius. Letter xii. To the Duke of Grafton.*

The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct,  
 or the hand to execute.<sup>2</sup>

*Letter xxxvii. City Address and the King's Answer.*

<sup>1</sup> In the Preface to Mr. Nichol's work on *Autographs*, among other albums noticed by him as being in the British Museum is that of David Krieg, with Jacob Bobart's autograph, and the verses:—

“*Virtus sua gloria.*”

Think that day lost whose descending sun  
 Views from thy hand no noble action done.

Bobart died about 1726. He was a son of the celebrated botanist of that name. The verses are given as an early instance of their use.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Clarendon. Page 168.

Private credit is wealth, public honour is security ;  
the feather that adorns the royal bird supports its flight ;  
strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth.

*Letters of Junius. Letter xlii. Affair of the Falkland Islands.*

Still so gently o'er me stealing,  
Mem'ry will bring back the feeling,  
Spite of all my grief revealing,  
That I love thee, that I dearly love thee still.

*From the Opera of La Sonnambula.*

Happy am I, from care I'm free  
Why ar' n't they all contented like me ?

*From the Opera of La Bayadère.*

It is so soon that I am done for,  
I wonder what I was begun for.

*Epitaph on a Child who died at the Age of Three Weeks.  
(Cheltenham Churchyard.)*

Mater ait natæ, dic natæ, natam  
Ut moneat natæ, plangere filiulam.<sup>1</sup>

The mother to her daughter spake :

Daughter, said she, arise,

Thy daughter to her daughter take,

Whose daughter's daughter cries.<sup>1</sup>

*A Distich, according to Zwinger, on a Lady of the Family  
of the Dalburgs, who saw her descendants to the sixth  
generation.*

A woman's work, grave sirs, is never done.

*From a Poem spoken by Mr. Eusden at a Cambridge Com-  
mencement. It was the second time printed, London, 1714.*

<sup>1</sup> The mother said to her daughter, Daughter, bid thy daughter tell her daughter that her daughter's daughter hath a daughter. — Translated from the *Theatrum Vitæ Humanæ*, Vol. iii., by George Hakewill. *Apologie*, Book iii. Ch. v. Sec. 9.

In Adam's fall,  
We sinned all. *New England Primer.*

My Book and Heart  
Must never part. *Ibid.*

Young Obadiah,  
David, Josiah, —  
All were pious. *Ibid.*

Peter denyed  
His Lord, and cryed. *Ibid.*

Young Timothy  
Learnt sin to fly. *Ibid.*

Xerxes did die,  
And so must I. *Ibid.*

Zaccheus he  
Did climb the tree  
Our Lord to see. *Ibid.*

Our days begin with trouble here,  
Our life is but a span,  
And cruel death is always near,  
So frail a thing is man. *Ibid.*

Now I lay me down to take my sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take. *Ibid.*

His wife, with nine small children and one at the  
breast, following him to the stake.

*Ibid. Martyrdom of Mr. John Rogers. Burnt at Smith-  
field, Feb. 14, 1554.*

## OLD TESTAMENT.

- It is not good that the man should be alone. *Genesis* ii. 18.
- In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread. . . .  
 For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. iii. 19.
- The mother of all living. iii. 20.
- Am I my brother's keeper? iv. 9.
- My punishment is greater than I can bear. iv. 13.
- There were giants in the earth in those days. vi. 4.
- The dove found no rest for the sole of her foot. viii. 9.
- Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood  
 be shed. ix. 6.
- In a good old age. xv. 15.
- His hand will be against every man, and every man's  
 hand against him. xvi. 12.
- Bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. xlii. 38.
- Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel. xlix. 4.
- I have been a stranger in a strange land. *Exodus* ii. 22.
- A land flowing with milk and honey. *Exodus* iii. 8; *Jeremiah* xxxii. 22.
- Darkness which may be felt. *Exodus* x. 21.
- The Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a  
 cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar  
 of fire. xiii. 21.
- When we sat by the fleshpots. xvi. 3.



- Man doth not live by bread only. *Deuteronomy* viii. 3.
- The wife of thy bosom. xiii. 6.
- Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot. xix. 21.
- Blessed shall be thy basket and thy store. xxviii. 5.
- The secret things belong unto the Lord our God. xxix. 29.
- He kept him as the apple of his eye. xxxii. 10.
- As thy days, so shall thy strength be. xxxiii. 25.
- His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated. xxxiv. 7.
- I am going the way of all the earth. *Joshua* xxiii. 14.
- I arose a mother in Israel. *Judges* v. 7.
- The stars in their courses fought against Sisera. v. 20.
- She brought forth butter in a lordly dish. v. 25.
- Is not the gleaning of the grapes of Ephraim better than the vintage of Abi-ezer? viii. 2.
- He smote them hip and thigh. xv. 8.
- The Philistines be upon thee, Samson. xvi. 9.
- The people arose as one man. xx. 8.
- Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. *Ruth* i. 16.
- Quit yourselves like men. *1 Samuel* iv. 9.
- Is Saul also among the prophets? x. 11.
- A man after his own heart. xiii. 14.

David therefore departed thence and escaped to the cave of Adullam. 1 *Samuel* xxii. 1.

Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askelon. 2 *Samuel* i. 20.

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided. i. 23.

How are the mighty fallen! i. 25.

Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. i. 26.

Tarry at Jericho until your beards be grown. x. 5.

Thou art the man. xii. 7.

As water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again. xiv. 14.

The sweet psalmist of Israel. xxiii. 1.

So that there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house, while it was in building.<sup>1</sup> 1 *Kings* vi. 7.

A proverb and a byword. ix. 7.

An handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse. xvii. 12.

How long halt ye between two opinions? xviii. 21.

There ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand. xviii. 44.

A still, small voice. xix. 12.

Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off. xx. 11.

<sup>1</sup> See Cowper. Page 363.

Death in the pot. 2 *Kings* iv. 40.

Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing? viii. 13.

Like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi: for he driveth furiously. ix. 20.

One that feared God and eschewed evil. *Job* i. 1.

Satan came also. i. 6.

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord. i. 21.

All that a man hath will he give for his life. ii. 4.

There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest. iii. 17.

Night, when deep sleep falleth on men. iv. 13; xxxiii. 15.

Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward. v. 7.

He taketh the wise in their own craftiness. v. 13.

Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season. v. 26.

How forcible are right words! vi. 25.

My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle. vii. 6.

He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more.<sup>1</sup> vii. 10; cf. xvi. 22.

I would not live alway. vii. 16.

The land of darkness and the shadow of death. x. 21.

<sup>1</sup> The place thereof shall know it no more. — *Psalm* ciii. 16.

Usually quoted, "The place that has known him shall know him no more."

Wisdom shall die with you.	<i>Job</i> xii. 2.
Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble.	xiv. 1.
Miserable comforters are ye all.	xvi. 2.
The king of terrors.	xviii. 14.
I am escaped with the skin of my teeth.	xix. 20.
Seeing the root of the matter is found in me.	xix. 28.
Though wickedness be sweet in his mouth, though he hide it under his tongue.	xx. 12.
The land of the living.	xxviii. 13.
The price of wisdom is above rubies.	xxviii. 18.
When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me.	xxix. 11.
I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.	xxix. 13.
I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame.	xxix. 15.
The house appointed for all living.	xxx. 23.
My desire is . . . that mine adversary had written a book.	xxxi. 35.
Great men are not always wise.	xxxii. 9.
He multiplieth words without knowledge.	xxxv. 16.
Fair weather cometh out of the north.	xxxvii. 22.
Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?	xxxviii. 2.
The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.	xxxviii. 7.

Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed. *Job xxxviii. 11.*

Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? *xxxviii. 31.*

Canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons? *xxxviii. 32.*

He smelleth the battle afar off. *xxxix. 25.*

Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook? *xli. 1.*

Hard as a piece of the nether millstone. *xli. 24.*

He maketh the deep to boil like a pot. *xli. 31.*

I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee. *xlii. 5.*

His leaf also shall not wither. *Psalms i. 3.*

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings. *viii. 2.*

Little lower than the angels. *viii. 5.*

The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. *xiv. 1; liii. 1.*

He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not. *xv. 4.*

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage. *xvi. 6.*

Keep me as the apple of the eye, hide me under the shadow of thy wings. *xvii. 8.*

The sorrows of death compassed me. *xxviii. 4.*

Fly upon the wings of the wind. *xxviii. 10.*

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork. *xix. 1.*

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. *xix. 2.*

- I may tell all my bones. *Psalm* xxii. 17.
- He maketh me to lie down in green pastures : he  
leadeth me beside the still waters. xxiii. 2.
- Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. xxiii. 4.
- My cup runneth over. xxiii. 5.
- From the strife of tongues. xxxi. 20.
- He fashioneth their hearts alike. xxxiii. 15.
- I have been young, and now am old ; yet have I not  
seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.  
xxxvii. 25.
- Spreading himself like a green bay-tree. xxxvii. 35.
- Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright.  
xxxvii. 37.
- While I was musing the fire burned. xxxix. 3.
- Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure  
of my days, what it is ; that I may know how frail I am.  
xxxix. 4.
- Every man at his best state is altogether vanity.  
xxxix. 5.
- He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall  
gather them. xxxix. 6.
- Blessed is he that considereth the poor. xli. 1.
- As the hart panteth after the water brooks. xlii. 1.
- Deep calleth unto deep. xlii. 7.
- My tongue is the pen of a ready writer. xlv. 1.
- Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is  
Mount Zion, . . . the city of the great King. xlviii. 2.
- Man being in honour abideth not ; he is like the  
beasts that perish. xlix. 12, 20.

- The cattle upon a thousand hills. *Psalms* 1. 10.
- Oh that I had wings like a dove! *iv.* 6.
- We took sweet counsel together. *iv.* 14.
- The words of his mouth were smoother than butter,  
but war was in his heart. *iv.* 21.
- My heart is fixed. *lvii.* 7.
- They are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear;  
which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charm-  
ing never so wisely. *lviii.* 4, 5.
- Vain is the help of man. *lx.* 11; *cviii.* 12.
- He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass.  
*lxxii.* 6.
- His enemies shall lick the dust. *lxxii.* 9.
- As a dream when one awaketh. *lxxiii.* 20.
- Promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from  
the west, nor from the south. *lxxv.* 6.
- He putteth down one and setteth up another. *lxxv.* 7.
- They go from strength to strength. *lxxxiv.* 7.
- A day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I  
had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God  
than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. *lxxxiv.* 10.
- Mercy and truth are met together: righteousness  
and peace have kissed each other. *lxxxv.* 10.
- A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday  
when it is past. *xc.* 4.
- We spend our years as a tale that is told. *xc.* 9.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten ;  
and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years,  
yet is their strength labour and sorrow ; for it is soon  
cut off, and we fly away. *Psalm xc. 10.*

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply  
our hearts unto wisdom. *xc. 12.*

The pestilence that walketh in darkness ; . . . the  
destruction that wasteth at noonday. *xc. 6.*

The noise of many waters. *xciii. 4.*

As for man his days are as grass ; as a flower of the  
field so he flourisheth. *ciii. 15.*

The wind passeth over it, and it is gone ; and the  
place thereof shall know it no more. *ciii. 16.*

Wine that maketh glad the heart of man. *civ. 15.*

Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour un-  
til the evening. *civ. 23.*

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do busi-  
ness in great waters. *cvii. 23.*

At their wit's end. *cvii. 27.*

I said in my haste, All men are liars. *cxvi. 11.*

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his  
saints. *cxvi. 15.*

The stone which the builders refused is become the  
head stone of the corner. *cxviii. 22.*

A lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.  
*cxix. 105.*

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon  
by night. *cxxi. 6.*



Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. *Psalm cxxii. 7.*

He giveth his beloved sleep. *cxxvii. 2.*

Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them. *cxxvii. 5.*

Thy children like olive plants round about thy table. *cxxviii. 3.*

I will not give sleep to mine eyes, or slumber to mine eyelids. *Psalm cxxxii. 4: Proverbs vi. 4.*

Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. *Psalm cxxxiii. 1.*

We hanged our harps upon the willows. *cxxxvii. 2.*

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. *cxxxvii. 5.*

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea. *cxxxix. 9.*

I am fearfully and wonderfully made. *cxxxix. 14.*

Put not your trust in princes. *cxlvi. 3.*

Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the street. *Proverbs i. 20.*

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. *iii. 17.*

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding. *iv. 7.*

The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. *iv. 18.*

Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise. *vi. 6.*

Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. *Proverbs* vi. 10; xxiv. 33.

So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man. vi. 11.

As an ox goeth to the slaughter. *Proverbs* vii. 22; *Jeremiah* xi. 19.

Wisdom is better than rubies. *Proverbs* viii. 11.

Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. ix. 17.

He knoweth not that the dead are there; and that her guests are in the depths of hell. ix. 18.

A wise son maketh a glad father. x. 1.

The memory of the just is blessed. x. 7.

The destruction of the poor is their poverty. x. 15.

In the multitude of counsellors there is safety. xi. 14; xxiv. 6.

He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it. xi. 15.

A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. xii. 10.

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. xiii. 12.

The way of transgressors is hard. xiii. 15.

He that spareth his rod hateth his son. xiii. 24.

Fools make a mock at sin. xiv. 9.

The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy. xiv. 10.

The prudent man looketh well to his going. xiv. 15.

Righteousness exalteth a nation. xiv. 34.

- A soft answer turneth away wrath. *Proverbs* xv. 1.
- A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance. xv. 13.
- Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. xv. 17.
- A word spoken in due season, how good is it! xv. 23.
- A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps. xvi. 9.
- Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall. xvi. 18.
- The hoary head is a crown of glory. xvi. 31.
- A gift is as a precious stone in the eyes of him that hath it. xvii. 8.
- He that repeateth a matter separateth very friends. xvii. 9.
- He that hath knowledge spareth his words. xvii. 27.
- Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise. xvii. 28.
- A wounded spirit who can bear? xviii. 14.
- A man that hath friends must show himself friendly; and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. xviii. 24.
- He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord. xix. 17.
- Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging. xx. 1.
- Every fool will be meddling. xx. 3.
- The hearing ear and the seeing eye. xx. 12.
- It is better to dwell in a corner of the housetop, than with a brawling woman in a wide house. xxi. 9.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. *Proverbs* xxii. 1.

Train up a child in the way he should go ; and when he is old, he will not depart from it. xxii. 6.

The borrower is servant to the lender. xxii. 7.

Remove not the ancient landmark. xxii. 28; xxiii. 10.

Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings ; he shall not stand before mean men. xxii. 29.

Riches certainly make themselves wings. xxiii. 5.

As he thinketh in his heart, so is he. xxiii. 7.

Drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags. xxiii. 21.

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup ; . . . at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. xxiii. 31, 32.

A wise man is strong ; yea, a man of knowledge increaseth strength. xxiv. 5.

If thou faint in the day of adversity thy strength is small. xxiv. 10.

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. xxv. 11.

Heap coals of fire upon his head. xxv. 22.

As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country. xxv. 25.

As the bird by wandering, as the swallow by flying, so the curse causeless shall not come. xxvi. 2.

Answer a fool according to his folly. xxvi. 5.

Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him. *Proverbs* xxvi. 12.

There is a lion in the way; a lion is in the streets. xxvi. 13.

Wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason. xxvi. 16.

Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein. xxvi. 27.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. xxvii. 1.

Open rebuke is better than secret love. xxvii. 5.

Faithful are the wounds of a friend. xxvii. 6.

A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike. xxvii. 15.

Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend. xxvii. 17.

Though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him. xxvii. 22.

The wicked flee when no man pursueth: but the righteous are bold as a lion. xxviii. 1.

He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent. xxviii. 20.

Give me neither poverty nor riches. xxx. 8.

The horseleech hath two daughters, crying, Give, give. xxx. 15.

Her children arise up and call her blessed. xxxi. 28.

Vanity of vanities, . . . all is vanity.  
*Ecclesiastes* i. 2; xii. 8.

One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh. *Ecclesiastes i. 4.*

The eye is not satisfied with seeing. *i. 8.*

There is no new thing under the sun. *i. 9.*

Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new? it hath been already of old time, which was before us. *i. 10.*

All is vanity and vexation of spirit. *i. 14.*

He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow. *i. 18.*

One event happeneth to them all. *ii. 14.*

To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven. *iii. 1.*

A threefold cord is not quickly broken. *iv. 12.*

Let thy words be few. *v. 2.*

Better is it that thou shouldest not vow, than that thou shouldest vow and not pay. *v. 5.*

The sleep of a labouring man is sweet. *v. 12.*

A good name is better than precious ointment. *vii. 1.*

It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to go to the house of feasting. *vii. 2.*

As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of a fool. *vii. 6.*

In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider. *vii. 14.*

Be not righteous overmuch. *vii. 16.*

One man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all those have I not found. *vii. 28.*

God hath made man upright; but they have sought  
out many inventions. *Ecclesiastes vii. 29.*

There is no discharge in that war. *viii. 8.*

To eat, and to drink, and to be merry.  
*Ecclesiastes viii. 15; Luke xii. 19.*

A living dog is better than a dead lion.  
*Ecclesiastes ix. 4.*

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy  
might. *ix. 10.*

The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the  
strong. *ix. 11.*

Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to  
send forth a stinking savour. *x. 1.*

A bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that  
which hath wings shall tell the matter. *x. 20.*

Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find  
it after many days. *xi. 1.*

In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be.  
*xi. 3.*

He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he  
that regardeth the clouds shall not reap. *xi. 4.*

In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening  
withhold not thine hand. *xi. 6.*

Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is  
for the eyes to behold the sun. *xi. 7.*

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth. *xi. 9.*

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.  
*xii. 1.*

The grinders cease because they are few. *xii. 3.*

The grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail; because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets. *Ecclesiastes* xii. 5.

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. xii. 6.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it. xii. 7.

The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies. xii. 11.

Of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh. xii. 12.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man. xii. 13.

For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. *The Song of Solomon*, ii. 11, 12.

The little foxes, that spoil the vines. ii. 15.

Terrible as an army with banners. vi. 4, 10.

Like the best wine, . . . that goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak. vii. 9.

Love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave. viii. 6.

Many waters cannot quench love. viii. 7.

The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib. *Isaiah* i. 3.



The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint.

*Isaiah* i. 5.

As a lodge in a garden of cucumbers.

i. 8.

They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

*Isaiah* ii. 4; *Micah* iv. 3.

In that day a man shall cast his idols . . . . to the moles and to the bats.

*Isaiah* ii. 20.

Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils.

ii. 22.

The stay and the staff, the whole stay of bread, and the whole stay of water.

iii. 1.

Grind the faces of the poor.

iii. 15.

Walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go.

iii. 16.

In that day seven women shall take hold of one man.

iv. 1.

Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil.

v. 20.

I am a man of unclean lips.

vi. 5.

The Lord shall hiss for the fly that is in the uttermost parts of the rivers of Egypt.

vii. 18.

Wizards that peep and that mutter.

viii. 19.

To the law and to the testimony.

viii. 20.

The ancient and honorable.

ix. 15.

The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid.

xi. 6.

Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming.

xiv. 9.

How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!  
*Isaiah xiv. 12.*

Babylon is fallen, is fallen. xxi. 9.

Watchman, what of the night? xxi. 11.

Let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we shall die.  
xxii. 13.

Fasten him as a nail in a sure place. xxii. 23.

Whose merchants are princes. xxiii. 8.

A feast of fat things. xxv. 6.

For precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little. xxviii. 10.

We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement. xxviii. 15.

Now go, write it before them in a table, and note it in a book. xxx. 8.

The desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.  
xxxv. 1.

Thou trustest in the staff of this broken reed. xxxvi. 6.

Set thine house in order. xxxviii. 1.

All flesh is grass. xl. 6.

The nations are as a drop of a bucket. xl. 15.

A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench. xlii. 3.

There is no peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicked.  
xlviii. 22.

He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter. liii. 7.

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts. lv. 7.

A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation. *Isaiah* lx. 22.

Give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. *Isaiah* lxj. 3.

I have trodden the wine-press alone. *Isaiah* lxiii. 3.

We all do fade as a leaf. *Isaiah* lxiv. 6.

Peace, peace; when there is no peace. *Jeremiah* vi. 14; viii. 11.

Ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein. *Jeremiah* vi. 16.

Amend your ways and your doings. *Jeremiah* vii. 3; xxxvi. 13.

Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there? *Jeremiah* viii. 22.

Oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place of wayfaring men! *Jeremiah* ix. 2.

Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? *Jeremiah* xiii. 23.

He shall be buried with the burial of an ass. *Jeremiah* xxii. 19.

As if a wheel had been in the midst of a wheel. *Ezekiel* x. 10.

The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge. *Ezekiel* xviii. 2; cf. *Jeremiah* xxxi. 29.

Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. *Daniel* v. 27.

The thing is true, according to the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not. *Daniel* vi. 12.

They have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind. *Hosea* viii. 7.

I have multiplied visions, and used similitudes. *Hosea* xii. 10.

Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions. *Joel* ii. 28.

Multitudes in the valley of decision. *iii.* 14.

They shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree. *Micah* iv. 4.

Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it. *Habakkuk* ii. 2.

Your fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever? *Zechariah* i. 5.

For who hath despised the day of small things? *iv.* 10.

Prisoners of hope. *ix.* 12.

I was wounded in the house of my friends. *xiii.* 6.

But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings.

*Malachi* iv. 2.

Great is truth, and mighty above all things.<sup>1</sup>

*1 Esdras* iv. 41.

I shall light a candle of understanding in thine heart, which shall not be put out. *2 Esdras* xiv. 25.

Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds before they be withered. *Wisdom of Solomon* ii. 8.

Wisdom is the gray hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age. *iv.* 8.

Miss not the discourse of the elders.

*Ecclesiasticus* viii. 9.

Forsake not an old friend: for the new is not comparable unto him; a new friend is as new wine; when it is old thou shalt drink it with pleasure. *ix.* 10.

<sup>1</sup> Magna est veritas et prævalet. — *The Vulgate*. Usually quoted, "Magna est veritas et prævalet."

He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith.

*Ecclesiasticus* xiii. 1.

He will laugh thee to scorn.

xiii. 7.

Whose talk is of bullocks.

xxxviii. 25.

Have left a name behind them.

xliv. 8.

These were honored in their generations, and were the glory of the times.

xliv. 7.

Nicanor lay dead in his harness. *2 Maccabees* xv. 28.

If I have done well, and as is fitting, . . . it is that which I desired; but if slenderly and meanly, it is that which I could attain unto.

xv. 38.



## NEW TESTAMENT.

Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.

*Matthew* ii. 18; cf. *Jeremiah* xxxi. 15.

Man shall not live by bread alone.

*Matthew* iv. 4; cf. *Deuteronomy* viii. 3.

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? *Matthew* v. 13.

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.

v. 14.

When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.

vi. 3.

Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

vi. 21.

Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

vi. 24.

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow ; they toil not, neither do they spin. *Matthew vi. 28.*

Take therefore no thought for the morrow ; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. *vi. 34.*

Neither cast ye your pearls before swine. *vii. 6.*

Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. *vii. 7.*

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them : for this is the law and the prophets.<sup>1</sup> *vii. 12.*

The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests ; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head. *viii. 20.*

The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few. *ix. 37.*

Be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves. *x. 16.*

The very hairs of your head are all numbered. *x. 30.*

Wisdom is justified of her children.

*Matthew xi. 19; Luke vii. 35.*

The tree is known by his fruit. *Matthew xii. 33.*

Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. *xii. 34.*

Pearl of great price. *xiii. 46.*

A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country and in his own house. *xiii. 57.*

Be of good cheer : it is I ; be not afraid. *xiv. 27.*

<sup>1</sup> The "golden rule."

If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch. *Matthew xv. 14.*

The dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table. *xv. 27.*

When it is evening, ye say it will be fair weather : for the sky is red. *xvi. 2.*

The signs of the times. *xvi. 3.*

Get thee behind me, Satan. *xvi. 23.*

What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? *xvi. 26.*

It is good for us to be here. *xvii. 4.*

What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder. *xix. 6.*

It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God. *xix. 24.*

Borne the burden and heat of the day. *xx. 12.*

Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own? *xx. 15.*

For many are called, but few are chosen. *xxii. 14.*

They made light of it. *xxii. 5.*

Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's. *xxii. 21.*

Woe unto you, . . . . for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cumin. *xxiii. 23.*

Blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel. *xxiii. 24.*

Whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones.

*Matthew* xxiii. 27.

As a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings.

xxiii. 37.

Wars and rumours of wars.

xxiv. 6.

The end is not yet.

*Ibid.*

Wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together.

xxiv. 28.

Abomination of desolation.

*Matthew* xxiv. 15; *Mark* xiii. 14.

Unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath. *Matthew* xxv. 29.

The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.

xxvi. 41.

The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath.

*Mark* ii. 27.

If a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand.

iii. 25.

He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

iv. 9.

My name is Legion.

v. 9.

Clothed, and in his right mind. *Mark* v. 15; *Luke* viii. 35.

Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.

*Mark* ix. 44.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

*Luke* ii. 14.

The axe is laid unto the root of the trees.

iii. 9.

Physician, heal thyself.

iv. 23.



The labourer is worthy of his hire.

*Luke x. 7; 1 Timothy v. 18.*

Go, and do thou likewise.

*Luke x. 37.*

But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her.

*x. 42.*

He that is not with me is against me.

*xi. 23.*

Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.

*xii. 19.*

Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning.

*xii. 35.*

The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.

*xvi. 8.*

It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea.

*xvii. 2.*

Remember Lot's wife.

*xvii. 32.*

Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee.

*xix. 22.*

If they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?

*xxiii. 31.*

He was a good man, and a just.

*xxiii. 50.*

Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?

*John i. 46.*

The wind bloweth where it listeth.

*iii. 8.*

He was a burning and a shining light.

*v. 35.*

Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.

*vi. 12.*

Judge not according to the appearance.

*vii. 24.*

The truth shall make you free.

*viii. 32.*

There is no truth in him.	<i>John</i> viii. 44.
The night cometh when no man can work.	ix. 4.
The poor always ye have with you.	xii. 8.
Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you.	xii. 35.
Let not your heart be troubled.	xiv. 1.
In my Father's house are many mansions.	xiv. 2.
Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.	xv. 13.
Thy money perish with thee.	<i>Acts</i> viii. 20.
It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.	ix. 5.
Lewd fellows of the baser sort.	xvii. 5.
Great is Diana of the Ephesians.	xix. 28.
The law is open.	xix. 38.
It is more blessed to give than to receive.	xx. 35.
Brought up in this city at the feet of Gamaliel.	xxii. 3.
I appeal unto Cæsar.	xxv. 11.
Words of truth and soberness.	xxvi. 25.
For this thing was not done in a corner.	xxvi. 26.
There is no respect of persons with God.	<i>Romans</i> ii. 11.
Let us do evil, that good may come.	iii. 8.
Fear of God before their eyes.	iii. 18.
Who against hope believed in hope.	iv. 18.
Speak after the manner of men.	vi. 19.

- The wages of sin is death. *Romans* vi. 23.
- All things work together for good to them that love  
God. *viii.* 28.
- A zeal of God, but not according to knowledge. *x.* 2.
- Given to hospitality. *xii.* 13.
- Be not wise in your own conceits. *xii.* 16.
- If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give  
him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire  
on his head. *xii.* 20.
- Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with  
good. *xii.* 21.
- The powers that be are ordained of God. *xiii.* 1.
- Render therefore to all their dues. *xiii.* 7.
- Owe no man anything, but to love one another.  
*xiii.* 8.
- Love is the fulfilling of the law. *xiii.* 10.
- Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.  
*xiv.* 5.
- I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the  
increase. *1 Corinthians* iii. 6.
- Every man's work shall be made manifest. *iii.* 13.
- Not to think of men above that which is written.<sup>1</sup>  
*iv.* 6.
- Absent in body, but present in spirit. *v.* 3.
- A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump. *v.* 6.
- The fashion of this world passeth away. *vii.* 31.
- I am made all things to all men. *ix.* 22.

<sup>1</sup> Usually quoted, "To be wise above that which is written."

Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. 1 Corinthians x. 12.

As sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. xiii. 1.

When I was a child, I spake as a child. xiii. 11.

Now we see through a glass, darkly. xiii. 12.

If the trumpet give an uncertain sound. xiv. 8.

Let all things be done decently and in order. xiv. 40.

•Evil communications corrupt good manners.<sup>1</sup> xv. 33.

The first man is of the earth, earthy. xv. 47.

In the twinkling of an eye. xv. 52.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? xv. 55.

Not of the letter, but of the spirit; for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life. 2 Corinthians iii. 6.

We have such hope, we use great plainness of speech. iii. 12.

We walk by faith, not by sight. v. 7.

Now is the accepted time. vi. 2.

By evil report and good report. vi. 8.

Though I be rude in speech. xi. 6.

Forty stripes save one. xi. 24.

A thorn in the flesh. xii. 7.

Strength is made perfect in weakness. xii. 9.

<sup>1</sup> Φθείρουσιν ἤθη χρησθ' ὁμιλίαι κακαί. — Menander. Dübner's edition of his *Fragments*, appended to Aristophanes in Didot's *Bibliotheca Græca*, p. 102, line 101.

- The right hands of fellowship. *Galatians* ii. 9.
- Weak and beggarly elements. iv. 9.
- Every man shall bear his own burden. vi. 5.
- Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.  
vi. 7.
- Middle wall of partition. *Ephesians* ii. 14.
- Be ye angry, and sin not: let not the sun go down  
upon your wrath. iv. 26.
- To live is Christ, and to die is gain. *Philippians* i. 21.
- Whose God is their belly, and whose glory is in  
their shame. iii. 19.
- Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are  
honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things  
are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever  
things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if  
there be any praise, think on these things. iv. 8.
- I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith  
to be content. iv. 11.
- Touch not; taste not; handle not. *Colossians* ii. 21.
- Let your speech be alway with grace, seasoned with  
salt. iv. 6.
- Labour of love. *1 Thessalonians* i. 3.
- Study to be quiet. iv. 11.
- Prove all things; hold fast that which is good. v. 21.
- The law is good, if a man use it lawfully.  
*1 Timothy* i. 8.
- Not greedy of filthy lucre. iii. 3.

- Busybodies, speaking things which they ought not.  
*1 Timothy v. 13.*
- Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy  
 stomach's sake. *v. 23.*
- The love of money is the root of all evil. *vi. 10.*
- Fight the good fight. *vi. 12.*
- Rich in good works. *vi. 18.*
- Science falsely so called. *vi. 20.*
- A workman that needeth not to be ashamed.  
*2 Timothy ii. 15.*
- I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course,  
 I have kept the faith. *iv. 7.*
- Unto the pure all things are pure. *Titus i. 15.*
- Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evi-  
 dence of things not seen. *Hebrews xi. 1.*
- Of whom the world was not worthy. *xi. 38.*
- A cloud of witnesses. *xii. 1.*
- Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. *xii. 6.*
- The spirits of just men made perfect. *xii. 23.*
- Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby  
 some have entertained angels unawares. *xiii. 2.*
- Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for  
 when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life.  
*James i. 12.*
- How great a matter a little fire kindleth! *iii. 5.*
- The tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil.<sup>1</sup>  
*iii. 8.*

<sup>1</sup> Usually quoted, "The tongue is an unruly member."

- Resist the Devil, and he will flee from you. *James* iv. 7.
- Hope to the end. *1 Peter* i. 13.
- Fear God. Honour the king. ii. 17.
- Ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. iii. 4.
- Giving honour unto the wife as unto the weaker vessel. iii. 7.
- Be ye all of one mind. iii. 8.
- Charity shall cover the multitude of sins. iv. 8.
- Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour. v. 8.
- And the day star arise in your hearts. *2 Peter* i. 19.
- The dog is turned to his own vomit again. ii. 22.
- Bowels of compassion. *1 John* iii. 17.
- There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear. iv. 18.
- Be thou faithful unto death. *Revelation* ii. 10.
- He shall rule them with a rod of iron. ii. 27.
- I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last. xxii. 13.

## BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done. *Morning Prayer.*

The noble army of martyrs. *Ibid.*

Afflicted, or distressed, in mind, body, or estate.  
*Prayer for all Conditions of Men.*

Have mercy upon us miserable sinners. *The Litany.*

From envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness. *Ibid.*

The world, the flesh, and the Devil. *Ibid.*

The kindly fruits of the earth. *Ibid.*

Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.  
*Collect for the Second Sunday in Advent.*

Renounce the Devil and all his works.  
*Baptism of Infants.*

The pomps and vanity of this wicked world.  
*Catechism.*

To keep my hands from picking and stealing. *Ibid.*

To do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me. *Ibid.*

An outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. *Ibid.*

Let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace.  
*Solemnization of Matrimony.*

To have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part. *Ibid.*



To love, cherish, and to obey.

*Solemnization of Marriage.*

With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship,  
and with all my worldly goods I thee endow. *Ibid.*

In the midst of life we are in death.<sup>1</sup>

*The Burial Service.*

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in sure  
and certain hope of the resurrection. *Ibid.*

Whose service is perfect freedom. *Collect for Peace.*

But it was even thou, my companion, my guide, and  
mine own familiar friend. *The Psalter. Psalm lv. 14.*

Men to be of one mind in an house. *Psalm lxxviii. 6.*

The iron entered into his soul. *Psalm cv. 18.*

The dew of thy birth is of the womb of the morning.  
*Psalm cx. 3.*



## TATE AND BRADY.<sup>2</sup>

Untimely grave. *Psalm vii.*

And though he promise to his loss,  
He makes his promise good. *Psalm xv. 5.*

The sweet remembrance of the just  
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust. *Psalm cxii. 6.*

<sup>1</sup> This is derived from a Latin antiphon, said to have been composed by Notker, a monk of St. Gall, in 911, while watching some workmen building a bridge at Martinsbrücke, in peril of their lives. It forms the groundwork of Luther's antiphon *De Morte*.

<sup>2</sup> Nahum Tate, 1652-1715; Nicholas Brady, 1659-1726.



## APPENDIX.

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### Absolutism tempered by assassination.

Count Ernst Friedrich Münster, Hanoverian Envoy at St. Petersburg, discovered that Russian civilization is "merely artificial," and first published to Europe the short description of the Russian Constitution, that it is "absolutism tempered by assassination."

### A Cadmean victory.

A Greek proverb.

Συμμισηγόντων δὲ τῇ ναυμαχίῃ, Καδμείη τις νίκη τοῖσι Φωκαεῦσι ἐγένετο. — Herodotus, i. 168.

A Cadmean victory was one in which the victors suffered as much as their enemies.

### Adding insult to injury.

A fly bit the bare pate of a bald man, who, endeavouring to crush it, gave himself a heavy blow. Then said the fly, jeeringly, "You wanted to revenge the sting of a tiny insect with death; what will you do to yourself, who have added insult to injury?"

Quid facies tibi,

Injuriae qui addideris contumeliam?

Phædrus, *The Bald Man and the Fly*, Book v. Fable 3.

### A foreign nation is a contemporaneous posterity.

Byron's European fame is the best earnest of his immortality, for a foreign nation is a kind of contemporaneous posterity. — Stanley, *or the Recollections of a Man of the World*, Vol. ii. p. 89.

### A happy accident.

Madame de Staël, *L'Allemagne*, Ch. xvi.

### All is lost save honour.

It was from the imperial camp near Pavia, that Francis the First, before leaving for Pizzighettone, wrote to his mother the memorable letter which, thanks to tradition, has become altered to the form of this sublime laconism: "Madame, tout est perdu fors l'honneur."

The true expression is, "Madame, pour vous faire savoir comme se porte le reste de mon infortune, de toutes choses ne m'est demeuré que l'honneur et la vie qui est sauvé." — Martin, *Histoire de France*, Tom. viii.

The correction of this expression was first made by Sismondi, Vol. xvi. pp. 241, 242. The letter itself is printed entire in Dulaure's *Histoire de Paris*: "Pour vous avertir comment se porte le ressort de mon infortune, de toutes choses ne m'est demeuré que l'honneur et la vie, — qui est sauvé."

### All the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous.

From the inscription on the tomb of the Duchess of Newcastle in Westminster Abbey.

### Am I not a man and a brother?

From a medallion by Wedgwood (1768), representing a negro in chains, with one knee on the ground, and both hands lifted up to heaven. This was adopted as a characteristic seal by the Antislavery Society of London.

### Appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober.

Inserit se tantis viris mulier alienigeni sanguinis: quæ a Philippo rege temulento immerenter damnata, Provocarem ad Philip-pum, inquit, sed sobrium. — Val. Maximus, *Lib. vi. c. 2.*

### Architecture is frozen music.

Since it (architecture) is music in space, as it were a frozen music. . . . If architecture in general is frozen music. — Schelling, *Philosophie der Kunst*, pp. 576, 593.

La vue d'un tel monument est comme une musique continuelle et fixée. — Madame de Staël, *Corinne*, *Livre iv. Ch. 3.*

### Art and part.

A Scotch law phrase, — an accessory before and after the fact. A man is said to be art and part of a crime when he contrives the manner of the deed, and concurs with and encourages those who commit the crime, although he does not put his own hand to the actual execution of it. — Scott, *Tales of a Grandfather*, Ch. xii., *Execution of Morton.*

## Art preservative of all arts.

From the inscription upon the façade of the house at Harlem, formerly occupied by Laurent Koster, or Coster, who is charged, among others, with the invention of printing. Mention is first made of this inscription about 1628:—

MEMORIE SACRUM  
 TYPOGRAPHIA  
 ARS ARTIUM OMNIUM  
 CONSERVATRIX.  
 HIC PRIMUM INVENTA  
 CIRCA ANNUM MCCCCXL

## Before you could say Jack Robinson.

This current phrase is said to be derived from a humorous song by Hudson, a tobacconist in Shoe Lane, London. He was a professional song-writer and vocalist, who used to be engaged to sing at supper-rooms and theatrical houses.

A warke it ys as easie to be done  
 As tys to saye *Jacke! robys on.*

An old Play, cited by Halliwell, *Arch. Dictionary.*

## Begging the question.

This is a common logical fallacy, *petitio principii*; and the first explanation of the phrase is to be found in Aristotle's *Topica*, viii. 13, where the five ways of begging the question are set forth. The earliest English work in which the expression is found is *The Arte of Logike plainlie set forth in our English Tongue*, &c. 1584.

## Beginning of the end.

Fournier asserts, on the written authority of Talleyrand's brother, that the only breviary used by the ex-bishop was *L'Improvisateur Français*, a compilation of anecdotes and *bon-mots*, in twenty-one duodecimo volumes. Whenever a good thing was wandering about in search of a parent, he adopted it; amongst others, "C'est le commencement de la fin."

To show our simple skill,

That is the true beginning of our end.

Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

## Best of all possible worlds.

Que dans ce meilleur des mondes possibles, le château de monseigneur le baron était le plus beau des châteaux, et madame la meilleure des baronnes possibles. — Voltaire, *Candide*, Ch. i.

### Better to wear out than to rust out.

When a friend told Bishop Cumberland (1632-1718) he would wear himself out by his incessant application, "It is better," replied the Bishop, "to wear out than to rust out." — Bishop Horne, *Sermon on the Duty of Contending for the Truth*. See Boswell's *Tour to the Hebrides*, p. 18, note.

### Beware of a man of one book.

When St. Thomas Aquinas was asked in what manner a man might best become learned, he answered, "By reading one book." The *homo unius libri* is indeed proverbially formidable to all conversational figurantes. — Southey, *The Doctor*, p. 164.

### Bitter end.

This phrase is nearly without meaning as it is used. The true phrase, "better end," is used properly to designate a crisis, or the moment of an extremity. When, in a gale, a vessel has paid out all her cable, her cable has run out to the "better end," — the end which is secured within the vessel and little used. Robinson Crusoe, in describing the terrible storm in Yarmouth Roads, says, "We rode with two anchors ahead, and the cables veered out to the better end."

### Blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.

Plures efficitur, quoties metimur a vobis; semen est sanguis Christianorum. — Tertullian, *Apologet.*, c. 50.

In a note to this passage in Tertullian, ed. 1641, is the following quotation from St. Jerome: "Est sanguis martyrum seminarium Ecclesiarum."

### Cæsar's wife should be above suspicion.

Cæsar was asked why he had divorced his wife. "Because," said he, "I would have the chastity of my wife clear even of suspicion." — Plutarch, *Life of Cæsar*.

### Call a spade a spade.

Plutarch, *Reg. et Imp. Apoph. Philip.*, xv.

Τὰ σῦκα σῦκα, τὴν σκάρην δὲ σκάρην ὀνομάζων. — Aristophanes, as quoted in Lucian, *Quom. Hist. sit conscrib.*, 41.

Brought up like a rude Macedon, and taught to call a spade a spade. — Gosson, *Ephemerides of Phialo*. 1579.

## Cohesive power of public plunder.

This phrase has grown out of words used by John C. Calhoun in a speech, May 27, 1836: "A power has risen up in the government greater than the people themselves, consisting of many and various and powerful interests, combined into one mass, and held together by the cohesive power of the vast surplus in the banks."

## Consistency, thou art a jewel.

This is one of those popular sayings, like "Be good, and you will be happy," or "Virtue is its own reward," that, like Topsy, "never *was* born, only jist growed." From the earliest times it has been the popular tendency to call this or that cardinal virtue, or bright and shining excellence, a jewel, by way of emphasis. For example, Iago says:—

"*Good name*, in man or woman, dear my lord,  
Is the immediate *jewel* of their souls."

Shakespeare elsewhere calls *experience* a *jewel*; Miranda says her *modesty* is the *jewel* in her dower; and in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Diana terms her *chastity* the *jewel* of her house.—R. A. Wight.

O discretion, thou art a jewel.—From *The Skylark, a Collection of well-chosen English Songs*. London, 1772.

## Conspicuous by his absence.

Sed præfulgebant Cassius atque Brutus, eo ipso quod effigies eorum non videbantur.—Tacitus, *Annals*, iii. 76.

Lord John Russell, alluding to an expression used by him in his address to the electors of the city of London, said, "It is not an original expression of mine, but is taken from one of the greatest historians of antiquity."

## Dead as Chelsea.

To get Chelsea; to obtain the benefit of that hospital. "Dead as Chelsea, by G—d!" an exclamation uttered by a grenadier at Fontenoy, on having his leg carried away by a cannon-ball.—*Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*, 1758, quoted by Brady, *Var. of Lit.*, 1826.

## Defend me from my friends.

The French *Ana* assign to Maréchal Villars taking leave of Louis XIV. this aphorism: "Defend me from my friends; I can defend myself from my enemies."

But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,  
Save, save, O, save me from the candid friend!

Canning, *The New Morality*.

## Die in the last ditch.

To William of Orange may be ascribed this saying. When Buckingham urged the inevitable destruction which hung over the United Provinces, and asked him whether he did not see that the commonwealth was ruined, "There is one certain means," replied the Prince, "by which I can be sure never to see my country's ruin,—*I will die in the last ditch.*"—Hume, *History of England*, 1672.

## Eclipse first, the rest nowhere.

Declared by Captain O'Kelley at Epsom, May 3, 1769. — *Annals of Sporting*, Vol. ii. p. 271.

## Emerald Isle.

This expression was first used in a song called *Erin, to her own Tune*, by Dr. William Drennan (1754–1820).

## Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

Author unknown.

## Every man is the architect of his own fortune.

Sed res docuit id verum esse quod in carminibus Appius ait, "Fabrum esse suæ quemque fortunæ." — *Pseudo-Sallust. Epist. de Rep. Ordin.*, ii. 1.

## Exceptions prove the rule.

This enigmatical phrase has not been traced to any source. "Prove" must mean *bring to the test*.

## Fiat justitia ruat cælum.

Prynne's *Fresh Discovery of Prodigious New Wandering-Blazing Stars*, 2d ed., London, 1646. Ward's *Simple Cobler of Aggawam in America*, 1647. Fiat Justicia et ruat Mundus. *Egerton Papers*, 1552, p. 25. *Camden Soc.*, 1840. Aikin's *Court and Times of James I.*, Vol. ii. p. 500, 1625.

## First in a village than second in Rome.

Cæsar said, "For my part, I had rather be the first man among these fellows than the second man in Rome." — Plutarch, *Life of Cæsar*.

## Gentle craft.

According to Brady (*Clavis Calendaria*), this designation arose from the fact, that, in an old romance, a prince of the name of



Crispin is made to exercise, in honour of his namesake, St. Crispin, the trade of shoemaking.

There is a tradition that King Edward IV., in one of his disguises, once drank with a party of shoemakers, and pledged them. The story is alluded to in the old play:—

Marry because you have drank with the King,  
And the King hath so graciously pledged you  
You shall no more be called shoemakers;  
But you and yours, to the world's end,  
Shall be called the trade of the gentle craft.

*George a-Greene.* 1599.

God always favours the heaviest battalions.

Deos fortioribus adesse. — Tacitus, *Hist.*, iv. 17.

Fortes Fortuna adjuvat. — Terence, *Phor.*, i. 4. 26.

Dieu est d'ordinaire pour les gros escadrons contre les petits. —

Bussy Rabutin, *Lettres*, iv. 91. Oct. 18, 1677.

Le nombre des sages sera toujours petit. Il est vrai qu'il est augmenté; mais ce n'est rien en comparaison des sots, et par malheur on dit que Dieu est toujours pour les gros bataillons.

— Voltaire to *M. le Riche*. Feb. 6, 1770.

La fortune est toujours pour les gros bataillons. — Sévigné, *Lettre à sa Fille*, 202.

Napoleon said, "Providence is always on the side of the last reserve."

Good as a play.

An exclamation of Charles II. when in Parliament attending the discussion of Lord Ross's Divorce Bill.

The king remained in the House of Peers while his speech was taken into consideration, — a common practice with him; for the debates amused his sated mind, and were sometimes, he used to say, as good as a comedy. — Macaulay, *Review of the Life and Writings of Sir William Temple*.

Nullo his malle ludos spectasse. — Horace, *Sat.* ii. 8. 79.

Greatest happiness of the greatest number.

That action is best, which procures the greatest happiness for the greatest numbers. — Hutcheson's *Inquiry: Concerning Moral Good and Evil*, Sec. 3. 1720.

Priestley was the first (unless it was Beccaria) who taught my lips to pronounce this sacred truth, — that the greatest happiness of the greatest number is the foundation of morals and legislation. — Bentham's *Works*, Vol. x. p. 142.

The expression is used by Beccaria in the introduction to his *Essay on Crimes and Punishments*. 1764.

**Habit is second nature.**

Montaigne, *Essays*, Book iii. Ch. x.

**Half is more than the whole.**

Νήπιοι· οὐδὲ ἴσασιν ὄσφ πλέον ἡμῖσιν παντός. — Hesiod, *Works and Days*, v. 40.

**Hobson's choice.**

Tobias Hobson was the first man in England that let out hackney horses. When a man came for a horse he was led into the stable, where there was a great choice, but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next to the stable door; so that every customer was alike well served according to his chance, from whence it became a proverb, when what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to say, "Hobson's choice." — *Spectator*, No. 509.

**I am the things that are, and those that are to be, and those that have been. No one ever lifted my skirts; the fruit which I bore was the Sun.**

Inscription in the temple of Neith at Sais, in Egypt. — Proclus, *On Plato's Timæus*, p. 30 D. See also Plutarch, *Isis and Osiris*, § 9, p. 354.

**I believe it, because it is impossible.**

Certum est, quia impossibile est. — Tertullian, *De Carne Christi*, c. 5. Usually misquoted, Credo quia impossibile.

**I came, I saw, I conquered.**

Veni, vidi, vici. — The brief despatch in which Julius Cæsar announced to the Senate his victory over Pharnaces.

**I too was born in Arcadia.**

This is the motto which Goethe adopted for his *Travels in Italy*. It is said to be a saying of the painter Schidoni (or Schedone). 1560–1616.

**Leave no stone unturned.**

Πάντα κινῆσαι πέτρον. — Euripides, *Hæraclid*. 1002.

This may be traced to a response of the Delphic Oracle given to Polycrates, as the best means of finding a treasure buried by Xerxes' general, Mardonius, on the field of Plataea. The Oracle replied, Πάντα λίθον κίνει, *Turn every stone*. — Leutsch and Schneidewin, *Corp. Pæramiogr. Græc.*, Vol. i. p. 146.

**Man is a two-legged animal without feathers.**

Plato having defined man to be a two-legged animal without feathers, he (Diogenes) plucked a cock, and, bringing him into the school, said, "Here is Plato's man." From which there was added to the definition, "with broad flat nails." — Diogenes Laertius, *Lib. vi. c. ii. Vit. Diog., Ch. vi. § 40.*

**Medicine for the soul.**

Inscription over the door of the Library at Thebes. — Diodorus Siculus, i. 49. 3.

**Men, women, and Herveys.**

Lord Wharnccliffe says, "The well-known sentence, almost a proverb, 'that this world consisted of men, women, and Herveys,' was originally Lady Montagu's." (Montagu's *Letters*, Vol. i. p. 64.) Wraxall says, it was a saying of the Dowager Viscountess Townsend, *Memoirs, 2d Ser., Vol. ii. p. 117.*

**Months without an R.**

It is unseasonable and unwholesome in all months that have not an R in their name to eat an oyster. — Butler, *Dyets Dry Dinner.* 1599.

**Nation of shopkeepers.**

From an oration purporting to have been delivered by Samuel Adams at the State House in Philadelphia, August 1, 1776. *Philadelphia, printed, London, reprinted for E. Johnson, No. 4, Ludgate Hill. MDCCLXXVI.*

No such American edition has ever been seen, but at least four copies are known of the London issue. A German translation of this oration was printed in 1778, perhaps at Berne; the place of publication is not given. — Wells's *Life of Adams.*

To found a great empire for the sole purpose of raising up a people of customers may at first sight appear a project fit only for a nation of shopkeepers. — Adam Smith, *Wealth of Nations*, Vol. ii. Book iv. Ch. vii. Part 3. 1775.

And what is true of a shopkeeper is true of a shopkeeping nation. — Tucker, Dean of Gloucester, *Tract.* 1766.

Let Pitt then boast of his victory to his nation of shopkeepers. — Bertrand Barère. June 11, 1794.

**Nothing succeeds like success.**

A French proverb.

## No one is a hero to his valet.

This phrase is commonly attributed to Madame de Sévigné, but, on the authority of Madame Aisse, belongs to Madame Cornuel. — *Lettres édit. J. Ravenal*. 1853.

Few men are admired by their servants. — Montaigne, *Essays*, Book iii. Ch. 11.

When Hermodotus in his poems described Antigonus as the son of Helios (the sun), "My valet-de-chambre," said he, "is not aware of this." — Plutarch, *De Iside et Osiride*, Ch. xxiv.

## Old wood to burn! Old wine to drink! Old friends to trust! Old authors to read!

Alonso of Aragon was wont to say, in commendation of age, that age appeared to be best in these four things. — Melchior, *Floresta Española de Apothegmas o Sentencias*, etc., ii. 1. 20. Bacon, *Apothegms*, 97.

Is not old wine wholesomest, old pippins toothsomest, old wood burns brightest, old linen wash whitest? Old soldiers, sweet-heart, are surest, and old lovers are soundest. — John Webster (–1638), *Westward Hoe*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

What find you better or more honourable than age? Take the preheminece of it in everything: in an old friend, in old wine, in an old pedigree. — Shackerley Marmion (1602–1639), *The Antiquary*.

I love everything that's old. Old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine. — Goldsmith, *She Stoops to Conquer*, Act i.

## Order reigns in Warsaw.

General Sebastiani announced the fall of Warsaw in the Chamber of Deputies, Sept. 16, 1831: "Des lettres que je reçois de Pologne m'annoncent que la tranquillité règne à Varsovie." — Dumas, *Mémoires*, 2d Series, Vol. iv. Ch. iii.

## Orthodoxy is my doxy, Heterodoxy is another man's doxy.

"I have heard frequent use," said the late Lord Sandwich, in a debate on the Test Laws, "of the words 'orthodoxy' and 'heterodoxy'; but I confess myself at a loss to know precisely what they mean." "Orthodoxy, my Lord," said Bishop Warburton, in a whisper, — "orthodoxy is my doxy, — heterodoxy is another man's doxy." — Priestley's *Memoirs*, Vol. i. p. 572.

### Paying through the nose.

Grimm says that Odin had a poll-tax which was called in Sweden a nose-tax; it was a penny per nose or poll. — *Deutsche Rechts Alterthümer*.

### Reading between the lines.

The sagacious reader, who is capable of reading between these lines what does not stand written, or is only implied. — Goethe, *Autobiography*, Book xviii., edited by Park Godwin.

### Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God.

From an inscription on the cannon near which the ashes of President John Bradshaw were lodged, on the top of a high hill near Martha Bay in Jamaica. — Stiles's *History of the Three Judges of King Charles I.*

This supposititious epitaph was found among the papers of Mr. Jefferson, and in his handwriting. It was supposed to be one of Dr. Franklin's spirit-stirring inspirations. — Randall's *Life of Jefferson*, Vol. iii. p. 585.

### Ridicule the test of truth.

We have, oftener than once, endeavoured to attach some meaning to that aphorism, vulgarly imputed to Shaftesbury, which, however, we can find nowhere in his works, that *ridicule is the test of truth*. — Carlyle, *Miscellanies: Voltaire*.

How comes it to pass, then, that we appear such cowards in reasoning, and are so afraid to stand the test of ridicule? — Shaftesbury, *Characteristics: A Letter concerning Enthusiasm*, Sec. 2.

Truth, 't is supposed, may bear all lights; and one of those principal lights or natural mediums by which things are to be viewed, in order to a thorough recognition, is ridicule itself. — Shaftesbury, *Essay on the Freedom of Wit and Humour*, Sec. 1.

'T was the saying of an ancient sage (Gorgias Leontinus, *apud Arist. Rhetor.*, Lib. iii. c. 18), that humour was the only test of gravity; and gravity of humour. For a subject which would not bear raillery was suspicious; and a jest which would not bear a serious examination was certainly false wit. — *Ibid.*, Sec. 5.

### Rowland for an Oliver.

These were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers; and their exploits are rendered so ridiculously and equally extravagant by the old romancers, that from

thence arose that saying, amongst our plain and sensible ancestors, of giving one a "Rowland for his Oliver," to signify the matching one incredible lie with another. — Thomas Warburton.

### Sardonic smile.

The island of Sardinia, consisting chiefly of marshes or of mountains, has, from the earliest period to the present, been cursed with a noxious air, an ill-cultivated soil, and a scanty population. The convulsions produced by its poisonous plants gave rise to the expression of sardonic smile, which is as old as Homer (*Odyssey*, xx. 302). — Mahon, *History of England*, Vol. i. p. 287.

### See how these Christians love one another.

Vide, iniquunt, ut invicem se diligent. — Tertullian, *Apologet.*, c. 39.

### Sinews of war.

Æschines (*Adv. Ctesiph.*, c. 53) ascribes to Demosthenes the expression ὑποτέτμηται τὰ νεῦρα τῶν πραγμάτων, "the sinews of affairs are cut." Diogenes Laertius, in his Life of Bion (*Lib.* iv. c. 7, § 3), represents that philosopher as saying τὸν πλοῦτον εἶναι νεῦρα πραγμάτων, "that riches were the sinews of business," or, as the phrase may mean, "of the state." Referring, perhaps, to this maxim of Bion, Plutarch says in his Life of Cleomenes (c. 27), "He who first called money the sinews of the state seems to have said this with special reference to war." Accordingly, we find money called expressly τὰ νεῦρα τοῦ πολέμου, "the sinews of war," in Libanius, *Orat.* xlvi. (*Vol.* ii. p. 477, ed. Reiske), and by the Scholiast on Pindar, *Olymp.*, i. 4 (comp. Photius, *Lex.* s. v. Μεγάλορος πλούτου). So Cicero, *Philipp.*, v. 2, "nervos belli, infinitam pecuniam."

### Smell of the lamp.

Plutarch, *Life of Demosthenes*.

### Speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts.

Ils n'employent les paroles que pour déguiser leurs pensées. — Voltaire, *Dialogue* xiv. 1763.

When Harel wished to put a joke or witticism into circulation, he was in the habit of connecting it with some celebrated name, on the chance of reclaiming it if it took. Thus he assigned to Talleyrand in the *Nain Jaune* the phrase, "Speech was given to man to disguise his thoughts." — Fournier, *L'Esprit dans l'Histoire*. See Young, *ante*, p. 266.

## Strike, but hear.

Eurybiades lifting up his staff as if he was going to strike, Themistocles said, "Strike if you will, but hear." — Plutarch, *Life of Themistocles*.

## Style is a man's own.

Le style est de l'homme même. — Buffon, *Œuvres Choiesies*, Liv. i. p. 25.

## Talk of nothing but business, and despatch that business quickly.

A placard of Aldus on the door of his printing-office. — Dibdin's *Introduction*, Vol. i. p. 436.

## Tempest in a teapot.

C'est une tempête dans une verre d'eau. — This was said of the insurrectionary movement in Geneva. It is attributed to Paul, Grand-Duc de Russie, and also to Linguet.

## The empire, it is peace.

An exclamation of Napoleon III. at a public banquet at Bordeaux, Oct. 9, 1852.

## The Guard dies, but never surrenders.

This phrase, attributed to Cambronne, who was made prisoner at Waterloo, was vehemently denied by him. It was invented by Rougemont, a prolific author of *mots*, two days after the battle, in the *Indépendant*. — Fournier, *L'Esprit dans l'Histoire*.

## The King is dead! Long live the King!

The death of Louis XIV. was announced by the captain of the body-guard from the window of the state apartment. Raising his truncheon above his head, he broke it in the centre, and, throwing the pieces among the crowd, exclaimed in a loud voice, *Le Roi est mort!* then, taking another staff, he flourished it in the air as he shouted, *Vive le Roi!*

## "There is no other royal path which leads to geometry," said Euclid to Ptolemy I.

Proclus, *Commentary on Euclid's Elements*, Book ii. Ch. 4.

## We have changed all that.

Molière, *Le Médecin malgré Lui*, Act ii. Sc. 6.

### We are dancing on a volcano.

In the midst of a fête given by the Duke of Orleans to the King of Naples, in 1830, a few days before the events of the three days of July, M. de Salvandy said to the Duke, "Nous dansons sur un volcano."

### When at Rome, do as the Romans do.

St. Augustine was in the habit of dining upon Saturday as upon Sunday; but, being puzzled with the different practices then prevailing (for they had begun to fast at Rome on Saturday), consulted St. Ambrose on the subject. Now at Milan they did not fast on Saturday, and the answer of the Milan saint was this: "When I am here, I do not fast on Saturday; when at Rome, I do fast on Saturday."

"Quando hic sum, non jejuno Sabbato: quando Romæ sum, jejuno Sabbato." — St. Augustine, *Epistle xxxvi. to Casulanus*.

When they are at Rome, they do there as they see done. — Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy, Part iii. Sec. 4, Mem. 2, Subs. 1*.

### When in doubt, win the trick.

Hoyle, *Twenty-four Rules for Learners, Rule 12*.

### Where the shoe pinches.

Plutarch relates the story of a Roman being divorced from his wife. "This person, being highly blamed by his friends, who demanded, Was she not chaste? Was she not fair? holding out his shoe, asked them whether it was not new and well made. Yet, added he, none of you can tell where it pinches me." — Plutarch, *Life of Æmilius Paulus*.

### Wisdom of many and the wit of one.

A definition of a proverb which Lord John Russell gave one morning at breakfast at Mardock's, — "One man's wit, and all men's wisdom." — *Memoirs of Mackintosh, Vol. ii. p. 473*.

### Wooden walls of England.

The credite of the Realme, by defending the same with our Wodden Wallles, as Themistocles called the Ship of Athens. — *Preface to the English translation of Linschoten*. London, 1598.

### You carry Cæsar and his fortunes.

Plutarch, *Life of Cæsar*.



## PROVERBIAL EXPRESSIONS,

FOUND IN THE WORKS OF ENGLISH WRITERS, WHICH  
ARE OF COMMON ORIGIN.



## A brown study.

It seemes to me . . . that you are in some brown study.—  
Lyly, *Euphues*, 1580, Arber's reprint, p. 80.

## A curtain lecture.

Part of the title of a volume printed in 1637.

## A day after the fair.

John Heywood, *Works*, Ch. viii., 1562; Thomas Heywood, *If  
you know not me, etc.*, 1605; Tarlton's *Jests*, 1611.

## All is fish that cometh to net.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Tusser, *Five Hundred Points of  
Good Husbandry*; Gascoigne's *Steele Glas*, 1575.

## All that glisters is not gold.

Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, Act ii. Sc. 7; Heywood's  
*Proverbs*, 1546; Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum*; Googe's *Eglogs*,  
*Epitaphs, etc.*, 1563.

## All is not gold that glisteneth.

Middleton, *A Fair Quarrel*, Act v. Sc. 1.

## But all thing which that shineth as the gold

Ne is no gold, as I have herd it told.<sup>1</sup>

Chaucer, *The Chanones Yemannes Tale*, Line 16430.

<sup>1</sup> Tyrwhitt says this is taken from the *Parabolæ* of Alanus de  
Insulis, who died in 1294:—

“Non teneas aurum totum quod splendet et aurum.”

All is not golde that outward shewith bright.  
Lydgate, *On the Mutability of Human Affairs*.

Gold all is not that doth golden seem.  
Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, Book ii. Canto viii. St. 14.

All, as they say, that glitters is not gold.  
Dryden, *The Hind and Panther*.

Que tout n'est pas ors c'on voit luire.  
*Li Diz de freire Denise Cordelier*, circa 1300.

Another, yet the same.

Pope, *Dunciad*, Book iii.; Tickell, *From a Lady in England*;  
Johnson, *Life of Dryden*; Darwin, *Botanic Garden*, Part i.  
Canto iv. Line 380; Wordsworth, *The Excursion*, Book ix.;  
Scott, *The Abbot*, Ch. i.; Horace, *Carm. Sec.*, Line 10.

Anything for a Quiet Life.

Title of a play by Middleton.

As cold as a cucumber.

Fletcher, *Cupid's Revenge*, 1615.

As the case stands.

Middleton, *The Old Law*, Act i. Sc. 1; Henry's *Commentaries*,  
*Psalm cxix*.

At my finger's end.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, Act i.  
Sc. 3.

At six and seven.

Heywood's *Proverbs*; Middleton, *The Widow*, Act i. Sc. 2.

Beat the bush.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Pettowe's *Philochasander and Elanira*, 1599.

Beggars should [must] be no choosers.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Beaumont and Fletcher, *Scornful Lady*, Act v. Sc. 3.

Better day the better deed.

Ray's *Proverbs*, 1670; Sir John Holt (1642-1709), *Sir W. Moore's Case*, 2 Ld. Raym. 1028.

Better day the worse deed.

Matthew Henry, *Commentaries*, Genesis iii.

Better late than never.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Tusser, *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*; Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*; Murphy, *The School for Guardians*.

Between two stools.

A proverb found in a French MS. of the fourteenth century.

Entre deux arçours chet cul à terre.

*Les Proverbes des Vilain*, MS. Bodleian, circa 1300; Rabelais, *Gargantua*, Liv. i. Ch. ii.

By hook or by crook.

Wycliffe's *Controversial Tracts*, circa 1370; Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, Book iii. Canto i. St. 17; Skelton, *Colin Clout*, 1520; Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Du Bartas, *The Map of Man*; Beaumont and Fletcher, *Women Pleasèd*, Act i. Sc. 3.

This phrase derives its origin from the custom of certain manors where tenants are authorized to take fire-bote *by hook or by crook*; that is, so much of the underwood as may be cut with a crook, and so much of the loose timber as may be collected from the boughs by means of a hook.

Candle to the sun.

Selden, *Preface to Mare Clausum*; Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part iii. Sec. 2; Surrey, *A Praise of Love*; Sidney, *Discourses on Government*, Vol. i. Ch. ii. Sec. 23; Young, *Love of Fame*, Satire vii. Line 97.

Carpet knights.

Du Bartas, 1621, p. 311; Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part i. Sec. 2.

Castles in the air.

Sterling, *Sonnets*, No. 6; Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, *The Author's Abstract*; Sidney, *Defence of Poesy*; Massinger, *A Very Woman*; Sir Thomas Browne, *Letter to a Friend*; Giles Fletcher, *Christ's Victory*; Herbert, *The Synagogue*; Swift, *Duke Grafton's Answer*; Broome, *Poverty and Poetry*; Fielding, *Epistle to Walpole*; Cibber, *Non Juror*, Act ii.; Churchill, *Epistle to Lloyd*; Shenstone, *On Taste*, Part ii.; Lloyd, *Epistle to Colman*.

Chip of the old block.

Ray's *Proverbs*; Burke, *ante*, p. 352.

Coast was clear.

Drayton, *Nymphidia*; Somerville, *The Night Walker*.

Compare great things with small.

Virgil, *Ecloques*, i. 24; *Georgics*, iv. 176; Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book ii. Line 921; Cowley, *The Motto*; Dryden, *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, Book i. Line 727; Tickell, *Poem on Hunting*; Pope, *Windsor Forest*.

Comparisons are odious.

Fortescue, *De Laudibus Leg. Angliæ*, Ch. xix., 1394-1484; *Don Quixote*, Part ii. Ch. i., ed. Lockhart; Lyly, *Euphues*, 1580; Marlowe, *Lust's Dominion*, Act iii. Sc. 4; Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part iii. Sec. 3; Heywood, *A Woman killed with Kindness*, Act i. Sc. 1; Donne, *Elegy* viii.; Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum*; Grange, *Golden Aphroditis*.

Comparisons are odorous.

Shakespeare, *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii. Sc. 5.

Dark as pitch.

Ray's *Proverbs*; Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*, Part i.; Gay, *The Shepherd's Week*, Wednesday.

Deeds, not words.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Lover's Progress*, Act iii. Sc. 1; Butler, *Hudibras*, Part i. Canto i. Line 867.

Devil take the hindmost.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Bonduca*, Act iv. Sc. 3; Butler, *Hudibras*, Part i. Canto ii. Line 633; Prior, *Ode on taking Nemur*; Pope, *Dunciad*, Book ii. Line 60; Burns, *To a Haggis*.

Diamonds cut diamonds.

Ford, *The Lover's Melancholy*, Act i. Sc. 1.

Discretion is the better part of valour.

Shakespeare, *Henry IV.*, Part i. Act v. Sc. 4; Churchill, *The Ghost*, Book i. Line 232.

Discretion the best part of valour.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *A King and no King*, Act iv. Sc. 3.

Early to bed, and early to rise,  
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Clarke's *Paræmiologia*, 1639; Franklin, *Poor Richard*.

My hour is eight o'clock, though it is an infallible  
Rule, "Sanat, santificat, et ditat, surgere mane."

*A Health to the Gentl. Prof. of Servingmen*, 1598, reprinted  
in Roxburghe Library, p. 121.

Eat thy cake and have it too.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Herbert, *The Size*; Bickerstaff,  
*Thomas and Sally*.

Enough is good as a feast.

*Dives and Pauper*, 1493; Gascoigne's *Memories*, 1575; Ray's  
*Proverbs*; Fielding, *Covent Garden Tragedy*, Act vi.; Bick-  
erstaff, *Love in a Village*, Act iii. Sc. 1.

Every tub must stand upon its own bottom.

Ray's *Proverbs*; Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*; Macklin, *The  
Man of the World*, Act i. Sc. 2.

Every why hath a wherefore.

Shakespeare, *Comedy of Errors*, Act ii. Sc. 2; Butler, *Hudibras*,  
*Part i. Canto i. Line 132*.

Facts are stubborn things.

Smollett, *Translation of Gil Blas*, Book x. Ch. i.; Elliot, *Essay  
on Field Husbandry*, p. 35, note, 1747.

Faint heart ne'er won fair lady.

Britain's *Ida*, Canto v. St. 1; *George a-Greene*; *Ballad* by W.  
Elderton, 1569; *Rock of Regard*, 1576; King, *Orpheus and  
Eurydice*; Burns, *To Dr. Blacklock*; Colman, *Love Laughs  
at Locksmiths*, Act i.

Fast and loose.

Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i. Sc. 1; Clarke's *Paræ-  
miologia*, 1639.

Fast bind, fast find.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*,  
Act ii. Sc. 5; *Jests of Scogin*, 1565.

Fish nor flesh, nor good red herring.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Sir H. Sheers, *Satyr on the Sea Officers*; Tom Brown, *Æneus Sylvius's Letter*; Dryden, *Epilogue to the Duke of Guise*.

Fret and fume.

Shakespeare, *Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii. Sc. 1.

Frieth in her own grease.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546.

In his own grees I made him frie.

Chaucer, *Wif of Bathes Prologue*.

Give an inch, he 'll take an ell.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; John Webster, *Sir Thomas Wyatt*; Hobbes, *Liberty and Necessity*, No. iii.

Give ruffles to a man who wants a shirt.

Sorbière, 1610-1670; Tom Brown, *Laconics*; Goldsmith, *The Haunch of Venison*.

Give the Devil his due.

Shakespeare, *Henry IV. Part i. Act i. Sc. 2*; Nash, *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596; Dryden, *Epilogue to the Duke of Guise*.

God helps those who help themselves.

Sidney, *Discourses concerning Government*, Vol. i. Ch. ii. Sec. 23; Franklin, *Poor Richard*.

Heaven ne'er helps the men who will not act.

Sophocles, *Fragment 288*, Plumptre's translation.

Help thyself, and God will help thee.

Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum*.

Aide toi et le ciel t'aidera.

La Fontaine, *Book vi. Fable 18*.

God sends meat, and the Devil sends cooks.

Ray's *Proverbs*; Thoms, *English Prose Romance*, 85; Taylor, *Works*, 1630, Vol. ii. p. 85; Garrick, *Epigram on Goldsmith's Retaliation*.

## Golden mean.

Horace, *Book ii. Ode x. 5*; *My Mind to me a Kingdom is*;  
Du Bartas, *Map of Man*; Massinger, *The Great Duke of  
Florence, Act i. Sc. 1*; Pope, *Moral Essays, Epistle iii. Line  
246*; Rowe, *The Golden Verses*.

## Happy mean.

Du Bartas, *Map of Man*.

## Good to be merry and wise.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; *Eastward Hoe*, 1605; Burns, *Here's  
a health to them that's awa'*.

## Gray mare will prove the better horse.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; *Pryde and Abuse of Women*, 1550;  
*The Marriage of True Wit and Science*; Butler, *Hudibras,  
Part ii. Canto ii. Line 698*; Fielding, *The Grub Street Opera,  
Act ii. Sc. 4*; Prior, *Epilogue to Lucius*.

Mr. Macaulay thinks that this proverb originated in the prefer-  
ence generally given to the gray mares of Flanders over the  
finest coach-horses of England. — *History of England, Vol. i.  
Ch. 3*. Macaulay is writing of the latter half of the seven-  
teenth century, while the proverb was used a century earlier.

## Great cry and little wool.

Fortescue, *Treatise on Monarchy*; Ray's *Proverbs*; Butler,  
*Hudibras, Part i. Canto i. Line 852*.

## Great [good] wits will jump.

Sterne, *Tristram Shandy*; Byrom, *The Nimmers*; Cougham,  
*Camden Society's Publications*, p. 20; Duke of Buckingham,  
*The Chances, Act v. Sc. 1*.

## Hail fellow, well met.

Lyly, *Euphues*, 1580; Ray's *Proverbs*; Rowland, *Knave of  
Harts*, 1612; Tom Brown, *Amusement*, viii.; Swift, *My  
Lady's Lamentation*.

## He knew what 's what.

Skelton, *Why come ye not to courte?* *Line 1106*; Butler, *Hudi-  
bras, Part i. Canto i. Line 149*.

## He must go that the Devil drives.

Heywood's *Johan Johan the Husbande, etc.*, 1533; Peele,  
*Edward I.*; Shakespeare, *All 's Well that Ends Well, Act i.  
Sc. 3*; Gosson's *Ephemerides of Phialo*.

He must have a long spoon that must eat with the Devil.

Chaucer, *The Squire's Tale*, Part ii. Line 10916; Heywood's *Proverbs*; Marlowe, *The Jew of Malta*, Act iii. Sc. 5; Shakespeare, *Comedy of Errors*, Act iv. Sc. 3; *Apus and Virginia*.

Hold a candle.

Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, Act ii. Sc. 6; *Beware of Pickpockets*; Byrom, *Feuds between Handel and Bononcini*.

Honesty is the best policy.

*Don Quixote*, Part ii. Ch. xxxiii.; Matthew Henry, *Commentaries*, Job viii.; Byrom, *The Nimmers*; North's *Life of Lord Keeper Guilford*, 1740; Franklin, *Poor Richard*.

How we apples swim.

Ray's *Proverbs*; Mallet, *Tyburn*; Swift, *Brother Protestants*.

I don't see it.

Cibber, *The Careless Husband*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.

Shakespeare, *Henry VI.*, Part iii. Act ii. Sc. 5.

Ill wind turns none to good.

Tusser, *Moral Reflections on the Wind*.

Ill wind which blows no man good.

Shakespeare, *Henry IV.*, Part ii. Act v. Sc. 3; Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; *Marriage of Wit and Wisdom*, circa 1570.

I name no parties.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Wit at several Weapons*, Act ii. Sc. 3. The use of party in the sense of person occurs in the Book of Common Prayer, More's *Utopia*, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Fuller's *A Pisgah Sight*, and other old English writers.

Ignorance is the mother of devotion.

Jeremy Taylor, *Letter to a Person newly converted*; Dryden, *The Maiden Queen*, Act i. Sc. 2; Hume, *Natural History of Religion*.

In spite of my [thy] teeth.

Middleton, *A Trick to catch the Old One*, Act i. Sc. 2; South-erne, *Sir Anthony Love*, Act iii. Sc. 1; Fielding, *Eurydice Hissed*; Garrick, *The Country Girl*, Act iv. Sc. 3.



It was no chylden's game.

Pilkington, *Tournament of Tottenham*, 1631.

Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee.

*Eastward Hoe*, 1605, by Chapman, Marston, and Jonson:  
Franklin, *Poor Richard*.

Labour for his pains.

Edward Moore, *The Boy and the Rainbow; Preface to Don Quixote*, Lockhart's edition.

Let the world slide.

Shakespeare, *The Taming of the Shrew, Induction, Sc. 1*;  
John Heywood, *Be merry, Friends*; Beaumont and Fletcher,  
*Wit without Money*.

Let us do or die.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Island Princess, Act ii. Sc. 4*;  
Burns, *Bannockburn*; Campbell, *Gertrude of Wyoming, Part*  
*iii. St. 37*.

Scott says, "This expression is a kind of common property,  
being the motto, we believe, of a Scottish family." — *Review*  
*of Gertrude, Scott's Miscellanies, Vol. i. p. 153*.

Look a gift horse in the mouth.

Rabelais, *Book i. Ch. xi.*; *Vulgaria Stambriigi, circa 1510*;  
Butler, *Hudibras, Part i. Canto i. Line 490*; also quoted by  
St. Jerome.

Look before you ere you leap.

Butler, *Hudibras, Part ii. Canto ii. Line 502*.

Look ere thou leap, see ere thou go.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Tottel's *Miscellany*, 1557; Tusser,  
*Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry, Ch. lvii*.

Love me little, love me long.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Marlowe, *Jew of Malta, Act iv.*;  
Bacon's *Formularies*; Herrick, *Song*.

Love me, love my dog.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Chapman, *Widow's Tears*.

This was a proverb in the time of Saint Bernard: "Dicitur certe  
vulgari quodam proverbio: Qui me amat, amet et canem  
meum." — *In Festo S. Michaelis, Sermo Primus*.

## Lucid interval.

Bacon, *Henry VII.*; Sidney, *On Government, Vol. i. Ch. ii. Sec. 24*; Fuller, *A Pisgah Sight of Palestine, Book iv. Ch. ii.*; South, *Sermon, Vol. viii. p. 403*; Dryden, *MacFlecknoe*; Matthew Henry, *Commentaries, Psalm lxxxviii.*; Johnson, *Life of Lyttelton*; Burke, *On the French Revolution.*

## Nisi suadeat intervallis.

Bracton, *fol. 1243, and fol. 420 b*; *Register Original, 267 a, 1270.*

## Mad as a March hare.

Skelton, *Replycation against certayne Young Scholers, 1520*; Heywood's *Proverbs, 1546.*

## Made no more bones.

Du Bartas, *The Maiden Blush.*

## Main chance.

Shakespeare, *Henry VI., Part ii. Act i. Sc. 1*; Butler, *Hudibras, Part ii. Canto ii.*; Dryden, *Persius, Satire vi.*

## Many-headed monster.

Daniel, *Civil Wars, Book ii.*; Du Bartas, *Paradox against Libertie*; Massinger, *The Roman Actor, Act iii. Sc. 2*; Voltaire, *Merope, Act i. Sc. 4*; Pope, *Epistle i. Book ii. Line 305*; Scott, *Lady of the Lake, Canto v. St. 30.*

## Midnight oil.

Gay, *Shepherd and Philosopher*; Shenstone, *Elegy xi.*; Cowper, *Retirement*; Lloyd, *On Rhyme.*

## Mince the matter.

King, 1663-1712, *Ulysses and Tiresias.*

## Mine ease in mine inn.

Heywood's *Proverbs, 1546*; Shakespeare, *Henry IV., Part i. Act iii. Sc. 3.*

## Moon is made of green cheese.

*Jack Jugler, p. 46*; Rabelais, *Book i. Ch. xi.*; Blacklock's *Hatchet of Heresies, 1565*; Butler, *Hudibras, Part ii. Canto iii. Line 263.*

## More goodness [wit] in his little finger than you have in your whole body.

Ray's *Proverbs*; Swift, *Mary the Cookmaid's Letter.*

**More the merrier.**

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Gascoigne's *Posies*, 1575; Title of a *Book of Epigrams*, 1608; Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Scornful Lady*, Act i. Sc. 1; *The Sea Voyage*, Act i. Sc. 2.

**Much water goeth by the mill,  
That the miller knoweth not of.**

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Shakespeare, *Titus Andronicus*, Act ii. Sc. 1.

**Mother-wit.**

Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, Book iv. Canto x. St. 21; Marlowe, *Prologue to Tamberlaine the Great*, Part i.; Middleton, *Your Five Gallants*, Act i. Sc. 1; Shakespeare, *Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii. Sc. 1.

**Music of the spheres.**

Montaigne, *Essays*, Book i. Ch. xxii.; Shakespeare, *Pericles*, Act v. Sc. 1; Middleton, *The Roaring Girl*, Act iv. Sc. 1; *Antony Brewer*, Act iii. Sc. 7; Milton, *Hymn on Christ's Nativity*; Donne's *Devotions*; Webster, *Duchess of Malfi*; Sir Thomas Browne, *Religio Medici*, Part ii. Sec. 9; Pope, *Essay on Man*, Epistle i. Line 202.

**Necessity the mother of invention.**

Franck's *Northern Memoirs*, Writ in the Year 1658, printed 1694; Wycherly, *Love in a Wood*, Act iii. Sc. 3, 1672; Farquhar, *Twin Rivals*, Act i., 1705.

**Magister artis ingenique largitor venter.**

Persius, *Prolog.*, Line 10.

**Nine days' wonder.**

Chaucer, *Troilus and Creseide*; Ascham's *Schoolmaster*; Heywood's *Proverbs*; Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Noble Gentleman*, Act iii. Sc. 4; Quarles, *Emblems*, Book i. viiii.

**No better than you should be.**

Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Coxcomb*, Act iv. Sc. 3; Fielding, *The Temple Beau*, Sc. 3.

**No love lost between us.**

Middleton, *The Witch*, Sc. 3; Goldsmith, *She Stoops to Conquer*, Act iv.; Garrick, *Correspondence*, 1759; Fielding, *The Grub Street Opera*, Act i. Sc. 4.

Of harmes two the lesse is for to cheese.

Chaucer, *Troilus and Creseide*, Book ii. Line 470.

Of two evils the less is always to be chosen.

Thomas à Kempis, *Imitation of Christ*, Book ii. Ch. xii.; Hooker's *Polity*, Book v. Ch. lxxxii.

Of two evils I have chose the least.

Prior, *Imitation of Horace*.

E duobus malis minimum eligendum.

Erasmus, *Adages*; Cicero, *De Officiis*, iii. 1.

Out of the frying-pan into the fire.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*; *Don Quixote*, ed. Lockhart, Part i. Book iii. Ch. iv.

On his last legs.

Middleton, *The Old Law*, Act v. Sc. 1.

Outrun the constable.

Ray's *Proverbs*; Butler, *Hudibras*, Part i. Canto iii. Line 1145.

Over the hills and far away.

D'Urfey, *Pills to Purge Melancholy*; Farquhar's *Recruiting Officer*, *Jockey's Lamentation*, from *Wit's Mirth*, Vol. iv.; Gay, *Beggar's Opera*, Act i. Sc. 1.

Paradise of fools. Fools' paradise.

William Bullein's *Dialogue*, p. 28, 1573; *Handful of Pleasant Delights*, 1584, Arber's reprint, 1878; John Day, *Humour out of Breath*, 1608; Middleton, *The Family of Love*, Act i. Sc. 1; Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii. Sc. 4; Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book iii. Line 496; Pope, *Dunciad*, Book iii.; Fielding, *The Modern Husband*, Act i. Sc. 9; Crabbe, *The Borough*, Letter xii.; Quevedo, *Visions*, iv., L'Estrange's Translation; Murphy, *All in the Wrong*, Act i.

Picked up his crumbs.

Murphy, *The Upholsterer*, Act i.

Plain as a pike-staff.

Terence in English, 1641; Duke of Buckingham, *Speech in the House of Lords*, 1675; Smollett, *Translation of Gil Blas*, Book xii. Ch. viii.

## Remedy worse than the disease.

Publius Syrus, *Maxim* 301; Bacon, *Of Seditions and Troubles*; Beaumont and Fletcher, *Love's Cure*, Act iii. Sc. 2; Quarles, *Judgment and Mercy*; Suckling's *Letters*, *A Dissuasion from Love*; Dryden's *Juvenal*, *Satire* xvi.

## Rhyme nor reason.

*Pierre Patelin*, quoted by Tyndale, 1530; *Farce du Vendeur des Lieures*, sixteenth century; Spenser, *On his Promised Pension*; Peele, *Edward I.*; Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, Act iii. Sc. 2; *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v. Sc. 5; *Comedy of Errors*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

Sir Thomas More advised an author, who had sent him his manuscript to read, "to put it in rhyme." Which being done, Sir Thomas said, "Yea, marry, now it is somewhat, for now it is rhyme; before it was neither rhyme nor reason."

## Rolling stone gathers no moss.

Publius Syrus, *Maxim* 524; Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Tusser, *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*; Gosson's *Ephemerides of Phialo*; Marston, *The Fawn*.

## Rule the rost.

Skelton, *Colyn Cloute*, circa 1518; Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Shakespeare, *Henry IV.*, Part ii. Act i. Sc. 1; Thomas Heywood, *History of Women*.

## Set my ten commandments in your face.

Shakespeare, *Henry VI.*, Part ii. Act i. Sc. 3; *Selimus, Emperor of the Turks*, 1594; *Westward Hoe*, 1607; Erasmus, *Apophthegms*.

## Silence gives consent.

Ray's *Proverbs*; Fuller, *Wise Sentences*; Goldsmith, *The Good-Natured Man*, Act ii.

## Sleveless errand.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Addison, *Spectator*.

The origin of the word "sleveless." in the sense of unprofitable, has defied the most careful research. It is frequently found allied to other substantives. Bishop Hall speaks of the "sleveless tale of transubstantiation," and Milton writes of a "sleveless reason." Chaucer uses it in the *Testament of Love*. — Sharman.

Smell a rat.

Ray's *Proverbs*; Middleton, *The Family of Love*, Act iv. Sc. 2;  
Ben Jonson, *Tale of a Tub*, Act iv. Sc. 3; Butler, *Hudibras*,  
Part i. Canto i. Line 281; Farquhar, *Love and a Bottle*.

Sober as a judge.

Fielding, *Don Quixote in England*, Sc. 14; Lamb, *Letter to Mr.  
and Mrs. Moxon*.

Spare the rod, and spoil the child.

Ray's *Proverbs*; Butler, *Hudibras*, Part ii. Canto i. Line 844.

Speech is silvern, Silence is golden; Speech is human,  
Silence is divine.

A German proverb.

Speech is like cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad,  
whereby the imagery doth appear in figure;  
whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs.

Plutarch, *Life of Themistocles*; from Bacon, *Essays, On  
Friendship*.

Spick and span new.

Ray's *Proverbs*; Middleton, *The Family of Love*, Act v. Sc. 3;  
Ford, *The Lover's Melancholy*, Act i. Sc. 1; Farquhar, *Pref-  
ace to his Works*.

Strike while the iron is hot.

Rabelais, *Book ii. Ch. xxxi.*; Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; John  
Webster, *Westward Hoe*, Act ii. Sc. 1, 1607; Tom A Lincolne;  
Farquhar, *The Beau's Stratagem*, Act iv. Sc. 1.

Tell truth, and shame the Devil.

Shakespeare, *Henry IV.*, Part i. Act iii. Sc. 1; Beaumont and  
Fletcher, *Wit without Money*, Act iv. Sc. 1; Swift, *Mary the  
Cookmaid's Letter*.

That is a stinger.

Middleton, *More Dissemblers besides Women*, Act iii. Sc. 2.

This is a sure card.

*Thersytes*, circa 1550.

The lion is not so fierce as they paint him.

Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum*; Fuller, *On Expecting Preferment*.

They laugh that win.

Shakespeare, *Othello*, Act v. Sc. 1; Lockhart's *Translation of Don Quixote*, Part ii. Ch. i.

This story will not go down.

Fielding, *Tumble Down Dick*.

Though I say it that should not say it.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Wit at several Weapons*, Act ii. Sc. 2; Fielding, *The Miser*, Act iii. Sc. 2; Cibber, *The Rival Fools*, Act ii.; *The Fall of British Tyranny*, Act iv. Sc. 2.

Through thick and thin.

Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, Book iii. Canto i. St. 17; Drayton, *Nymphidiæ*; Middleton, *The Roaring Girl*, Act iv. Sc. 2; Kemp, *Nine Days' Wonder*; Butler, *Hudibras*, Part i. Canto ii. Line 369; Dryden, *Absalom and Achitophel*, Part ii. Line 414; Pope, *Dunciad*, Book ii.; Cowper, *John Gilpin*.

To be in the wrong box.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Fox, *Book of Martyrs*, vi.

To make a virtue of necessity.

Rabelais, *Book i. Ch. xi.*; Chaucer, *Knights Tale*, Line 3044; Shakespeare, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iv. Sc. 2; Matthew Henry, *Commentaries*, Psalm xxxvii.; Dryden, *Palamon and Arcite*.

In the additions of Hadrianus Junius to the *Adages* of Erasmus, he remarks, under the head of *Necessitatem edere*, that a very familiar proverb was current among his countrymen, viz. "Necessitatem in virtutem commutare."

Laudem virtutis necessitate damus.

Quintilian, *Inst. Orat.*, i. 8. 14.

Too much of a good thing.

*Don Quixote*, Part i. Book i. Ch. vi.; Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, Act iv. Sc. 1.

To run with the hare and hold with the hound.

Humphrey Robert, *Complaynt for Reformation*, 1572; Lyly, *Euphues*, 1580, Arber's reprint, p. 107.

To see and to be seen.

Chaucer, *Wif of Bathes Prologue*, Line 552; Ben Jonson, *Epithalamion*, St. iii. Line 4; Dryden, *Ovid's Art of Love*, Book i. Line 109; Goldsmith, *Citizen of the World*, Letter 71.

## Turn over a new leaf.

Middleton, *Anything for a Quiet Life*, Act iii. Sc. 3; *A Health to the Gentl. Prof. of Servingmen*, 1598; Burke, *Letter to Mrs. Haviland*.

## Twinkling of a bed-post.

Shadwell, *Virtuoso*, 1676; Ben Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour*; Colman, *Heir at Law*.

## Two of a trade seldom agree.

Ray's *Proverbs*; Gay, *The Old Hen and the Cock*; Murphy, *The Apprentice*, Act iii.

## Two strings to his bow.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; *Letter of Queen Elizabeth to James VI.*, June, 1585; Hooker's *Polity*, Book v. Ch. lxxx.; Butler, *Hudibras*, Part iii. Canto i. Line 1; Churchill, *The Ghost*, Book iv.; Fielding, *Love in Several Masques*, Sc. 13.

## Up to the times, clever fellows.

Sidney, *Discourses on Government*, Vol. i. Ch. ii.

## Virtue a reward to itself.

Walton, *Angler*, Part i. Ch. 1.

## Virtue is her own reward.

Dryden, *Tyrannic Love*, Act iii. Sc. 1.

## Virtue is to herself the best reward.

Henry More, *Cupid's Conflict*.

## Virtue is its own reward.

Prior, *Imitations of Horace*, Book iii. Ode 2; Gay, *Epistle to Methuen*; Home, *Douglas*, Act iii. Sc. 1.

*Ipsa quidem Virtus sibimet pulcherrima merces.*

Silius Italicus, *Punica*, Lib. xiii. Line 663.

## Where God hath a temple, the Devil will have a chapel.

Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part iii. Sec. iv.

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,  
The Devil always builds a chapel there.

De Foe, *The True-born Englishman*, Part i. Line 1.



God never had a church but there, men say,  
 The Devil a chapel hath raised by some wyles.  
 I doubted of this saw, till on a day  
 I westward spied great Edinburgh's Saint Gyles.  
 Drummond, *Posthumous Poems*.

No sooner is a temple built to God, but the Devil builds  
 a chapel hard by.  
 George Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum*.

Whistle and she 'll come to you.  
 Beaumont and Fletcher, *Wit without Money*, Act iv. Sc. 4.

What the dickens.  
 Heywood, *King Edward IV.*, Act iii. Sc. 1; Shakespeare,  
*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii. Sc. 2.

Will for the deed.  
 Cibber, *Rival Fools*, Act iii.

Within one of her.  
 Cibber, *Rival Fools*, Act v.

Wrong sow by the ear.  
 Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546; Ben Jonson. *Every Man in his  
 Humour*, Act ii. Sc. 7; Butler, *Hudibras*, Part ii. Canto iii.  
 Line 580; Colman, *Heir at Law*, Act i. Sc. 1.

Word and a blow.  
 Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii. Sc. 1; Dryden. *Amphi-  
 tryon*, Act i. Sc. 1; Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*, Part i.



But me no buts.  
 Fielding, *Rape upon Rape*, Act ii. Sc. 2; Aaron Hill, *Snake in  
 the Grass*, Sc. 1.

Cause me no causes.  
 Massinger, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, Act i. Sc. 3.

Clerk me no clerks.  
 Scott, *Ivanhoe*, Ch. xx.

Diamond me no diamonds! prize me no prizes.  
 Tennyson, *Idylls of the King*, *Elaine*.

End me no ends.

Massinger, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, Act v. Sc. 1.

Fool me no fools.

Bulwer, *Last Days of Pompeii*, Book iii. Ch. vi.

Front me no fronts.

Ford, *The Lady's Trial*, Act ii. Sc. 1.

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle.

Shakespeare, *Richard II.*, Act ii. Sc. 3.

Madam me no madam.

Dryden, *The Wild Gallant*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

Map me no maps.

Fielding, *Rape upon Rape*, Act i. Sc. 5.

Midas me no Midas.

Dryden, *The Wild Gallant*, Act ii. Sc. 1.

O me no O's.

Ben Jonson, *The Case is Altered*, Act v. Sc. 1.

Parish me no parishes.

Peele, *The Old Wive's Tale*.

Petition me no petitions.

Fielding, *Tom Thumb*, Act i. Sc. 2.

Play me no plays.

Foote, *The Knight*, Act ii.

Plot me no plots.

Baumont and Fletcher, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, Act ii. Sc. 5.

Thank me no thanks, nor proud me no prouds.

Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii. Sc. 5.

Virgin me no virgins.

Massinger, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, Act iii. Sc. 2.

Vow me no vows.

Baumont and Fletcher, *Wit without Money*, Act iv. Sc. 4.

# INDEX.

- AARON'S serpent, like, 270.  
 Abandon, all hope, 570.  
 Abashed the devil stood, 190.  
 Abbey, in the great, 522.  
 Abbots, where slumber, 285.  
 Abdiel, so spake the seraph, 191.  
 Abhorred in my imagination, 119.  
 Abide with me, 505.  
 Abi-ezer; vintage of, 587.  
 Ability to execute, 348.  
     out of my lean and low, 51.  
 Abode, dread, 330.  
 Abodes, blest, 269.  
 Abominable, newspapers are, 379.  
 Abomination of desolation, 610.  
 Abora, Mount, singing of, 435.  
 Abou Ben Adhem, 491.  
 Above all Greek fame, 283.  
     all Roman fame, 283.  
     any Greek or Roman, 221.  
     Lord descended from, 7.  
     that which is written, 613.  
     the reach of ordinary men, 406.  
     the smoke and stir, 198.  
     the vulgar flight, 337.  
 Abra was ready ere I called, 242.  
 Abraham's bosom, sleep in, 71.  
 Abridgment of all that was pleasant  
     in man, 342.  
 Abroad, came flying all, 7, 281.  
     schoolmaster is, 497.  
 Absence conquers love, 542.  
     conspicuous by his, 625.  
     days of, sad and dreary, 576.  
     heart grow fonder, in, 508.  
     I dote on his very, 37.  
     of mind, your, 431.  
     of occupation is not rest, 357.  
     still increases love, 508.  
 Absent from him I roam, 440.  
     from the body, 430.  
     in body, present in spirit, 613.  
     thee from felicity awhile, 121.  
 Absents, presents endear, 431.  
 Absolute, how, the knave is, 118.  
     rule, eye sublime declared, 188.  
     sway, with, 234.  
 Absolutism tempered by assassination,  
     621.
- Abstinence, easiness to the next, 116.  
 Abstract and brief chronicles, 109.  
 Absurd to reason, 102.  
 Abundance, he shall have, 610.  
     of the heart, 608.  
 Abuse, bore without, 554.  
     stumbling on, 80.  
 Abused, better to be much, 129.  
     or disabused, by himself, 270.  
 Abuses me to damn me, 110.  
 Abusing the king's English, 22.  
 Abyss of time, 19.  
 Abyss, into this wild, 185.  
 Abyssinia, Prince of, 314.  
 Abyssinian maid, it was an, 435.  
 Academe, grove of, 197.  
 Academes that nourish all the world,  
     32.  
 Accents flow with artless ease, 373.  
 Accept a miracle instead of wit, 267.  
 Accepted time, now is the, 614.  
 Accident, happy, 621.  
     of an accident, 333.  
 Accidents by flood and field, 125.  
     chapter of, 298.  
 Accommodated, excellent to be, 64.  
 Accomplishment of verse, 421.  
 Account, more for number than, 25.  
 According to his folly, 598.  
     to knowledge, not, 613.  
     to the appearance, 611.  
 Account, beggarly, of empty boxes, 82.  
     sent to my, 107.  
 Accoutred as I was I plunged in, 83.  
 Accuse not nature, 194.  
 Accusing spirit, 322.  
 Ace, coldest that ever turned up, 134.  
 Achaians, again to the battle, 444.  
 Ache, charm, with air, 30.  
     penury and imprisonment, 26.  
     while his heart doth, 213.  
 Aches, fill all thy bones with, 19.  
 Achilles assumed, what name, 177.  
 Achilles's tomb, stood upon, 439.  
     wrath to Greece, 290.  
 Aching void, left an, 364.  
 Acorns, tall oaks from little, 394.  
 Acquaintance, decrease upon better,  
     22.

- Acquaintance, people for a visiting, 378.  
     should auld, 387.  
 Acquire and beget a temperance, 112.  
 Acre of barren ground, 19.  
     of his neighbor's corn, 402.  
 Acres, Cleon hath a million, 559.  
     few paternal, 288.  
     over whose, walked, 57.  
 Act and know, does both, 232.  
     prologues to the swelling, 90.  
     that blurs the grace, 115.  
     that roars so loud, 115.  
     well your part, 272.  
 Acting of a dreadful thing, 85.  
     only when off the stage, 343.  
 Action and counteraction, 349.  
     faithful in, 276.  
     fine, makes that and the, 160.  
     how like an angel in, 109.  
     in the tented field, 125.  
     is transitory, 402.  
     lose the name of, 111.  
     no noble, done, 583.  
     of the tiger, imitate in war, 65.  
     pious, we sugar o'er, 110.  
     suit the, to the word, 112.  
     vice dignified by, 80.  
 Actions, all her words and, 194.  
     no other speaker of my living, 75.  
     of the just, 153.  
     of the last age, 171.  
     virtuous, are born and die, 234.  
 Actor, condemn not the, 24.  
     well graced, after a, 56.  
 Actors, fill with, 170.  
     these our, were all spirits, 20.  
 Acts being seven ages, 44.  
     four first, 260.  
     illustrious, high raptures do in-  
     fuse, 175.  
     like a Samaritan, 525.  
     little nameless, 406.  
     nobly does well, 263.  
     our, our angels are, 150.  
     the best who thinks most, 561.  
     those graceful, 194.  
     unremembered, 406.  
 Ada! sole daughter, 473.  
 Adage, like the poor cat in the, 92.  
 Adam and Eve, son of, 242.  
     Cupid, young, 78.  
     dove and Eve span, 582.  
     gardener, and his wife, 547.  
     the goodliest man of men, 188.  
     the offending, 65.  
     waked so customed, 190.  
 Adam's ear, in, 192.  
     fall, we sinned all in, 585.  
 Adamant, cased in, 415.  
 Add to golden numbers, 166.  
 Adder, like the deaf, 593.  
     stingeth like an, 598.  
 Adding fuel to the flame, 198.  
     insult to injury, 621.  
 Addison, days and nights to, 314.  
 Address, wiped with a little, 359.  
 Adds a precious seeing to the eye, 32.  
 Adhem, Abou Ben, 491.  
 Adhere, nor time nor place did, 92.  
 Adieu, drop a tear and bid, 305.  
     my native shore, 471.  
     she cried, 294.  
     so sweetly she bade me, 324.  
 Adjunct, learning is but an, 32.  
 Administered, best, is best, 271.  
 Administrations, most competent, 369.  
 Admiral, last of all an, 425.  
 Admiration of virtue, 210.  
     of weak minds, 196.  
     season your, for a while, 103.  
 Admire, fools, 278.  
     those we like, 575.  
     where none, 321.  
 Admired, all who saw, 382.  
     disorder, with most, 97.  
 Admit impediments, 136.  
 Admitted to that equal sky, 269.  
 Adolescens moritur, 488.  
 Adoption tried, their, 104.  
 Adoration, breathless with, 409.  
 Adore the hand, 243.  
 Adored by saint by savage, 287.  
     through fear, 363.  
 Adores and burns, 269.  
 Adorn a tale, point a moral, 311.  
     nothing he did not, 313.  
     the cottage might, 342.  
 Adorned in her husband's eye, 393.  
     the most when unadorned, 302.  
     whatever he spoke upon, 313.  
 Adorning with so much art, 173.  
 Adorns and cheers the way, 345.  
 Adullam, cave of, 588.  
 Adulteries of art, than all the, 147.  
 Advantage, feet nailed for our, 57.  
     nature to, dressed, 277.  
 Advantageous to life, 20.  
 Adventure of the diver, 557.  
 Adventuring both, oft found both, 36.  
 Adversaries, as, do in law, 47.  
     souls of fearful, 69.  
 Adversary had written a book, 590.  
     the devil, because your, 617.  
 Adversite, fortunes sharpe, 4.  
 Adversity blessing of the New Testa-  
     ment, 137.  
     bruised with, 27.  
     crossed with, a man I am, 21.  
     day of, 598. 600.  
     of our best friends, 575.  
     sweet are the uses of, 42.

- Adversity's sweet milk, 81.  
 Advice, 't was good, 332.  
 Advices, lengthened sage, 384.  
 Advise, whom none could, 15.  
 Adviser, than ever did the, 386.  
 Ægrotò dum anima est, 295.  
 Aerial, upon rock, 421.  
 Aery-light, his sleep was, 190.  
 Afar off shine bright, 167.  
 Afeard, soldier and, 99.  
 Affairs of love, office and, 27.  
   of men, tide in the, 88.  
 Affect, study what you most, 47.  
 Affecting, natural simple, 343.  
 Affection cannot hold the bent, 50.  
   hateth nicer hands, 11.  
   preferment goes by letter and, 124.  
   strong to me-wards, 165.  
 Affections dark as Erebus, 41.  
   mild, of, 289.  
   run to waste, 477.  
 Affects to nod, 224.  
 Afflict the best, 326.  
 Afflicted or distressed, 618.  
 Affliction may smile again, 31.  
   tries our virtue, 333.  
 Affliction's heaviest shower, 410.  
   sons are brothers, 385.  
 Affrighted nature recoils, 351.  
 Affront, fear is, 261.  
   me, a well-bred man will not, 357.  
 Afraid, be not, it is I, 608  
   whistling to keep from being, 231.  
 Afric maps, geographers in, 245.  
 Afric's burning shore, 396.  
   sunny fountains, 463.  
 Africa and golden joys, 64.  
 After death the doctor, 161  
   the high Roman fashion, 133.  
   times, light for, 425.  
   times, written to, 210.  
   which was before come, 217.  
 After-loss, drop in for an, 136.  
 Afternoon, custom of the, 107.  
   multitude call the, 33.  
   of her best days, 71.  
 Afterwards he taught, 2.  
 Afton, flow gently sweet, 386.  
 Against me, not with me is, 611.  
 Agamemnon, brave men before, 486.  
 Agate-stone, no bigger than an, 78.  
 Age ache penury, 26.  
   actions of the last, 171.  
   and body of the time, 112.  
   and dust, pays us with, 14.  
   beautiful is their old, 417.  
   be comfort to my, 42.  
   cannot wither her, 132.  
   crabbed, and youth, 135.  
   cradle of reposing, 282.  
   dallies like the old, 50.  
 Age, grow dim with, 250.  
   he was not of an, 148.  
   in a full, come to thy grave, 589.  
   in a good old, 586.  
   in a green old, 230.  
   in every, in every clime, 287.  
   is as a lusty winter, 42.  
   is grown so picked, 119.  
   is in the wit is out, when the, 29.  
   labor of an, 208.  
   make the, to come my own, 172.  
   master spirits of this, 86.  
   mirror to a gaping, 499.  
   monumental pomp of, 414.  
   most remote from infancy, 140.  
   naked in mine, to mine enemies, 74.  
   of chivalry is gone, 350.  
   of ease, youth of labor, 340.  
   of gold, fetch the, 207.  
   of revolution and reformation, 370.  
   of sophisters, 350.  
   old, comes on apace, 366.  
   old, of cards, 274.  
   old, of this universal man, 140.  
   old, serene and bright, 408.  
   old, which should accompany, 99.  
   or antiquity is accounted, 139.  
   prayer-books are the toys of, 271.  
   pyramids dotting with, 212.  
   root of, worm at the, 365.  
   scarce expect one of my, 394.  
   shakes Athena's tower, 473.  
   should accompany old, 99.  
   silvered o'er with, 295.  
   smack of, in you, 62.  
   soul of the, 148.  
   staff of my, 33.  
   summer of her, in the, 230.  
   talking, made for, 359.  
   that melts in unperceived decay,  
     311.  
   thou art shamed, 84.  
   to perform promises of youth, 314.  
   too late or cold, 194  
   torrent of a downward, 302.  
   'twixt boy and youth, 449.  
   unspotted life is old, 606  
   what more honorable than, 630.  
   without a name, 453.  
 Age's tooth, poison for the, 52.  
 Aged bosom, confidence in an, 319.  
 Ears play truant at his tales, 32.  
   later times are more, 140.  
   men full loth and slow, 452.  
 Agencies vary, how widely its, 513.  
 Agent, trust no, 27.  
 Ages, alike all, 339.  
   elapsed ere Homer's lamp, 356.  
   ere the Mantuan swan, 356.  
   famous to all, 210.  
   heir of all the, 549.

- Ages, his acts being seven, 44.  
   on ages, 390.  
   once in the flight of, 439.  
   rock of, 371.  
   stamp and esteem of, 134.  
   three poets in three, 224.  
   through the, 549.  
   to the next, 141.  
   wakens the slumbering, 528.  
   ye unborn, 328.
- A-gley, gang aft, 385.
- Agony, all we know of, 500.  
   cannot be remembered, 437.  
   distrest, though oft to, 407.  
   swimmer in his, 487.  
   with words, charm, 30.
- Agree as angels do, 176.  
   on the stage, 379.  
   though all things differ, all, 287.
- Agreement with hell, 604.
- Ah happy hills, 325.
- Ah Sin was his name, 568.
- Aid, after war, 161.  
   alliteration's artful, 353.  
   for some wretch's, 286.  
   of ornament, the foreign, 302.  
   wisdom's, 336.
- Aide toi et le ciel t'aidera. 310.
- Aim, our being's end and, 272.
- Air a chartered libertine, 65.  
   ampler ether, diviner, 408.  
   and harmony of shape, 241.  
   around with beauty, 476.  
   babbling gossip of the, 49.  
   be shook to, 76.  
   bird of the, 601.  
   bites shrewdly, 105.  
   breasts the keen, 338.  
   burns frore, the parching, 183.  
   castles in the, 637.  
   charm ache with, 30.  
   couriers of the, 92.  
   do not saw the, 112.  
   every flower enjoys the, 416.  
   fairer than the evening, 18.  
   field of, 372.  
   fills the silent, 424.  
   heaven's sweetest, 136.  
   her, her manners, 322.  
   hurries in the darkened, 330.  
   into the murky, 195.  
   is calm and pleasant, 210.  
   is delicate, 91.  
   is full of farewells, 539.  
   let out to warm the, 246.  
   love free as, 286.  
   melted into thin, 20.  
   mocking the, with colors, 54.  
   most excellent canopy, 109.  
   nipping and an eager, 105.  
   of delightful studies, 210.
- Air of glory, walking in an, 214.  
   recommends itself, 91.  
   says with solemn, 389.  
   scent the morning, 107.  
   sewers annoy the, 194.  
   spread his sweet leaves to the, 77.  
   summer's noontide, 183.  
   sweetness in the desert, 353.  
   sweetness on the desert, 329.  
   their lungs receive our, 360.  
   thoughts shut up want, 263.  
   to rain in the, 12.  
   trifles light as, 129.  
   with barbarous dissonance, 201.  
   with beauty, fills the, 476.  
   with idle state, mock the, 327.
- Air-drawn dagger, 96.
- Airly, gut to get up, 593.
- Airs from heaven, bring with thee, 105.  
   lap me in soft Lydfan, 205.  
   melting, or martial, 363.  
   of England, martial, 467, 555.  
   whispered, gentle, 193.  
   who shall silence all the, 211.
- Airy hopes my children, 421.  
   nothing, a local habitation, 35.  
   purposes, execute their, 179.  
   reveries so, 361.  
   servitors, nimble and, 210.  
   tongues that syllable, 199.
- Aisle, long drawn, 328.
- Aisles of Christian Rome, 532.
- Ajax, prayer of, was for light, 540.  
   strives to throw, 278.  
   the great, himself a host, 290.
- Akin to love, pity 's, 243.
- Alabaster, as monumental, 131.  
   grandsire cut in, 36.
- Alacrity in sinking, a kind of, 23.
- Alarms, serene amidst, 366.
- Alarums changed to merry meetings,  
   69.
- Aldeborontiphosphornio, 244.
- Alderman's forefinger, 78.
- Aldivalloch, Roy's wife of, 359.
- Ale, God send thee good, 7.  
   no more cakes and, 49.  
   quart of mighty, 2.  
   size of pots of, 215.  
   spicy, nut-brown, 205.
- Alexander, noble dust of, 119.
- Alexandrine, needless, 277.
- Algebra, tell what hour by, 215.
- Alice, don't you remember sweet, 567.
- Alike all ages, 339.  
   fantastic if too new or old, 277.
- Alive, bliss to be, 423.
- All above is grace, 223.  
   below is strength, 223.  
   chance direction, 270.  
   crowd who foremost, 285.

- All cry and no wool, 216.  
 discord harmony, 270.  
 earth forgot, 459.  
 Europe rings, 209.  
 flesh is grass, 604.  
 for love, 381.  
 good to me is lost, 187.  
 hell broke loose, 190.  
 in all, take him for, 103.  
 in the Downs, 294.  
 is fish that cometh to net, 6, 635.  
 is lost save honour, 622.  
 is not gold that glitters, 635, 636.  
 is not lost, 178.  
 is vanity, 599, 600.  
 mankind's concern, 271.  
 mankind's epitome, 222.  
 mankind's wonder, 235.  
 men are created equal, 369.  
 men are liars, 594.  
 men have their price, 253.  
 men's wisdom, 634.  
 my pretty chickens, 98.  
 my sins remembered, 111.  
 of death to die, 439.  
 of one mind, be ye, 617.  
 on a rock reclined, 294.  
 other things give place, 295.  
 passions all delights, 434.  
 places shall be hell, 18.  
 shall die, 64.  
 silent and all damned, 409.  
 that a man hath, 589.  
 that faire is, 12.  
 that glisters is not gold, 635.  
 that is bright must fade, 459.  
 that lives must die, 102.  
 that men held wise, 170.  
 the brothers valiant, 622.  
 the sisters virtuous, 622.  
 the world's a stage, 44.  
 things that are, 38, 150.  
 things to all men, 613.  
 things work together, 613.  
 this and heaven too, 233.  
 thoughts all passions, 434.  
 thy ends thy country's, 74.  
 was false and hollow, 182.  
 we know or dream, 500.  
 who dwell below the skies, 255.
- Allaying Thames, with no, 172.  
 Tiber, not a drop of, 76.
- Alle night with open eye, 1.
- Allegory, headstrong as an, 378.
- Alliances, entangling, 369.
- Allies, thou hast great, 412.
- Alliteration's artful aid, 353.
- Allured to brighter worlds, 340.
- Almanacs of the last year, 171.
- Almighty dollar, the, 468.  
 gold, 147, 468.
- Almighty Lord, vicar of the, 4.  
 Almighty's orders, the, 251.
- Alms, prayers which are old age's, 142.  
 when thou doest, 607.
- Aloft, cherub that sits up, 381.
- Alone, all, all alone, 432.  
 I did it. — Boy! 77.  
 least in solitude, 474.  
 man should not be, 586.  
 never, appear the Immortals, 435.  
 never less, 355, 400.  
 on a wide, wide sea, 432.  
 that worn-out word, 525.  
 with his glory, 504.  
 with noble thoughts, 16.
- Aloof, they stood, 433.
- Alp, many a fiery, 184.
- Alph, the sacred river, 435.
- Alpha and Omega, 617.
- Alps on Alps arise, 277.  
 though perched on, 265.
- Alraschid, Haroun, 547.
- Altama murmurs, wild, 342.
- Altar, bow before thine, 337.  
 reach the skies, let its, 401.
- Altars, priests, victims, 286.  
 strike for your, 500.
- Altar-stairs, world's, 553.
- Alteration finds, alters when it, 136.
- Altissima quæque flumina, 13.
- Alway, I would not live, 468, 589.
- Am I not a man and a brother? 622.
- Amaranthine flower of faith, 410.
- Amaryllis in the shade, 203.
- Amaze the unlearned, 277.
- Amazed the gazing rustics, 341.
- Amazing brightness, 237.
- Ambassador is an honest man sent to  
 lie abroad, 144.
- Amber, flie in a beade of, 164.  
 flies in, 139.  
 scent of odorous perfume, 198.  
 snuff-box, 279.  
 straws in, 280.  
 tipped with, 485.  
 whose foam is, 171.
- Amber-dropping hair, 202.
- Ambition finds such joy, 187.  
 fling away, 74.  
 heart's supreme, 321.  
 high, lowly laid, 447.  
 loves to slide not stand, 221.  
 low, and thirst of praise, 356.  
 made of sterner stuff, 87.  
 of a private man, 361.  
 of man, crueltie and, 15.  
 the soldier's virtue, 133.  
 thriftless, 95.  
 to low, 268.  
 to reign is worth, 179.  
 vaulting, which o'erleaps itself, 92.

- Ambition virtue, wars that make, 130.  
 Ambition's ladder, lowliness is, 84.  
 Ambrosial curls, 290.  
 Ambuscadoes, breaches, 78.  
 Amen stuck in my throat, 93.  
 Amend your ways, 605.  
 America, epocha in history of, 368.  
 American book, play, picture, 428.  
   I was born an, 467.  
   idea, what I call the, 543.  
   if I were an, 320.  
   strand, 161.  
 Amiable weakness, 308, 380.  
   weaknesses, 355.  
 Amicably if they can, 398.  
 Amice gray, in, 197.  
 Amid the blaze of noon, 197.  
   the melancholy main, 303.  
 Amiss, nothing comes, 47.  
 Ammiral, mast of some great, 179.  
 Among them but not of them, 475.  
 Amorous causes, springs from, 279.  
   delay, reluctant, 188.  
   descant sung, 188.  
   fond and billing, 220.  
   looking-glass, court an, 69.  
 Amos Cottle! what a name! 470.  
 Amphitryon, true, 231.  
 Ample room and verge enough, 327.  
 Ampler ether, 408.  
 Amuck, to run, 282.  
 Anarch, great, 286.  
 Anarchy, digest of, 349.  
   eternal, hold, 185.  
 Anatomy, a mere, 27.  
 Ancestors are good kind of folks, 378.  
   of nature, 185.  
   that come after him, 21.  
   wisdom of our, 352.  
 Ancestral voices, 435.  
 Anchor of our peace at home, 370.  
 Anchorite, saintship of an, 471.  
 Anchors, great, 71.  
 Ancient and fish-like smell, 20.  
   and honorable, 603.  
   as the sun, hills, 515.  
   ears, ring in my, 80.  
   grudge I bear him, 37.  
   landmark remove not, 598.  
   tales say true, if, 471.  
   times, these are the, 139.  
   trusty drouthy crony, 384.  
 Ancients say wisely, as the, 219.  
   of the earth, we are, 550.  
 Aneidotage, man in his, 531.  
 Angel appear to each lover, 258.  
   consideration like an, 65.  
   death and his Maker, 436.  
   down, she drew an, 226.  
   dropped from the clouds, 61.  
   ended, the, 192.  
 Angel guardian, 400.  
   hands to valour, given, 498.  
   hold the fleet, 310, 540.  
   hope thou hovering, 199.  
   in action, how like an, 109.  
   in his motion like an, sings, 41.  
   ministering, 119, 450.  
   on the outward side, 26.  
   presiding o'er his life, 400.  
   recording, 322.  
   should write, though an, 462.  
   visits few and far between, 442.  
   whiteness, 29.  
   yet in this, of habits devil, is, 116.  
 Angel's face shyned bright, 10.  
   tear, passage of an, 503.  
   wings, clip an, 502.  
   wing, dropped from an, 415.  
   wing, plucked from an, 415.  
 Angelical fiend, 81.  
 Angels, agree as, do above, 176.  
   alone enjoy such liberty, 172.  
   and ministers of grace, 105.  
   are bright still, 98.  
   are painted fair, 237.  
   could no more, 263.  
   entertained, unawares, 616.  
   fear to tread, where, 278.  
   fell by that sin, 74.  
   forget-me-nots of the, 538.  
   help, make assay, 115.  
   holy, guard thy bed, 255.  
   in some brighter dreams, 214.  
   laugh too at the good, 545.  
   listen when she speaks, 235.  
   little lower than the, 591.  
   men would be, 269.  
   music, 'tis, 160.  
   ne'er like, till passion dies, 166.  
   our acts our, are, 150.  
   plead like, 92.  
   pure in thought as are, 401.  
   sad as, 442.  
   say sister spirit come away, 288.  
   shared with, 479.  
   sung the strain, guardian, 304.  
   tears such as, weep, 180.  
   thousand liveried, 201.  
   tremble while they gaze, 326.  
   trumpet-tongued, 92.  
   visits like those of, 300.  
   visits short and bright, 238.  
   wake thee, 313.  
   weep, make the, 25.  
   which would drag, down, 466.  
   would be gods, 269.  
 Angels' ken, far as, 178.  
 Anger, biting for, 213.  
   more in sorrow than, 103  
   of his lip, contempt and, 50.  
 Angle, a brother of the, 157.



- Angler, if he be an honest, 157.  
   no man is born an, 157.  
 Anglers or very honest men, 158.  
 Angling, be quiet and go a, 158.  
   innocent recreation, 158.  
   is somewhat like poetry, 157.  
   like mathematics, 157.  
   wagered on your, 132.  
 Angling-rod, a sturdy oak his, 583.  
 Angry, be ye, and sin not, 615.  
   heaven is not always, 243.  
   passions rise, never let your, 254.  
 Anguish, another's, 77.  
   here tell your, 461.  
   hopeless, poured his groan, 312.  
   wring the brow, 450.  
 Animal, man is a noble, 177.  
   man is a two-legged, 629.  
 Animated bust, 328.  
   only by faith and hope, 314.  
 Anise and cumin, 609.  
 Anna, hear thou great, 279.  
 Annals of the poor, 328.  
   writ your, true, 77.  
 Annihilate space and time, 284.  
 Annihilating all that's made, 232.  
   die, cannot but by, 192.  
 Anointed, rail on the Lord's, 71.  
   sovereign of sighs and groans, 32.  
 Another and a better world, 577.  
   and the same, 423.  
   man's doxy, 630.  
   man's ground, built on, 22.  
   morn risen on mid-noon, 191, 423.  
   yet the same, 636.  
 Another's and another's, 442.  
   eyes, to choose love by, 34.  
   face commend, 323.  
   joy, envy withers at, 391.  
   sword laid him low, 442.  
   woe, to feel, 288.  
 Answer a fool, 598.  
   echoes answer, 550.  
   him, ye owls, 285.  
   soft, turneth away wrath, 597.  
   ye evening tapers, 545.  
 Answers till a husband cools, 275.  
 Ant, go to the, thou sluggard, 595.  
 Antagonist is our helper, our, 351.  
 Anthem, pealing, 323.  
 Anthems, singing of, 63.  
 Anthropophagi, the, 126.  
 Antic, old father, the law, 57.  
 Anticipate the past, 378.  
 Antidote, bane and, 250.  
   some sweet oblivious, 99.  
 Antique towers, ye, 325.  
   world, service of the, 42.  
 Antiquity, a little skill in, 212.  
   is accounted, 139.  
 Antiquitas sæculi, 139.  
 Anti-republican tendencies, 370.  
 Antres vast and deserts idle, 125.  
 Anvil, iron did cool on the, 54.  
 Anything but history, 253.  
   for a quiet life, 636.  
   owe no man, 613.  
   what is worth in, 218.  
   whereof it may be said, 600.  
 Ape, like an angry, 25.  
 Apert, prive and, 3.  
 Apollo from his shrine, 207.  
   Pallas Jove and Mars, 557.  
 Apollo's laurel bough, burned is, 18.  
   lute, musical as bright, 82, 201.  
 Apollos watered, 613.  
 Apologies account for what they do  
   not alter, 530.  
 Apology too prompt, 195.  
 Apostles shrank, while, 499.  
   twelve, he taught, 2.  
   would have done as they did, 486.  
 Apostolic blows and knocks, 216.  
 Apothecary, I remember an, 82.  
   ounce of civet, good, 123.  
 Apparel, every true man's, 26.  
   fashion wears out more, 28.  
   oft proclaims the man, 104.  
 Apparelled in more precious habit, 29.  
 Apparition, lovely, 404.  
 Apparitions, blushing, 29.  
   seen and gone, 238.  
 Appeal from Philip drunk, 622.  
   unto Caesar, 612.  
 Appear the immortals, 435.  
 Appearance, not according to the, 611.  
 Appetite, breakfast with, 73.  
   cloy the hungry edge of, 55.  
   comes with eating, 572.  
   digestion wait on, 96.  
   grown by what it fed on, 102.  
   may sicken and so die, 48.  
   were then to me an, 406.  
   with sauce sharpen his, 132.  
 Applaud to the very echo, 99.  
 Applause, attentive to his own, 281.  
   delight the wonder, 148.  
   of listening senates, 329.  
 Applauses of his countrymen, 468.  
 Apple of the eye, 587, 591.  
   rotten at the heart, 37.  
 Apples of gold, 598.  
   small choice in rotten, 47.  
   swim, how we, 642.  
 Appliance, desperate, 117.  
 Appliances and means, 63.  
 Application, lays in the, 558.  
 Apprehend some joy, 35.  
 Apprehension, death most in, 25.  
   how like a god in, 109.  
   of the good, 55.  
 Apprentice, nature but an, 385.

- Approach like the rugged Russian bear, 97.  
 of even or morn, 186.  
 Approaches make the prospect less, 167.  
 Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley, 394.  
 Appropinque an end, 217.  
 Approved good masters, 125.  
 Approving Heaven, 301.  
 April day, uncertain glory of an, 21.  
 June and November, 579.  
 of her prime, 135.  
 proud-pied, 136.  
 when men woo, 46.  
 with his shoures, 1.  
 Aprons, with greasy, 134.  
 Apt alliteration's artful aid, 353.  
 and gracious words, 32.  
 Arabia, all, breathes, 279.  
 perfumes of, 99.  
 Arabian trees, 132.  
 Arabie the blest, 187.  
 Arabs, proverb of the, 525.  
 fold their tents like, 537.  
 Araby's daughter, farewell, 456.  
 Arbitress, moon sits, 181.  
 Arborett with painted blossoms, 11.  
 Arcades ambo, 489.  
 Arcadia, I too was born in, 628.  
 Arch, night's black, 384.  
 night's blue, 372.  
 triumphal, 444.  
 Archangel ruined, 180.  
 Archer, insatiate, 262.  
 mark the, little meant, 452.  
 well-experienced, 135.  
 Architect of his own fortunes, 626.  
 Architecture is frozen music, 622.  
 Arctic sky, Ophiuchus in the, 184.  
 Arcturus with his sons, 591.  
 Ardour, compulsive, gives the charge, 116.  
 Are you good men and true, 28.  
 Argue not against heaven, 209.  
 though vanquished, 341.  
 Argues an insensibility, 431.  
 yourselves unknown, 190.  
 Arguing, owned his skill in, 341.  
 Argument for a week, 58.  
 for lack of, sheathed their swords, 65.  
 height of this great, 178.  
 I have found you an, 318.  
 knock-down, 231.  
 not to stir without great, 117.  
 of tyrants, necessity is the, 392.  
 staple of his, 33.  
 stateliest and most regal, 210.  
 wrong, his, 342.  
 Arguments use wagers, fools for, 218.  
 Ariadne, minuet in, 379.  
 Ariosto of the North, 476.  
 Arise, my lady sweet, 134.  
 Aristocracy, cool shade of, 468.  
 Aristotle and his philosophy, 1.  
 Ark, hand upon the, 361.  
 hunt it into Noah's, 358.  
 mouldy rolls of Noah's, 222.  
 Arm, sits upon mine, 149.  
 the obdured breast, 183.  
 Arm-chair, old, 563.  
 Armed at all points, 103.  
 at point exactly, cap-a-pe, 103.  
 so strong in honesty, 88.  
 thrice is he, 68.  
 thus am I doubly, 250.  
 with more than complete steel, 17.  
 with resolution, 247.  
 without, he is, 283.  
 Armies clad in iron, 197.  
 swore terribly, 322.  
 whole have sunk, where, 183.  
 Arminian clergy, 320.  
 Armour against fate, 153.  
 clashing, brayed, 191.  
 is his honest thought, 143.  
 Armourers accomplishing knights, 66.  
 Arms against a sea of troubles, 110.  
 against a world in, 522.  
 and the man, I sing, 228.  
 had seven years' pith, 125.  
 imparadised in one another's, 188.  
 invincible in, 366.  
 lord of folded, 32.  
 man at, must now serve, 142.  
 my soul 's in, 248.  
 never would lay down my, 320.  
 nurse of, land of scholars, 339.  
 of seeming, 227.  
 on armour clashing, 191.  
 our bruised, hung up, 69.  
 take your last embrace, 82.  
 Timoleon's, 334.  
 to, ye brave, 578.  
 Army, hum of either, stilly sounds, 66.  
 of martyrs, the noble, 618.  
 with banners, terrible as an, 602.  
 Aromatic pain, die of a rose in, 269.  
 plants, 344.  
 Arrant, thankless, 14.  
 Arras, like cloth of, 648.  
 Array, battle's magnificently stern, 473.  
 sorrow's dark, 576.  
 Arrayed for mutual slaughter, 413.  
 Arrest, death is strict in his, 121.  
 Arrow for the heart, 490.  
 from a well-experienced archer, 135.  
 o'er the house shot mine, 120.  
 Arrows, Cupid kills with, 28.  
 of light, swift-winged, 358.

- Arrows of outrageous fortune, 110.  
 Arrowy Rhone, rushing of the, 474.  
 Arsenal, shook the, 197.  
 Ars longa, vita brevis, 535.  
 Art, adorning with so much, 173.  
   adulteries of, than all the, 147.  
   all the gloss of, 341.  
   and part, 622.  
   concealed by, 266.  
   ease in writing from, 277.  
   elder days of, 539.  
   every walk of, 397.  
   failed in literature and, 531.  
   first professor of our, 228.  
   glib and oily, 121.  
   her guilt to cover, 344.  
   imitates nature, 259.  
   is long time is fleeting, 535.  
   is too precise, 165.  
   last and greatest, 283.  
   made tongue-tied, 136.  
   may err, 226.  
   mistress of her, 385.  
   more matter with less, 108.  
   nature is above, in that respect, 123.  
   nature is but, 270.  
   nature lost in, 336.  
   of artisans, 373.  
   of God, nature is the, 177, 266.  
   pleasure disguised by, 311.  
   preservative of all arts, 623.  
   reach of, beyond the, 276.  
   so nearly allied to invention, 379.  
   so vast is, 276.  
   to blot, 283.  
   to find the mind's construction, 90.  
   tried each, 340.  
   war's glorious, 267.  
   with curious, 353.  
 Artaxerxes' throne, 197.  
 Artery, each petty, 106.  
 Article, snuffed out by an, 490.  
 Artificer, another lean unwashed, 54.  
 Artist, no man is born an, 157.  
 Artless jealousy, 117.  
 Arts, fashion's brightest, 341.  
   Greece mother of, 196.  
   inglorious, of peace, 232.  
   in which the wise excel, 236.  
   remote from common use, 436.  
   that nourish all the world, 32.  
   wheeling, 294.  
   which I loved, 173.  
   with lenient, 282.  
 As good luck would have it, 23.  
   he thinketh in his heart, 598.  
   it fell upon a day, 145.  
   the case stands, 636.  
 Ascent, laborious at the first, 210.  
 Ashamed, needeth not to be, 616.  
 Ashbourn, down thy hill, 309.  
 Ashbuds, more black than, 548.  
 Ashen cold is fire yreken, 3.  
 Ashes, beauty for, 605.  
   in itself to, burn, 540.  
   laid old Troy in, 237.  
   of his fathers, 523.  
   splendid in, 177.  
   to ashes, dust to dust, 619.  
   violet made from his, 552.  
   wonted fires live in our, 330.  
 Aside, human to step, 386.  
   last to lay the old, 277.  
 Ask and it shall be given, 608.  
   death-beds, they can tell, 262.  
   me no questions, 346.  
   the brave soldier, 457.  
   where is the North, 271.  
 Askelon, in the streets of, 588.  
 Asking eye, explain the, 282.  
 Asleep in lap of legends old, 502.  
   lips of those that are, 602.  
   the very houses seem, 410.  
 Asonder, houses fer, 2.  
 Aspect, sweet, of princes, 73.  
   with grave, he rose, 182.  
 Aspen, light quivering, 450.  
 Aspics' tongues, 130.  
 Aspiring youth, 247.  
 Ass, burial of an, 605.  
   egregiously an, 127.  
   knoweth his master's crib, 602.  
   write me down an, 30.  
 Assailant on perched roosts, 198.  
 Assassination, absolutism tempered  
   by, 621.  
   has never changed history, 530.  
   trammel up, 91.  
 Assay, help, angels! make, 115.  
   so hard, 4.  
 Assayed, thrice he, 180.  
 Assembled souls, 170.  
 Assemblies, masters of, 602.  
 Assent with civil leer, 281.  
 Assert eternal Providence, 178.  
 Assume a pleasing shape, 110.  
   a virtue, if you have it not, 116.  
 Assumes the god, 224.  
 Assurance double sure, I 'll make, 98.  
   given by lookes, 8.  
   of a man, give the world, 115.  
 Assured, ignorant of what he's most,  
   25.  
 Assyrian bull, 554.  
   came down like the wolf, 482.  
 Astray, light that led, 388.  
 Astronomer, undevout, is mad, 266.  
 Astyanax, young, 291.  
 Asunder, let not man put, 609.  
   villain and he many miles, 82.  
 At my fingers' ends, 49, 636.  
   six and seven, 636.

- Ate into itself, 216.  
 Athanasian Creed, 531.  
 Atheism, philosophy inclineth to, 138.  
   the owlet, 434.  
 Atheist by night half believes a God,  
   264.  
 Atheist's laugh, 386.  
 Athena's tower, age shakes, 473.  
 Athens, immortal influence of, 520.  
   maid of, 471.  
   refined as ever, heard, 308.  
   the eye of Greece, 196.  
 Atlantean shoulders, 182.  
 Atlantic Ocean and Mrs. Partington,  
   429.  
 Atlas unremoved, 190.  
 Atomies, team of little, 78.  
 Atoms or systems, 268.  
 Atossa cursed with granted prayer,  
   274.  
 Attack is the reaction, 317.  
 Attain her, in hope to, 11.  
   unto, that which I could, 607.  
 Attempt and not the deed, 93.  
   by fearing to, 24.  
   the end, 166.  
 Attendance, to dance, 75.  
 Attention like deep harmony, 55.  
   still as night, 183.  
 Attentive to his own applause, 281.  
 Attic bird trills, 197.  
   taste, 208.  
   tragedies, 210.  
 Atticus were he, 281.  
 Attire, wild in their, 89.  
 Attractive kinde of grace, 8.  
   metal more, 113.  
 Attribute of God, 427.  
   to awe and majesty, 39.  
   to God himself, 40.  
 Auburn loveliest village, 339.  
 Audience, his look drew, 183.  
   fit though few, 192.  
 Aught divine or holy, 180.  
   in malice, nor set down, 131.  
   in the world beside, 388.  
   so good, 80.  
   that dignifies humanity, 528.  
   that ever I could read, 33.  
 Auld acquaintance, 387.  
   claes, gars, 389.  
   moon in her arm, 581.  
   nature swears, 385.  
 Aurora shows her face, 303.  
 Auspicious eye, 102.  
 Authentic scripture, 265.  
   watch, 163.  
 Author choose as a friend, 231.  
   man of rank as an, 318.  
   no, ever spared a brother, 295.  
   teaches such beauty, 32.  
 Author who speaks about his own  
   books, 530.  
   would his brother kill, 171.  
 Authority and show of truth, 29.  
   art made tongue-tied by, 136.  
   drest in a little brief, 25.  
   from others' books, 31.  
 Authors, most, steal, 278.  
   old, to read, 630.  
 Automaton, mechanized, 492.  
 Autumn fruit, fell like, 230.  
   nodding o'er the plain, 302.  
   that grew more by reaping, 133.  
 Avarice, dreams of, 318, 323.  
   old-gentlemanly vice, 487.  
 Avaunt, conscience, 248.  
 Avenging day, that great, 290.  
 Avoid what is to come, 116.  
 Avon, sweet swan of, 148.  
   to the Severn runs, 415.  
 Awake, lie ten nights, 28.  
   my St. John, 268.  
   my soul, 307.  
   or be forever fallen, 179.  
 Awakes from the tomb, 367.  
 Awe and majesty, attribute to, 39.  
   of such a thing as I, 83.  
   the soul of Richard, 248.  
 Awe-inspiring God, 422.  
 Awful goodness is, how, 190.  
   guide, in smoke and flame, 453.  
   moment, face some, 418.  
   pause, 262.  
   volume, within that, 453.  
 Axe, head off with a golden, 81.  
   is laid unto the root, 610.  
   many strokes with little, 69.  
   neither hammer nor, 588.  
   to grind, 464.  
   woodman's, lies free, 496.  
 Axes, no ponderous, rung, 463.  
 Axle, sleeps on her soft, 193.  
 Ayont the twal, short hour, 385.  
 Azure brow, no wrinkle on thine, 478.  
   hue, mountain in its, 441.  
   main, from out the, 304.  
   robe of night, 498.  
 Baalim and Peor, 207.  
 Babbled of green fields, 65.  
 Babbling dreams, hence, 248.  
   gossip of the air, 49.  
 Babe, bent o'er her, 372.  
   in a house, 555.  
   pity like a naked new-born, 92.  
   she lost in infancy, 424.  
   sinews of the new-born, 115.  
 Babel, stir of the great, 362.  
 Babes and sucklings, 691.  
 Baby figure of the giant mass, 75.  
   was sleeping, 524.

- Babylon in all its desolation, 496.  
   is fallen is fallen, 604.  
   learned and wise, 414.
- Bacchus ever fair and young, 225.  
   plumpy, with pink eyne, 132.
- Bachelor, I would die a, 28.  
   of threescore, shall I never see a, 27.
- Back and side go bare, 7.  
   borne me on his, 119.  
   got over the devil's, 576.  
   harness on our, 100.  
   on itself recoils, 194.  
   resounded death, 185.  
   their opinions by a wager, 484.  
   thumping on your, 335.  
   thumps upon the, 267.  
   to the field, with his, 442.  
   to thy punishment, 184.
- Backing of your friends, 59.  
   plague upon such, 59.
- Backward and abysm of time, 19.  
   mutters, 202.  
   turn backward O time, 568.  
   yesterday's look, 233.
- Bacon or brave Raleigh spoke, 284.  
   shined, think how, 272.
- Bad affright, the, 326.  
   begins and worse remains, 117.  
   begun, things, 96.  
   eminence, to that, 181.  
   for being a little, 26.  
   in the best, 135.  
   man, a bold, 10.  
   two nations, good and the, 292.
- Bade me adieu, sweetly, 324.  
   the world farewell, 441.
- Badge, nobility's true, 77.  
   of all our tribe, sufferance is the, 37.
- Baffled oft is ever won, 479.
- Bag and baggage, 45.
- Bailey, unfortunate Miss, 392.
- Baited like eagles, 60.  
   with a dragon's tail, 583.  
   with many a deadly curse, 387.
- Balance, in nice, 284.  
   of power, 253.  
   of the old world, 309.
- Balances, weighed in the, 605.
- Ballric, milky, of the skies, 498.
- Bales unopened to the sun, 263.
- Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence, 436.  
   woful to his mistress' eyebrow, 44.  
   world was guilty of a, 31.
- Ballad-mongers, same metre, 60.
- Ballads from a cart, sung, 228.  
   of a nation, 239.  
   to make all the, 239.
- Ballad-singer's joy, 411.
- Balloch, o'er the braes of, 389.
- Balloon, something in a huge, 409.
- Ballot-box, 't is the, 511.
- Balm from an anointed king, 56.  
   in Gilead, 605.  
   of hurt minds, 94.
- Balmy sweets, 344.
- Band, blustering, 227.
- Bands of Orion, loose the, 591.  
   political, dissolve the, 369.
- Bane and antidote, 250.  
   of all genius, 533.  
   of all that dread the Devil, 403.  
   precious, 180.
- Bang, with many a, 215.
- Banish plump Jack, 59.  
   strong potatoes, 333.
- Banishment, bitter bread of, 55.
- Bank and bush, over, 11.  
   and shoal of time, 91.  
   moonlight sleeps upon this, 40.  
   of violets, breathes upon a, 48.  
   on a grassy, 423.  
   to make a, 232.  
   where wild thyme blows, 35.
- Bank-note world, this, 501.
- Banner, freedom's, 493.  
   in the sky, to see that, 544.  
   star-spangled, 491.  
   the royal, 130.  
   with the strange device, 530.
- Banners, army with, 602.  
   confusion on thy, 327.  
   flout the sky, 89.  
   hang out our, 99.
- Banquet's o'er, when the, 294.  
   song and dance, 500.
- Banquet-hall deserted, 460.
- Baptism o'er the flowers, 165.
- Baptized in tears, 372.
- Bar my constant feet, 303.
- Barbarians all at play, 477.
- Barbaric pearl and gold, 181.
- Barbarous dissonance, 201.  
   skill, is but a, 174.
- Barber and a collier fight, 308.
- Bard, be that blind, 438.  
   here dwelt more fat, 303.
- Bare, back and side go, 7.  
   imagination of a feast, 55.  
   the mean heart, 282.  
   too, to hide offences, 75.
- Bargain catch cold, lest the, 134.  
   hath sold him a, 32.  
   in the way of, 60.
- Barge, drag the slow, 372.  
   she sat in, 132.
- Bark and bite, dogs delight to, 254.  
   attendant sail, 273.  
   drives on and on, 474.  
   fatal and perfidious, 203.  
   is on the sea, 483.  
   is worse than his bite, 161.  
   scarfed, 33.

- Bark, watch-dog's honest, 486.  
 Barkis is willin', 558.  
 Barleycorn, bold John, 384.  
 Barren sceptre in my gripe, 95.  
   'tis all, 322.  
 Base envy withers, 301.  
   fly from its firm, 451.  
   Hungarian wight, 22.  
   in kind, 356.  
   is the slave that pays, 65.  
   uses we may return, 119.  
   who is here so, 86.  
 Baseless fabric of this vision, 20.  
 Baseness to write fair, hold it, 120.  
 Bashaw, three-tailed, 392.  
 Bashful fifteen, maiden of, 379.  
   sincerity and comely love, 29.  
   virgin's sidelong looks, 339.  
 Basket and store, 587.  
 Bastard Freedom, 461.  
   Latin, soft, 485.  
   to the time, he is but a, 52.  
 Bastards, nature's, 202.  
 Bastion fringed with fire, 552.  
 Bat, wool of, and tongue of dog, 97.  
 Bate a jot of heart or hope, 209.  
 Bated breath, 37.  
 Bath, sore labour's, 94.  
 Bathe in fiery floods, 25.  
 Bats and to the moles, 603.  
 Battalions, heaviest, 627.  
   sorrows come in, 117.  
 Battle, again to the, 444.  
   and the breeze, 443.  
   division of a, 124.  
   feats of broil and, 125.  
   for the free, won the, 500.  
   freedom's, once begun, 479.  
   front of, lour, 387.  
   in the lost, 449.  
   is lost and won, when the, 89.  
   lost and battle won, 400.  
   not to the strong, 601.  
   perilous edge of, 179.  
   prize of death in, 566.  
   rages loud and long, 443.  
   sees the other's umbered face, 66.  
   smelleth the, afar off, 591.  
   what a charming thing is a, 354.  
   who in life's, 577.  
 Battle's magnificently stern array, 473.  
   van, in the, 559.  
 Battled for the true, 553.  
 Battle-field, march to the, 499.  
 Battlements bore stars, 421.  
 Battles, fought his, o'er again, 225.  
   long ago, 411.  
   sieges fortunes, 125.  
 Bauble, pleased with this, 271.  
 Bay of Biscay, 394.  
   the moon, be a dog and, 88.  
 Bay-tree, like a green, 592.  
 Be-all and the end-all, 91.  
 Be bold everywhere, 12.  
   just and fear not, 74.  
   luxury to, 435.  
   noble, 564.  
   not afraid, it is I, 608.  
   not overcome of evil, 613.  
   not righteous overmuch, 600.  
   not the first to try, 277.  
   not worldly wise, 159.  
   of good cheer, 608.  
   of good comfort, 580.  
   or not to be, 110.  
   plain in dress, 296.  
   quiet and go angling, 158.  
   she fairer than the day, 155.  
   sober be vigilant, 617.  
   wise to-day, 262.  
   wise with speed, 266.  
   wisely worldly, 159.  
   ye all of one mind, 617.  
   ye angry and sin not, 615.  
 Beach, there came to the, 444.  
 Beade of amber, flie within a, 164.  
 Beadle to a humorous sigh, 32.  
 Beadroll, Fame's eternal, 12.  
 Beads and prayer-books, 271.  
   in drops of rain, tell their, 536.  
   pictures rosaries, 220.  
   they told, their, 530.  
 Beaker full of the warm south, 502.  
 Beam, full midday, 211.  
   on the outward shape, cast a, 201.  
   that smiles the clouds away, 480.  
   unpolluted in his, 140.  
 Beams, little candle throws his, 41.  
   spreads his orient, 189.  
   tricks his, 204.  
 Bear a charmed life, 100.  
   another's misfortunes, 290.  
   how easy is a bush supposed a, 35.  
   it calmly, 243.  
   like the Turk, 281.  
   me not so swiftly o'er, 391.  
   pain to the, 522.  
   rugged Russian, 97.  
   the palm alone, 83.  
   those ills we have, 111.  
   to, is to conquer our fate, 444.  
   to live or dare to die, 272.  
   up and steer right onward, 209.  
   wide, muskets, 383.  
 Bear-baiting heathenish, 522.  
 Beard and hoary hair, 327.  
   of formal cut, 44.  
   sing'd the Spanish king's, 540.  
   the lion in his den, 449.  
   was as white as snow, 118.  
   was grizzled, 103.  
 Bearded like the pard, 44.

- Bearded men, tears of, 449.  
 Beards be grown, till your, 588.  
     wag all, in hall where, 6.  
 Bearings of this observation, 558.  
 Bears and lions growl, 254.  
     his blushing honours, 73.  
 Beast, familiar, to man, 21.  
     that wants discourse of reason, 103.  
     the righteous man regardeth the  
     life of his, 596.  
 Beasts, brutish, 87.  
     that perish, like the, 592.  
 Beat the bush, 635.  
     this ample field, 268.  
     with fist instead of a stick, 215.  
     your pate, 290.  
 Beaten, he that is, 217.  
     some have been, 218.  
 Beatific vision, 180.  
 Beating of my own heart, 526.  
 Beatings of my heart, 406.  
 Beatitude, eighth, 292.  
 Beaumont lie a little further, 148.  
     rare, lie a little nearer Spenser, 168.  
 Beateous, all that is most, 408.  
     eye of heaven, 54.  
     ruin lay, lovely in death the, 264.  
     ruin lies, prostrate the, 392.  
 Beauties, modestly conceals her, 323.  
     of exulting Greece, 302.  
     of the night, meaner, 143.  
     of the north, unripened, 249.  
     we just, see, 147.  
     you meaner, 143.  
 Beautiful, all round thee lying, 566.  
     and free, old age is, 417.  
     and to be wooed, 67.  
     as sweet and young as, 264.  
     beneath his touch, grow, 442.  
     beyond compare, 440.  
     exceedingly, 433.  
     for situation, 592.  
     is night, how, 424.  
     mouth in the world, most, 299.  
     necessity, from a, 555.  
     old rhyme, 136.  
     one was, both were young, 483.  
     outward, appear, 610.  
     purely, 483.  
     the house, 213.  
     thought, thou wert a, 477.  
     tyrant fiend angelical, 81.  
 Beautifully blue, 425, 489.  
     less, 241.  
 Beauty, a thing of, 502.  
     adorned in naked, 189.  
     and her chivalry, 473.  
     as much, as could die, 147.  
     bereft of, 47.  
     born of murmuring sound, 405.  
     calls and glory shows the way, 238.  
 Beauty, come near with my nails, 67.  
     daily, in his life, 131.  
     dead, black chaos comes again, 135.  
     dedicate his, to the sun, 77.  
     draws us with a hair, 279.  
     dreamed that life was, 560.  
     dwells in deep retreats, 403.  
     e'er gave, all that, 328.  
     elysian, 407.  
     fatal gift of, 476.  
     fills the air around with, 476.  
     fires the blood, 226.  
     flower of glorious, 230.  
     for ashes, 605.  
     form of manliest, 381.  
     hath strange power, 198.  
     if she unmask her, 104.  
     imaged there in happier, 408.  
     immortal awakes, 367.  
     in a brow of Egypt, 35.  
     is its own excuse, 532.  
     is truth truth beauty, 503.  
     isle of, fare thee well, 508.  
     like the night, walks in, 482.  
     lines where, lingers, 478.  
     makes this vault a feasting pres-  
     ence, 82.  
     making beautiful old rhyme, 136.  
     there is music in the, 177.  
     of a thousand stars, clad in the, 18.  
     of the good old cause, 413.  
     on the shore, left their, 592.  
     ornament of, is suspect, 136.  
     pensive, 441.  
     power of, 226.  
     provoketh thieves, 41.  
     she walks in, 482.  
     smile from partial, 441.  
     smiling in her tears, 441.  
     soon grows familiar, 249.  
     stands in the admiration, 196.  
     such, as a woman's eye, 32.  
     they grew in, 495.  
     thou art all, 256.  
     though injurious, 198.  
     truly blent, 49.  
     upon the cheek of night, 78.  
     waking or asleep, 190.  
     winds of March with, 52.  
 Beauty's chain, hour with, 460.  
     ears, hangs from, 372.  
     ensign is crimson, 82.  
     heavenly ray, 480.  
 Beaux, where none are, 321.  
 Beaver on, Harry with his, 61.  
 Beckoning ghost, 288.  
     shadows dire, 199.  
 Beckons me away, 293.  
 Becks, nods and, 204.  
 Becomes him ill, nothing, 31.  
     the throned monarch, 39.

- Becoming mirth, limit of, 31.  
 Bed at Ware, 259.  
   betwixt a wall, feather, 216.  
   born in, die in bed, 574.  
   bravely thou becomest thy, 134.  
   by night, 341  
   delicious bed, 513.  
   early to, early to rise, 639.  
   go sober to, 150.  
   goes to, mellow, 150.  
   goes to, sober, 150.  
   gravity out of his, 59.  
   holy angels guard thy, 255.  
   hue red as the rosy, 542.  
   laugh in, cry in bed, 574.  
   lies in his, 53.  
   made his pendent, 282.  
   mighty large, 259.  
   of death, smooth the, 282.  
   of down, my thrice-driven, 126.  
   of honour, 217, 259.  
   on my grave as now my, 177.  
   up in my, now, 513.  
   weeping upon his, 539.  
   with the lark to, 395.  
 Beddes hed, lever han at his, 1.  
 Bedfellows, strange, 20.  
 Bed-post, twinkling of a, 650.  
 Beds of raging fire, from, 184.  
   of roses, make thee, 17.  
 Bedtime, would it were, 61.  
 Bee, brisk as a, 315.  
   buried in its own juice, 139.  
   had stung it newly, 163.  
   the little busy, 254.  
   where sucks the, 21.  
   would choose to dream in, 542.  
 Beechen tree, spare the, 445.  
 Beehive's hum, 401.  
 Beer, bemus'd in, 280.  
   chronicle small, 127.  
   felony to drink small, 68.  
   poor creature, small, 63.  
 Beersheba, Dan to, 322.  
 Bees, hive for, his helmet, 142.  
   innumerable, 551.  
 Beetle, that we tread upon, 25.  
   three-man, 63.  
 Beeves and home-bred kine, 412.  
 Before and after, looking, 117.  
   the better foot, 54.  
   which was, come after, 217.  
   you could say Jack Robinson, 623.  
 Beg or borrow or get a man's own, 235.  
 Beggar maid, loved the, 78.  
   that I am I am poor in thanks, 109.  
   that is dumb may challenge double  
   pity, 14.  
 Beggared all description, 132.  
 Beggary account of empty boxes, 82.  
   elements, weak and, 615.  
 Beggary last doit, 363.  
 Beggars die, when, 85.  
   in the streets mimicked, 520.  
   must be no choosers, 636.  
 Beggary in the love, 132.  
 Begging bread, nor his seed, 592.  
   the question, 623.  
 Beginning and the end, 617.  
   late, choosing and, 194.  
   mean and end, 561.  
   never ending, still, 225.  
   no great love in the, 22.  
   of our end, the true, 36.  
   of the end, 623.  
 Begone dull care, 581.  
 Begot, by whom, 289.  
   of nothing but vain fantasy, 78.  
 Begun for, wonder what I was, 584.  
 Beguile her of her tears, 126.  
   the thing I am, 127.  
   the time look like the time, 91.  
 Beguiled by one, 130.  
 Behaviour, check to loose, 52.  
 Behind, worse remains, 117.  
 Behold, hath power to say, 34.  
   how good and how pleasant, 595.  
   our home, 481.  
   the child, 271.  
   the upright man, 592.  
 Beholding heaven, 455.  
 Being, God a necessary, 232.  
   hath a part of, 474.  
   intellectual, 182.  
   pleasing anxious, 330.  
   scarcely formed, 490.  
   shot my, through, 434.  
 Being's end and aim, 272.  
 Belated peasant, 181.  
 Belerium, old, 287.  
 Belgium's capital, 473.  
 Belial, sons of, 179.  
 Belief ripened into faith, 422.  
   within the prospect of, 90.  
 Believe, have heard and do in part, 101.  
   it because it is impossible, 628.  
   oft repeating they, 242.  
 Believes his own, each, 276.  
 Believing, with true, 542.  
 Bell, as a sullen, 62.  
   church-going, 358.  
   each matin, 433.  
   in a cowslip's, I lie, 21.  
   silence that dreadful, 127.  
   strikes one, 262.  
   the dinner, 489.  
 Belle, it is vain to be a, 321.  
 Belligerent discordant States, 466.  
 Bellman, fatal, the owl, 93.  
 Bells and the Fudges, 521.  
   do chime, think when the, 160.  
   have knolled to church, 43.



- Bells jangled out of tune, 112.  
 music of those village, 363.  
 ring out wild, 553.  
 those evening, 459.
- Belly, God send thee good ale, 7.  
 spent under the devil's, 576.  
 whose God is their, 615.  
 with good capon lined, 44.
- Belongings, thyself and thy, 23.
- Beloved face on earth, one, 483.  
 from pole to pole, 432.  
 in vain, fields, 325.
- Below, a little heaven, 255.
- Bemused in beer, a parson, 280.
- Ben Adhem's name led, 491.
- Ben Jonson, rare, 147.
- Bench of heedless bishops, 324.
- Bend a knotted oak, 257.  
 your eye on vacancy, 116.
- Bendemeer's stream, 455.
- Bene, good for a bootless, 418.
- Beneath the churchyard stone, 518.  
 the good how far, 327.  
 the milk-white thorn, 389.  
 the rule of men, 225.
- Benedick, the married man, 27.
- Benediction, face like a, 572.  
 perpetual, doth breed, 420.
- Benefit of men, use and, 232.
- Benefits, desire for greater, 575.
- Benighted, feels awhile, 458.  
 walks under the midday sun, 200.
- Bent, affection cannot hold the, 50.  
 as the twig is, 273.  
 him o'er the dead, 478.  
 o'er her babe, 372.  
 top of my, 114.
- Bequeathed by bleeding sire, 479.
- Berkeley, coxcombs vanquish, 333.  
 said there was no matter, 489.  
 to, every virtue under heaven, 282.
- Bermoothes, still-vexed, 19.
- Berries, come to pluck your, 203.  
 moulded on one stem, 35.
- Berry, God could have made a better,  
 158.
- Berth of the wombe, 11.
- Beside a human door, 402.  
 the springs of Dove, 403.  
 the still waters, 592.
- Besier semed than he was, 2.
- Besotted base ingratitude, 202.
- Best administered is best, 271.  
 are but shadows, 26.  
 bad in the, 135.  
 can paint them, 286.  
 companions, 340.  
 contentment, 10.  
 days, afternoon of her, 71.  
 discreetest, 194.  
 fear not to touch the, 14.
- Best fools be little wise, 144.  
 good man, 235.  
 he loves me, 170.  
 his circumstance allows, 263.  
 lads and lassies in their, 567.  
 laid schemes, 385.  
 men moulded out of faults, 26.  
 men of few words are the, 65.  
 of all possible worlds, 623.  
 of all ways, 458.  
 of dark and bright, 452.  
 of me is diligence, 121.  
 of men that e'er wore earth, 166.  
 of what we do and are, 411.  
 old friends are, 156.  
 part of valour, discretion the, 238.  
 past and to come seems, 83.  
 portion of a good man's life, 406.  
 state, every man at his, 582.  
 stolen sweets are, 248.  
 who does the, 263.
- Best-conditioned and unwearied, 39.
- Bestial, what remains is, 128.
- Bestride the narrow world, 84.
- Besy a man, nowher so, 2.
- Beteem the winds of heaven, 102.
- Bethumped with words, 52
- Betray, nature never did, 407.
- Better a bad epitaph, 109.  
 be d—d, 375.  
 be with the dead, 96.  
 berry, never made a, 158.  
 bettered expectation, he hath, 27.  
 day, the better deed, 636.  
 day, the worse deed, 637.  
 days, if ever you have looked on, 43.  
 days, friend of my, 561.  
 days, we have seen, 83.  
 did I say, 88.  
 elder, not a, 88.  
 fifty years of Europe, 549.  
 foot before, 54.  
 for, for worse, 618.  
 grace, does it with a, 49.  
 grow wiser and, 234.  
 had they ne'er been born, 453.  
 half, my dear, my, 16.  
 horse, gray mare the, 841.  
 is a dinner of herbs, 597.  
 late than never, 6, 637.  
 made by ill, good are, 401.  
 much more the, 26.  
 or for worse, 643.  
 part of valour is discretion, 62, 638.  
 reckon the rede, may you, 386.  
 spared a better man, 62.  
 strangers, desire we may be, 45.  
 striving to, 121.  
 than false knaves, 30.  
 than his dog, something, 548.  
 than one of the wicked, 57.

- Better than you should be, 645.  
   the instruction, 38.  
   the worse appear the, 182.  
   thou shouldest not vow, 600.  
   to be lowly born, 72.  
   to be much abused, 129.  
   to dwell in a corner, 597.  
   to have loved and lost, 552.  
   to hunt in fields, 223.  
   to reign in hell, 179.  
   to sink beneath the shock, 479.  
   to wear out than to rust, 624.  
   trust all and be deceived, 542.  
   world, another and a, 577.  
 Bettered expectation, 27.  
 Bettering of my mind, 19.  
 Between the cradle and the grave, 299.  
   two blades, two dogs, two girls, 67.  
   two hawks, two horses, 67.  
   two stools, 637.  
 Bevy of fair women, 196.  
 Beware my lord of jealousy, 129.  
   of a man of one book, 624.  
   of desperate steps, 364.  
   of entrance to a quarrel, 104.  
   the fury of a patient man, 222.  
   the ides of March, 83.  
 Bewilder, leads to, 367.  
 Bezonian, under which king, 64.  
 Bias, rules with strongest, 276.  
 Bible, burdens of the, 532.  
   knows her, true, 356.  
   studie was but litel on the, 2.  
 Bibles laid open, 160.  
 Bid me discourse, 135.  
 Biding, at his, speed, 208.  
 Bids expectation rise, 344.  
 Biennial elections, 233.  
 Bier, waste sorrows at my, 505.  
 Big manly voice, 44.  
   with the fate of Rome, 249.  
   with vengeance, 308.  
 Bigger, in shape no, 78.  
   than his head, seems no, 123.  
 Bigness which you see, 213.  
 Bilbow, the word it was, 297.  
 Billing, amorous fond and, 220.  
 Billows, bounding, 391.  
   distinct as the, 439.  
   foam, 481.  
   never break, where, 256.  
   swelling and limitless, 434.  
   trusted to thy, 478.  
 Bind, fast, fast find, 639.  
   safe, safe find, 6.  
   up my wounds, 71.  
 Binding nature fast in fate, 287.  
 Bird, Attic, 197.  
   by wandering, as the, 598.  
   each fond endearment tries, 340.  
   in the solitude, 482.  
 Bird, night with her solemn, 189.  
   of dawning singeth all night, 101.  
   of the air, 601.  
   on the wing, 561.  
   shall I call thee, 404.  
   that shunn'st the noise, 206.  
 Bird-cage in a garden, 167.  
 Birds, charm of earliest, 189.  
   confabulate, if, 359.  
   eagle suffers little, to sing, 77.  
   in habit a, 51.  
   in last year's nest, 536.  
   in their little nests agree, 254.  
   joyous the, 193.  
   melodious, sing madrigals, 17.  
   of the air have nests, 608.  
   time of the singing of, 602.  
   without despair to get in, 167.  
 Birnam wood, 100.  
 Birth, death borders upon our, 146.  
   dew of thy, 619.  
   frowned not on his humble, 330.  
   is but a sleep, 420.  
   nothing but our death begun, 265.  
   of that significant word, 299.  
   our Saviour's, is celebrated, 101.  
   place of my, 480.  
   repeats the story of her, 251.  
   revolts from true, 80.  
   smiled on my, 446.  
 Biscay, bay of, 394.  
 Biscuit, dry as the remainder, 43.  
 Bishop, church without a, 517.  
 Bishops, bench of heedless, 324.  
 Bit me, though he had, 124.  
 Bite, bark worse than his, 161.  
   recovered of the, 344.  
   the hand that fed them, 351.  
 Biteth like a serpent, 598.  
 Biting for anger, eager soul, 213.  
 Bitter as coloquintida, 127.  
   change, feels the, 183.  
   end, 624.  
   is a scornful jest, 312.  
   memory, wakes the, 186.  
   o'er the flowers, 471.  
   past, more welcome is the sweet, 48.  
 Bittern booming in the weeds, 521.  
 Bitterness, knoweth his own, 596.  
   of things, from out the, 419.  
 Bitters, London an habitation of, 521.  
 Bivouac of the dead, 569.  
 Blabbing and remorseful day, 68.  
   eastern scout, 199.  
 Black and midnight hags, 98.  
   customary suits of solemn, 102.  
   despair, 538.  
   eye, a white wench's, 80.  
   eyes and lemonade, 462.  
   hung be the heavens with, 67.  
   is not so black, 399.

- Black it stood as night, 184.  
   let the devil wear, 113.  
   men of Coromandel, 522.  
   more, than ashbuds, 548.  
   or red, bokes clothed in, 1.  
   spirits and white, 580.  
   to red began to turn, 218.  
   white will have its, 582.  
   with tarnished gold, 396.  
 Blackberries, plentiful as, 659.  
 Blackbird to whistle, 215.  
 Blackguards both, 534.  
 Bladder, blows a man up like a, 59.  
 Bladders, boys that swim on, 73.  
 Blade, heart-stain away on its, 462.  
   notches on the, 580.  
   sheathes the vengeful, 398.  
   trenchant, Toledo trusty, 216.  
 Blades, our shining, 461.  
   Spanish, 78.  
   two, of grass to grow, 246.  
 Blaize, lament for madam, 345.  
 Blame, in part to, is she, 150, 296.  
 Blameless vestal's lot, 286.  
 Bland, childlike and, 568.  
 Blandishments of life, 298.  
   will not fascinate us, 377.  
 Blank, creation's, 333.  
   misgivings, 420.  
   my lord, a, 50.  
   of Nature's works, 186.  
 Blasphemes his feeder, 202.  
 Blasphemy in the soldier, 25.  
 Blast, he died of no, 230.  
   of that dread horn, 450.  
   of war blows in our ears, 65.  
   rushing of the, 516.  
   striding the, 92.  
   upon his bugle horn, 452.  
 Blasted, no sooner blown but, 209.  
   with excess of light, 326.  
 Blastments, contagious, 104.  
 Blasts from hell, 105.  
   of wind, hollow, 294.  
 Blaze, burst out into sudden, 203.  
   Liberty's unclouded, 499.  
   of noon, 197.  
 Blazed with light, 82.  
 Blazon, eternal, must not be, 106.  
 Blazoning pens, quirks of, 127.  
 Bleak our lot, though, 445.  
 Bleed, heart for which others, 257.  
 Bleeding country save, my, 441.  
   piece of earth, 86.  
 Blend our pleasure, 406.  
 Bless, none whom we can, 472.  
   the hand that gave the blow, 230.  
   thee Bottom, 35.  
   thee, hold fast till he, 310, 540.  
 Blessed, arise and call her, 599.  
   dejected, while another's, 273.  
 Blessed do above, 176.  
   feet nailed on the bitter cross, 57.  
   he alone is, 243.  
   he that considereth the poor, 592.  
   he who expects nothing, 292.  
   man, half part of a, 52.  
   mood, that, 406.  
   more, to give, 612.  
   part to heaven, gave his, 74.  
   shall be thy basket, 587.  
   them unaware, 432.  
   three, chief among the, 534.  
   who ne'er was born, 243.  
 Blessedness, single, 33.  
 Blesses his stars, 249.  
 Blesseth him that gives, 39.  
 Blessing dear, makes a, 163.  
   health is the second, 158.  
   I had most need of, 93.  
   Lord, dismiss us with thy, 390.  
   no harm in, 297.  
   of the Old Testament, 137.  
   steal immortal, from her lips, 81.  
   that money cannot buy, 158.  
 Blessings be with them, 418.  
   brighten as they take their flight,  
     263.  
   from whom all, flow, 235.  
   on him that invented sleep, 573.  
   wait on virtuous deeds, 257.  
   without number, 255.  
 Blest, never is, but always to be, 268.  
   I have been, 479.  
   it is twice, 39.  
   paper-credit, 275.  
   with some new joys, 229.  
   with temper, 274.  
 Blight, bloom or, 564.  
   treason like a deadly, 455.  
 Blind bard, be that, 438.  
   be to her faults a little, 241.  
   dazzles to, 367.  
   eyes to the, feet to the lame, 590.  
   fury, comes the, 203.  
   girl comes from afar, 525.  
   guides, 609.  
   he that is stricken, 77.  
   his soul with clay, 551.  
   lead the blind, if the, 609.  
   love is, and lovers cannot see, 33.  
   love must needs be, 437.  
   man's erring judgment, 276.  
   none so, 233.  
   old man of Scio's isle, 480.  
   winged Cupid is painted, 34.  
 Blindly, loved sae, 337.  
 Blindness, or I all, 256.  
 Bliss, all that poets feign of, 68.  
   bowers of, 293.  
   centres in the mind, 339.  
   certainty of waking, 200.

- Bliss, domestic happiness, 361.  
 excels all other, 8.  
 gained by some degree of woe, 321.  
 health the vital principle of, 303.  
 how exquisite the, 385.  
 hues of, 331.  
 ignorance is, 326.  
 in possession, 439.  
 momentary, 325.  
 of paradise, thou only, 361.  
 of solitude, inward eye, 405.  
 source of all my, 342.  
 sum of earthly, 193  
 that earth affords, 8.  
 to be alive, 423.  
 virtue makes the, 273, 336.  
 winged hours of, 442.
- Blithe, no lark more, 354.
- Block, chip of the old, 352, 638.
- Blockhead, the bookful, 278.
- Blood, beats with his, 551.  
 beauty fires the, 226.  
 burns, when the, 105.  
 clean from my hand, wash this, 94.  
 cold in, cold in clime, 479.  
 drenched in fraternal, 466.  
 drizzled upon the Capitol, 85.  
 dyed waters, 441.  
 felt in the, 406.  
 flesh and, can't bear it, 297.  
 flesh and, strong as, 417.  
 freeze thy young, 106.  
 Frenzy's fevered, 451.  
 glories of our, 153.  
 hand raised to shed his, 268.  
 her pure and eloquent, 144.  
 hey-day in the, 115.  
 in an old man's heart, 562.  
 in their dastardly veins, 461.  
 is very snow-broth, 24.  
 is warm within, 36.  
 know the gentle, 12.  
 of a British man, 123.  
 of all the Howards, 272.  
 of the martyrs, 624.  
 of tyrants, 577.  
 rebellious liquors in my, 42.  
 so much, in him, 99.  
 spoke in her cheeks, 144.  
 stepped so far in, 97.  
 stirs to rouse a lion, 58.  
 summon up the, 65.  
 unreclaimed, 108.  
 was thin and old, 518.  
 weltering in his, 225.  
 whoso sheddeth man's, 586.  
 will follow the knife, 267.
- Bloods, breed of noble, 84.
- Bloodshed, fear and, 418.
- Bloody instructions, we but teach, 92.  
 Mary, image of, 513.
- Bloom, drives full on thy, 386.  
 is shed, its, 334.  
 of young desire, 326.  
 or blight, 564.  
 sight of vernal, 186.  
 that kill the, 403.
- Blooming alone, left, 458.
- Blossom as the rose, 604.  
 in the dust, 153.
- Blossomed the lovely stars, 538.
- Blossoms, arboret with painted, 11.  
 hope's tender, 577.  
 in the trees, 269  
 of my sin, cut off in the, 107.
- Blot, art to, 283  
 creation's, 333.  
 discreetly, 176.  
 not one line he could wish to, 321.  
 on his name, no, 442.
- Blotted it out forever, 322.
- Blow bugle blow, 550.  
 deals the deadly, 398.  
 death loves a signal, 265.  
 hand that dealt the, 442.  
 hand that gave the, 230.  
 hand that gives the, 243.  
 liberty is in every, 388.  
 might be the be-all, 91.  
 on whom I please, 43.  
 perhaps may turn his, 399.  
 remember thy swashing, 77.  
 the horrid deed in every eye, 92.  
 themselves must strike the, 472.  
 thou winter wind, 44.  
 till they have wakened death, 127.  
 wind! come wrack, 100.  
 winds and crack your cheeks, 122.  
 word and a, 81, 231, 651.
- Blown, no sooner, but blasted, 209.  
 with restless violence, 25.
- Blows and buffets of the world, 95.  
 apostolic, 216.  
 of circumstance, 553.
- Blue above and blue below, 509.  
 and gold, clad in, 396.  
 bide by the buff and, 389.  
 darkly deeply beautifully, 425.  
 ethereal sky, 251.  
 eyes of unholy, 458.  
 heaven above us bent, 547.  
 meagre hag, 200.  
 presbyterian true, 216.  
 rushing of the Rhone, 474.  
 sky bends over all, 433.  
 sky, canopied by the, 483.  
 the fresh the ever free, 509.  
 why does thy nose look so, 374.
- Blue-stocking, sagacious, 522.
- Blunder free us, frae monie a, 385.  
 in men this, 376.  
 worse than a crime, 576.

- Blunder, youth is a, 530.  
 Blunderbuss against religion, 316.  
 Blundering kind of melody, 223.  
 Blunders about a meaning, 280.  
 Blush of maiden shame, 516.  
   of modesty, grace and, 115.  
   shame where is thy, 116.  
   to find it fame, 282.  
   to give it in, 442.  
   unseen, born to, 329.  
 Blushed as he gave it in, 322.  
   the conscious water, 169.  
   we never, before, 173.  
 Blushes at the name, 526.  
   bear away those, 29.  
   man that, not quite a brute, 265.  
 Blushful Hippocrene, 502.  
 Blushing apparitions, 29.  
   honours, bears his, 73.  
   like a Worcestershire orchard, 531.  
   like the morn, 193.  
 Blustering band, 227.  
   railer, 337.  
 Boards, ships are but, 37.  
 Boast, can imagination, 301.  
   he lives to build not, 300.  
   independence be our, 401.  
   not thyself of to-morrow, 599.  
   of heraldry, 328.  
   such is the patriot's, 338.  
   veil the matchless, 302.  
 Boastful neighs, high and, 66.  
 Boat is on the shore, 483  
   swiftly glides the bonnie, 397.  
 Boatman, take thrice thy fee, 578.  
 Boats should keep near shore, 311.  
 Bobbed for whale, 583.  
 Bobtail tike, 123.  
 Bocara's vaunted gold, 373.  
 Bodes some strange eruption, 101.  
 Bodied forth, softly, 477.  
 Bodies, conceit in weakest, 116.  
   ghosts of defunct, 215.  
   of unburied men, 168.  
   pressed the dead, 61.  
   princes like to heavenly, 138.  
   soldiers bore dead, by, 57.  
 Bodiless creation, 116.  
 Boding tremblers, 341.  
 Bodkin, with a bare, 111.  
 Body, absent from the, 430.  
   absent in, 613.  
   cleanness of, 141.  
   clog of his, 213.  
   demd damp moist, 558.  
   distressed in mind, or estate, 618.  
   filled and vacant mind, 66.  
   form doth take, of the soule, 12.  
   is under hatches, 381.  
   nature is, 269.  
   nought cared this, 436.  
 Body of the time, very age and, 112.  
   one of a lean, 213.  
   pent, here in the, 440.  
   presence of, 431.  
   sickness-broken, 212.  
   so young with so old a head, 39.  
   than you have in your whole, 644.  
   thought, almost say her, 144.  
   to that pleasant country's earth, 56.  
   with my, I thee worship, 619.  
 Body's guest, soul the, 14.  
 Bog or steep, 185.  
   Serbonian, 183.  
 Boil an egg, the vulgar, 284.  
   like a pot, maketh the deep, 591.  
 Bokes clothed in black or red, 1.  
 Bold bad man, 10, 72.  
   everywhere be, 12.  
   I can meet his blow, 399.  
   John Barleycorn, 384.  
   virtue is, 26.  
 Boldest held his breath, 443.  
 Bolingbroke was a scoundrel, 316.  
 Bolt of Cupid fell, where the, 34.  
 Bombastes, must meet, 306.  
 Bond, nominated in the, 40.  
   of fate, take a, 98.  
   'tis not in the, 40.  
 Bondage, eternity in, 249.  
   out of the land of, 453  
 Bondman let me live, 418.  
   so base that would be a, 86.  
 Bondman's key, in a, 37.  
 Bondsmen, hereditary, 472.  
 Bone and skin, two millers, 297.  
   as curs mouth a, 353.  
   bites him to the, 308.  
   of manhood, 348.  
 Bones are coral made, of his, 19.  
   canonized, 105.  
   cover to our, paste and, 56.  
   dice were human, 485.  
   fill all thy, with aches, 19.  
   full of dead men's, 610.  
   good oft interred with their, 86.  
   his honoured, 208.  
   made no more, 644.  
   misery worn him to the, 82.  
   mutine in a matron's, 116.  
   rattle his, over the stones, 543.  
   sit in my, 427.  
   tell all my, 592.  
   to lay his weary, among ye, 74.  
   weave thread with, 50.  
 Bononcini, compared to, 297.  
 Booby son, father craves a, 266.  
   who 'd give her, 295.  
 Book, adversary had written a, 590.  
   and heart must never part, 585.  
   and volume of my brain, 107.  
   beware of a man of one, 624.

- Book containing such vile matter, 81.  
 dainties bred in a, 32.  
 face is as a, 91.  
 good kill a man as kill a good, 210.  
 half a library to make one, 317.  
 I'll drown my, 20.  
 in breeches, Macaulay is a, 427.  
 in gold clasps, 77.  
 in sour misfortune's, 82.  
 is a book, 470.  
 note it in a, 604.  
 of fate, heaven hides the, 268.  
 of human life, 540.  
 of knowledge fair, 186.  
 of nature short of leaves, 514.  
 of songs and sonnets, 22.  
 only read perhaps by me, 404.  
 or friend, with a religious, 143.  
 so fairly bound, 81.  
 the precious life-blood, 211.  
 when a nobleman writes a, 318.  
 who reads an American, 428.
- Bookes, out of old, 4.  
 Bookful blockhead, 278.  
 Bookish theoretic, 124.  
 Books and money placed for show, 220.  
 are a substantial world, 417.  
 are each a world, 417.  
 assume the care of, 266.  
 authority from others', 31.  
 by which the printers lost, 212.  
 cannot always please, 382.  
 deep versed in, 197.  
 else appear so mean, all, 236.  
 forefathers had no other, 68.  
 in originals, 534.  
 in the running brooks, 42.  
 like proverbs, 234.  
 must follow sciences, 138.  
 next o'er his, 284.  
 not in your, 27.  
 of honour razed from the, 135.  
 of making many, 602.  
 or work or healthful play, 255.  
 preserved and stored up in, 211.  
 quit your, 416.  
 some, to be tasted, 138.  
 speaks about his own, 530.  
 spectacles of, 231.  
 talismans and spells, 364.  
 tenets with, 274.  
 that nourish all the world, 32.  
 they read, their, 530.  
 to hold in the hand, 318.  
 toil o'er, 295.  
 upon his head, so many, 397.  
 were woman's locks, 459.  
 which are no books, 431.  
 wiser grow without, 363.  
 you need, Homer all the, 236.
- Booted and spurred, 286.
- Bootless bene, good for a, 418.  
 Boots displace, dares this pair of, 306.  
 it at one gate, 197.  
 Bo-peep, played at, 164.  
 Border, let that aye be your, 386.  
 Borders, death, 146.  
 Bore a bright golden flower, 201.  
 without abuse, 554.  
 Boreas, cease rude, 337.  
 Bores and bored, the, 490.  
 through his castle wall, 56.  
 Born, better ne'er been, 453.  
 better to be lowly, 72.  
 blessed who ne'er was, 243.  
 for immortality, 415.  
 for the universe, 342.  
 great, some are, 50.  
 how happy is he, 143.  
 in Arcadia, I too was, 628.  
 in a cellar, 257.  
 in bed in bed we die, 574.  
 in the garret, 482.  
 or taught, happy is he, 143.  
 that ever I was, 108.  
 to be a slave, 356.  
 to blush unseen, 329.  
 to die, were not, 500.  
 to set it right, 108.  
 to the manner, 105.  
 under a rhyming planet, 80.
- Borne away with every breath, 484.  
 down by the flying, 449.  
 like thy bubbles, onward, 478.
- Borrow, to beg or to, 235.
- Borrowed wit, wings of, 155.
- Borrower, bettered by the, 209.  
 nor a lender be, 105.  
 of the night, 95.  
 servant to the lender, 598.
- Borrowing dulls the edge, 105.  
 such kind of, 209.  
 who goeth a, goeth a sorrowing, 6.
- Bosom, cleanse the stuffed, 99.  
 come rest in this, 459.  
 confidence in an aged, 319.  
 of God, her seat is the, 18.  
 of his Father and his God, 330.  
 of the ocean, buried in the, 69.  
 of the sea, 68.  
 of thy God, calm on the, 496.  
 on thy fair, silver lake, 516.  
 sleep in Abraham's, 71.  
 swell, with thy freight, 130.  
 third in your, 80.  
 thorns that in her, lodge, 107.  
 was young, when my, 444.  
 what, beats not, 289.  
 wife of thy, 587.  
 wring his, 344.
- Bosom's lord sits lightly, 82.  
 Bosomed deep in vines, 285.

- Bosomed high in tufted trees, 205.  
 Bosoms, come home to men's, 137.  
   quiet to quick, 474.  
 Bosom-weight, your stubborn gift,  
   408.  
 Boston, solid men of, 383.  
 Botanize upon his mother's grave, 416.  
 Boteler said of strawberries, 157.  
 Both in the wrong, 294.  
   sides, much may be said on, 252.  
   thanks and use, 23.  
   were young, 483.  
 Bottle, little for the, 381.  
 Bottom of the deep, dive into the, 58.  
   of the sea, 71.  
   search not his, 171.  
   thou art translated, 35.  
   tub upon its own, 639.  
 Bough, Apollo's laurel, 18.  
   touch not a single, 527.  
 Boughs are daily rifled, 514.  
 Bought, now cheaply, 396.  
 Bound in shallows and miseries, 88.  
   in those icy chains, 151.  
   into saucy doubts, 96.  
 Bounding billows, 301.  
 Boundless contiguity of shade, 330.  
   his wealth, 448.  
   our thoughts as, 481.  
 Bounds, dances in his crystal, 202.  
   of freakish youth, 360.  
   of freedom wider yet, 547.  
   of modesty, 82.  
   of place and time, 326.  
   vulgar, 276.  
 Bounties of an hour, 262.  
 Bounty fed, those his former, 225.  
   large was his, 330.  
   no winter in his, 133.  
   not till judgment guide his, 76.  
 Bourbon or Nassau, 242.  
 Bourn no traveller returns, 111.  
 Bout, many a winding, 205.  
 Bow before thine altar, 337.  
   stubborn knees, 115.  
   to that whose course is run, 332.  
   two strings to his, 659.  
 Bowels of compassion, 617.  
   of the harmless earth, 58.  
   of the land, 71.  
 Bower, born in a, 508.  
   led her to the nuptial, 193.  
   of roses, 455.  
 Bowers of bliss, 293.  
   silver, leave, 11.  
 Bowl, golden, be broken, 602.  
   mingles with my friendly, 282.  
 Bows, 't is penning, 332.  
 Box, breathes from yonder, 279.  
   to be in the wrong, 649.  
   twelve good men into a, 497.  
 Box where sweets compacted lie, 160.  
 Boxes, beggarly account of empty, 82.  
 Boy and youth, 'twixt, 449.  
   get money, 149.  
   lad of nettles a good, 58.  
   love is a, by poets stiled, 218.  
   marvellous, 405.  
   O would I were a, again, 546.  
   playing on the sea-shore, 299.  
   stood on the burning deck, 495.  
   than when I was a, 512.  
   twelve years ago, 518.  
   who would not be a, 472.  
   you hear that, laughing, 545.  
 Boyhood's years, tears of, 460.  
 Boyish days, even from my, 125.  
 Boys, claret the liquor for, 317.  
   fear, with bugs, 47.  
   go wooing in my, 582.  
   like little wanton, 73.  
   three merry, are we, 151.  
 Brach or lym, 123.  
 Bradshaw bullied, 306.  
 Braes, among thy green, 386.  
   of Balloch, o'er the, 389.  
 Braggart with my tongue, 98.  
 Braids of lilies, 202.  
 Brain, book and volume of my, 107.  
   children of an idle, 78.  
   coinage of your, 116.  
   dry as the remainder biscuit, 43.  
   heat-oppressed, 93.  
   him with his lady's fan, 58.  
   intoxicate the, 276.  
   like madness in the, 433.  
   memory warder of the, 93.  
   mint of phrases in his, 31.  
   out of the carver's, 471.  
   paper bullets of the, 28.  
   should possess a poet's, 146.  
   too finely wrought, 353.  
   vex the, with researches, 382.  
   written troubles of the, 99.  
 Brains could not move, 347.  
   cudgel thy, no more about it, 118.  
   steal away their, 128.  
   when the, were out, 96.  
 Branch, cut is the, 18.  
 Branch-charmed oaks, 502.  
 Branches, giant, tossed, 495.  
   of learning, 38.  
 Branching elm, star-proof, 207.  
 Brandy and water, sipped, 392.  
   for heroes, 317.  
 Branksome Hall, custom of, 447.  
 Brass, evil manners live in, 74.  
   sounding, 614.  
 Brave, councils of the, 455.  
   days of old, 523.  
   deserves the fair, 224.  
   fears of the, 312.

- Brave, home of the, 491.**  
 how sleep the, 336.  
 live on, 298.  
 man chooses, 565.  
 man struggling, 289.  
 men before Agamemnon, 486.  
 that are no more, 365.  
 toll for the, 365.  
 unreturning, 473.  
 who rush to glory, 443.
- Bravely becomest thy bed, 134.**  
 fleshed thy maiden sword, 62.
- Bravery, all her, 198.**  
 of his grief, 120.
- Brawling woman, 597.**
- Braw brass collar, 385.**
- Bray a fool in a mortar, 599.**
- Brayed with minstrelsy, 82.**
- Brazen throat of war, 166.**
- Breach, imminent deadly, 125.**  
 more honoured in the, 105.  
 once more unto the, 65.
- Breaches, ambuscades, 78.**
- Bread and butter, smell of, 485.**  
 crust of, and liberty, 282.  
 crammed with distressful, 66.  
 eaten in secret, 596.  
 half-penny worth of, 59.  
 he took the, and brake it, 144.  
 Homer begged his, 170.  
 in sorrow ate, 539.  
 is the staff of life, 233, 246.  
 looked to government for, 351.  
 man doth not live by, only, 587.  
 man shall not live by, alone, 607.  
 nor his seed begging, 592.  
 of banishment, eating the bitter, 55.  
 upon the waters, cast thy, 601.  
 whole stay of, 603.  
 wondering for his, 362.
- Break it to our hope, 100.**  
 of day, eyes the, 26.  
 of the wave, 429.
- Breakers, wantoned with thy, 478.**
- Breakfast on a lion's lip, 65.**  
 scheme for her own, 267.  
 with what appetite you have, 73.
- Breaking waves dashed high, 495.**
- Breast, arm the obdured, 183.**  
 bless it upon my, 563.  
 calm the troubled, 534.  
 eternal in the human, 268.  
 feeble woman's, 407.  
 knock the, 198.  
 marble of her snowy, 176.  
 master-passion in the, 270.  
 monuments upon my, 505.  
 ne'er learned to glow, 288.  
 on her white, 279.  
 round its, the rolling clouds, 341.  
 soothe the savage, 257.
- Breast, sunshine of the, 325.**  
 tamer of the human, 326.  
 thine ideal, 476.  
 told but to her mutual, 444.  
 toss him to my, 161.  
 truth hath a quiet, 54.  
 two hands upon the, 566.  
 where learning lies, 289.  
 within his own clear, 200.  
 within our, this jewel lies, 309.
- Breastplate, what stronger, 68.**
- Breath, bated, 37.**  
 boldest held his, 443.  
 borne away with every, 484.  
 call the fleeting, 328.  
 can make them, 340.  
 Cytherea's, 52.  
 extend a mother's, 282.  
 good man yields his, 439.  
 hope's perpetual, 413.  
 is in his nostrils, 603.  
 life of mortal, 539.  
 lightly draws it, 402.  
 mouth-honour, 99.  
 no, came o'er the sea, 534.  
 north-wind's, 496.  
 of heaven, 358.  
 of kings, princes are, 389.  
 of morn, sweet is the, 189.  
 o'erthrows, 283.  
 one more weary of, 514.  
 revives him, 283.  
 smells wooingly, heaven's, 91.  
 suck my last, 286.  
 summer's ripening, 79.  
 tempest's, prevail, 473.  
 to the latest, 274.  
 thou art, a, 25.
- Breathe not his name, 456.**  
 thoughts that, 326.
- Breathed the long long night, 546.**
- Breathes despair, 481.**  
 from yonder box, 279.  
 must suffer, who, 243.  
 there the man, 448.
- Breathing household laws, 413.**  
 of the common wind, 412.  
 time of day with me, 120.  
 time, peace only a, 348.  
 we watched her, 512.
- Breathless with adoration, 409.**
- Bred in a book, dainties that are, 32.**  
 in the kitchen, 482.  
 where is fancy, 39.
- Breeth where honour's lodged, 219.**  
 Breeces are so queer, 544.  
 cost but a crown, 127.  
 Macaulay is a book in, 427.
- Breed a habit, use doth, 21.**  
 for barren metal, 38.  
 of men, this happy, 55.



- Breed of noble bloods, 84.  
 Breeding, to show your, 380.  
 Breeds by a composture, 83.  
 Breeze, battle and the, 443.  
   every passing, 463.  
   far as the, can bear, 481.  
   refreshes in the, 269.  
   without a, without a tide, 432.  
 Breezy hill, mine be the, 396.  
 Brentford, two kings of, 359.  
 Brethren, great twin, 523.  
   to dwell together in unity, 595.  
 Brevity is the soul of wit, 108.  
 Bribe, too poor for a, 331.  
 Brick-dust man, the, 308.  
 Bricks are alive this day, 68.  
 Bridal chamber, come to the, 500.  
   of the earth and sky, 160.  
 Bride, society my glittering, 421.  
   wife dearer than the, 321.  
 Bride-bed to have decked, 119.  
 Bridegroom, fresh as a, 57.  
 Bridge, Horatius kept the, 523.  
   of sighs, on the, 475.  
 Bridle, taxed, 428.  
 Brief as the lightning, 34.  
   as woman's love, 113.  
   authority, drest in a little, 25.  
   let me be, 107.  
   't is, my lord, 113.  
 Briers, working-day full of, 41.  
 Bright, angels are still, 98.  
   as young diamonds, 229.  
   best of dark and, 482.  
   consummate flower, 191.  
   dark with excessive, 186.  
   face shyned, 10.  
   honour, pluck, 58.  
   must fade, all that is, 459.  
   particular star, a, 47.  
   promise of early day, 463.  
   things come to confusion, 34.  
   waters meet, where the, 457.  
 Brighten, blessings, as they take their  
   flight, 263.  
 Brightening to the last, 340.  
 Brightens his crest, joy, 194.  
   how the wit, 278.  
 Brightest and best of the sons, 463.  
   meanest, wisest, 272.  
   still the fleetest, 459.  
 Bright-eyed fancy, 326.  
   science watches, 328.  
 Brightly breaks the morning, 445.  
   smile and sweetly sing, 504.  
 Brightness, amazing, 237.  
   lost her original, 180.  
 Brignall banks are wild, 452.  
 Brilliant Frenchman, 356.  
 Brim, sparkles near the, 473.  
 Bring me to the test, 116.  
 Bring the day, Phosphor, 159.  
   the rathe primrose, 204.  
   your wounded hearts, 461.  
 Bringer of that joy, 35.  
   of unwelcome news, 62.  
 Brisk and giddy-paced times, 49.  
   as a bee in conversation, 315.  
 Britain at Heaven's command, 304.  
   where now is, 521.  
 Britain's monarch uncovered, 306.  
 Britannia needs no bulwarks, 443.  
   rules the waves, 304.  
 Brither, like a vera, 384.  
 British man, smell blood of, 123.  
   manhood, piece of, 506.  
   oak, shadow of the, 351.  
   soldier, the, 468.  
 Briton even in love, 403.  
 Britons never shall be slaves, 304.  
 Broad-based upon her people's will,  
   547.  
 Broad-brimmed hat, 306.  
 Broadcloth without, 364.  
 Broke the die, nature, 483.  
   the good meeting, 97.  
 Broken with the storms of state, 74.  
 Broken-hearted, half, 470.  
   ne'er been, 387.  
 Brokenly live on, 474.  
 Broil and battle, feats of, 125.  
 Brook and river meet, where, 537.  
   as thou these ashes little, 414.  
   can see no moon but this, 457.  
   fast by a, 366.  
   is deep, where the, 67.  
   noise like of a hidden, 432.  
   sparkling with a, 491.  
   that turns a mill, 401.  
 Brooks, books in the running, 42.  
   in Vallombrosa, 179.  
   make rivers, 228.  
   moon looks on many, 457.  
   near the running, 417.  
   panteth after the water, 592.  
   shallow, rivers wide, 204.  
   sloping into, 491.  
 Brook-side, I wandered by the, 526.  
 Broomstick, write finely upon a, 247.  
 Brother, call my, back to me, 496.  
   closer than a, 597.  
   every author would his, kill, 171.  
   exquisite to relieve a, 385.  
   followed brother, fast has, 420.  
   hurt my, 120.  
   like a very, 384.  
   man and a, am I not a, 622.  
   my father's, 103.  
   near the throne, 281.  
   no author ever spared a, 295.  
   no friend no, there, 471.  
   of the angle, 157.

- Brother to his sister, as a, 29.  
     we are both in the wrong, 294.  
 Brotherhood, monastic, 421.  
     of venerable trees, 411.  
 Brothers all valiant, 622.  
     forty thousand, 120.  
     in distress, affliction's sons, 385.  
     men my, 549.  
     row, the stream runs fast, 461.  
     sons and kindred slain, 171.  
     we are both in the wrong, 294.  
 Brother's father dad, called, 52.  
     keeper, am I my, 586.  
     murder, a, 114.  
 Brow, anguish wring the, 450.  
     flushing his, 502.  
     furrows on another's, 264.  
     grace was seated on this, 115.  
     no wrinkle on thine azure, 478.  
     o'er that, a shadow fling, 504.  
     of Egypt, beauty in a, 35.  
 Brown study, a, 635.  
 Brows bound, now are our, 69.  
     gathering her, 384.  
     whose shady, 198.  
 Bruise, parmaceti for an inward, 58.  
 Bruised reed shall he not break, 604.  
     with adversity, 27.  
 Brunt of cannon ball, 216.  
 Brushing with hasty steps, 330.  
 Brute, et tu, 86.  
 Brute, not quite a, 265.  
 Brutes without you, we had been, 237.  
 Brutish, life of man, 155.  
 Brutus, Caesar had his, 371.  
     grows so covetous, 88.  
     is an honourable man, 87.  
     no orator as, is, 87.  
     there was a, once, 84.  
     will start a spirit, 84.  
 Bubble, honour but an empty, 225.  
     now a, burst now a world, 268.  
     on the fountain, 451.  
     reputation, seeking the, 44.  
     whose life is a, 153.  
     world is a, 141.  
 Bubbles, borne like thy, 478.  
     the earth hath, 90.  
 Bubbling cry of a strong swimmer, 487.  
     groan, sinks with, 478.  
     loud-hissing urn, 362.  
     venom, flings its, 471.  
 Bucket, as a drop of a, 604.  
     moss-covered, 464.  
     old oaken, iron-bound, 464.  
 Buckets into empty wells, 361.  
 Buckingham, so much for, 248.  
 Buckram, rogues in, 59.  
 Bud bit with an envious worm, 77.  
     flower offered in the, 254.  
     is on the bough again, 534.  
 Bud, like a worm in the, 50.  
     of love, this, 79.  
     of youth, worm is in the, 365.  
     out faire, 11.  
     shut and be a, again, 502.  
     to heaven conveyed, 436.  
 Budding rose above the rose, 423.  
     rose is fairest when 'tis, 451.  
 Budge an inch, I'll not, 47.  
     doctors of the Stoic fur, 202.  
     significant and, 357.  
 Buds the promise, 267.  
 Buff and the blue, 389.  
 Buffets and rewards, fortune's, 113.  
     of the world, blows and, 95.  
 Buffoon, statesman and, 222.  
 Bug in a rug, snug as a, 311.  
 Bugle, blow, 550.  
     horn, blast upon his, 452.  
 Bugs, fear boys with, 47.  
 Build as chance will have it, 528.  
     beneath the stars, 265.  
     for him, others should, 405.  
     not boast, he lives to, 300.  
     the lofty rhyme, 203.  
 Built better than he knew, 532.  
 Builders refused, stone which the, 594.  
     wrought with greatest care, 539.  
 Building, stole the life of the, 94.  
 Builds a church to God, 275.  
 Built a lordly pleasure-house, 547.  
     a paper-mill, 68.  
     God a church, 357.  
     he is almost lost that, 177.  
     in the eclipse, 263.  
     on stubble, earth's base, 201.  
 Bull, Assyrian, 554.  
 Bullen's eyes, gospel-light from, 331.  
 Bullets of the brain, paper, 28.  
 Bullocks at Stamford fair, 64.  
     whose talk is of, 607.  
 Bully, like a tall, 275.  
 Bulrushes, dam the Nile with, 529.  
 Bulwark, floating, 333.  
     never-failing, 571.  
 Bulwarks, against anti-republican ten-  
     dencies, 370.  
     Britannia needs no, 443.  
 Bung hole, stopping a, 119.  
 Burden and heat of the day, 609.  
     every man bears his own, 615.  
     grasshopper shall be a, 602.  
     of some merry song, 282.  
     of the mystery, 406.  
     of three-score, 339.  
     sacred, is this life, 542.  
     superfluous, loads the day, 209.  
 Burdens of the Bible old, 532.  
 Burglary, flat, 30.  
 Burial of an ass, 605.  
 Burn daylight, 22.

- Burn to the socket, 421.  
   words that, 326.  
 Burned is Apollo's laurel bough, 18.  
 Burning and a shining light, 611.  
   burns out another's, 17.  
   deck, boy stood on the, 495.  
   marle, over the, 179.  
 Burnished dove, 548.  
   sun, livery of the, 33.  
 Burn-mill meadow, sweets of, 412.  
 Burns with one love, 291.  
 Burnt, half his Troy was, 62.  
 Burrs, conversation's, 545.  
 Burst in ignorance, let me not, 105.  
 Burthen of his song, 354.  
 Bury Cæsar, I come to, 86.  
   in oblivion, 153.  
 Bush and bank, over, 11.  
   beat the, 636.  
   good wine needs no, 46.  
   hawthorn, with seats beneath, 339.  
   man in the, 532.  
   supposed a bear, how easy is a, 35.  
   the thief doth fear each, 69.  
 Business, every man has, 107.  
   come home to men's, 137.  
   despatch is the soul of, 298.  
   dinner lubricates, 375.  
   end of this day's, 89.  
   everybody's, is nobody's, 157.  
   hours set apart for, 377.  
   in great waters, 594.  
   in this state, 26.  
   man diligent in, 598.  
   man to double, bound, 115.  
   men some to take, 274.  
   nobody's, 157.  
   no feeling of his, 118.  
   of the day, be drunk the, 227.  
   prayer all his, 253.  
   talk of nothing but, 633.  
   that we love, 133.  
   will never hold water, 248.  
 Businesses and customs, 335.  
 Bust, animated, 323.  
 Bustle of resort, various, 200.  
 Busts between, placed the, 260.  
 Busy bee, how doth the, 254.  
   companies of men, 232.  
   curious, thirsty fly, 305.  
   hammers closing rivets up, 66.  
   haunts of men, 496.  
   hum of men, 205.  
   whisper circling round, 341.  
   world an idler to, 331.  
 Busybodies, 616.  
 But me no buts, 651.  
   on and up, 526.  
   what am I, 553.  
 Butchered to make a Roman holiday,  
   477.  
 Butchers, gentle with these, 86.  
 Butter in a lordly dish, 587.  
   words smoother than, 593.  
 Butterflies no bees, no, 514.  
 Butterfly, I'd be a, 508.  
   upon a wheel, 281.  
 Button on fortune's cap, 109.  
 Buttoned down before, 519.  
 Button-hole lower, let me take you, 33.  
 Buttons be disclosed, 104.  
   I had a soul above, 392.  
 Buy it, they lose it that do, 36.  
   my flowers O buy, 525.  
   with you sell with you, 37.  
 Buying or selling of pig, 6.  
 By and by is easily said, 114.  
   hook or crook, 637.  
   strangers mourned, 288.  
   that sin fell the angels, 74.  
 Byword, proverb and a, 558.  
 Byzantium's conquering foe, 475.  
 Cabined cribbed confined, 96  
   loop-hole, 199.  
 Cable for a line, 583.  
 Cadence harsh, 223.  
   sweet, 333.  
 Cadmean victory, 621.  
 Cadmus gave, letters, 488.  
 Cæsar dead and turned to clay, 119.  
   great, fell, 87.  
   had his Brutus, 371.  
   hath wept, 87.  
   I appeal unto, 612.  
   I come to bury, 86.  
   imperious, dead, 119.  
   in every wound of, 87.  
   not that I loved, less, 83.  
   rebellion fraud and, 249.  
   render therefore unto, 600.  
   start a spirit as soon as, 84.  
   upon what meat doth, feed, 84.  
   with senate at his heels, 272.  
   yesterday the word of, 87.  
   you carry, and his fortunes, 634.  
 Cæsar's, things which are, 609.  
   wife above suspicion, 624.  
 Cage, nor iron bars a, 172.  
 Cages, it happens as with, 167.  
   young ladies make nets not, 246.  
 Cain, old Tubal, 559.  
   the first city made, 174.  
 Cake, eat thy, and have it, 161, 630.  
   my, is dough, 47.  
 Cakes and ale, no more, 49.  
 Calamity is man's true touchstone, 152.  
   of so long life, 110.  
 Caledonia stern and wild, 443.  
 Caledonia's cause, support, 339.  
 Calf's-skin on those recreant limbs, 53.  
 Call a coach, 244.

- Call a spade a spade, 624.  
   back yesterday, 56.  
   evil good good evil, 603.  
   for the robin-redbreast, 168.  
   it by some better name, 460.  
   it holy ground, 495.  
   it not vain, 447.  
   me early mother dear, 548.  
   my brother back to me, 496.  
   nothing but coach, coach, 244.  
   shapes that come not at an earthly,  
     408.  
   the breezy, 328.  
   the cattle home, 567.  
   these delicate creatures ours, 129.  
   things by their right names, 397.  
   to-day his own, 227.  
   us to penance, 181.  
   you that backing your friends, 59.  
 Called, many are, 609.  
   the new world into existence, 399.  
 Callen daisies in our town, 4.  
 Caller, him who calleth be the, 244.  
 Calling, in his, let him nothing call,  
   244.  
   shapes, 199.  
 Calls back the lovely April, 135.  
 Calm, here find that, 313.  
   lights of philosophy, 249.  
   on the bosom of thy God, 496.  
   on the listening ear, 556.  
   so deep, I never felt, 410.  
   the troubled breast, 534.  
   thou mayst smile, 373.  
   tracts of, from tempest, 554.  
 Calmness, keeps the law in, 418.  
 Calms after tempest, 127.  
 Calumnious strokes, 104.  
 Calumny, shalt not escape, 111.  
 Calvinistic creed, 320.  
 Cambuscan bold, story of, 206.  
 Cambyses' vein, 59.  
 Came I saw I conquered, 628.  
   prologue, excuse, 195.  
   saw and overcame, 64.  
 Camel, cloud in shape of a, 114.  
   like a, indeed, 114.  
   swallow a, 609.  
   through eye of needle, 609.  
   to thread the postern, 56.  
 Camilla scours the plain, 278.  
 Camping-ground, fame's eternal, 569.  
 Can any mortal mixture, 159.  
   imagination boast, 301.  
   it be that this is all, 479.  
   such things be, 97.  
   this be death, 288.  
 Canadian hills, cold on, 372.  
 Candid friend, the, 399.  
   where we can, be, 268.  
 Candied tongue, let the, 113.  
 Candle, hold a, 297, 642.  
   light such a, 580.  
   not worth the, 161.  
   of understanding, 606.  
   out out brief, 100.  
   shall never be put out, 580.  
   throws his beams, 41.  
   to the sun, 267, 637.  
   to thy merit, thy modesty's a, 307.  
 Candles are all out, 93.  
   night's, are burnt out, 81.  
   of the night, 41.  
 Candy, glorified, 430.  
 Cane, conduct of a clouded, 279.  
 Canker and the grief are mine, 486.  
   galls the infants, 104.  
 Cankers of a calm world, 61.  
 Cannibals that eat each other, 126.  
 Cannon ball, brunt of, 216.  
   by our sides, 120.  
   to right of them, 555.  
 Cannon's mouth, even in the, 44.  
 Cannot come to good, 103.  
   tell how the truth be, 447.  
 Canon 'gainst self-slaughter, 102.  
 Canonized bones, 105.  
 Canopied by the blue sky, 483.  
 Canopy, most excellent, the air, 109.  
   under the, 76.  
   which love has spread, 492.  
 Canst not say I did it, 96.  
   thou guide Arcturus, 591.  
 Cant of criticism, 322.  
   of hypocrites, 322.  
 Cantilena of the law, 454.  
 Cants which are canted, 322.  
 Cap, button on fortune's, 109.  
   of youth, riband in the, 118.  
   whiter than driven snow, 324.  
 Cap-a-pe, armed at point exactly, 103.  
 Capability and godlike reason, 117.  
 Capable of nothing but dumb-shows,  
   112.  
 Caparisons don't become a young  
   woman, 378.  
 Capers nimbly in a lady's chamber, 69.  
 Capital, Belgium's, 473.  
 Capitol, drizzled blood upon the, 85.  
   who betrayed the, 237.  
 Capon, lined with good, 44.  
 Captain, a choleric word in the, 25.  
   becomes his captain's, 133.  
   Christ, soul unto his, 56.  
   ill, good attending, 136.  
   jewels in the carcanet, 136.  
   of complements, 82.  
   Wattle, ever hear of, 381.  
 Captive good, attending, ill, 136.  
   whose words all ears took, 48.  
 Capulets, family vault of all the, 352.  
   tomb of the, 352.

- Car, drive the rapid, 372.  
 Caravan, innumerable, 515.  
 Carcanet, jewels in the, 133.  
 Carcase is, wheresoever the, 610.  
   of Robinson Crusoe, 337.  
 Card, he's a sure, 230.  
   reason the, passion the gale, 270.  
   speak by the, 118.  
   this is a sure, 648.  
 Cards, old age of, 274.  
   patience and shuffle the, 573.  
 Care, begone dull, 581.  
   beyond to-day, 325.  
   disapproves that, 209.  
   earliest latest, 321.  
   fig for, and fig for woe, 141.  
   for me, if naebody, 387.  
   for nobody no not I, 354.  
   his useful, was ever nigh, 312.  
   I how chaste she be, 15.  
   I how fair she be, 14.  
   I'm free from, 584.  
   in heaven is there, 11.  
   is an enemy to life, 49.  
   keeps his watch, 80.  
   lodges where sleep will never lie, 80.  
   make pale my cheeks with, 155.  
   neither could nor, 395.  
   not, I may although I, 13.  
   of the main chance, 219.  
   ravelled sleeve of, 94.  
   that buy it with much, 36.  
   the least as feeling her, 18.  
   to our coffin adds a nail, 375.  
   weep away the life of, 493.  
   will kill a cat, 155.  
   wrinkled, 204.  
 Cared not to be at all, 181.  
 Career of his humour, 28.  
 Careful of the type, 553.  
 Careless childhood, 325.  
   of the single life, 553.  
   shoe-string, 165.  
   song now and then, 331.  
   their merits or faults, 349.  
   trifle, as 't were a, 90.  
 Cares beguiled by sports, 338.  
   depressed with, 294.  
   dividing, 400.  
   ever against eating, 205.  
   far from mortal, 443.  
   fret thy soul with, 13.  
   humble, and fears, 402.  
   if no one, for me, 354.  
   nobler loves and, 418.  
   that infest the day, 537.  
   unvexed with all the, of gain, 295.  
   whose constant, 335.  
 Caress, wooing the, 485.  
 Carnage is his daughter, 413.  
 Carnegie, Johnnie lais heer, 242.  
 Carols as he goes, 333.  
 Carpet knights, 637.  
 Carry Cæsar, you, 634.  
   gentle peace, 74.  
 Carrying three insides, 399.  
 Cart, ballads from a, 228.  
   now traversed the, 242.  
 Carved for many a year, 544.  
   not a line, 504.  
   with figures strange, 433.  
 Carver's brain, made out of the, 433  
 Casca, the envious, 87.  
 Case, reason of the, 233.  
   stands, as the, 633.  
   when a lady is in the, 295.  
 Casement slowly grows, 551.  
 Casements, charmed magic, 502.  
 Casius, old Mount, 183.  
 Cassio, I love thee, 123.  
 Cassius has a lean and hungry look, 81.  
   help me, or I sink, 83.  
   should I have answered, so, 88.  
 Cast bread upon the waters, 601.  
   of thought, the pale, 111.  
   off his friends, 343.  
   set my life upon a, 72.  
   the darkness of the sky, 7.  
   your pearls before swine, 608.  
 Casting a dim religious light, 207.  
 Castle, a man's house is his, 9.  
   hath a pleasant seat, 91.  
   house of every one as his, 10.  
   wall, bores through his, 56.  
 Castled crag of Drachenfels, 474.  
   Rhine, dwelleth by the, 533.  
 Castle's strength will laugh a siege, 99.  
 Castles in the air, 637.  
   in the clouds, 303.  
 Casuists, soundest, doubt, 275.  
 Cat, care will kill a, 155.  
   endow a college or a, 275.  
   harmless necessary, 39.  
   in the adage, like the poor, 92.  
   monstrous tail our, has, 244.  
   will mew, 120.  
 Catalogue, go for men in the, 95.  
 Cataract, sounding, 406.  
 Cataracts, silent, 435.  
 Catastrophe, I'll tickle your, 63.  
 Catch ere she change, 274.  
   larks, hoped to, 572.  
   my flying soul, 286.  
   the conscience of the king, 110.  
   the driving gale, 271.  
   the manners, 268.  
   the transient hour, 312.  
 Catechism, so ends my, 62.  
 Caters for the sparrow, 42.  
 Cathay, cycle of, 549.  
 Cato, big with the fate of, 249.  
   give his senate laws, 281, 289.

- Cato, heroic stoic, 489.  
 the sententious, 489.
- Cattle are grazing, 405.  
 call the, home, 567.  
 thousands of great, 351.  
 upon a thousand hills, 593.
- Caucasus, thinking on the frosty, 55.
- Caught by glare, maidens, 471.  
 my heavenly jewel, have I, 16  
 with his sweete perfections, 9.
- Cauld nor care, there 's neither, 395.
- Cauldron bubble, fire burn and, 97.
- Causæ sunt quinque bibendi, 571.
- Cause, beauty of the good old, 413.  
 die in a great, 485.  
 effect defective comes by, 108.  
 great first, 287.  
 hear me for my, 86.  
 his country's, 289, 291.  
 how light a, 456.  
 little shall I grace my, 125.  
 magnificent and awful, 361.  
 me no causes, 651.  
 of all men's misery, 18.  
 of covetousness, 17.  
 of mankind, in the, 457.  
 of policy, turn him to any, 65.  
 of this defect, 108.  
 of this effect, 108.  
 report me and my, aright, 121.  
 that wit is in other men, 62.  
 their, I plead, 332.  
 when our, it is just, 491.
- Causes and occasions, 67.  
 offence from amorous, 279.  
 which conspire, all the, 276.
- Caution, cold-pausing, 385.
- Caution's lesson scorning, 385
- Cave, that darksome, 11.  
 vacant interlunar, 197.
- Cavern, misery's darkest, 312.
- Caverns measureless to man, 435.  
 memory's, pure and deep, 508.
- Caves, dark unfathomed, 329.
- Caviare to the general, 109.
- Caw says he, 355.
- Cease every joy, 442.  
 from troubling, the wicked, 589.  
 rude Boreas, 337.  
 ye from man, 603.
- Ceases to be a virtue, 348.
- Ceasing of exquisite music, 598.
- Cedar to the hyssop, from the, 520.
- Celebrated, Saviour's birth is, 101.
- Celestial rosy red, 194.  
 temper, touch of, 190.  
 worth, promise of, 267.
- Cell, dwell on a rock or in a, 14.  
 each in his narrow, 328.  
 prophetic, 207.  
 so lone and cold, 558.
- Cellar, born in a, 257.
- Cellarage, fellow in the, 108.
- Cellarer, old Simon the, 496.
- Celuy qui fait de bonne heure, 346
- Cement of the soul, 300.
- Censer, eye was on the, 545.
- Censure is the tax, 247.  
 mouths of wisest, 127.  
 take each man's, 104.
- Cent, not one, for tribute, 392.
- Centre, faith has, every where, 552.  
 may sit in the, 200.
- Centric and eccentric, 193.
- Centuries ago, 557.
- Century for a reader, wait a, 153.
- Cerberus, not like, 378.
- Cerements, burst their, 105.
- Ceremony, enforced, 87.  
 that to great ones 'longs, 24.
- Certain as a gun, 230.
- Certainty, sober, 200.  
 to please, 400.
- Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry  
 away, 490.
- Cervantes' serious air, 284.
- C'est un verre qui luit, 340.
- Chaff, corn in, 470.  
 two bushels of, 36.
- Chaff-threshing churl, 573.
- Chain, beauty's, 460.  
 death broke the vital, 313.  
 electric, striking the, 475.  
 hanging in a golden, 185.  
 lengthening, 388.  
 of all virtues, 146.  
 seldom weaves a, 457.  
 slumber's, 460.
- Chains and slavery, 371.  
 at curfew time, 200.  
 bound in those icy, 151.  
 stagnant in, 461.  
 untwisting all the, 205.
- Chair, my little one's, 564.  
 one vacant, 539.  
 rack of a too easy, 285.
- Chalice, our poisoned, 92.
- Chaliced flowers, 134.
- Challenge double pity, 14.  
 to his end, 169.
- Chamber, come to the bridal, 500.  
 get you to my lady's, 119.  
 in the silent halls of death, 515.  
 where the good man meets his  
 fate, 263.
- Chambers, whisper softness in, 211.
- Champagne and a chicken, 296.
- Champion cased in adamant, 415.  
 thou fortune's, 53.
- Champions four, fierce, 185.
- Chance, all, direction, 270.  
 by happy, 423.

- Chance, comes from art, 277.  
   decides fate of monarchs, 301.  
   erring men call, 201.  
   main, 219, 644.  
   may crown me, 90.  
   or death, nativity, 23.  
   set my life on any, 95.  
   skirts of happy, 553.  
 Chancellor in embryo, 324.  
 Chancellor's foot, 156.  
 Chancery, up to heaven's, 322.  
 Chances, most disastrous, 125.  
 Change came o'er my dream, 483.  
   can give no more, 237.  
   fear of, perplexes monarchs, 180.  
   heavy, O the, 203.  
   of fierce extremes, 183.  
   of many-coloured life, 312.  
   old love for new, 142.  
   ringing grooves of, 549.  
   seasons and their, 189.  
   studious of, 359.  
   such a, 475.  
   the place but keep the pain, 256.  
   the stamp of nature, 116.  
 Changed all that, we have, 633.  
   and such a change, 475.  
   in the cradle, 573.  
   mind not to be, 179.  
 Changeful dream, fickle as a, 451.  
 Changing years, through many, 534.  
 Chanticleer, crow like, 43.  
 Chaos and old night, 180.  
   black, comes again, 135.  
   eldest night and, 185.  
   is come again, 128.  
   is restored, 286.  
   of thought and passion, 270.  
 Chaos-like, crushed, 287.  
 Chapel, Devil builds a, 161, 239, 650.  
 Chapels had been churches, 37.  
 Chap-fallen, quite, 119.  
 Chapter of accidents, 298.  
 Character dead at every word, 379.  
   I leave behind me, my, 379.  
   of Hamlet left out, 454.  
 Characters from high life, 273  
   high, 163.  
   in dust, write the, 453.  
   of hell to trace, 327.  
 Charge Chester charge, 450.  
   compulsive ardour gives the, 116.  
   if it be in his, 2.  
   in peace, a, 227.  
   is prepared, the, 294.  
   to keep I have, 305.  
 Chariest maid is prodigal enough, 104.  
 Chariots, brazen, raged, 191.  
 Charitable intents, wicked or, 105.  
   speeches, leave it to men's, 141.  
 Charities that soothe, 423.  
 Charity, a little earth for, 74.  
   all mankind's concern is, 271.  
   covers multitudes of sins, 617.  
   for all, malice towards none, 543.  
   hand open as day for melting, 64.  
   pity gave ere, began, 340.  
   rarity of Christian, 514.  
 Charm ache with air, 30.  
   blest with that, 400.  
   can soothe, what, 344.  
   in melancholy, such a, 401.  
   mutter and mock a broken, 434.  
   no, can tame, 234.  
   no need of a remoter, 406.  
   nor witch hath power to, 101.  
   of earliest birds, 189.  
   of poetry and love, 415.  
   one native, 341.  
   that lulls to sleep, 343.  
   to stay the morning star, 435.  
 Charmed life, I bear a, 100.  
   with distant views of happiness,  
   167.  
   with the foolish whistling, 174.  
 Charmer, hope the, 441.  
   sinner it or saint it, 274.  
   were t' other dear, away, 294.  
 Charmers, hearken to the voice of, 593.  
   like other, 485.  
 Charming, ever, ever new, 299.  
   harp of Orpheus not more, 210.  
   he saw her, 302.  
   is divine philosophy, 201.  
   left his voice so, 192.  
   never so wisely, 593.  
 Charms ear or sight, 436.  
   freedom has a thousand, 356.  
   her modesty concealed, 302.  
   music hath, to soothe, 257.  
   solitude where are the, 358.  
   strike the sight, 280.  
 Charter large as the wind, 43.  
   of her land, 304.  
 Chartered libertine, air a, 65.  
 Charybdis your mother, 39.  
 Chase a panting syllable, 358  
   big round tears in piteous, 42.  
   brave employment, 160.  
 Chased with more spirit, 38.  
 Chasm, horrid, disclosed, 292.  
 Chasms and watery depths, 437.  
 Chaste and unexpressive she, 44.  
   as ice, be thou, 111.  
   as morning dew, 264.  
   as the icicle, 76.  
   as unsunned snow, 134.  
   to me, if she seem not, 15.  
   what care I how, she be, 15.  
 Chasteneth whom he loveth, 616.  
 Chastises whom most he likes, 243.  
 Chastity my brother, 200.

- Chastity of honour, 350.  
   so dear-is saintly, 201.  
 Chatham's language, 361.  
 Chatterton marvellous boy, 405.  
 Chaucer, I will not lodge thee by, 148.  
   learned, 168.  
 Cheap defence of nations, 350.  
   fame then was, 229.  
 Cheat, life 't is all a, 229.  
 Cheated, impossible to be, 533.  
   of feature by dissembling nature,  
   70.  
   pleasure of being, 219.  
   wat ye how she, me, 389.  
 Check to loose behaviour, 252.  
 Checkered paths of joy, 310.  
 Cheek, changing, sinking heart, 480.  
   feed on her damask, 50.  
   he that loves a rosy, 154.  
   o'er her warm, 326.  
   of night, hangs upon the, 78.  
   tear down virtue's manly, 372.  
   tears down Pluto's, 206.  
   that I might touch that, 79.  
   the roses from your, 323.  
   upon her hand, 79.  
 Cheeks, blow winds crack your, 122.  
   eloquent blood spoke in her, 144.  
   famine is in thy, 82.  
   make pale my, with care, 155.  
   of sorry grain, 202.  
   stain my man's, 122.  
 Cheer, be of good, 608.  
   but not inebriate, 260, 362.  
   make good, play and, 6.  
   small, and great welcome, 27.  
 Cheered up himself, 217.  
 Cheerful at morn he wakes, 338.  
   countenance 597.  
   dawn, may-time and, 404.  
   godliness, 413.  
   to-morrow, as to-day, 274.  
   ways of men, 186.  
   yesterdays, man of, 423.  
 Cheers the tar's labour, 485.  
 Cheese, moon made of green, 644.  
 Cheese-paring, man made of, 64.  
 Chelsea, dead as, 625.  
 Chequered shade, 205.  
 Cherish and to obey, 619.  
   heart something to, 540.  
   those hearts that hate thee, 74.  
   to love and to, 618.  
 Cherries hang that none may buy, 142.  
   those, fairly do enclose, 142.  
 Cherry, like to a double, 35.  
   ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry, 165.  
   ripe themselves do cry, 142.  
 Cherry-isle, Julia's lips, 165.  
 Cherub, sweet little, 381.  
 Cherubim, horsed, heaven's, 92.  
 Cherubims, on cherubs and on, 7.  
 Cherubins, young-eyed, 41.  
 Cherubs and on cherubims, 7.  
 Chest of drawers by day, 341.  
 Chew the cud and are silent, 351.  
 Chewed and digested, books to be, 138.  
 Chewing the food of fancy, 46.  
 Chi fa ingiuria non perdona mai, 229.  
 Chian strand, on the, 438.  
 Chicken and champagne, 296.  
 Chickens, all my pretty, 98.  
   count their, 219.  
   curses are like young, 525.  
   hen gathereth her, 610.  
 Chief among the blessed three, 534.  
   a rod, 272.  
   hail to the, 451.  
   Justice was rich, 521.  
   octogenarian, 475.  
   of a thousand for grace, 530.  
 Chief's pride, vain the, 284.  
 Chiefs, scion of, 477.  
 Chiel 's amang ye takin' notes, 387.  
 Child, a curious, 422.  
   again, make me a, 568.  
   a naked new-born, 373.  
   a simple, 402.  
   as yet a, 280.  
   behold the, 271.  
   happy Christian, 446.  
   her innocence a, 224.  
   in simplicity a, 289.  
   is father of the man, 402.  
   is not mine as the first was, 563.  
   like a three years', 423.  
   like a tired, 493.  
   meet nurse for a poetic, 448.  
   of many prayers, 537.  
   of misery, baptized in tears, 372.  
   of our grandmother Eve, 31.  
   of suffering, 545.  
   of the skies, 390.  
   room of my absent, 53.  
   Rowland to the dark tower came,  
   123.  
   Shakespeare, fancy's, 205.  
   spake as a, 614.  
   spare the rod spoil the, 218, 648.  
   sports of children satisfy the, 338.  
   to have a thankless, 121.  
   train up a, 598.  
   when I was a, 614.  
   where is my, 480.  
   wise father knows his own, 38.  
 Childhood, careless, 325.  
 fears a painted devil, 94.  
 fled by, how my, 518.  
 give me my, again, 568.  
 in my days of, 430.  
 scenes of my, 464.  
 shows the man, 196.



- Childhood, there was a place in, 524.  
   womanhood and, fleet, 537.  
 Childhood's hour, from, 455.  
 Childish days, sweet, 402.  
   ignorance, it was a, 512.  
   tears, dim with, 417.  
   treble, turning again to ard, 44.  
 Childishness, second, 44.  
 Childless with all her children, 274.  
 Childlike and bland, 568.  
 Children, airy hopes my, 421.  
   as gypsies serve stolen, 379.  
   call her blessed, 599.  
   childless with all her, 274  
   followed with endearing wile, 341.  
   gathering pebbles, 197.  
   impediments to great enterprises,  
     137.  
   like olive plants, 595.  
   nine small, 585.  
   of a larger growth, 228.  
   of an idle brain, 78.  
   of light, 611.  
   of one family fall out, 254.  
   of the sun, 267.  
   of this world, 611.  
   Rachel weeping for her, 607.  
   sports of, 338.  
   tale which holdeth, from play, 16.  
   talks about her own, 530.  
   through the mirthful maze, 339.  
   toys to the great, 303.  
   wisdom justified of her, 608.  
   wives and grandsires, 578.  
 Children's teeth set on edge, 605.  
 Chill penury, 329.  
 Chills the lap of May, 338.  
 Chimæras dire, Hydras and, 184.  
 Chime, bells do, 160.  
   faintly as tolls the evening, 461.  
   heard their soothing, 459.  
   to guide their, 232.  
 Chimes at midnight, 64.  
 Chimney in my father's house, 68.  
   stockings hung by the, 445.  
 Chimney-corner, men from the, 16.  
 Chimney-pots, what tiles and, 431.  
 Chimney-sweepers come to dust, 135.  
 Chin, close-buttoned to the, 364.  
   new-reaped, like a stubble-land, 57.  
   some bee had stung, 163.  
 China fall, though, 275.  
   to Peru, mankind from, 311.  
 Chinese, the heathen, 568.  
 Chink, importunate, 351.  
 Chinks of her body, 212.  
   shall have the, 78.  
   that time has made, 175, 400.  
 Chip of the old block, 352, 633.  
 Chisel, ne'er did Grecian, 450.  
 Chivalry, age of, is gone, 350.  
 Chivalry, beauty and her, 473.  
   charge with all thy, 443.  
   Spain's, 490.  
 Choice and master spirits, 86.  
   goes by forever, 564.  
   Hobson's, 628.  
   in rotten apples, there's small, 47.  
   of difficulties, 347.  
   of loss, 133.  
   word and phrase, 406.  
 Choicely good, old-fashioned but, 157.  
 Choleric word in the captain, 25.  
 Choose a firm cloud, 274.  
   an author as you, a friend, 231.  
   love by another's eyes, 34.  
   not alone a proper mate, 359.  
   thine own time, 374.  
   where to, their place, 196.  
   which of the two to, 249.  
 Choosers, beggars must be no, 633.  
 Choosing and beginning late, 194.  
 Chord in melancholy, 512.  
   in unison is touched, 333.  
   smote the, of self, 548.  
 Chords, smote on all the, 548.  
   that vibrate, 387.  
 Chorus, laugh was ready, 334.  
 Chorus-note, the fisher's, 397.  
 Chosen, but few are, 609.  
   that good part, 611.  
   the less is to be, 5, 646.  
 Christ, it is a godly sight, 471.  
   ring in the, 553.  
   that it were possible, 554.  
   to live is, 615.  
   unto his captain, gave his soul, 56.  
   went agin war an' pillage, 565.  
 Christian charity, rarity of, 514.  
   child, a happy, 446.  
   dupe, gamester, 332.  
   faithful man, as I am a, 70.  
   ground, every vice on, 285.  
   highest style of man, 264.  
   is God Almighty's gentleman, 222.  
   perfectly like a, 290.  
 Christians have burnt each other, 486.  
   good, good citizens, 465.  
   love one another, how these, 632.  
 Christ-like for sin to grieve, 574.  
 Christmas comes but once a year, 6.  
   desire a rose at, 31.  
   't was the night before, 445.  
 Chronicle small beer, 127.  
 Chronicler, such an honest, 75.  
 Chronicles of the time, 109.  
 Chrononhotonthologos, 244.  
 Chrysolite, one entire and perfect, 131.  
 Chuckle, make one's fancy, 213.  
 Church army physic, 365.  
   built God a, 357.  
   forgotten the inside of a, 60.

- Church, plain as way to parish, 43.  
 seed of the, 624.  
 some repair to, 277.  
 to be of no, is dangerous, 314.  
 where bells have knolled to, 43.  
 who builds to God a, 275.  
 without a bishop, 517.
- Church-door, wide as a, 81.
- Churches, chapels had been, 37.  
 scab of, 144.  
 with spire steeples, 433.
- Church-going bell, 353.
- Churchyard mould, 513.  
 stone, beneath the, 518.  
 thing, a palsy-stricken, 502.
- Churchyards yawn, when, 114.
- Churl chaff-threshing, 573.
- Churlish, the reply, 46.
- Chylden's game, it was no, 643.
- Chymist, fiddler, 222.
- Cicero, Demosthenes or, 394.
- Cigar, give me a, 485.
- Cimmerian darkness, 442.
- Cinnamon, tinct with, 502.
- Circle spreads, the desert, 424.  
 within that, none durst walk, 229.
- Circled orb. changes in her, 79.
- Circuit is Elysium, within whose, 68.  
 runs the great, 362.
- Circumcised dog, 132.
- Circumlocution office, 558.
- Circumstance allows, best his, 263.  
 breasts the blows of, 553.  
 lie with, 46.  
 of glorious war, 130.  
 slave of, and impulse, 484.
- Circumvent God, one that would, 118.
- Cistern, wheel broken at the, 602.
- Citadel, towered, 133.  
 winged sea-girt, 472.
- Cities, Cain the first, made, 174.  
 far from gay, 291.  
 hum of human, 474.  
 remote from, lived a swain, 295.  
 seven, warred for Homer, 170.  
 towered, please us, 205.
- Citizens, fat and greasy, 42.  
 good Christians good, 465.  
 man made us, 565.
- City, Cain the first, made, 174.  
 long in populous, pent, 194.  
 of the great king, 592.  
 that is set on an hill, 607.
- City's ancient legend, 550.
- Civet, give me an ounce of, 123.  
 in the room, talk with, 357.
- Civil discord, effects from, 250.  
 sea grew, at her song, 34.  
 too, by half, 378.
- Civilities of life, the sweet, 226.
- Civility, I see a wild, 165.
- Clad in blue and gold, 396.  
 in complete steel, 200.  
 in russet mantle, 101.
- Claes, gars auld, 389.
- Claim higher, Bourbon or Nassau, 242.
- Claims of long descent, 547.
- Clamours, Jove's dread, 130.
- Clapper-clawing one another, 213.
- Claret is the liquor for boys, 317.
- Clarion, sound the, 453.
- Clasp his teeth, drunkard, 149.
- Clasps, that book in gold, 77.
- Classical ground, 251.
- Classical quotation, 318.
- Clay, blind his soul with, 551.  
 Caesar dead and turned to, 119.  
 if, could think, 413.  
 of humankind, 231.  
 porcelain of human, 488.  
 tenement of, 221.  
 turf that wraps their, 396.
- Cleanliness next to godliness, 309.
- Cleanness of body, 141.
- Cleanse the stuffed bosom, 99.
- Clear as a whistle, 297.  
 deep yet, 171.  
 in his great office, 92.  
 your looks, 416.
- Cleon dwelleth in a palace, 559.  
 hath a million acres, 559.
- Clerk foredoomed, 280.  
 me no clerks, 651.  
 scarce less illustrious, 358.  
 ther was of Oxenforde, 1.
- Clever man by nature, 397.  
 men are good, 506.
- Clicked behind the door, 341.
- Clients, nest-eggs to make, 220.
- Cliff, as some tall, 341.
- Cliffs rent asunder, 433.
- Climate, cold, or years, 194.
- Climb, fain would I, 15.  
 how hard it is to, 366.  
 why then, at all, 15.
- Climber upward, 84.
- Climbing sorrow, down thou, 121.
- Clime, cold in, cold in blood, 479.  
 deeds done in their, 480.  
 in every, adored, 287.  
 in some brighter, 374.  
 in the eastern, 190.  
 ravage all the, 366.  
 soft as her, 485.
- Climes beyond the western main, 339.  
 cloudless, and starry skies, 482.  
 humours turn with, 274.
- Clink of hammers, 248.
- Clip an angel's wings, 502.
- Cloak, martial, around him, 504.  
 not alone my inky, 102.
- Cloaked from head to foot, 552.

- Clock, like the finger of a, 362.  
   Shrewsbury, hour by, 62.  
   the varnished, 341  
   worn out with eating time, 230.  
 Clod, to become a kneaded, 25.  
 Clog of his body, 213.  
 Cloistered virtue, 211.  
 Close against the sky, 512.  
   of the day, at the, 366.  
   the shutters fast, 362.  
   the wall up with English dead, 65.  
   up his eyes and draw the curtain, 68.  
 Close-buttoned to the chin, 364.  
 Closeness, all dedicated to, 19.  
 Closet, do very well in a, 298.  
 Cloth of Arras, like, 648.  
 Clothe a man with rags, 598.  
   my naked villany, 70.  
 Clothed and in his right mind, 610.  
   in black or red, 1.  
   in sorrow's dark array, 576.  
 Clothes, through tattered, 124.  
   up he rose and donned his, 117.  
   wantonness in, 165.  
   when he put on his, 343.  
 Clothing the palpable, 437.  
 Cloud capped towers, 20.  
 Cloud, a fast-flying, 429.  
   choose a firm, 274.  
   in shape of a camel, 114.  
   joy the luminous, 436.  
   like a man's hand, 588.  
   like a summer's 97.  
   of witnesses, 616.  
   out of the sea, 588.  
   pillar of a, 586.  
   sable, 199.  
   sits in a foggy, 97.  
   so fades a summer, 374.  
   that's dragonish, 133.  
   through a fleecy, 206.  
   which wraps the present, 333.  
   with silver lining, 199.  
 Clouds, castles in the, 303.  
   dropping from the, 301.  
   fought upon the, 85.  
   he that regardeth the, 601.  
   heavily in, brings the day, 249.  
   hooded like friars, 536.  
   I saw two, at morning, 509.  
   impregns the, 188.  
   looks in the, 85.  
   play i' the plighted, 200.  
   robe of, throne of rocks, 484.  
   rolling, are spread, 341.  
   sees God in, 269.  
   sit in the, and mock us, 63.  
   smiles the, away, 480.  
   that gather round the setting sun,  
     421.  
   that loured upon our house, 69.  
 Clouds that shed May flowers, 188.  
   thy, dispel all other, 499.  
   trailing, of glory, 420.  
 Cloudless clear and beautiful, 483.  
 Clouted shoon, 201.  
 Cloy the hungry edge of appetite, 55.  
 Clubs typical of strife, 362.  
 Cluster, woes, 263.  
 Clutch the golden keys, 553.  
   thee, come let me, 93.  
 Coach, go call a, 244.  
   O for a, ye gods, 244.  
 Coachmakers, the fairies', 78.  
 Coal and salt, mines for, 501.  
 Coals of fire on his head, 598, 613.  
 Coarse, familiar but not, 314.  
 Coast, rock-bound, 495.  
   to reach the distant, 358.  
   was clear, 638.  
 Coat buttoned down before, 519.  
   herald's, without sleeves, 61.  
 Coats, glittering in golden, 60.  
   hole in a' your, 387.  
 Cobham, brave, 274.  
 Cock, early village, 72.  
   this is a, 573.  
 Cockloft is empty, often the, 212.  
 Code, to no, or creed confined, 500.  
 Codeless myriad of precedent, 555.  
 Coffee which makes the politician wise,  
   279.  
 Coffin, care adds a nail to our, 375.  
 Cofre, litel gold in, 1.  
 Cogibundity of cogitation, 244.  
 Cogitative faculties, 244.  
 Cohesive power of public plunder, 625.  
 Cohorts were gleaming, 482.  
 Coign of vantage, 91.  
 Coil, not worth this, 52.  
   shuffled off this mortal, 110.  
 Coin that purchases all things, 573.  
 Coinage of your brain, 116.  
 Coincidence, strange, 489.  
 Cold and unhonoured, 456.  
   as a cucumber, 633.  
   ashen, is fire yreken, 3.  
   ear of death, 328.  
   foot and hand go, 7.  
   in clime are cold in blood, 479.  
   indifference came, 258.  
   in the summer of her age, 230.  
   iron, meddles with, 217.  
   lest the bargain catch, 134.  
   marble leapt to life, 498.  
   neutrality, 351.  
   obstruction, to lie in, 25.  
   on Canadian hills, 372.  
   performs the effect of fire, 183.  
   that moderates heat, 573.  
   the changed, 475.  
   waters to a thirsty soul, 598.

- Coldest that ever turned up ace, 134.  
 Coldly furnish forth, 103.  
   heard, so, 525.  
   sweet so deadly fair, so, 479.  
   think'st I speak too, 459.  
 Coldness still returning, 416.  
 Cold-pausing caution, 385.  
 Coleridge, mortal power of, 419.  
 Coliseum, when falls the, 477.  
 Collar, braw brass, 385.  
 College joke to cure the dumps, 246.  
   or a cat, endow a, 275.  
 Collied night, lightning in the, 34.  
 Collier and a barber fight, 308.  
 Cologne, wash your city of, 437.  
 Coloquintida, bitter as, 127.  
 Colossus bestride the world, 84.  
 Colour, imbues with a new, 476.  
 Colouring, take a sober, 421.  
 Colours a suffusion, 435.  
   idly spread, mocking the air, 54.  
   of the rainbow, 200.  
 Columbia happy land, 401.  
   sons of, 464.  
   to glory arise, 390.  
 Column rising towards heaven, 465.  
   throws up a steamy, 362.  
   where London's, 275.  
 Combat deepens, the, 443.  
   whose wit in the, 462.  
 Combination and a form, 115.  
 Combine, when bad men, 348.  
 Combustion and confused events, 74.  
 Come again, cut and, 382.  
   and trip it as you go, 204.  
   as the waves come, 452.  
   as the winds come, 452.  
   forth into the light, 416.  
   gentle spring, 301.  
   home to men's bosoms, 137.  
   in the evening or morning, 559.  
   in the rearward of a woe, 136.  
   like shadows so depart, 98.  
   live with me and be my love, 17.  
   men may, 554.  
   o'er the moonlit sea, 534.  
   one come all, 451.  
   past and to, seems best, 63.  
   perfect days, if ever, 563.  
   rest in this bosom, 459.  
   send round the wine, 457.  
   then expressive silence, 303.  
   thou monarch of the vine, 132.  
   to the bridal chamber, 500.  
   to the sunset tree, 496.  
   to this, that it should, 102.  
   unto these yellow sands, 19.  
   wander with me, 534.  
   what come may, 90.  
   what may, 479.  
   when it will come, 86.  
 Come when the heart beats, 500.  
   when you're looked for, 559.  
   when you call them, 60.  
   without warning, 559.  
 Comed, the world is a, 334.  
 Comes a reckoning, 294.  
   but once, Christmas, 6.  
   the blind fury, 203.  
   the brick-dust man, 308.  
   this way sailing, 198.  
   to be denied, 150.  
   to pass, never never, 391.  
   unlooked for, 287.  
 Comet, like a, burned, 184.  
 Cometh al this new corne, 4.  
   al this new science, 4.  
   to net, all's fish that, 6.  
 Comets seen, no, 85.  
 Comfort and command, 405.  
   be to my age, 42.  
   continuall, in a face, 8.  
   flows from ignorance, 241.  
   friends and foes, 343.  
   from above, 390.  
   speak, to that grief, 30.  
   spring, whence can, 418.  
 Comforted, would not be, 607.  
 Comforters, miserable, 560.  
 Comfortlesse dispaire, 13.  
 Comforts, our creature, 233.  
 Coming events cast shadows, 442.  
   eye will mark our, 486.  
   far off his, shone, 192.  
   meet thee at thy, 603.  
 Command, correspondent to, 19.  
   my heart and me, 169.  
   success, not in mortals to, 249.  
 Commandments, keep his, 602.  
   set my ten, 67, 647.  
 Commend, another's face, 323.  
 Commendations, good at sudden, 75.  
 Commends the ingredients, 92.  
 Comment, meek nature's evening, 414.  
 Commentator, transatlantic, 521.  
 Commentators plain, give me, 382.  
   shun each dark passage, 267.  
 Commerce long prevails, where, 338.  
   to promote, 266.  
 Commercing with the skies, 206.  
 Commiseration, brotherly, 506.  
 Commit the oldest sins, 64.  
 Commodity of good names, 57.  
 Common as light is love, 493.  
   growth of mother earth, 409.  
   he nothing, did, 232.  
   make it too, 63.  
   men, in the roll of, 59.  
   mind, education forms, 273.  
   natures, same with, 261.  
   people of the skies, 143.  
   souls, vulgar flight of, 367.

- Common sun the air the skies, 331.  
 task, trivial round, 505.  
 use, remote from, 486.  
 walk, beyond the, 263.
- Commonplace of nature, 404.
- Common-sense, rich in saving, 554.
- Commonwealth, an ordinary, 315.  
 to lie abroad for the, 144.
- Communicated, good the more, 190.
- Communications, evil, 614.
- Communion sweet, quaff in, 191.  
 with nature's visible forms, 515.
- Compact, are of imagination all, 35.
- Companies, busy, of men, 232.
- Companion, even thou my, 619.
- Companions, his best, innocence and health, 340.  
 I have had, playmates, 430.  
 musing on, gone, 449.  
 of the spring, 377.  
 thou 'dst unfold, 131.
- Company, crowds without, 355.  
 high-lived, 344.  
 shirt and a half in my, 61.  
 villainous, the spoil of me, 60.  
 with pain and fear, in, 418.
- Compare, beautiful beyond, 440.  
 great things with small, 638.
- Comparisons are odious, 17, 144, 638.  
 are odorous, 29, 638.  
 of a disturbed imagination, 352.
- Compass, a narrow, 175.  
 I mind my, 293.  
 of a guinea, within the, 468.  
 of the notes, 224.
- Compassed by the inviolate sea, 547.
- Compassion, bowels of, 617.  
 courage and, joined, 251.
- Compelled sins, our, 25.
- Competence, peace and, 272.
- Competency lives longer, 37.
- Complements, captain of, 80.
- Complete steel, clad in, 200.  
 steel, armed with more than, 17.
- Complexion, mislike me not for my, 38.
- Complexions, coarse, 202.
- Complies against his will, 220.
- Compliments are loss of time, 332.
- Composture of excrement, 83.
- Compound for sins, 216.  
 of villainous smell, 23.
- Comprehend all vagrom men, 28.
- Comprehends some bringer of joy, 35.
- Compromise, founded on, 349.
- Compulsion, a reason on, 59.  
 fools by heavenly, 121.  
 in music, sweet, 207.
- Compulsive ardour gives the charge, 116.
- Compunctious visitings, 91.
- Computation backward, 129.
- Compute, what 's done, 386.
- Comus and midnight crew, 328.
- Concatenation accordingly, 346.
- Concave, that tore hell's, 180.
- Conceal his thoughts, speech to, 632.  
 the mind, talk only to, 266.
- Concealing, hazard of, 386.
- Concealment like a worm, 50.
- Conceit in weakest bodies, 116.  
 what are they in their high, 532.  
 wise in his own, 599.  
 wiser in his own, 599.
- Conceits, wise in your own, 613.
- Conceive nor name thee, 94.
- Concentred in a life intense, 474.
- Conception of joyous prime, 11.
- Concern, all mankind's, 271.
- Concerted harmonies, 511.
- Conclusion, a foregone, 130.  
 lame and impotent, 127.  
 of the whole matter, 602.
- Concord, heart with heart in, 403.  
 holds, firm, 183.  
 of sweet sounds, 41.  
 sweet milk of, 93.
- Condemn the fault, 24.  
 the wrong yet pursue it, 581.  
 you me, 167.
- Condemned alike to groan, 325.  
 into everlasting redemption, 30.  
 the wretch, 344.
- Condescend, men of wit will, 246.
- Condition, wearisome, 9.
- Conduct and equipage, 244.  
 of a clouded cane, 279.  
 still right, 342.
- Confabulate, if birds, 359.
- Confer, minds nothing to, 403.
- Conference maketh a ready man, 138.
- Confess, I freely, 349.  
 yourself to heaven, 116.
- Confidence, filial, inspired, 363.  
 of reason give, 418.  
 plant of slow growth, 319.
- Confident to-morrows, 423.
- Confine, on the very verge of her, 122.  
 spirit hies to his, 101.
- Confines of daylight, 211.  
 of earth, on the, 393.
- Confirm the tidings, 251.
- Confirmations strong, 129.
- Conflict, dire was the noise of, 191.  
 heat of, 418.  
 irrepressible, 519.  
 the rueful, 411.
- Confusion made his masterpiece, 94.  
 on thy banners, 327.  
 so quick bright things come to, 34.  
 worse confounded, 185.
- Congenial to my heart, 341.
- Congregate, merchants most do, 37.

- Congregation, devil has the largest, 239.  
 of vapours, 109.  
 Conjectures, I am weary of, 250.  
 Conquer, like Douglas, 335.  
   love, they that run, 154.  
   our fate, to bear is to, 444.  
   twenty worlds, 166.  
   we must, then, 491.  
 Conquering, so sharpe the, 4.  
 Conqueror, every, creates a muse, 175.  
   great Emathian, 208.  
   lie at the proud foot of a, 54.  
 Conquerors, beats all, 166.  
 Conquest, ever since the, 235.  
 Conquest's crimson wing, 327.  
 Conquests, trappings of three, 177.  
 Conscience avaunt, 248.  
   coward, 72.  
   does make cowards of us all, 111.  
   hath a thousand tongues, 72.  
   have vacation, 219.  
   is corrupted with injustice, 68.  
   of her worth, 193.  
   of the king, catch the, 110.  
   still and quiet, 73.  
   wakes despair, 186.  
   with gallantry, 380.  
 Conscious stone to beauty grew, 532.  
   water blushed, 169.  
 Consciousness remained, a, 423.  
 Consecrated hour, 396.  
 Consecration and the poet's dream, 419.  
 Consent, I will ne'er, 486.  
   silence gives, 647.  
 Consequence, deepest, 90.  
   trammel up the, 91.  
 Consider the lilies of the field, 608.  
   too curiously, 119.  
 Consideration like an angel, 65.  
 Considereth the poor, 592.  
 Consistency thou art a jewel, 625.  
 Consoler, death the, 538.  
 Conspicuous by his absence, 625.  
 Constable, outrun the, 217, 646.  
 Constancy in wind, 470.  
   lives in realms above, 433.  
   to purpose, success is, 530.  
 Constant as the northern star, 86.  
   friendship is, save in love, 27.  
   in a wondrous excellence, 136.  
   to one thing, never, 28.  
 Constellations, happy, 193.  
 Constitution, higher law than, 519.  
   one, one country, 467.  
 Construction, mind's, in the face, 90.  
 Consumed the midnight oil, 295.  
 Consumedly, they laughed, 259.  
 Consummate flower, bright, 191.  
 Consummation devoutly to be wished,  
   110.  
 Consumption, birds are in, 167.  
 Consumption's ghastly form, 500.  
 Contagion, hell itself breathes out, 114.  
 Contagious blastments, 104.  
 Contemplation, formed for, 188.  
   her best nurse, 200.  
   of my travels, 45.  
 Contemporaneous posterity, 621.  
 Contemporaries, homage from, 520.  
 Contempt and anger of his lip, 50.  
   upon familiarity, 22.  
 Content, farewell, 130.  
   humble livers in, 72.  
   if hence the unlearned, 279.  
   myself with wishing, 319.  
   poor and, is rich, 129.  
   shut up in measureless, 93.  
   therewith to be, 615.  
   to dwell in decencies, 274.  
   travellers must be, 42.  
   wants money means and, 45.  
 Contented, when one is, 573.  
   why ar' n't they all, like me, 584.  
 Contentions, fat, 210.  
 Contentious woman, 599.  
 Contentment fails and honour sinks,  
   338.  
   of noblest mind, 10.  
 Contest follows, great, 361.  
 Contests from trivial things, 279.  
 Contharries, drames go by, 524.  
 Contiguity of shade, 360.  
 Continent, whole boundless, 429.  
 Continual dropping, 599.  
   plodders, small have won, 31.  
 Continual comfort in a face, 8.  
 Contortions of the sibyl, 352.  
 Contradiction, woman's a, 275.  
 Contrary, runneth not to the, 333.  
   wills and fates run so, 113.  
 Contrive, head to, 168.  
 Control stops with the shore, 477.  
 Controls them and subdues, 418.  
 Contumely, proud man's, 111.  
 Convents, happy, 285.  
 Conversation, brisk in, 315.  
   coped withal, 113.  
   perfectly delightful, 427.  
 Conversation's burrs, 545.  
 Converse, formed by thy, 273.  
   with heavenly habitants, 201.  
   with the mighty dead, 302.  
 Conversing I forget all time, 189.  
 Convey the wise it call, 22.  
 Conveyed, bud to heaven, 436.  
   the dismal tidings, 341.  
 Convinced me, unwillingly, 319.  
 Convincing, thought of, 342.  
 Convolutions of a shell, 422.  
 Cooks, devil sends, 640.  
   epicurean, 132.  
 Cool reflection came, 453.

- Cool sequestered vale, 329.  
 shade of aristocracy, 468.  
 sweet day so, 130.
- Cope of heaven, the starry, 190.
- Cophetua, king, 78.
- Copious Dryden, 283.
- Copy, leave the world no, 49.  
 nature's, is not eterne, 96.  
 princeps, 396.
- Corages, nature in hir, 1.
- Coral, his bones are, 19.  
 lip admires, 154.
- Cord, a threefold, 600.  
 silver, be loosed, 602.
- Cordial, gold in phisike is a, 2.  
 julep, this, 202.  
 to the soul, 212.
- Core, wear him in my heart's, 113.
- Corinthian lad of mettle, 58.
- Corioli, Volscians in, 77.
- Cormorant, sat like a, 187.
- Corn in chaff, 470.  
 flies o'er the unbending, 278.  
 like as a shock of, 589.  
 reap an acre of neighbour's, 402.  
 two ears of, where one grew, 246.
- Corae, cometh al this new, 4.  
 the staffe of life, 233.
- Corner, headstone of the, 594.  
 of the house-top, 597.  
 sits the wind in that, 28.  
 was not done in a, 612.
- Corners of the world, the three, 54.
- Corner-stone of a nation, 533.
- Coromandel, black men of, 522.
- Coronation day, kings upon, 223.
- Coronets, more than, 547.
- Corporal sufferance, 25.
- Corporations have no souls, 10.
- Corpse of public credit, 466.
- Corrector of enormous times, 153.
- Correggios and stuff, 343.
- Correspondent to command, 19.
- Corrupt good manners, 614.
- Corrupted freemen, 332.  
 the youth of the realm, 68.
- Corruption destines for their heart,  
 462.  
 honour from, 75.  
 lighter wings, lends, 275.  
 wins not more than honesty, 74.
- Corsair's name, he left a, 481.
- Corse, slovenly unhandsome, 57.
- Cortez, like stout, 503.
- Cost a sigh a tear, 374.
- Costard, rational hind, 31.
- Costly thy habit, 104.
- Cot beside the hill, 401.
- Cottage might adorn, 342.  
 of gentility, 425.  
 poorest man in his, 320.
- Cottage, stood beside a, 518.  
 the soul's dark, 175.  
 was near, knew that a, 461.  
 with double coach-house, 425.
- Cottages, poor men's, 37.
- Couch, drapery of his, 515.  
 frowsy, in sorrow steep, 388.  
 grassy, they to their, 188.  
 of war, flinty and steel, 126.
- Coude songes make, 1.
- Could bear to be no more, 440.  
 ever hear by tale or history, 33.  
 I flow like thee, 171.  
 I fly with thee, 377.  
 not the grave forget thee, 477.  
 we forbear dispute, 176.
- Councils of the brave, 455.
- Counsel and speak comfort, 30.  
 by words darkeneth, 590.  
 in his face yet shone, 182.  
 take and sometimes tea, 279.  
 took sweet, together, 593.
- Counsellors, multitude of, 596.
- Counsels, dash maturest, 182.  
 monie, sweet, 384.
- Count our spoons, let us, 316.  
 that day lost, 583.  
 their chickens, 219.  
 time by heart-throbs, 561.
- Countenance and profit, 137.  
 bright, of truth, 210.  
 disinheriting, 330.  
 man sharpeneth the, 599.  
 merry heart maketh a cheerful,  
 597.  
 more in sorrow than in anger, 103.  
 never fading serenity of, 250.
- Counteraction, action and, 349.
- Countercheck quarrelsome, 46.
- Counterfeit a gloom, 206.  
 presentment, 115.
- Counterfeited glee, 341.
- Counters, such rascal, 88.  
 words are wise men's, 155.
- Countless thousands mourn, 385.
- Country, dared to love their, 290.  
 die to save our, 250.  
 essential service to his, 246.  
 for the good of my, 259, 391.  
 God made the, 330.  
 he sighed for his, 444.  
 his first best, 338.  
 I loved my, 485.  
 in another, 201.  
 left for country's good, 391.  
 man dear to all the, 340.  
 my bleeding, save, 441.  
 my, 't is of thee, 543.  
 nothing but our, 465.  
 one, one constitution, 467.  
 our, however bounded, 523.

- Country, our whole country, 465.  
 right or wrong, 469.  
 save in his own, 608.  
 the undiscovered, 111.  
 to be cherished and defended, 523.  
 undone his, 249.  
 who serves his, best, 291.  
 with all her faults she is my, 353.
- Country's cause, his, 289, 291.  
 ends thou aim'st at be thy, 74.  
 wishes blessed, 333.
- Countrymen, applauses of his, 468.  
 hearts of his, 396.
- Counts his sure gains, 439.
- Courage and compassion, 251.  
 mounteth with occasion, 52.  
 never to submit, 178.  
 screw your, to the sticking-place, 92.  
 stout will be put out, 14.  
 up, whistling to bear his, 300.
- Courageous captain of complements,  
 80.
- Couriers of the air, 92.
- Course, her silent, advance, 193.  
 I have finished my, 616.  
 impediments in fancy's, 48.  
 I must stand the, 123.  
 nature's second, 94  
 of human events, in the, 369.  
 of justice, in the, 40.  
 of love, my whole, 125.  
 of nature is the art of God, 266.  
 of one revolving moon, 222.  
 of true love, 33.  
 planets in their, 400.  
 time rolls his ceaseless, 451.  
 westward the, of empire, 260.  
 whose, is run, 332.
- Coursed down his innocent nose, 42.
- Courses, stars in their, 587.  
 steer their, 216.
- Courted by all the winds, 198  
 in your girls again, 582.
- Courteous, the retort, 46.  
 though coy, 332.
- Courtesies, unwearied spirit in doing,  
 39.
- Courtesy, heart of, 16.  
 very pink of, 80.
- Courtier, heel of the, 119.
- Courtier's scholar's eye, 111.
- Courts, a day in thy, 593.  
 other, of the nation, 219.
- Courtsied when you have, 19.
- Covenant with death, 604.
- Coventry, march through, 61.  
 waited for the train at, 550.
- Cover my head now, 513.  
 the friendless bodies, 168.  
 to our bones, which serves as, 56.
- Covert yield, try what the, 268.
- Covetous sordid fellow, 298.  
 when Brutus grows so, 88.
- Covetousness, cause of, 17.
- Coward conscience, 72.  
 flattery to name a, 393.  
 on instinct, I was a, 59.  
 sneaks to death, 298.  
 stands aside, 565.  
 that would not dare, 449.  
 thou slave thou wretch, 53
- Cowards, conscience makes, 111.  
 die many times, 86.  
 mannish, many other, 41.  
 may fear to die, 14.  
 mock the patriot's fate, 526.  
 plague of all, 58.
- Cowslip's bell, in a, I lie, 21.
- Cowslips wan, 204
- Coxcombs vanquish Berkeley, 333.
- Coy and hard to please, 450.  
 courteous though, 332.  
 submission, yielded, 188.
- Cozenage, strange, 229.
- Crabbed age and youth, 135.  
 not harsh and, 201.
- Crab-tree and old iron rang, 216.
- Crack of doom, stretch out to the, 98.  
 the voice of melody, 545.  
 your cheeks, blow winds, 122.
- Crackling of thorns, as the, 600.
- Cradle and the grave, 299.  
 changed in the, 573.  
 little one's, in my, 564.  
 of reposing age, 282.  
 of the deep, 497.  
 our, stands in the grave, 146.  
 procreant, 91
- Cradled into poetry by wrong, 493.
- Cradles rock us nearer, 265.
- Craft, gentle, 626.  
 so long to lerne, 4.
- Craftiness, wise in their own, 589.
- Crammed, as they on earth were, 409.  
 with distressful bread, 66.  
 with observation, 43.
- Crams and blasphemes, 202.
- Cranny, every, but the right, 365.
- Crannying wind, save to the, 474.
- Crape, saint in, 273.
- Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, 253.
- Crave, my mind forbids to, 8.
- Cream and mantle like a standing  
 pond, 33.
- Create a soul under ribs of death, 201.
- Created equal, all men, 369.  
 half to rise and half to fall, 270.
- Creating, of nature's own, 304.
- Creation, amid its gay, 301.  
 bodiless, 116.  
 by right of an earlier, 520.  
 from every scene of the, 397



- Creation, from heat-oppressed brain, 93.  
   hangman of, 387.  
   of some heart, 476.  
   of the king's, you may be, 388.  
   ploughshare o'er, 265.  
   since the world's, 140.  
   sleeps, 262.  
 Creation's blank, 333.  
   blot, 333.  
   dawn beheld, such as, 478.  
   heir the world, 338.  
 Creator drew his spirit, 224.  
   endowed by their, 339.  
   glory of the, 140.  
   remember now thy, 601.  
 Creator's praise arise, let the, 255.  
 Creature comforts, our, 233.  
   drink pretty, 402.  
   every, lives in a state of war, 245.  
   every, shall be purified, 18.  
   felicities can fall to, 12.  
   good wine is a good familiar, 128.  
   heaven eyed, 419.  
   is at his dirty work again, 280.  
   misgivings of a, 420.  
   not too bright or good, 404.  
   small beer, 63.  
   smarts so little as a fool, 280.  
   was stirring, not a, 445.  
   why should every, drink but I, 173.  
 Creatures base, heavenly spirits to, 11.  
   millions of spiritual, 189.  
   of the element, 200.  
   rational, 183.  
   these delicate, 129.  
   you dissect, 273.  
 Creatures' lives, human, 514.  
 Crebillon, romances of, 331.  
 Credit, blest paper, 275.  
   his own lie, 19.  
   private, is wealth, 584.  
 Creditor, glory of a, 23.  
 Credulity, ye who listen with, 314  
 Creed, Athanasian, 531.  
   Calvinistic, 320.  
   of slaves, necessity is the, 392.  
   sapping a solemn, 475.  
   suckled in a, outworn, 410.  
 Creeds agree, ask if our, 457.  
   keys of all the, 552.  
   than in half the, 553.  
 Creep in one dull line, 277.  
   into his study of imagination, 29.  
   wit that can, 281.  
 Creepeth o'er ruins old, 558.  
 Creeping like snail to school, 44.  
   where no life is seen, 558  
 Creeps in this petty pace, 100.  
 Crest, joy brightens his, 194.  
   rears her snaky, 301.  
 Crested fortune, 372.  
 Cretur, on sech a blessed, 566.  
 Crib, the ass his master's, 602.  
 Cribbed confined, 96  
 Cricket on the hearth, 206.  
 Cried razors up and down, 375.  
 Cries, hear their, 578.  
 Crime, forgive the, 433.  
   madden to, 480.  
   more than a, 576.  
   numbers sanctified the, 347.  
   of being a young man, 319.  
   without the owner's, 403.  
   worse than a, 576.  
 Crimes, all his, broad blown, 115.  
   dignity of, may reach the, 376.  
   done in my days of nature, 106.  
   history is the register of, 355.  
   in the name of liberty, 576.  
   one virtue and a thousand, 481.  
   undivulged, 122.  
 Crimson in thy lips, 82.  
   wing, conquest's, 327.  
 Crisis doth portend, what mortal, 217.  
 Crispian, feast of, 66.  
   rouse him at the name of, 66.  
 Cristes lore and his apostles, 2.  
 Critic, each day a, on the last, 278.  
 Critical, nothing if not, 127.  
 Criticise, not even critics, 332.  
 Criticising elves, 353.  
 Criticism, cant of, 322.  
 Critics, before you trust in, 470.  
   gallery, 361.  
   men who have failed, 531.  
   not even, criticise, 362.  
 Critic's eye, not view me with, 394.  
   part, too nicely knew the, 336.  
 Cromwell damned to fame, 272.  
   guiltless of his country's blood, 329.  
   if thou fallest, O, 74.  
 Crony, trusty drouthy, 384.  
 Crook, by hook or, 11, 637.  
   the pregnant hinges, 113.  
 Crooked lane, straight down the, 513.  
 Crops the flowery food, 263.  
 Cross, last at his, 499.  
   leads generations on, 492.  
   nailed on the bitter, 57.  
   sparkling, she swore, 279.  
 Crossed in love, oyster, 379.  
   with adversity, a man I am, 21.  
 Crosses, fret thy soul with, 13.  
   relics, crucifixes, 220.  
 Crotchets in thy head, 22.  
 Crow like chanticleer, 43.  
   that flies in heaven's air, 136.  
 Crowche, to fawne, to, 13.  
 Crowd, madding, 329.  
   midst the, the hum, 472.  
   not feel the, 362.  
   not on my soul, 328.

- Crowd of common men, 153.  
   we met 't was in a, 508.  
   who foremost, 285.  
 Crowded hour of glorious life, 453.  
 Crowds without company, 355.  
 Crown, better than his, 39.  
   chance may, me, 90.  
   emperor without his, 263.  
   fruitless, upon my head, 95.  
   head that wears a, 63.  
   immortal, 307.  
   not the king's, 24.  
   of glory, hoary head is a, 597.  
   of life, receive the, 616.  
   of sorrow, a sorrow's, 549.  
   old winter's head, 169.  
   ourselves with rosebuds, 606.  
   sweet to wear a, 68.  
 Crown's disguise, through a, 334.  
 Crowner's quest law, 118.  
 Crowning good, 373.  
 Crowns a youth of labour, 340.  
   all, the end, 76.  
   twenty mortal murders on their,  
   96.  
 Crow-toe, tufted, 204.  
 Crucifixes beads pictures, 220.  
 Crude surfeit reigns, where no, 201.  
 Cruel as death, 302.  
   as the grave, jealousy is, 602.  
   death is always near, 585.  
   mercies of the wicked are, 596.  
   only to be kind, 117.  
 Cruell'st she alive, you are the, 49.  
 Cruelly sweet, 563.  
 Crueltie and ambition of man, 15.  
 Cruelty to load a falling man, 75.  
 Crumbs, dogs eat of the, 609.  
   picked up his, 645.  
 Crusaders, think they are, 545.  
 Cruse, little oil in a, 588.  
 Crush of worlds, 250.  
 Crushed, odours, 401.  
 Crusoe, poor Robinson, 337.  
 Crust of bread and liberty, 282.  
   share her wretched, 565.  
 Crutch, shouldered his, 340.  
 Cry and little wool, great, 641.  
   and no wool, all, 216.  
   bubbling, 487.  
   have a good, 513.  
   havoc and let slip the dogs, 86.  
   in bed we, 574.  
   is still they come, 99.  
   no language but a, 553.  
   not when his father dies, 318.  
   war is still the, 472.  
 Crying give give, 529.  
 Crystal bounds, dances in his, 202.  
   river, fair and, 167.  
 Cuckoo buds of yellow hue, 33.  
 Cuckoo, shall I call thee bird, 404.  
 Cucumber, cold as a, 633.  
 Cucumbers, lodge in a garden of, 603.  
   sunbeams out of, 246.  
 Cud, chew the, and are silent, 351.  
   of bitter fancy, 46.  
 Cudgel know by the blow, 218.  
   thy brains no more about it, 118.  
 Cuisse on his thighs, 61.  
 Cumin and anise, 609.  
 Cumnor Hall, the walls of, 367.  
 Cunning in fence, 51.  
   livery of hell, 25.  
   right hand forget her, 525.  
   sin cover itself, 29.  
   stagers, old, 218.  
   unfold what plaited, hides, 121.  
 Cunningest pattern, 131.  
 Cup, inordinate, is unblessed, 128.  
   leave a kiss but in the, 146.  
   life's enchanted, 473.  
   of hot wine, 76.  
   of serious thought, secret, 417.  
   of water, little thing, 507.  
   runneth over, my, 592.  
   to the dead already, 569.  
 Cupid, bolt of, fell, 34.  
   is painted blind, 34.  
   kills with arrows, 28.  
   note which, strikes, 177.  
   young Adam, 78.  
 Cupid's curse, 142.  
 Cups, in their flowing, remembered, 66.  
   flowing, pass swiftly round, 172.  
   that cheer but not inebriate, 332.  
 Curdied by the frost, 76.  
 Cure, cheap and universal, 174.  
   for life's worst ills, 528.  
   on exercise depend for, 223.  
   the dumps, college jock to, 246.  
 Curfew time, magic chains at, 200.  
   tolls the knell, 328.  
 Curious child, 422.  
   thirsty fly, 305.  
   time, 139.  
 Curiosity, by way of, 298.  
 Curiously, consider too, 119.  
 Curled Assyrian bull, 554.  
   darlings, 125.  
 Curls, shakes his ambrosial, 260.  
   ye golden, 545.  
 Current name, that is the, 397.  
   of a woman's will, 253.  
   of domestic joy, 313.  
   of the soul, the genial, 329.  
   when it serves, take the, 88.  
 Currents turn awry, 111.  
 Curs mouth a bone, as, 353.  
   of low degree, 343.  
 Curse all his virtues, 249.  
   away, 525.

- Curse** canseless shall not come, 598.  
 deadly, many a, 387.  
 of marriage, 129.  
 of service, 't is the, 124.  
 on all laws, 286.  
 primal eldest, 114.  
**Cursed** be the verse, 281.  
 the spot is, 406.  
**Curse** are like young chickens, 525.  
 dark, rigged with, 203.  
 not loud but deep, 99.  
**Cursing** like a very drab, 110.  
**Curst** by heaven's decree, 342.  
 hard reading, easy writing's, 330.  
**Curtain**, Anarch lets the, fall, 286.  
 close his eyes and draw the, 63.  
 drew Priam's, 62.  
 lecture, a, 635.  
 twilight's, 519.  
**Curtains**, fringed, of thine eye, 20.  
 let fall the, 332.  
**Curule** chair, Tully's, 334.  
**Cushion** and soft dean, 276.  
 lay your golden, down, 501.  
**Custom**, a thing of, 93.  
 more honoured in the breach, 105.  
 nature her, holds, 118.  
 of Branksome Hall, 447.  
 of the afternoon, 107.  
 stale her infinite variety, 132.  
 who all sense doth eat, 116.  
 tyrant, 126.  
**Customary** suits of solemn black, 102.  
 'Customed hill, missed him on, 330.  
**Customs** and its businesses, 335.  
**Cut** and come again, 382.  
 beard of formal, 44.  
 him out in little stars, 81.  
 is the branch, 13.  
 most unkindest, of all, 87.  
**Cutpurse** of the empire, 116.  
**Cuti'st** my head off with a golden axe,  
 81.  
**Cycle** and epicycle, 193.  
 of Cathay, 543.  
**Cymbal**, tinkling, 614.  
**Cynosure** of neighbouring eyes, 205.  
**Cynthia** fair regent of the night, 367.  
 of this minute, 274.  
 Ralph to, howls, 285.  
**Cypress** and myrtle, land of, 480.  
**Cytherea's** breath, 52.  
**Dab** at an index, 346.  
**Dacian** mother, there was there, 477.  
**Dad**, called my brother's father, 52.  
**Daffed** the world aside, 60.  
**Daffadills** fair, we weep to see, 165.  
**Daffodils** before the swallow, 52.  
**Dagger**, air-drawn, 96.  
 I see before me, 93.  
**Dagger** of the mind a false creation, 93.  
 smiles at the drawn, 250.  
**Daggers**, I will speak, to her, 114.  
 in men's smiles, there's, 95.  
**Daggers-drawing**, been at, 213.  
**Daily** beauty in his life, 131.  
 life, lies before us in, 163.  
**Daintie** flowre or herbe, 11.  
**Daintier** sense, hath the, 118.  
**Dainties** bred in a book, 32.  
 might hurt their health, 346.  
**Daintiest** last to make the end most  
 sweet, 54.  
**Dainty** plant is the ivy green, 558.  
**Daisie** the eye of the day, 4.  
**Daisies**, myriads of, 415.  
 pied, 33, 204.  
 that men callen, in our town, 4.  
**Daisy** protects the dewdrop, 419.  
 there's a, 118.  
**Dale**, hawthorn in the, 204.  
 musk-rose of the, 201.  
**Dales** and fields hills and valleys, 17.  
**Dalliance**, primrose path of, 104.  
**Dallies** like the old age, 50.  
 with the innocence of love, 50.  
**Dally** with wrong, 434.  
**Dam**, pretty chickens and their, 98.  
 the waters of the Nile, 529.  
**Damask** cheek, feed on her, 50.  
**Dame** of Ephesus, 247.  
 sulky sullen, 384.  
**Dames**, ah gentle, 384.  
 of ancient days, 330.  
**Damiata** and Mount Casius, 183.  
**Damn** me, abuses me to, 110.  
 with faint praise, 281.  
**Damnable** deceitful woman, 237.  
 iteration, thou hast, 57.  
**Damnation**, distilled, 397.  
 of his taking off, 92.  
 round the land, 237.  
 wet, to suffer, 149.  
**Damned** all silent and all, 409.  
 be him that first cries hold, 100.  
 better be, 375.  
 seen him, ere I would, 51.  
 spot, out I say, 98.  
 to fame, 285, 300.  
 use that word in hell, 81.  
**Damning** those they have no mind to,  
 215.  
**Damp** fell sound, when a, 410.  
 my intended wing, 194.  
**Damsel** lay deploring, 294.  
 with a dulcimer, 435.  
**Dan** Chaucer, well of English unde-  
 fyled, 12.  
 Cupid, giant-dwarf, 32.  
 to Beersheba, travel from, 322.  
**Dance** and jollity, 199.

- Dance attendance, 75.  
   Gill shall, 155.  
   on with the, 473.  
   their wayward round, 405.  
   when you do, 52.  
   who have learned to, 277.  
 Danced, laughed and, 445.  
 Dances in his crystal bounds, 202.  
   in the wind, 227.  
   midnight, and the public show, 289.  
   such a way, 162.  
 Dancing days, past our, 78.  
   drinking time, 226.  
   in the chequered shade, 205.  
   on a volcano, 634.  
 Dandolo, hour of blind old, 475.  
 Dane, an antique Roman than a, 121.  
   royal, Hamlet king, 105.  
 Danger on the deep, 508.  
   out of this nettle, 58.  
   pleased with the, 221.  
   shape of, can dismay, 418.  
 Danger's troubled night, 443.  
 Dangerous, delays are, 230.  
   ends, delays have, 67.  
   little learning is, 276.  
   something in me, 119.  
   such men are, 84.  
   to be of no church, 314.  
 Dangers, loved me for the, 126.  
   of the seas, 162.  
   sing the, of the sea, 337.  
   thou canst make us scorn, 384.  
 Daniel come to judgment, 40.  
   Webster, a steam-engine, 427.  
   well-linguaged, 153.  
 Dank and dropping weeds, 209.  
 Dappled turf, 404.  
 Dare and yet I may not, 13.  
   do all becomes a man, 92.  
   fain would I but I, not, 13.  
   not wait upon I would, 92.  
   the elements to strife, 481.  
   to be true, 160.  
   to chide me, who shall, 563.  
   to die, bear to live or, 272.  
   what man, I dare, 97.  
   what men, do, 29.  
 Dared to love their country, 290.  
   what none hath, 15.  
 Dares stir abroad, 101.  
   think one thing, 291.  
   this pair of boots displace, 306.  
 Darest thou, Cassius, leap in, 83.  
 Darien, silent upon a peak in, 503.  
 Daring dined, 285.  
   in full dress, 485.  
 Dark amid the blaze of noon, 197.  
   and bright, best of, 482.  
   and doubtful, from the, 382.  
   and dreary, some days, 536.  
 Dark and lonely hiding-place, 434.  
   and silent grave, 14.  
   as Erebus, affections, 41.  
   as pitch, 638.  
   backward in the, 19.  
   blue depths, 424.  
   blue sea, glad waters of, 481.  
   cottage, the soul's, 175.  
   ever-during, surrounds me, 186.  
   eye in woman, 475.  
   illumine what in me is, 178.  
   irrecoverably, 197.  
   leap into the, 572.  
   mournful rustling in the, 539.  
   shining nowhere but in the, 214.  
   sun to me is, 197.  
   unfathomed caves of ocean, 10.  
   ways that are, 568.  
   with excessive bright, 186.  
   words, with these, 418.  
 Darkeneth counsel by words, 590.  
 Darkest day, the, 364.  
 Darkish, the leaf was, 201.  
 Darkly deeply beautifully blue, 425.  
   see through a glass, 614.  
 Darkness and the worm, 264.  
   Cimmerian, 442.  
   dawn on our, 463.  
   encompass the tomb, 463.  
   falls from the wings, 537.  
   instruments of, tell us truths, 90.  
   jaws of, devour it, 34.  
   land of, 589.  
   leaves the world to, 328.  
   let us weep in our, 562.  
   night and storm and, 475.  
   not in utter, 420.  
   of the land, ring out the, 553.  
   of the sky, cast the, 7.  
   pestilence that walketh in, 594.  
   prince of, 123, 163.  
   raven down of, 199.  
   through, up to God, 553.  
   universal, buries all, 286.  
   visible, no light but, 178.  
   which may be felt, 586.  
 Darksome cave they enter, 11.  
 Darling sin, his, 434.  
   the Frenchman's, 362.  
   the poet's, 404.  
 Darlings, wealthy curled, 125.  
 Dart, death shook his, 195.  
   like the poisoning of a, 174.  
   on the fatal, 470.  
   shook a dreadful, 184.  
   time shall throw a, at thee, 148.  
 Dash him to pieces, 88.  
 Daughter, carnage is his, 413.  
   harping on my, 108.  
   of his voice, sole, 195.  
   of Jove, relentless power, 326.

- Daughter of my house and heart, 473.  
   of the voice of God, 418.  
   one fair, and no more, 109.  
   this old man's, 125.  
   to her daughter take, 584.  
 Daughter's daughter cries, 584.  
   heart, preaching down a, 549.  
 Daughters, fairest of fair Zurich's, 510.  
   fairest of her, 188.  
   horseleech hath two, 599.  
   of earth, words are the, 314.  
   of my father's house, 50.  
   words are men's, 314.  
 Dauphiness at Versailles, 350.  
 David Garrick, here lies, 342.  
   not only hating, 222.  
 Day, no wiser than a, 67.  
 Dawn, belong not to the, 190.  
   creation's, 478.  
   golden exhalations of the, 437.  
   is breaking, gray, 382.  
   is overcast, 249.  
   later star of, 404.  
   may-time and cheerful, 404.  
   no, no dusk, no noon, 514.  
   on our darkness, 463.  
 Dawning, bird of, 101.  
   of morn, with the, 444.  
 Daws to peck at, 124.  
 Day after the fair, 635.  
   and night, O, 108.  
   as it fell upon a, 145.  
   as she lay on that, 394.  
   at the close of the, 366.  
   be she fairer than the, 155.  
   better, the better deed, 636.  
   break of, 26.  
   breathing time of, with me, 120.  
   brought back my night, 209.  
   burden and heat of the, 609.  
   business of the, be drunk, 227.  
   by day, that see we, 3.  
   cares that infest the, 537.  
   chest of drawers by, 341.  
   close the eye of, 208.  
   count that, lost, 583.  
   daisie the eye of the, 4.  
   darkest, the, 364.  
   dearly love but one, 245.  
   deceased, of every, 263.  
   deficiencies of the present, 314.  
   denies to gaudy, 482.  
   dies like the dolphin, 476.  
   dog will have his, 120.  
   each, critic on the last, 278.  
   entertains the harmless, 143.  
   eye of, shuts the, 374.  
   for ever and a, 46.  
   gaudy blabbing and remorseful, 68.  
   great avenging, 290.  
   great the important, 249.  
 Day, hand open as, 64.  
   he that outlives this, 66.  
   her suffering ended with the, 546.  
   I've lost a, 263.  
   in clouds brings on the, 249.  
   in its pride, 469.  
   in June, what so rare as a, 563.  
   in thy courts, 593.  
   infinite, excludes the night, 256.  
   is aye fair, 395.  
   is done and darkness falls, 537.  
   is past and gone, 496.  
   jocund, stands tiptoe, 81.  
   joint labourer with the, 101.  
   kings upon coronation, 223.  
   knell of parting, 328.  
   light of common, 420.  
   live-long, the, 83.  
   love of life's young, 511.  
   maddest merriest, 548.  
   makes man a slave, whatever, 291.  
   may bring forth, what a, 599.  
   merry as the, is long, 27.  
   merry heart goes all the, 51.  
   more sure than, 433.  
   morning shows the, 196.  
   night follows the, 105.  
   no proper time of, 514.  
   not to me returns, 186.  
   now's the, now's the hour, 387.  
   of adversity, 598, 600.  
   of death, ere the first, 478.  
   of deliverance, 368.  
   of nothingness, first dark, 478.  
   of prosperity, 600.  
   of small things, 606.  
   of virtuous liberty, 249.  
   of woe the watchful night, 424.  
   of wrong, I have seen the, 33.  
   or ever I had seen that, 103.  
   parting, linger and play, 465.  
   peaceful night from busy, 331.  
   peep of, 165.  
   posteriors of this, 33.  
   powerful king of, 301.  
   precincts of the cheerful, 330.  
   raineth every, 51.  
   right must win the, 560.  
   rival in the light of, 412.  
   short or never so long, 580.  
   so calm so cool, 160.  
   steal something every, 284.  
   sufficient unto the, 608.  
   summer's, as one shall see in a, 34.  
   summer's, hath a, 169.  
   superfluous burden loads the, 209.  
   sun shall not smite thee by, 594.  
   sweet Phosphor bring the, 159.  
   that comes betwixt a Saturday and  
   Monday, 245.  
   that is dead, 550.

- Day, think that, lost, 583.  
 thousand such a, 282.  
 through the roughest, 90.  
 uncertain glory of an April, 21.  
 unto day uttereth speech, 591.  
 unto the perfect, 595.  
 very rainy, 599.  
 without all hope of, 197.  
 yield, to night, 67.
- Day's business, end of this, 89.  
 garish eye, 207.  
 march nearer home, 440.
- Daylight and truth meet, 211.  
 sick, this night is but the, 41.  
 we burn, 22.
- Day-star arise in your hearts, 617.  
 so sinks the, 204.
- Days, afternoon of her best, 71.  
 among the dead, 425.  
 are as grass, his, 594.  
 are dwindled, 377.  
 are in the yellow leaf, 486.  
 are swifter than a shuttle, 589.  
 as thy, so thy strength, 587.  
 begin with trouble here, 585.  
 brighten all our future, 333.  
 dames of ancient, 339.  
 degenerate, men in these, 290.  
 even from my boyish, 125.  
 fallen on evil, though, 192.  
 find it after many, 601.  
 flight of future, 182.  
 friend of my better, 501.  
 full of sweet, and roses, 160.  
 happy mixtures of happy, 485.  
 heavenly, one of those, 404.  
 in the brave, of old, 523.  
 light of other, 460, 527.  
 live laborious, 203.  
 long as twenty, are now, 402.  
 looked on better, 43.  
 measure of my, 592.  
 melancholy, are come, 516.  
 my, are dull and hoary, 214.  
 of absence sad and dreary, 576.  
 o' auld lang syne, 387.  
 of childhood, in my, 430.  
 of few, and full of trouble, 590.  
 of my distracting grief, 335.  
 of nature, in my, 106.  
 of our years are three score, 594.  
 of thy youth, in the, 601.  
 on evil, though fallen, 192.  
 one of those heavenly, 404.  
 past our dancing, 78.  
 perfect, if ever come, 563.  
 pride of former, 456.  
 promise of your early, 463.  
 race of other, 499.  
 salad, when I was green, 132.  
 shuts up the story of our, 14.
- Days, some, must be dark, 536.  
 sweet childish, 402.  
 teach us to number our, 594.  
 that are no more, 551.  
 that need borrow, 169.  
 to lengthen our, 458.  
 to lose good, 13.  
 trample on my, 214.  
 we have seen better, 83.  
 when earth was young, 559.  
 when we went gypsyng, 567.  
 winding up, with toil, 66.  
 with God he passed the, 258.  
 world of happy, 70.
- Daze the world, 528.
- Dazzle as they fade, 452.  
 the vision feminine, 528.
- Dazzles to blind, 367.
- Dazzling fence of rhetoric, 202.
- Dead and turned to clay, 119.  
 are there, 596.  
 as Chelsea, 625.  
 being, with him is beauty slain, 135.  
 bent him o'er the, 478.  
 better be with the, 96.  
 bivouac of the, 569.  
 converse with the mighty, 302.  
 day that is, 550.  
 days among the, 425.  
 fading honours of the, 447.  
 fault against the, 102.  
 flies a stinking savour, 601.  
 for a ducat, dead, 115.  
 he mourns the, 262.  
 in his harness, 607.  
 in look, 62.  
 languages, 486.  
 men's bones, full of, 610.  
 men's skulls, 71.  
 mournings for the, 539.  
 nature seems, 33.  
 not, but gone before, 400.  
 of midnight, 374.  
 of night, 62.  
 past bury its dead, 535.  
 poets in their misery, 406.  
 say I 'm sick, I 'm, 280.  
 sheeted, did squeak, 101.  
 sleeping but never, 564.  
 vast and middle of the night, 103.  
 when I am, 505.  
 would I were, now, 513.
- Deadly fair so coldly sweet, 479.  
 as the sea in rage, 54.  
 none so, 233.
- Deal damnation round, 287.  
 of scorn, what a, 50.
- Deals the deadly blow, 398.
- Dean, cushion and soft, 276.
- Deans, dowagers for, 550.

- Dear as remembered kisses, 551.  
   as the light that visits, 327.  
   as the ruddy drops, 85, 327.  
   as the vital warmth, 237.  
   as these eyes that weep, 237.  
   beauteous death, 214.  
   charmer away, 294.  
   common flower, 564.  
   five hundred friends, 331.  
   for his whistle, 311.  
   hut our home, 309.  
   man to all the country, 340.  
   my, my better half, 16.  
   remembrance, 43.  
   son of memory, 208.  
   to God, 210.  
   to memory, 510.  
   to my heart, 464.  
 Dearer than his horse, 543.  
   than self, 472.  
 Dearest foe in heaven, met my, 103.  
   thing he owed, 90.  
 Dearly let or let alone, 159.  
 Dears, the lovely, 335.  
 Death a necessary end, 86.  
   after, the doctor, 161.  
   aims with fouler spite, 159.  
   all of, to die, 430.  
   and his brother sleep, 492.  
   and life, bane and antidote, 250.  
   armed with new terror, 497.  
   back resounded, 185.  
   be thou faithful unto, 617.  
   begun, birth is nothing but, 265.  
   bones hearsed in, 105.  
   borders upon our birth, 146.  
   broke the vital chain, 313.  
   by slanderous tongues, done to, 30.  
   calls ye, 153.  
   came with friendly care, 433.  
   can this be, 283.  
   certain to all, 64.  
   come to the bridal chamber, 500.  
   cometh soon or late, 523.  
   covenant with, 604.  
   coward sneaks to, 298.  
   cruel as, 302.  
   cruel, is always near, 535.  
   dear beauteous, 214.  
   drawing near her, 212.  
   dread of something after, 111.  
   dull cold ear of, 328.  
   early, to favourites, 476.  
   eclipsed the gayety of nations, 315.  
   ere thou hast slain another, 143.  
   faithful unto, 617.  
   fell sergeant, 121.  
   first day of, 478.  
   forerunneth love to win, 557.  
   give me liberty, or, 371.  
   gone to her, 514.  
 Death, grim, 149, 185.  
   grinned horrible, 185.  
   guilty of his own, 118.  
   hath a thousand doors, 149.  
   hath so many doors, 149.  
   herald after my, 75.  
   how wonderful is, 492.  
   I would fain die a dry, 19.  
   in battle, prize of, 566.  
   in life, 551.  
   in that sleep of, 110.  
   in the midst of life, 619.  
   in the pot, 589.  
   into the world, brought, 178.  
   intrenched, 264.  
   is strict in his arrest, 121.  
   just and mightie, 15.  
   laid low in, 442.  
   lays his icy hands, 153.  
   love is strong as, 602.  
   lovely in, the beauteous ruin, 264.  
   loves a shining mark, 265.  
   lurks in every flower, 433.  
   makes equal the high and low, 141.  
   man makes a, 264.  
   most in apprehension, 25.  
   nativity chance or, 23.  
   not divided in, 583.  
   nothing our own but, 56.  
   of each day's life, 94.  
   of his saints, 594.  
   of kings, sad stories of the, 56.  
   of princes, heavens blaze forth, 85.  
   quiet us in, so noble, 198.  
   remembered kisses after, 551.  
   rides on every breeze, 463.  
   ruling passion strong in, 274.  
   shades of, 184.  
   shadow of, 539.  
   shook his dart, 195.  
   silence deep as, 443.  
   silent halls of, 515.  
   slavery or, 249.  
   sleep is a, 177.  
   smooth the bed of, 282.  
   sorrows of, compass me, 591.  
   soul under the ribs of, 201.  
   speak me fair in, 40.  
   studied in his, 90.  
   succeeded life so softly, 223.  
   such ugly sights of, 70.  
   sweats to, 58.  
   the consoler, 533.  
   there is no, 530.  
   till they have wakened, 127.  
   till, us do part, 618.  
   thou hast all seasons, 496.  
   to us play to you, 233.  
   under the ribs of, 201.  
   untimely stopp'd, 289.  
   urges knells call, 263.

- Death, vacancies by, are few, 370.  
 valiant taste but once of, 86.  
 victory or, resolved on, 578.  
 wages of sin is, 613.  
 way to dusty, 100.  
 what should it know of, 402.  
 what we fear of, 26.  
 where is thy sting? 288, 614.  
 which nature never made, 264.  
 whose portal we call, 539.
- Death's pale flag, 82.
- Death-bed a detector of the heart, 263.  
 of fame, from the, 442.
- Death-beds, ask, they can tell, 262.
- Deaths, feels a thousand, 264.
- Debate, Rupert of, 525.
- Debt, a double, to pay, 341.  
 to nature's quickly paid, 159.
- Debtor to his profession, 137.
- Debts, he that dies pays all, 20.
- Decalogue, can hear the, 419.
- Decay, gradations of, 313.  
 hastes to swift, 314.  
 melts in unperceived, 311.  
 muddy vesture of, 41.
- Decay's effacing fingers, 478.
- Decays, glimmering and, 214.
- Deceased, he first, 143.  
 spirit of every day, 263.
- Deceit, hug the dear, 310.  
 in gorgeous palace, 81.
- Deceitful shine deceitful flow, 461.  
 woman, 237.
- Deceive ourselves, we, 533  
 practise to, 450.
- Deceived, trust all and be, 542.  
 we are never, 533.
- Deceivers, men were, ever, 28.
- December, mirth of its, 518.  
 seek roses in, 470.  
 snow, wallow naked in, 55.  
 when men wed, 46.
- Decencies content to dwell in, 274.  
 that daily flow, 194.  
 those thousand, 194.
- Decency, right meet of, 324.  
 want of, is want of sense, 231.
- Decent limbs composed, 288.
- Decently and in order, 614.
- Decide, moment to, 564.  
 who shall, 275.
- Decider of dusty and old titles, 153.
- Decision, valley of, 606.
- Deck, boy stood on the burning, 495.
- Declined into the vale of years, 129.
- Decrease, life is in, 265.
- Decrees, a mighty state's, 553.
- Dedes, gentil, to do the, 3.
- Dedicate his beauty to the sun, 77.
- Dedicated to closeness, 19.
- Dedis, gentil that doth gentil, 3.
- Dee, across the sands o', 567.  
 lived on the river, 354.  
 rises o'er the source of, 389.
- Deed, attempt and not the, 93.  
 better day the better, 636.  
 dignified by the doer's, 48.  
 go with it, unless the, 98.  
 kind of good, to say well, 72.  
 of dreadful note, 96.  
 of shame, each, 538.  
 purpose is equal to the, 263.  
 shall blow the horrid, 92.  
 so shines a good, 41.  
 will for the, 651.  
 without a name, 98.
- Deeds are men, 162.  
 are the sons of heaven, 314.  
 blessings wait on virtuous, 257  
 done in their clime, 480.  
 excused his devilish, 188.  
 foul, will rise, 104.  
 kind, with coldness, 416.  
 means to do ill, make ill, done, 54  
 not words, 638.  
 of men, looks quite through the, 84.  
 of mercy, teach us to render, 40.  
 we live in, not years, 561.  
 words are no, 72.
- Deep and dark blue ocean, 477.  
 and gloomy wood, 406.  
 are dumb, 13.  
 as a well, 'tis not so, 81.  
 as death, silence, 443.  
 as first love, 551.  
 bottom of the, dive into the, 58.  
 calleth unto deep, 592.  
 cradle of the, 497.  
 curses not loud but, 99.  
 damnation of his taking off, 92.  
 danger on the, 508.  
 deep sea, under the, 512.  
 drink, or taste not, 276.  
 embosomed in the, 339.  
 fishes that tittle in the, 172.  
 for his hearers, too, 342.  
 home is on the, 443.  
 home on the rolling, 560.  
 in the lowest, a lower, 187.  
 malice to conceal, 187.  
 of night is crept upon our talk, 88.  
 on his front engraven, 182.  
 philosophy, search of, 173.  
 plough the watery, 290.  
 potations pottle, 127.  
 sleep falleth on men, 589.  
 spirits from the vasty, 60.  
 thoughts too, for tears, 421.  
 to boil like a pot, 591.  
 versed in books, 197.  
 where the brook is, 67.  
 yet clear, 171.



- Deep-contemplative, fools so, 43.  
 Deeper than all speech, 563.  
   than plummet, 20.  
 Deeply beautifully blue, 425.  
 Deep-mouthed welcome, 486.  
 Deer a shade, hunter and the, 381, 442.  
   let the stricken, go weep, 114.  
   mice and such small, 122.  
 Defamed by every charlatan, 554.  
 Defect, cause of this, 108  
   caused by any natural, 139.  
   fine by, 274.  
 Defective comes by cause, 108.  
 Defence, admit of no, 231.  
   at one gate, 197.  
   cheap, of nations, 350.  
   in war a weak, 227.  
   millions for, 392.  
 Defend me from my friends, 625.  
   your departed friend, 223.  
 Defer, madness to, 262  
   not till to-morrow, 257.  
 Deferred, hope, 596.  
 Defiance, bid the tyrants, 444.  
   in their eye, 339.  
 Deficiencies of the present day, 314.  
 Deformed, I know that, 28.  
   unfinished, 70.  
 Defunct bodies, ghosts of, 215.  
 Defy the tooth of time, 267.  
 Degenerate days, in these, 290.  
 Degree, all in the, 271.  
   curs of low, 343.  
   of woe, bliss must gain by, 321.  
 Degrees, fine by, 241  
   ill habits gather by, 228.  
   it grows up by, 152.  
   of kin, prohibited, 220.  
   scorning the base, 85.  
 Deified by our own spirits, 405.  
 Deity, half dust half, 484.  
   offended, 386.  
 Dejected never, never elated, 273.  
   thing of fortune, the most, 123.  
 Dejection do we sink as low, 405.  
 Delay, law's, 111.  
   reluctant amorous, 188.  
   reproved each dull, 340.  
   saddens at the long, 301.  
 Delays are dangerous, 230.  
   have dangerous ends, 67.  
 Deliberates, woman that, 249.  
 Deliberation sat, on his front engraven,  
   182.  
 Delicate creatures, call these, 129.  
 Delicately weak, 274.  
 Delicious bed, 513.  
   land, done for this, 471.  
 Delight and dole, in equal scale, 102.  
   go to it with, 133.  
   he drank, 382.  
 Delight in love, if there's, 257.  
   in others' misfortunes, 352.  
   into a sacrifice, 160.  
   land of pure, 256.  
   lap me in, 499.  
   mounted in, 405.  
   my ever new, 190.  
   over-payment of, 424.  
   paint the meadows with, 33.  
   phantom of, she was a, 404.  
   she's my, 235.  
   to do the things I ought, 446.  
   to pass away the time, 70.  
   with liberty, to enjoy, 12.  
 Delightful studies, air of, 210.  
   task, 301.  
 Delights, hence all you vain, 151.  
   that witchingly instil, 303.  
   to scorn, 203.  
   violent, have violent ends, 80.  
 Deliverance, day of, 338.  
 Delphian vales, the, 500.  
 Delphos, steep of, 207.  
 Deluge, after me the, 161.  
   showers, the rain a, 394.  
 Delusion, a mockery, 454.  
   of youth, 531.  
 Delusive vain and hollow, 376.  
 Demd damp moist body, 558.  
   horrid grind, 558.  
 Demi-paradise, this other Eden, 55.  
 Democratie, fierce, 197.  
 Democrats, d—d, 439.  
 Democritus, what, would not weep, 414.  
 Demosthenes, fall below, 394.  
 Den, beard the lion in his, 449.  
 Denied, who comes to be, 150, 296.  
 Denizen, world's tired, 472.  
 Denmark, it may be so in, 107.  
   ne'er a villain in all, 107.  
   something is rotten in, 106.  
 Deny, heart would fain, 99.  
 Depart, loth to, 242.  
 Deplore thee, we will not, 463.  
 Depressed by poverty, 312.  
   with cares, 294.  
 Depth, far beyond my, 73.  
   in philosophy, 138.  
   in whose calm, 507.  
   of the soul, gods approve, 407.  
 Depths and shoals of honour, 74.  
   chasms and watery, 437.  
   dark blue, 424.  
   of hell, guests are in the, 596.  
   of the ocean, 303.  
   sinks into thy, 478.  
 Derangement of epitaphs, 378.  
 Derby dilly, glides the, 399.  
 Descant amorous, 188.  
 Descended from a've, 7.  
 Descent and fall i' adverse, 181.

- Descent, claims of long, 547.  
 Describe the undescribable, 476.  
 Description, beggared all, 132.  
 Desdemona would incline, 126.  
 Desert blossom as the rose, 604.  
   but water in the, 477.  
   fountain in the, 482.  
   in the wide, 512.  
   of a thousand lines, 289  
   of the mind, the leafless, 479.  
   use every man after his, 109.  
   were my dwelling-place, 477.  
   wildernesses, 199.  
 Deserted at his utmost need, 225.  
 Deserter, looked upon him as a, 299.  
 Deserts, his, are small, 214.  
   idle and antres vast, 125.  
 Deserve better of mankind, 246.  
   the precious bane, 180.  
   we'll do more we'll, 249.  
 Desire, bloom of young, 326.  
   every man has business and, 107.  
   fierce, liveth not in, 448.  
   hope thou nurse of young, 354.  
   kindle soft, 225.  
   lift from earth our low, 479.  
   of receiving greater benefits, 575.  
   of the moth for the star, 494.  
   shall fail, 602.  
   this fond, 250.  
 Desired, it is that which I, 607.  
   no more to be, 573.  
 Desires of the mind, 140.  
   vain, 446.  
 Desk's dead wood, 430.  
 Desolate, no one so utterly, 536.  
   none are so, 472.  
 Desolation, abomination of, 610.  
 Despair, black, 492.  
   conscience wakes, 186.  
   depth of some divine, 551.  
   fiercer by, 181.  
   hurried question of, 480.  
   infinite, and wrath, 187.  
   message of, 442.  
   nympholepsy of fond, 476.  
   of getting out, 167.  
   our final hope is flat, 182.  
   reason would, 321.  
   shall I wasting in, 155.  
   that slumbered, 186.  
   where reason would, 321.  
 Despairing, sweeter for thee, 388.  
 Despatch is the soul of business, 298.  
   that business quickly, 633.  
 Despatchful looks, 191.  
 Desperate appliance, relieved by, 117.  
   diseases grown, 117.  
   steps, beware of, 364.  
 Despised, I like to be, 354.  
   weak and, old man, 122.
- Despond, slough of, 213.  
 Despondency and madness, 405.  
 Destined page, 396.  
 Destinies, fates and, 38.  
 Destiny, in shady leaves of, 169.  
   one, one country, 467.  
   worst condition of man's, 318.  
 Destroy his fib or sophistry, 280.  
   strong only to, 363.  
 Destroyed by thought, 353.  
   once, never supplied, 340.  
 Destruction of the poor is their pov-  
 erty, 596.  
   pride goeth before, 597.  
   startles at, 250.  
   that wasteth at noonday, 594.  
 Destructive man, 238.  
   woman, 237.  
 Desultory man, 359.  
 Detect, in the moment you, 273.  
 Detector of the heart, 263.  
 Detest the offence, 286.  
 Detraction at your heels, 50.  
   will not suffer it, 62.  
 Deviates into sense, never, 223.  
 Device, banner with the strange, 539.  
 Devices still are overthrown, 113.  
 Devil a monk was he, 572.  
   as a roaring lion, 617.  
   bane of all that dread, 403  
   builds a chapel, 161, 253, 350, 651.  
   can cite Scripture, 37.  
   did grin, the, 434.  
   don't let him go to the, 317.  
   drives, 48, 641.  
   eat with the, 642.  
   fears a painted, 94.  
   give the, his due, 57, 640.  
   go poor, get thee gone, 322.  
   go to the, 317.  
   God or, every man was, 222.  
   hath power to assume, 110.  
   how the, they got there, 280.  
   hunting for one female, 226.  
   in all his quiver, 490.  
   ingredient is a, 128.  
   laughing, in his sneer, 481.  
   let us call thee, 128.  
   of habits, is angel yet in this, 116.  
   renounce the, 618.  
   resist the, 617.  
   sends cooks, 640.  
   shame the, tell truth and, 60, 648.  
   stood abashed, 190  
   sugar o'er the, himself, 110.  
   take the hindmost, 633.  
   the eternal, 84.  
   to pay, 462.  
   to serve the, 507.  
   was sick, 572.  
   wear black, let the, 113.

- Devil, when most I play the, 70.  
 where he is known, 317.  
 with devil damned, 183.  
 world flesh and the, 618.
- Devil's back, got over the, 576.
- Devilish deeds, excused his, 188.  
 sly, tough and, 558.
- Devils must print, 462.
- Devine, wel she sange the service, 1.
- Devise wit write pen, 31.
- Devotion, ignorance mother of, 228.  
 object of universal, 468.  
 solemn acts of, 338.  
 to something afar, 494.
- Devotion's visage, 110
- Devour, seeking whom he may, 617.
- Devouring hand, time's, 306.
- Devoutly to be wished, 110.
- Dew, as sunlight drinketh, 548.  
 besprent with April, 148.  
 chaste as morning, 264.  
 diamonds in their infant, 229.  
 eye dissolved in, 372.  
 glistening with, 189.  
 like a silent, 165.  
 liquid, of youth, 104.  
 morning, 224, 441.  
 of sleep, 189.  
 of the, 19.  
 on the, 451.  
 thaw, resolve itself into a, 102.  
 upon a thought, like, 483.  
 walks o'er the, 101.  
 washed with morning, 451.  
 wombe of morning, 11.
- Dewdrop, clinging to the rose, 534.  
 daisy protects the, 419.  
 from the lion's mane, 76.
- Dewdrops which the sun impearls, 191.
- Dews, brushing away the, 330.  
 mother of, 391.  
 of summer nights, 367.  
 of the evening, 299.  
 twilight, are falling, 460.
- Dewy eve, from noon to, 181.  
 freshness fills the air, 424.
- Diadem of snow, 484.  
 precious, stole, 116.
- Dial, figures on a, 561.  
 from his poke, drew a, 43.  
 hour by his, 43.  
 to the sun, true as, 220, 292.
- Diamond form, of, 362.  
 great rough, 298.  
 me no diamonds, 651.
- Diamonds, bright as young, 229.  
 cut diamonds, 638.
- Dian's temple, hangs on, 76.
- Diana burnt the temple of, 177.  
 of the Ephesians, 612.
- Diana's foresters, 57.
- Diapason closing full in man, 224.
- Dice were human bones, 485.
- Dicers' oaths, false as, 115.
- Dickens, what the, 23, 651.
- Dietynna goodman Dull, 32.
- Die a bachelor, I would, 28.  
 a dry death, I would fain, 19.  
 all shall, 64.  
 all that lives must, 102.  
 all alone we, 505.  
 and endow a college, 275.  
 and go we know not where, 25.  
 as much beauty as could, 147.  
 at the top like that tree, 247.  
 because a woman's fair, 155.  
 before I wake, 585.  
 better, how can man, 523.  
 but first I have possessed, 479.  
 but once, a man can, 64.  
 but once, we can, 250.  
 by inches, 233.  
 cowards may fear to, 14.  
 dare to, or bear to live, 272.  
 fools, cannot, 264.  
 for love, 47.  
 freemen, we will, 377.  
 harder lesson how to, 347.  
 hazard of the, 72.  
 here in a rage, 247.  
 in a great cause, 485.  
 in an inn, 324.  
 in the last ditch, 626.  
 in yon rich sky, 550.  
 in scenes like this, 459.  
 informs me I shall never, 250.  
 it was sure to, 455.  
 landing on some silent shore, 256.  
 let us do or, 338, 643.  
 lot of man but once to die, 159.  
 many times, cowards, 83.  
 nature broke the, 433.  
 nor all of death to, 439.  
 not born to, 599.  
 not willingly let it, 210.  
 of a rose in aromatic pain, 269.  
 only art her guilt to cover, 344.  
 since I needs must, 14.  
 taught us how to, 293.  
 thoughts that shall not, 423.  
 to, is gain, 615.  
 to-morrow we shall, 604.  
 to, to sleep no more, 110.  
 unknown, or, 237.  
 unlamented let me, 288.  
 wandering on as loth to, 415.  
 when brains were out, 93.  
 who tell us love can, 424.  
 with harness on our back, 100.  
 without or this or that, 275.  
 young, whom the gods love, 488.
- Died as one that had been studied, 90.

- Died away in hollow murmurs, 336.  
   had no poet and they, 284.  
   thought thou couldst have, 504.  
 Dies a wave along the shore, so, 374.  
   alas how soon he, 312.  
   an honest fellow, 150.  
   and makes no sign, 68.  
   but never surrenders, 633.  
   good man never, 439.  
   he that, pays all debts, 20.  
   hurra for the next that, 569.  
   in single blessedness, 33.  
 Diet, be sober in your, 296  
 Dieu mesure le froid, 322.  
 Differ, though all things, all agree, 287.  
 Difference, oh the, to me, 403.  
   strange all this, 297.  
   wear your rue with a, 118.  
 Different, like but oh how, 407.  
 Difficile, Latin was no more, 215.  
 Difficulties, choice of, 347.  
   knowledge under, 497.  
 Difficulty and labour hard, 185.  
 Diffused good, 357.  
   knowledge immortalizes itself, 395.  
 Digest, mark and inwardly, 618.  
   of anarchy, 349.  
 Digestion bred, from pure, 190.  
   wait on appetite, 96.  
 Diggeth a pit, whoso, 599.  
 Dignified by the doer's deed, 48.  
   vice sometimes by action, 80.  
 Dignifies humanity, 528.  
 Dignities, peace above all earthly, 73.  
 Dignity, in every gesture, 193.  
   of crimes, reach the, 376.  
   of history, 308, 522.  
 Diligence, best of me is, 121.  
 Diligent in his business, 598.  
 Dim and perilous way, 402, 421.  
   eclipse, in, 180.  
   religious light, 207.  
   the sweet look of nature, 536.  
   with age, sun shall grow, 250.  
   with childish tears, 417.  
   with the mist of years, 472.  
 Dim-discovered, ships, 301.  
 Diminished heads, hide their, 187.  
   rays, hide your, 275.  
 Dimness, sight faints into, 480.  
 Dimpling all the way, run, 281.  
 Dine, that jurymen may, 279.  
 Dined, greatly daring, 285  
 Dining, thought of, 342.  
 Dinner lubricates business, 375.  
   of herbs, better is a, 597.  
 Dionysius of Halicarnassus, 259  
 Dire was the noise of conflict, 191.  
 Direct and honest, to be, 130.  
   the lie, 46.  
 Direction which thou canst not see, 270.  
 Directs the storm, 251, 285.  
 Dirge in marriage, 102.  
   is sung by forms unseen, 336.  
 Dirt, loss of wealth is loss of, 141.  
   was trumps, if, 431.  
 Dirty work again, at his, 280.  
 Disagree, men only, 183.  
   when doctors, 275.  
 Disappointed, shall never be, 292.  
   unaneled, 107.  
   woman, fury of a, 248.  
 Disappointment follow, lest, 376.  
   of manhood, 531.  
 Disasters in his morning face, 341.  
   weary with, 95.  
 Disastrous chances, 125.  
   twilight, 180.  
 Discharge, no, in that war, 601.  
 Disciplined inaction, 395.  
 Disconsolate, stood, 455.  
 Discontent, nights in pensive, 13.  
   winter of our, 69.  
 Discord, brayed horrible, 191.  
   dire effects from civil, 250.  
   harmony not understood, 270.  
 Discords sting through Burns, 545.  
   straining harsh, 81.  
 Discourse, bid me, 135.  
   kind of excellent dumb, 20.  
   more sweet, 183.  
   most eloquent music, 114.  
   of reason, beast that wants, 103.  
   of the elders, miss not the, 606.  
   such large, 117.  
   sweet and voluble is his, 32.  
   Sydneian showers of sweet, 169.  
 Discourses in our time to come, 81.  
 Discovery of divine truths, 273.  
 Discreetest best, virtueousest, 194.  
 Discreetly blot, 176.  
 Discretion is the better part of valour,  
   62, 638.  
   thou art a jewel, 625.  
   through the little hole of, 33.  
 Disease, remedy worse than, 647.  
   shapes of foul, 553.  
   young, 270.  
 Diseased nature, 59.  
 Diseases desperate grown, 117.  
   extreme, 570.  
 Disfigure your best thoughts, 379.  
 Disguise, scandal in, 283  
   thyself as thou wilt, 322.  
 Disguises, troublesome, 189.  
 Dish, butter in a lordly, 587.  
   fit for the gods, 85.  
 Dishonourable graves, 84.  
 Disinheriting countenance, 380.  
 Dislike, hesitate, 281.  
 Dislims the rack, 133.  
 Disloyalty, to doubt would be, 560.

- Dismal tidings, conveyed the, 341.  
     treatise rouse, would at a, 100.  
 Dismaying solitude, 521.  
 Dismiss us with thy blessing, 390.  
 Dismissed without a parting pang, 243.  
 Dismissing the doctor, 391.  
 Disobedience, man's first, 178.  
 Disorder, brave, 276.  
     most admired, 97.  
     sweet, in the dress, 165.  
 Dispaire, comfortlesse, 13.  
 Disparting towers, 299.  
 Dispensary, Garth did not write his  
     own, 278.  
 Dispensations and gifts, 217.  
 Displaced the mirth, 97.  
 Disposer of other men's stuff, 143.  
 Disposes, man proposes God, 5.  
 Disposition, shake our, 106.  
 Dispraise or blame, 198.  
     other men's, 171.  
 Dispraised no small praise, 196.  
 Dispraises, praising most, 281.  
 Dispute, could we forbear, 176.  
     my right there is none to, 358.  
 Disputing, itch of, 144.  
 Disrespect, luxury of, 419.  
 Dissect, creatures you, 273.  
 Dissemble, right to, 330.  
 Dissembling nature, 70.  
 Dissension between hearts, 456.  
 Dissent, dissidence of, 349.  
 Dissevering power, 202.  
 Dissipation without pleasure, 355.  
 Dissolve, great globe itself shall, 20.  
 Dissolves, all the world, 18.  
 Dissonance, barbarous, 201.  
 Distance, frozen by, 411.  
     lends enchantment, 441.  
     made more sweet by, 417.  
     notes by, more sweet, 333.  
     smooth at a, 167.  
 Distant prospects please us, 167.  
     spires, ye, 325.  
     Trojans never injured me, 290.  
     views of happiness, 167.  
 Distemper, of no, died, 230.  
 Distil goodness out of evil, 66.  
 Distilled damnation, 397.  
 Distinct as the billows, 439.  
 Distinction between virtue, 316.  
 Distinguish and divide a hair, 215.  
 Distinguished for ignorance, 316.  
 Distraction, waft me from, 474.  
 Distress, brothers in, 385.  
 Distressed by poverty, 313.  
     in mind body or estate, 618.  
 Distressful bread, crammed with, 66.  
     stroke of my youth, 126.  
 Distrest griefs that harass the, 312.  
 Distrusting, heart, 341.  
 Diich, both fall into the, 609.  
     die in the last, 626.  
 Ditties, pipe to the spirit, 503.  
 Ditto to Mr. Burke, 352.  
 Diurnal, there swift return, 192.  
 Diver, adventure of the, 557.  
     did hang a salt-fish, 132.  
 Divers paces with divers persons, 45.  
 Divide a hair, distinguish and, 215.  
     Sunday from the week, 101.  
 Divided against itself, 610.  
     duty, perceive a, 126.  
     in death they were not, 588.  
     united yet, 359.  
     we fall, united we stand, 527.  
 Dividends, incarnation of fat, 499.  
 Diviling, his cares, 400.  
     we fall by, 333.  
 Divina natura dedit agros, 133.  
 Divine, all save the spirit of man is, 480.  
     Apollo can no more, 297.  
     enchancing ravishment, 199.  
     hand that made us is, 251.  
     how, a thing, 408.  
     how, woman may be made, 408.  
     human face, 185.  
     in hookas, 435.  
     kill a sound, 358.  
     makes drudgery, 160.  
     philosophy, 201, 552.  
     she 's lovely she 's, 526.  
     silencé is, 648.  
     to forgive, 278.  
     too, to love, 498.  
     vision and faculty, 421.  
 Divineness, participation of, 140.  
 Diviner air, 408.  
 Diviner's theme, glad, 222.  
 Divinity doth hedge a king, 117.  
     in odd numbers, there is, 23.  
     sacred and inspired, 140.  
     that shapes our ends, 120.  
     that stirs within us, 250.  
 Division of a battle, 124.  
 Do good by stealth, 282.  
     if to, were as easy as to know, 37.  
     it with thy might, 601.  
     or die, let us, 388, 643.  
     well and right, 161.  
     what has by man been done, 265.  
     what I pleased, I would, 573.  
     what I will with mine own, 603.  
     what men dare, 29.  
     ye even so to them, 608.  
 Dock the tail of rhyme, 545.  
 Doctor, after death the, 161.  
     dismissing the, 391.  
     fee the, 223.  
     Fell, I do not love thee, 240.  
     silent, shook his head, 295.  
 Doctors disagree, when, 275.

- Doctors of the Stoic fur, 202.  
 Doctors' spite, in learned, 499.  
 Doctrine, all the winds of, 211.  
   from women's eyes, 82.  
   not for the, but the music, 277.  
   orthodox, prove their, 216.  
   sanctified by truth, 414.  
 Doctrines plain, what makes all, 220.  
 Doer and the thing done, 428.  
 Doer's deed, place is dignified by, 48.  
 Does well acts nobly, 268.  
 Doff it for shame, 53.  
 Dog and bay the moon, 88.  
   circumcised, 132.  
   faithful, his, 269.  
   his Highness', at Kew, 287.  
   hunts in dreams like a, 549.  
   in that town was found a, 343.  
   is thy servant a, 589.  
   is turned to his vomit, 617.  
   it was that died, 344.  
   let no, bark, 36.  
   living, better than dead lion, 601.  
   love me love my, 643.  
   mine enemy's, 124.  
   shall bear him company, 269.  
   smarts, this, 308.  
   something better than his, 545  
   to gain his private ends, 344.  
   tongue of, wool of bat, 97.  
   walking on his hind legs, 316.  
   whose, are you, 287.  
   will have his day, 120.  
   word to throw at a, 41.  
 Dogs bark at me, 70.  
   between two, 67.  
   delight to bark and bite, 254.  
   eat of the crumbs, 609  
   fighting in the streets, 308.  
   little, and all, 123.  
   of war, let slip the, 86.  
   of w<sup>ild</sup> physic to the, 99.  
 Doffing or suffering, 178.  
   whatever is worth, 298.  
 Dicit, beggarly last, 363.  
 Dole, delight and, in equal scale, 102.  
   happy man be his, 23.  
 Doleful sound, from the tombs a, 255.  
 Dollar, the Almighty, 468.  
 Dolphin, dies like the, 476.  
 Dolphin-chamber, in my, 63.  
 Dolphins, pleased to see the, 293.  
 Domain, o'er the hushed, 557.  
 Dome, fired the Ephesian, 247.  
   him of the western, 222.  
   of many-coloured glass, 493.  
   of thought, 472.  
 Domestic happiness, 331.  
   joy, smooth current of, 313.  
 Dominations principedoms, 191.  
 Dominions, sun never sets in, 467.  
 Dominions, tithe or toll in our, 53.  
 Done for, so soon that I am, 584.  
   my duty and no more, 307.  
   quickly, 't were well it were, 91.  
   surprised to find it, 316.  
   to death by slanderous tongues, 30.  
   we may compute what's, 386.  
   well and as is fitting, 607.  
   what's, is done, 95.  
   when it is, 91.  
   with so much ease, 221.  
 Donned his clothes, he rose and, 117.  
 Don't see it, I, 642.  
 Doom, had an early, 518.  
   regardless of their, 325.  
   the crack of, 98.  
 Doomed for a certain term, 106.  
 Door, at mine hostess', 52.  
   beside a human, 402.  
   clicked behind the, 341.  
   drove me from the, 377.  
   haunt the rich man's, 366.  
   shall we shut the, 306.  
   shut shut the, 280.  
 Doorkeeper in the house of my God,  
   593.  
 Doors, death hath a thousand, 149.  
   death hath so many, 149.  
   infernal, 185.  
   men shut their, 82.  
   nor locks can shield you, 511.  
 Dorian mood of flutes, 180.  
 Dorians pray, to whom the, 523.  
 Dost thou love life, 310.  
 Dotage, streams of, 312.  
 Dote on his very absence, 37.  
 Dotes yet doubts suspects, 129.  
 Doting with age, pyramids, 212.  
 Double cherry, like to a, 35.  
   debt to pay, contrived a, 341.  
   double toil and trouble, 97.  
   pity, challenge, 14.  
   sure, I'll make assurance, 93.  
   surely you'll grow, 416.  
 Doublet, carving the fashion of a, 23.  
 Doubling his pleasures, 400.  
 Doubly dying, 448.  
   feel ourselves alone, 449.  
 Dou it, faith in honest, 553.  
   never, I love, 108.  
   never stand to, 166.  
   nor loop to hang a, 130.  
   one heart, than, 542.  
   that the sun doth move, 108  
   the equivocation of the fiend, 100.  
   thou the stars are fire, 108.  
   to be once in, 129.  
   to, would be disloyalty, 560.  
   truth to be a liar, 108.  
   who read to, 453.  
   win the trick, in, 634.

- Doubtful, from the dark and, 382.  
 Doubting in his abject spirit, 595.  
 Doubts, our, are traitors, 24.  
   saucy, and fears, 96.  
   suspects yet strongly loves, 129.  
 Dough, my cake is, 47.  
 Douglas deals in red herrings, 501.  
   in his hall, 449.  
   like, conquer, 335.  
   song of Percy and, 16.  
   tender and true, 16.  
 Dove, burnished, 548.  
   found no rest, 586.  
   gently as any sucking, 34.  
   more of the serpent than, 17.  
   springs of, 403.  
   wings like a, oh that I had, 593.  
 Dove-cote, eagle in a, 77.  
 Doves, harmless as, 698.  
   moan of, 551.  
 Dowagers for deans, 550.  
 Down among the dead men, 320.  
   he that is, 213, 217.  
   hill that skirts the, 366.  
   I grant you I was, 62.  
   of darkness, the raven, 199.  
   on your knees and thank heaven,  
     45.  
   pillow hard, finds the, 134.  
   story will not go, 649.  
   thou climbing sorrow, 121.  
   thrice driven bed of, 126.  
   to the dust with them, 461.  
 Downcast modesty, 302.  
 Downs, all in the, 294.  
   unhabitable, 245.  
 Downward age, torrent of a, 302.  
   bent, thoughts, 180.  
 Doxy, another man's, 630.  
 Drab, cursing like a very, 110.  
 Drachenfels, crag of, 474.  
 Drag angels down, 466.  
   the slow barge, 372.  
 Dragon, evening, 198.  
   St. George and the, 52.  
 Dragon's tail, baited with a, 583.  
 Dragonish, cloud that is, 133.  
 Drags at each remove, 333.  
   its slow length, 277.  
 Drained by fevered lips, 507.  
 Drama with the day, close the, 260.  
 Drames go by contrarries, 524.  
 Drank delight, 382.  
   judicious, 285.  
 Drapery of his couch, 515.  
 Draught, nauseous, 223.  
   of cool refreshment, 507.  
   slavery a bitter, 322.  
 Draughts, shallow, 276.  
 Draw men as they ought to be, 342.  
   you with a single hair, 228.  
 Drawers, chest of, by day, 341.  
 Drawing nothing up, 361.  
 Draws us with a single hair, 279.  
 Dread and fear of kings, 40.  
   of all who wrong, 541.  
   of something after death, 111.  
   the devil, bane of all that, 403.  
   whence this secret, 250.  
 Dreadful as the Manichean god, 333.  
   reckoning, 294.  
   thought, thou pleasing, 250.  
   urs, those, 545.  
 Dream, a hideous, 85.  
   a shadowy lie, was thy, 560.  
   all night without a stir, 502.  
   change o'er the spirit of my, 483.  
   clear, and solemn vision, 201.  
   consecration and the poet's, 419.  
   fickle as a changeful, 451.  
   forgotten, hunt for a, 406.  
   glide through a quiet, 509.  
   gone like a beautiful, 510.  
   hope is but the, 242.  
   life is but an empty, 535.  
   love's young, 458.  
   not Homer nods but we, 276.  
   of heaven and she was there, 223.  
   of home, 462.  
   of love melted away, in a, 510.  
   of things that were, 472.  
   of those that wake, 242.  
   of peace, deep, 491.  
   old men's, 222.  
   to sleep perchance to, 110.  
   short as any, 34.  
   sight to, of, 433.  
   silently as a, 393.  
   when one awaketh, 503.  
   which was not all a dream, 483.  
 Dreamed that life was beauty, 560.  
 Dreaming, ever of thee I'm, 510.  
   past the size of, 134.  
 Dreams and slumbers light, 450.  
   books are each a world, 417.  
   full of ghastly, 70.  
   ground not upon, 524.  
   hence, babbling, 248.  
   hunts in, like a dog, 549.  
   in some brighter, 214.  
   lies down to pleasant, 515.  
   of avarice, beyond the, 318, 323.  
   of cutting foreign throats, 78.  
   old men shall dream, 606.  
   smooth or idle, 211.  
   such stuff as, are made on, 20.  
   that wove before the half-shut eye,  
     303.  
   their own, deceive 'em, 242.  
   true I talk of, 78.  
   what, may come, 110.  
 Dreamt I dwelt in marble halls, 527.

- Dreamt of in your philosophy, 108.  
 Dreary intercourse of daily life, 407.  
   sea now flows between, 433.  
 Dregs of life, from the, 229.  
 Dress, be plain in, 296.  
   daring in full, 485.  
   fair undress best, 303.  
   of thoughts, style is the, 298.  
   sweet disorder in the, 165.  
 Drest, still to be neat still to be, 147.  
 Drink and to be merry, 601.  
   deep or taste not, 276.  
   gapes for, again, 173.  
   mandragora, 132.  
   meat and, to me, 46.  
   no longer water, 616.  
   no more than a sponge, 572.  
   no spirit, I never, 565.  
   nor any drop to, 432.  
   pretty creature drink, 402.  
   reasons why men, 571.  
   strong, is raging, 597.  
   that quenches thirst, 573.  
   'tis to thee I would, 484.  
   to me only with thine eyes, 147.  
   to the lass, 330.  
   who always, never taste, 241.  
   why should every creature, but I,  
     173.  
   with him that wears a hood, 7.  
   with me and drink as I, 305.  
   with you eat with you, 37.  
   ye to her that each loves best, 444.  
 Drinking dancing laughing, 226.  
   largely sobers us, 276.  
 Drinks and gapes and drinks, 173.  
 Drip of the suspended oar, 474.  
 Driveller and a show, 312.  
 Driveth o'er a soldier's neck, 78.  
 Driving far off each thing, 201.  
   of Jehu, like the, 589.  
 Drooped the willow, where, 527.  
 Drooping head, repairs his, 204.  
 Drop a tear and bid adieu, 305.  
   in for an after-loss, 133.  
   into thy mother's lap, 196.  
   last, in the well, 484.  
   nor any, to drink, 432.  
   of a bucket, 604.  
   of allaying Tiber, 76.  
 Dropped a tear, 322.  
   from an angel's wing, 415.  
   from the zenith, 181.  
   manna, tongue, 182.  
 Droppeth as the gentle rain, 39.  
 Dropping buckets into wells, 361.  
   continual, in a rainy day, 599.  
   eye, an auspicious and a, 102.  
 Drops, dear as the ruddy, 85, 327.  
   from off the eaves, 207.  
   his blue-fringed lids, 434.  
 Drops, like kindred, 360.  
   the light drip, 474.  
   what precious, are those, 229.  
   wiped our eyes of, 43.  
 Droughte of March, 1.  
 Drown, what pain it was to, 70.  
 Drowned honour, pluck up, 58.  
 Drowsiness clothe man in rags, 593.  
 Drowsy man, dull ear of a, 53.  
   syrups of the world, 129.  
 Drowsyhed, land of, 303.  
 Drudgery at the desk, 430.  
   makes, divine, 160.  
 Druid lies in yonder grave, 336.  
 Drum ecclesiastick, 215.  
   spirit-stirring, 130.  
   was heard, not a, 504.  
 Drum-beat, morning, 467.  
 Drums, beat the, 238.  
   in his ear, 78.  
   like muffled, are beating, 535.  
   quietly rested under the, 177.  
 Drunk, gloriously, 362.  
   hasten to be, 227.  
   it is our pleasure to be, 307.  
   though he never was, 392.  
 Drunkard clasp his teeth, 149.  
 Drunkenness identical with ruin, 397.  
 Drury Lane for you, no, 426.  
 Drury's, happy boy at, 518.  
 Dry as summer dust, hearts, 421.  
   as the remainder biscuit, 43.  
   death, I would fain die a, 19.  
   sun dry wind, 6.  
   tree, done in the, 611.  
 Dryden, copious, 283.  
 Drying up a single tear, 489.  
 Du sublime au ridicule, 370.  
 Ducat, dead for a, 115.  
 Duck or plover, aimed at, 383.  
 Due, give the devil his, 577, 640.  
   more is thy, than more than all, 90.  
   season, word in, 597.  
 Dues, render to all their, 613.  
 Duke of Norfolk, 501.  
   the, did love me, 167.  
 Dukedom, my library was, 19.  
 Dulcimer, damsel with a, 435.  
 Dull as night, his spirit are, 41.  
   cold ear of death, 328.  
   cold marble, sleep in, 74.  
   ear of a drowsy man, 53.  
   gentle yet not, 171.  
   goodman, 32.  
   product of a scoffer's pen, 421.  
   tame shore, 509.  
 Duller than the fat weed, 106.  
 Dulness, gentle, loves a joke, 285.  
 Dum vivimus vivamus, 307.  
 Dumb, beggar that is, 14.  
   discourse, kind of excellent, 20.



- Dumb forgetfulness, a prey to, 330.**  
 modest men are, 391.  
 the deep are, 13.  
 the oracles are, 207.
- Dumb-shows and noise inexplicable, 112.**
- Dumps, college joke to cure the, 246.**
- Dumpy woman, I hate a, 486.**
- Duncan, hear it not, 93.**  
 is in his grave, 96.
- Dunce kept at home, 356.**  
 sent to roam, 356.  
 with wits, 285.
- Dundee, single hour of that, 412.**
- Dungeon dark, dweller in, 387.**
- Dunsinane, come to, 100.**
- Dupe gamester and poet, 332.**
- Durance vile, in, 338.**
- Dusk faces with turbans, 196.**
- Dusky race, rear my, 549.**
- Dust and heat, not without, 211.**  
 blossom in the, 153.  
 down to the vile, 448.  
 down to the, with them, 461.  
 dry as summer, 421.  
 enemies shall lick the, 593.  
 glories in the, shall lay, 290.  
 heap of, alone remains, 289.  
 half deity, half, 484.  
 hour may lay it in the, 472.  
 learned, 331.  
 must come to, 135.  
 of Alexander, trace the noble, 119.  
 of servile opportunity, 413.  
 pays us with age and, 14.  
 pride that licks the, 281.  
 provoke the silent, 328.  
 return to the earth, 602.  
 sleeps in, 619.  
 that is a little gilt, 76.  
 the knight's bones are, 435.  
 this earth this grave this, 14.  
 thou art, 586.  
 to dust ashes to ashes, 619.  
 what mysteries beyond thy, 214.  
 write the characters in, 453.
- Dusty death, the way to, 100.**
- Duties, men who know their, 373.**  
 primal, shine aloft, 423.
- Duty, a divided, 126.**  
 faithful below he did his, 381.  
 found that life was, 590.  
 in that state of life, 618.  
 I've done my, 397.  
 not a sin this is a, 309.  
 of some right of all, 398.  
 service sweat for, 42.  
 subject's, is the king's, 66.  
 such as the subject owes, 47.  
 to do my, in that state, 618.  
 whole, of man, 602.
- Dwarf on a giant's shoulders, 162.**
- Dwell in decencies forever, 274.**  
 in such a temple, 20.  
 together in unity, 595.
- Dweller in yon dungeon, 337.**
- Dwellest thou, where, 76.**
- Dwelling is light of setting suns, 407.**
- Dwelling-place, desert were my, 477.**
- Dwelt all that's good, 175.**  
 among the untrodden ways, 403.
- Dwindle peak and pine, 89.**
- Dyer's hand, like the, 136.**
- Dying eyes, unto, 551.**  
 eyes were closed, 288.  
 I am dying, Egypt, 133.  
 man to dying men, 213.  
 to-morrow will be, 164.  
 when she slept, 512.
- Each in his narrow cell, 328.**  
 matin bell, 433.  
 particular hair stand an end, 106.
- Eager for the fray, 248.**  
 heart the kindlier hand, 553.
- Eagle eye, 337.**  
 flight, flies an, 82.  
 he was lord above, 411.  
 in a dove-cote, 77.  
 like a young, 462.  
 mewing her mighty youth, 211.  
 so the struck, 470.  
 stricken with a dart, 176.  
 suffers little birds to sing, 77.
- Eagle's fate and mine are one, 176.**
- Eagles' wings, fly on, 234.**
- Eagles be gathered together, 610.**  
 dare not perch, 79.  
 having lately bathed, like, 69.
- Ear, applying shell to his, 422.**  
 can hear, that no gross, 201.  
 drums in his, 78.  
 dull, of a drowsy man, 53.  
 enchant thine, 135.  
 give every man thy, 104.  
 heard me, when the, 590.  
 hearing of the, 591.  
 I was all, 201.  
 in many a secret place, 405.  
 it came o'er my, 48.  
 jewel in an Ethiope's, 78.  
 more meant than meets the, 206.  
 not to the sensual, 503.  
 of death, dull cold, 328.  
 of Eve, close at the, 189.  
 of him that hears it, 33.  
 of night, the listening, 556.  
 piercing the night's dull, 66.  
 the hearing, 597.  
 voice in my dreaming, 444.  
 word of promise to our, 100.  
 wrong sow by the, 651.

- Eare did heare that tong, never, 9.  
 one, it heard, 4
- Eares and ev'ry thought, 9.
- Earldom and insignificancy, 299.
- Earliest at his grave, 499.
- Early and provident fear, 351.  
 bright transient chaste, 264.  
 death, to favourites, 476.  
 nothing to him falls, 150.  
 rising sun, 165.  
 to bed early to rise, 639.  
 too, seen unknown, 78.  
 root and early doom, 518.
- Earnest stars, 502.
- Ear-piercing fife, 130.
- Ears, aged, play truant at his tales, 32.  
 hangs from beauty's, 372.  
 he that hath, to hear, 610.  
 in my ancient, 80.  
 lend me your, 86.  
 look with thine, 124.  
 music to attending, 79.  
 nailed by the, 219.  
 noise of water in mine, 70.  
 of flesh and blood, 106.  
 of the groundlings, 112.  
 polite, mentions hell to, 276.  
 same sound is in my, 417.  
 she gave me, 402.  
 took captive, whose words all, 48.  
 two, of corn where one grew, 246.  
 with ravished, 224.
- Earth a sphere, preserves the, 400.  
 a stage, 170.  
 all forgot, 459.  
 all things in heaven and, 18.  
 all ye know on, 503.  
 ancients of the, 550.  
 bears a plant, while the, 464.  
 bleeding piece of, 86.  
 bliss that, affords, 8.  
 bowels of the harmless, 58.  
 bridal of the, and sky, 160.  
 common growth of mother, 409.  
 daughters of, 314.  
 dust return to the, 602.  
 Elysium on, if there be, 456.  
 felt the wound, 195.  
 first flower of the, 459.  
 fragrant the fertile, 189.  
 fuming vanities of, 414.  
 gave sign of gratulation, 193.  
 giants in the, there were, 586.  
 girdle round about the, 34.  
 give him a little, for charity, 74.  
 give some special good to the, 80.  
 glory passed from the, 420.  
 has no sorrow, 461.  
 hath bubbles, 90.  
 heaven on, 187, 513.  
 heaven tries the, 563.
- Earth, inhabitants of the, 89.  
 insensible, and be, 195.  
 is a thief, 83.  
 joy of the whole, 592.  
 kindly fruits of the, 618.  
 lap of, upon the, 330.  
 lards the lean, 58.  
 lay her in the, 119.  
 less of, than heaven, 451.  
 lift our low desire from, 479.  
 making, a hell, 471.  
 man marks the, with ruin, 477.  
 model of the barren, 56.  
 more things in heaven and, 108.  
 naught beyond O, 495.  
 nightly to the listening, 251.  
 none on, above her, 401.  
 nought so vile that on the, 80.  
 of majesty, this, 55.  
 of the, earthy, 614.  
 on the bare, exposed, 225.  
 on the confines of, 393.  
 one beloved face on, 483.  
 out of the, a fabric rose, 181.  
 overwhelm them, 104.  
 peace good-will on, 610.  
 plants suck in the, 173.  
 pleasant country's, 56.  
 poetry of, is never dead, 503.  
 power is passing from the, 419.  
 proudly wears the Parthenon, 532.  
 salt of the, ye are the, 607.  
 so much of, 405.  
 soaks up the rain, thirsty, 173.  
 sovereign'st thing on, 58.  
 spot which men call, 198.  
 sure and firm-set, 93.  
 that bears thee dead, 62.  
 that e'er wore, 166.  
 this blessed plot, this, 55.  
 this goodly frame, 109.  
 this grave this dust this, 14.  
 this opacus, 192.  
 to earth ashes to ashes, 619.  
 to every man upon this, 523.  
 to highest skie, 12.  
 truth crushed to, 516.  
 turf of fresh, 212.  
 unity on, 98.  
 walk the, unseen, 189.  
 was made so various, 359.  
 was young, days when, 559.  
 way of all the, 587.  
 whose table, 485.  
 with her thousand voices, 435.  
 with orient pearl sowed the, 190.
- Earth's base built on stubble, 201.  
 bitter leaven, 411.  
 noblest thing, 564.
- Earthlier happy is the rose, 33.
- Earthly bliss, the sum of, 193.

- Earthly dignities, peace above all, 73.  
   godfathers, these, 31.  
   hope and heavenly hope, 463.  
   nothing, could surpass, 486.  
   power show likest God's, 40.  
 Earthquake, gloom of, 492.  
 Ease, age of, 340.  
   and alternate labour, 301.  
   done with so much, 221.  
   flow with artless, 373.  
   for aye to dwell, at, 547.  
   hours of, 400, 450.  
   in mine inn, 60, 644.  
   in writing comes from art, 277.  
   live at home at, 162.  
   mob of gentlemen who wrote with,  
     283  
   of heart, 382.  
   peace nor, the heart can know, 323  
   ran on with greater, 220.  
   roots itself in, on Lethe wharf, 106.  
   studious of, 253.  
   vaulted with such, to his seat, 61.  
   with grace, 303  
   you write with, 380.  
 Eased the putting off, 189.  
 Easier for a camel, 609.  
   to be played on than a pipe, 114.  
 Easiness to the next abstinence, 116.  
 East, golden window of the, 77.  
   it is the, and Juliet is the sun, 78.  
   where the gorgeous, 181.  
 Easter-day, sun upon an, 162.  
 Eastern kings, guilt of, 171.  
 Easy as lying, 114, 513.  
   if to do were as, as to know, 37.  
   to be true, 237.  
   writing hard reading, 380.  
 Easy-chair, Rabelais', 284.  
 Eat and drink as friends, 47.  
   and drink, let us, 604.  
   and eat I swear, 67.  
   drink and be merry, 601, 611.  
   each other, cannibals that, 126.  
   I cannot, but little meat, 7.  
   thy cake and have it, 161, 639.  
   thy heart, 13.  
   with the devil, 642.  
   with you, I will not, 37.  
 Eaten out of house and home, 63.  
   sour grapes, 605.  
 Eating, appetite comes with, 572.  
   cares, 205.  
   time, worn out with, 230.  
 Eaves, drops from off the, 207.  
 Ebony, image of God in, 212.  
 Ebrew Jew, I am an, 59.  
 Eccentric and centric, 193.  
 Ecclesiastick drum, 215.  
 Echo answers where, 480.  
   applaud thee to the very, 99.  
 Echo caught faintly the sound, 393.  
   of the sad steps, 422.  
   to the sense, sound an, 277.  
 Echoes dying dying dying, 550.  
   Fontarabian, 450.  
   how cruelly sweet are the, 563.  
   of that voice, melodies the, 433.  
   roll from soul to soul, 550.  
   set the wild, flying, 550.  
 Echoing walks between, 195.  
 Eclipse, built in the, 203.  
   dim, 180.  
   first the rest nowhere, 626.  
   total, without all hope of day, 197.  
 Eclipsed the gayety of nations, 315.  
 Ecstasy, cunning in bodiless creation,  
   116.  
   of love, the very, 108.  
   to lie in restless, 96.  
   waked to, the living lyre, 329.  
   warm as, 356.  
 Eden, Peri at the gate of, 455.  
   solitary way through, 196.  
   this other demi-paradise, 55.  
 Edge, cloy the hungry, of appetite, 55.  
   is sharper than the sword, 134.  
   of husbandry, dulls the, 105.  
   of battle, the perilous, 179.  
   teeth are set on, 605.  
 Edged with poplar pale, 207.  
 Edified, whoe'er was, 361.  
 Education forms the common mind,  
   273.  
   to love her was a liberal, 252.  
   virtuous and noble, 219.  
 Educing good, still, 302.  
 Edward, sons of, 71.  
 Edwin's, shall break thy, too, 343.  
 Eel of science, 284.  
 Effect, cause of this, 108.  
   defective comes by cause, 108.  
 Effects, what dire, 250.  
 Eftest way, 30.  
 Eftsoones they heard, 11.  
 Egeria! sweet creation, 476.  
 Egg full of meat, 80.  
   learned roast an, 284.  
 Eglantine, musk-roses and, 35.  
 Egregiously an ass, 127.  
 Egypt, beauty in a brow of, 35.  
   I am dying, 133.  
   rivers of, 603.  
 Egypt's dark sea, o'er, 460.  
   monuments, 265.  
 Eie did see that face, 9.  
 Eies and eares and every thought, 9.  
 Eight years upon a project, 246.  
 Elaborately thrown away, 267.  
 Elated, never dejected never, 273.  
 Elbow, shoulder and, 297.  
 Eld, palsied, 25.

- Elder days of art, 539.**  
 let the woman take an, 49.  
 soldier not a better, 88.  
**Elder-gun, shot out of an, 66.**  
**Elders, discourse of the, 606.**  
**Elections, biennial, 233.**  
**Electric chain, striking the, 475.**  
**Elegance of female friendship, 314.**  
**Elegant as simplicity, 356.**  
 but not ostentatious, 314.  
 simplicity, 375.  
 sufficiency content, 301.  
**Element, creatures of the, 200.**  
 lowering, scowls, 183.  
 one law one, 554.  
 thy, is below, 121.  
**Elements, become our, 182.**  
 dare the, to strife, 481.  
 I tax not you, you, 122.  
 large, in order brought, 554.  
 so mixed in him, 89.  
 war of, 250.  
 weak and beggarly, 615.  
**Elephants endorsed with towers, 196.**  
 for want of towns, 245.  
**Elevate, in thoughts more, 183.**  
**Eleven points, possession is, 248.**  
**Ell, he 'll take an, 640.**  
**Elm, star-proof, 207.**  
**Elms, immemorial, 551.**  
**Eloquence and poetry, 173.**  
 heavenly, 222.  
 mother of arts and, 196.  
 resistless, 197.  
 splendid, 313.  
 the soul, 183.  
 to woe, truth denies, 481.  
**Eloquent death, 15.**  
 music, discourse most, 114.  
 old man, 208.  
**Elves, criticising, 353.**  
 faery, whose midnight revels, 181.  
 whose little eyes, 164.  
**Elysian beauty, 407.**  
 life, suburb of the, 539.  
**Elysium, lap it in, 199.**  
 on earth, if there be, 456.  
 within whose circuit is, 68.  
**Emanation from the gospel, 427.**  
**Emathian conqueror, 208.**  
**Embalmed in tears, 451.**  
**Embattled armies, 197.**  
 farmers stood, 532.  
**Embers glowing, 206.**  
**Emblems of deeds, 480.**  
 of untimely graves, 362.  
 right meet of decency, 324.  
**Embosomed in the deep, 339.**  
**Embrace, arms take your last, 82.**  
 caught a star in its, 567.  
 endure then pity then, 271.  
**Embrace me she inclined, 209.**  
**Embroidery, sad, 204.**  
**Embryo, chancellor in, 324.**  
**Emelic, up rose, 2.**  
**Emerald isle, 626.**  
**Eminence, that bad, 181.**  
**Eminent, tax for being, 247.**  
**Emperor without his crown, 263.**  
**Empire, cutpurse of the, 116.**  
 it is peace, the, 633.  
 my mind to me an, 8.  
 rod of, 329.  
 sun never sets on the immense, 454.  
 survey our, 481.  
 thy dread, chaos, 286.  
 trade's proud, 314.  
 westward the course of, 260.  
 westward the star of, 260.  
 will be dreadful, 481.  
**Empires, whose game was, 485.**  
**Employment, chase brave, 160.**  
 hand of little, 118.  
 wishing is the worst, 264.  
**Employments, how various his, 361.**  
 wishing worst of all, 264  
**Empress, sovereign law sits, 373.**  
**Emprise and flour of floures, 4.**  
**Emptiness, smiles betray his, 281.**  
**Empty boxes, beggarly account of, 82.**  
 cock-left is, 212.  
 heads, tall men have, 139.  
 louder but as, quite, 271.  
 praise, pudding against, 284.  
 thanks, words are but, 248.  
**Empty-vaulted night, 199.**  
**Enamelled eyes, 204.**  
 stones, sweet music with, 21.  
**Enamoured, hung over her, 190.**  
**Enchant thine ear, 135.**  
**Enchanting ravishment, 199.**  
**Enchantment, distance lends, 441.**  
**Enchants the world, 302.**  
**Encounter, free and open, 211.**  
 keen, of our wits, 70.  
**Encumbers him with help, 316.**  
**Encyclopedic mind, 520.**  
**End, at my finger's, 49, 636.**  
 at their wit's, 594.  
 attempt the, 166.  
 badder, gladly to the, 3.  
 beginning of our, the true, 36.  
 beginning of the, 623.  
 bitter, 624.  
 borne to desastrous, 13.  
 crowns all, 76.  
 death a necessary, 86.  
 die and there an, 96.  
 each particular hair stand an, 106.  
 happiness our being's, 272.  
 hope to the, 617.  
 in wandering mazes, found no, 183.

- End** is not yet, 610.  
   life's great, 265.  
   make me to know mine, 592.  
   me no ends, 652.  
   means unto an, 561.  
   most sweet, to make the, 54.  
   must justify the means, 241.  
   of fame, what is the, 487.  
   of it, there is an, 573.  
   of language, nature's, 266.  
   of reckoning, 26.  
   of this day's business, 89.  
   original and, 314.  
   remember Milo's, 231.  
   served no private, 276.  
   swan-like, fading in music, 89.  
   try the man, 63.  
**End-all**, might be the, 91.  
**Endearing** elegance, 314.  
   wife, children with, 341.  
**Endearment**, each fond, 340.  
**Endeavour**, riven with vain, 411.  
   too painful an, 274.  
   with useless, 540.  
**Ending** on the rustling leaves, 207.  
   still beginning never, 225.  
**Endite**, songes make and well, 1.  
**Endless** error, in, 270.  
   night closed his eyes in, 326.  
**Endow** a colleg or a cat, 275.  
**Ends**, delays have dangerous, 67.  
   divinity that shapes our, 120.  
   human, ultimately answered, 465.  
   neglecting worldly, 19.  
   of verse, cheered with, 217.  
   old odd, of holy writ, 70.  
   this strange eventful history, 44.  
   thou aimest at, 74.  
   violent, violent delights, 80.  
**Endurance** foresight, 405.  
   victory born of, 516.  
**Endure**, human hearts, 313.  
   the like himself, 30.  
   the toothache patiently, 30.  
   we first, then pity, 271.  
**Endured**, tolerable and not to be, 28.  
**Enduring** as marble, 574.  
**Enemies**, naked to mine, 74.  
   of nations make, 360.  
   of truth, 177.  
   shall lick the dust, 593.  
**Enemy** hunger, if thine, 613.  
   in their mouths, 128.  
   thing devised by the, 72.  
   to life, care's an, 49.  
   we have met the, 469.  
   weak invention of the, 248.  
**Enemy's** dog, mine, 124.  
**Energy** divine, march and, 283.  
**Engine**, two-handed, 204.  
**Enginer** hoist with his own petar, 117.  
**Engines**, great, move slowly, 141.  
   you mortal, 130.  
**England**, be what she will, 353.  
   high-road that leads to, 316.  
   martial airs of, 467, 555.  
   meteor flag of, 443.  
   never shall lie at the proud foot of  
     a conqueror, 54.  
   not three good men unchanged in,  
     58.  
   old is our home, 529.  
   roast beef of old, 308.  
   royal navy of, 333.  
   slaves cannot breathe in, 360.  
   stately homes of, 495.  
   this realm, this, 55.  
   true to itself, 54.  
   with all her faults, 353.  
   with all thy faults, 330.  
   wooden walls of, 634.  
   world or in France or in, 67.  
   ye gentlemen of, 162.  
   ye mariners of, 443.  
**English**, abusing the king's, 22.  
   air, sweet as, 550.  
   ballad-singer's joy, 411.  
   dead, close the wall up with, 65.  
   legs, one pair of, 65.  
   nation, trick of our, 63.  
   roast beef, 308.  
   style, to attain an, 314.  
   undefyled, well of, 12.  
**Englishman**, the dying, 428.  
**Enjoy** delight with libertie, 12.  
   her while she's kind, 227.  
   we prize not whiles we, 29.  
   your dear wit, 202.  
**Enjoyed**, with more spirit chased than,  
   33.  
**Enjoying**, think it worth, 225.  
**Enmities** of tweuty generations, 522.  
**Enough**, ample room and verge, 384.  
   for man to know, 273.  
   is good as a feast, 639.  
   verge, for more, 231.  
**Enriches** not him and makes me poor,  
   128.  
**Ensample**, this noble, 2.  
**Ensanguined** hearts, 362.  
**Ensign**, beauty's, is crimson, 82.  
   imperial, 180.  
   tear her tattered, 544.  
**Enskyed** and sainted, a thing, 24.  
**Entangling** alliances, 369.  
**Enterprise**, life-blood of our, 60.  
   heroic, is gone, 350.  
**Enterprises**, impediments to, 137.  
   of great pith and moment, 111.  
**Entertained** angels unawares, 616.  
**Entertains** the harmless day, 143.  
**Enthroned** in hearts of kings, 40.

- Entire affection hateth, 11.  
     and perfect chrysolite, 131.  
 Entity and quiddity, 215.  
 Entrancing our senses, 541.  
 Entrance to a quarrel, beware of, 104  
     wisdom at one, 186.  
 Entrances and exits, have their, 44.  
 Entre deux arçours, 637.  
 Entuned in hire nose, 1.  
 Envious tongues, to silence, 74.  
     worm, bit with an, 77.  
 Envy hatred and malice, 618.  
     of less happier lands, 55.  
     time transported with, 582.  
     will merit pursue, 278.  
     withers at another's joy, 301.  
 Ephesian dome, 247.  
 Ephesus, dame of, 247.  
 Ephraim, grapes of, 587.  
 Epic's stately rhyme, 541.  
 Epicure would say, 307, 428.  
 Epicurean cooks, 132.  
 Epicurus' sty, fattest hog in, 390.  
 Epicycle, cycle and, 193.  
 Epitaph, believe a woman or an, 470.  
     better a bad, 109.  
     no man write my, 440.  
 Epitaphs, derangement of, 378.  
     let's talk of, 56.  
 Epitome, all mankind's, 222.  
 Epocha in history of America, 368.  
 Equal, all men created, 369.  
     and exact justice, 369.  
     to all things, 342.  
 Equator, speak disrespectfully of the,  
     427.  
 Equity is a roguish thing, 156.  
     is according to conscience, 156.  
 Equipage, conduct and, 244.  
     senseless, 373.  
 Equivocation of the fiend, 100.  
     will undo us, 118.  
 Erant quibus appetentior famæ, 203.  
 Eracles' vein, this is, 34.  
 Ere I was old, 436.  
     sin could blight, 433.  
 Erebus, dark as, his affections are, 41.  
 Erect, unless above himself he can  
     himself, 146.  
 Erected look, 223.  
     spirit, the least, 180.  
     thoughts, 16.  
 Eremites and friars, 186.  
 Erin, a poor exile of, 444.  
 Err, art may, 226.  
     they do not, who say, 447.  
     to, is human, 278.  
 Errand, sleeveless, 647.  
 Erring reason's spite, 270.  
     rod to check the, 418.  
     sister's shame, 479.  
 Erring spirit hies to his confine, 101.  
 Error, endless, 270.  
     lies in pride, our, 269.  
     of opinion may be tolerated, 369.  
     wounded writhes with pain, 516.  
 Errors, like straws, 228.  
     some female, 279.  
     stratagems which, seem, 276  
 Eruption, bodes some strange, 101.  
 Eruptions, breaks forth in strange, 59.  
 Escape calumny, shalt not, 111.  
 Eschewed evil, 589.  
 Espied a feather of his own, 176.  
 Essence, glassy, 25.  
 Estate, fallen from his high, 225.  
     flies of, and sunneshine, 160.  
     relief of man's, 140.  
 Esteem, to know to love to, 435.  
 Estranged, seeming, 514.  
 Estridges, all plumed like, 60.  
 Et spes inanes, 243.  
 Et tu, Brute! 86.  
 Eternal anarchy, 185.  
     beadroll, fame's, 12.  
     blazon must not be, 106.  
     devil, brooked the, 84.  
     friendship, swear an, 399.  
     frost, that skirt the, 435.  
     home, near to their, 175.  
     hope springs, 268.  
     new romances, 331.  
     now does always last, 174.  
     Providence, may assert, 178.  
     sabbath of his rest, 231.  
     smiles emptiness betray, 281.  
     summer gilds them yet, 488.  
     summer shall not fade, 135.  
     sunshine settles on its head, 341.  
     vigilance price of liberty, 626.  
     year, heaven's, 224.  
     years of God are hers, 516.  
 Eterne, nature's copy is not, 95.  
 Eternities, two, past and future, 455.  
 Eternity hath triumphed over time, 15.  
     in bondage worth a whole, 249.  
     intimates to man, 250.  
     mourns that, 528.  
     opes the palace of, 198.  
     passing through nature to, 102.  
     pilgrim of, 493  
     portions of, 564.  
     shall tell, 569.  
     silence is deep as, 506.  
     thou pleasing dreadful, 250.  
     wander through, 182.  
     wanderers o'er, 474.  
     white radiance of, 493.  
 Ether, ampler, 408.  
     through the clear, silently, 503.  
 Ethereal mildness, come, 301.  
     mould incapable of stain, 182.

- Ethereal sky, the blue, 251.  
 Ethics, system of, 520.  
 Ethiopie's ear, jewel in an, 78.  
 Ethiopian change his skin, 605.  
 Etrurian shades, 179.  
 Eunuchs guardians of the fair, 263.  
 Euphrasy and rue, 195.  
 Europe, all, rings, 209.  
     better fifty years of, 549.  
     he sauntered, round, 285.  
 Europe's violets, 495.  
 Eve, close at the ear of, 189.  
     fairest of her daughters, 188.  
     from noon to dewy, 181.  
     grandmother, a female, 31.  
     one summer's, 518.  
     son of Adam and, 242.  
     span and Adam dolve, 582.  
 Even, gray-hooded, 199.  
     such is time, 14.  
     sweet approach of, 186.  
     tenor of their way, 329.  
     ushers in the, 135.  
 Even-handed justice, 92.  
 Evening air, fairer than the, 18.  
     bells, those, 459.  
     chime, faintly tolls the, 461.  
     come in the, 559.  
     dews of the, shun, 293.  
     flowers at shut of, 194.  
     grateful, mild, 189.  
     never morning wore to, 552.  
     now came still, on, 188.  
     shades of, close, 504.  
     shades prevail, 251.  
     sun shine sweetly, 336.  
     twilight of the heart, 501.  
     welcome peaceful, 362.  
     when it is, 609.  
 Evening's close, at, 331.  
 Even-song, ringeth to, 580.  
 Event, far-off divine, 554.  
     one, happeneth to all, 600.  
 Eventful history, this strange, 44.  
 Events, coming, 442.  
     confused, 94.  
     course of human, 339.  
     spirits of great, 437.  
 Ever charming ever new, 299.  
     do nothing but that, 52.  
     his time is for, 173.  
     of thee I'm dreaming, 510.  
 Ever-during dark surrounds me, 186.  
     gates, opened wide her, 192.  
 Everlasting fame, damned to, 272.  
     fixed his canon, 102.  
     flint, wear out the, 80.  
     now, 174.  
     redemption, condemned into, 30.  
     yawn confess, 285.  
 Every clime adored, in, 287.  
 Every inch a king, 123.  
     fool will be meddling, 597.  
     man has business and desire, 107.  
     man's work, 613.  
     one as God made him, 573.  
     one can master a grief, 28.  
     one that hath, unto, 610.  
     sweet its sour, 582.  
     virtue under heaven, 282.  
     why hath a wherefore, 27, 215, 639.  
     woe a tear can claim, 479.  
 Everybody's business, 157.  
 Everything advantageous to life, 20.  
     by starts and nothing long, 222.  
     find a tale in, 416.  
     good in, 42.  
     handsome about him, 30.  
     is nought, 426.  
     season to, 600.  
     that pretty is, 134.  
     that's old, I love, 346.  
     time tries the troth in, 5.  
 Everywhere be bold, 12.  
     his place, 173.  
     the gods see, 539.  
 Evidence of things not seen, 616.  
 Evil, be not overcome of, 613.  
     be thou my good, 187.  
     communications, 614.  
     days, though fallen on, 192.  
     do, that good may come, 612.  
     feared God and eschewed, 589.  
     good and good evil, 603.  
     good from seeming, 302.  
     goodness in things, 66.  
     is wrought by want of thought, 513.  
     means of, out of good, 179.  
     moral, 416.  
     news rides post, 198.  
     obscures the show of, 39.  
     partial, universal good, 270.  
     report and good report, 614.  
     root of all, 616.  
     thereof, sufficient, 608.  
     that men do lives after them, 86.  
     thing that walks by night, 200.  
     tongue an unruly, 616.  
     vice itself lost half its, 350.  
     wealth excludes but one, 317.  
 Evils, less of two, 5, 646.  
     present, triumph, 575.  
 Exactness, with, grinds he all, 574.  
 Exalted sat, Satan, 181.  
 Examination, found upon, 239.  
 Example, profit by their, 371.  
     salutary influence of, 314.  
     thy stream my great, 171.  
     to deter, as an, 583.  
     you with thievery, 83.  
 Examples, teaching by, 259.  
 Exceeding tall men, 139.

- Exceeding wise fair-spoken, 75.  
 Excel, 't is useless to, 321.  
   unstable thou shalt not, 586.  
 Excellence, in a wondrous, 136.  
   it cannot reach, hates that, 301.  
   smallest scruple of her, 23.  
 Excellent in neither, 135.  
   thing in woman, 124.  
   to have a giant's strength, 124.  
 Excels all other bliss, 8.  
   the quirks of blazoning pens, 127.  
 Exceptions prove the rule, 626.  
 Excess of glory obscured, 180.  
   of light, blasted with, 326.  
   of wealth is cause of covetousness,  
     17.  
     our own prodigal, 419.  
     wasteful and ridiculous, 54.  
 Exchequer of the poor, 55.  
   rob me the, 60.  
 Excrement, general, 83.  
 Excuse, beauty is its own, 532.  
   fault worse by the, 54.  
   for the glass, she 'll prove, 380.  
   in her face, came prologue, 195.  
 Excused his devilish deeds, 188.  
 Excusing a fault makes it worse, 54.  
 Execrable shape, what art thou, 184.  
 Execute the villany you teach me, 88.  
   their airy purposes, 179.  
 Executes a freeman's will, 511.  
 Exempt from public haunt, 42.  
 Exercise, for cure depend on, 223.  
   of health, 303.  
 Exhalation, like a bright, 73.  
   rose like an, 181.  
 Exhalations of the dawn, 437.  
 Exhaled and went to heaven, 264.  
   he was, 224.  
 Exhausted worlds, 312.  
 Exhilarate the spirit, 359.  
 Exile of Erin, poor, 444.  
 Exit, called to make our, 377.  
 Exits and their entrances, 44.  
 Expatriate free o'er all this, 268.  
 Expatriates in a life to come, 268.  
 Expectancy and rose of the state, 112.  
 Expectation, better bettered, 27.  
   fails, oft, 48.  
   makes a blessing dear, 163.  
   rise, bids, 344.  
   to bury them, merely in, 212.  
 Expects nothing, blessed who, 292.  
 Expeditious with such a king, 306.  
 Experience be a jewel, 22.  
   ignorant in spite of, 319.  
   long, made him sage, 295.  
   old, do attain, 207.  
   tells in every soil, 339.  
   to make me sad, 45.  
 Explain a thing, 285.  
 Explain, spoil it by trying to, 378.  
   the asking eye, 282.  
 Expletives their feeble aid, 277.  
 Explore the thought, 282.  
 Expose thyself to feel, 122.  
 Exposition of sleep, I have an, 35.  
 Express and admirable in form, 109.  
   more than painting can, 258.  
   not so much to, as to conceal, 346.  
 Expressed in fancy, not, 104.  
   thought but ne'er so well, 277.  
 Expression, beyond, 147.  
 Expressive silence, 303.  
 Exquisite, joys too, 439.  
 Exquisitely fine, 269.  
 Extend a mother's breath, 282.  
 Extent, my offending hath this, 125.  
 Extenuate, nothing, 131.  
 Extravagant and erring spirit, 101.  
 Extreme diseases, 570.  
   few in the, 271.  
   hate in the like, 291.  
   perplexed in the, 131.  
   remedies, 570.  
 Extremes by change more fierce, 183.  
   heard so oft in worst, 179.  
   in man and nature, 275.  
 Extremity, a daring pilot in, 221.  
   man's most dark, 452.  
 Exultations, agonies and loves, 412.  
 Eye and prospect of his soul, 29.  
   apple of the, 587, 591.  
   behind you, an you had any, 50.  
   bend your, on vacancy, 116.  
   blow the horrid deed in every, 92.  
   brighter when we come, 486.  
   courtier's soldier's, 111.  
   day's garish, 207.  
   defiance in their, 339.  
   did see that face, 9.  
   dissolved in dew, 372.  
   distinguish not by the, 256.  
   don't view me with a critic's, 394.  
   eagle, 337.  
   explain the asking, 282.  
   fades in his, 249.  
   fire in each, 280.  
   for eye, tooth for tooth, 587.  
   fringed curtains of thine, 20.  
   great, of heaven, 10.  
   great task-master's, 208.  
   half hidden from the, 403.  
   harmony in her bright, 172.  
   harvest of a quiet, 417.  
   heaven in her, 193.  
   in a fine frenzy rolling, 35.  
   in my mind's, 103.  
   inward, of solitude, 405.  
   jaundiced, all yellow to the, 278.  
   lack-lustre, looking on it with, 43.  
   like Mars to threaten, 115.



- Eye, light of a dark, 475.**  
 light of a pleasant, 562.  
 locked up from mortal, 169.  
 looks with a threatening, 53.  
 lovely in her husband's, 333.  
 nature's walks, 268.  
 negotiate for itself, 27.  
 no, to watch, 459.  
 not satisfied with seeing, 600.  
 of a needle, camel through, 609.  
 of childhood fears a painted devil,  
 94.  
 of day, 4, 208, 374.  
 of Greece, Athens the, 196.  
 of heaven, beauteous, 54.  
 of heaven visits, places that the, 55.  
 of nature, lived in, 419.  
 of newt and toe of frog, 97.  
 of the intellect, 506.  
 of vulgar light, 457.  
 one auspicious, 102.  
 one dropping, 102.  
 open alle night with, 1.  
 peril in thine, 79.  
 postern of a small needle's, 56.  
 power behind the, 533.  
 precious seeing to the, 32.  
 pupil of the human, 462.  
 saw me, it gave witness, 590.  
 smile in her, 524.  
 still-soliciting, 121.  
 sublime declared, 188.  
 such beauty as a woman's, 32.  
 tear in her, 449.  
 the seeing, 597.  
 twinkling of an, 614.  
 unborrowed from the, 406.  
 unforgiving, 380.  
 unpresumptuous, 363.  
 was dim and cold, 518.  
 was in itself a soul, 480.  
 was not dim, his, 537.  
 was on the censor, 545.  
 watch in every old man's, 80.  
 wave before the half-shut, 303.  
 welcome in your, your hand, 91.  
 where feeling plays, 408.  
 which hath the merriest, 67.  
 white wench's black, 80.  
 who sees with equal, 268.  
 will mark our coming, 486.  
 with a watchful, 252.  
**Eyeballs roll, lips tremble and, 286.**  
**Eye-brow, ballad to his mistress', 44.**  
**Eyelids heavy and red, 514.**  
 of the morn, 203.  
 slumber to mine, 595.  
 weigh down my, 63.  
**Eyes and eares and every thought, 9.**  
 are dim with childish tears, 417.  
 are homes of silent prayer, 552.  
**Eyes are in his mind, his, 437.**  
 bend on me thy tender, 525.  
 black, and lemonade, 462.  
 close up his, 68.  
 closed by foreign hands, 288.  
 closed his, in endless night, 326.  
 cynosure of neighbouring, 205.  
 dear as these, 237.  
 death within mine, 70.  
 did once inhabit, holes where, 71.  
 displayed the joy of youth, 832.  
 drink to me only with thine, 147.  
 dying, were closed, 288.  
 eagle, 503.  
 enamelled, 204.  
 glow like the sparks of fire, 164.  
 gospel-light from Bullen's, 331.  
 happiness through another man's,  
 46.  
 hath not a Jew, 33.  
 hell to choose love by another's, 34.  
 history in a nation's, 329.  
 I will not give sleep to mine, 595.  
 kindling her undazzled, 211.  
 ladies whose bright, 205.  
 lids of Juno's, 52.  
 light that lies in woman's, 459.  
 light that visits these sad, 327.  
 like stars start from their spheres,  
 106.  
 look your last, 82.  
 looked love to eyes, 473.  
 love darting, 202.  
 love looks not with the, 34.  
 make pictures when shut, 437.  
 man may see with no, 124.  
 man with large gray, 403.  
 Marlborough's, 312.  
 meet far off, when, 228.  
 not a friend to close his, 225.  
 of gallery critics, 361.  
 of sentiment, pluck the, 545.  
 of unholy blue, 453.  
 offensive to my, 247.  
 ope their golden, 134.  
 pearls that were his, 19.  
 play the woman with mine, 98.  
 poorly satisfy our, 143.  
 rain influence, 205.  
 reflecting gems, 71.  
 sans, sans teeth, 44.  
 severe, 44.  
 she gave me, 402.  
 show his, and grieve his heart, 98.  
 sought the west afar, 447.  
 soul sitting in thine, 206.  
 soul within her, 485.  
 speculation in those, 96.  
 star-like, 189.  
 stood with stupid, 223.  
 sweetest, were ever seen, 557.

- Eyes that shone now dimmed, 460.  
 that would not look on me, 380.  
 the break of day, 26.  
 the glow-worm lend thee, 164.  
 they strike mine, 147.  
 thy dying, 288.  
 to tear each other's, 254.  
 to the blind feet to the lame, 590.  
 turn my ravished, 251.  
 unto dying, 551.  
 wanton, 603.  
 were made for seeing, 532.  
 which fail with wakefulness, 520.  
 whose subdued, 132.  
 wipe my weeping, 255.  
 with his half-shut, 279.  
 women's, 32.
- Eyesight, treasure of his, 77.
- Eyne, with pink, 132.
- Fable, in a Libyan, 176.
- Fabric, baseless, of this vision, 20.  
 huge, rose like an exhalation, 181.  
 rose silently as a dream, 363.  
 the mystic, sprung, 463.
- Face, another's, commend, 323  
 apparitions start into her, 29.  
 Aurora shows her brightening, 303.  
 call it fair not pale, 433.  
 continuall comfort in a, 8.  
 disasters in his morning, 341.  
 divine, human, 186.  
 excuse in her, 195.  
 familiar with her, 271.  
 finer form or lovelier, 450.  
 garden in her, there is a, 142  
 give me a, give me a look, 147.  
 God has given you one, 111.  
 hides a shining, 364.  
 in his morning, 341.  
 in many a solitary place, 409.  
 is as a book, 91.  
 labour bears a lovely, 166.  
 like a benediction, 572.  
 like the milky way, 163  
 look on her, and you 'll forget, 279.  
 magic of a, 154.  
 man had fixed his. as if the, 409.  
 manners in the, 313.  
 mind's construction in the, 90.  
 music breathing from her, 480.  
 music of her, 172.  
 never eie did see that, 9.  
 nose upon his, 357.  
 o'er which a thousand shadows go,  
 408.  
 of heaven so fine, 81.  
 of joy we wear a, 417.  
 one beloved, on earth, 483.  
 pardoned all except her, 489.  
 princely counsel in his, 182.
- Face, shining morning, 44.  
 shyned bright, 10.  
 some awful moment, 418.  
 spit in my, 59.  
 sweat of thy, 586.  
 ten commandments in your, 67.  
 that launched a thousand ships, 18.  
 that makes simplicity, 147.  
 transmitter of a foolish, 300.  
 truth has such a, 223.  
 umbered, see the other's, 66.  
 visit her, too roughly, 102.  
 wave with dimpled, 567.
- Faces, dusk, with turbans, 196.  
 of the poor, grind the, 603.  
 old familiar, 430.  
 sea of upturned, 453, 467.
- Facing fearful odds, 523.
- Facts and the laws, 299.  
 are stubborn things, 337, 639.  
 imagination for his, 380.
- Faculties, benumbs all his, 315.  
 hath borne his, 92.  
 his cogitative, 244.
- Faculty divine, 421.  
 infinite in, 109.
- Fade, all that's bright must, 459.  
 as a leaf, we all do, 605.  
 dazzle as they, 452.  
 may flourish or may, 340.  
 nothing of him that doth, 19.
- Faded like the morning dew, 441.
- Fades a summer cloud, so, 374.  
 in his eye, 249.
- Fading are the joys we dote upon, 238.  
 honours of the dead, 447.  
 in music, a swan-like end, 39.  
 never, serenity of countenance, 250.
- Faery elves whose midnight revels,  
 181.  
 lands forlorn, 502.
- Fail, if this, 201.  
 if we should, 92.  
 no such word as, 525.  
 not for sorrow, 542.  
 they never, who die in a great cause,  
 485.  
 we will not, 92.
- Failed the bright promise, 463
- Failing, every, but their own, 479.
- Failings leaned to virtue's side, 340.
- Fails, oft expectation, 48.
- Fain die a dry death, 19.  
 would I but I dare not, 13.  
 would I climb yet fear I to fall, 15.
- Faint and fear to live alone, 505.  
 heart ne'er won fair lady, 639.  
 in the day of adversity, 598.  
 why should we, 505.
- Fair and crystal river, 167.  
 as a star, 403.

- Fair, brave deserves the, 224.**  
 chaste and unexpressive she, 44.  
 daffadills we weep to see, 165.  
 day after the, 635.  
 found out a gift for my, 324.  
 good as she was, 401.  
 good-night, to each a, 450.  
 Greece sad relic, 472.  
 guardians of the, 266.  
 humanities, 437.  
 if ladies be but young and, 43.  
 in death, speak me, 40.  
 is foul foul is fair, 89.  
 is she not passing, 21.  
 laughs the morn, 327.  
 loved the brightest, 321.  
 Melrose, 447.  
 not pale, call it, 433.  
 round belly with capon lined, 44.  
 science frowned not, 330.  
 so deadly, 479.  
 spirit rest thee now, 496.  
 spoken and persuading, 75.  
 supreme ambition, to be, 321.  
 sweet and, she seems to be, 175.  
 to fair he flew, from, 449.  
 too, to worship, 498.  
 tresses insnare, 279.  
 undress best dress, 303.  
 weather it will be, 609.  
 weather out of the north, 590.  
 what care I how, she be, 14, 155.  
 women and brave men, 473.  
 young and so, 514.  
 Zurich's waters, 510.
- Faire, all that, is, 12.**  
 to bud out, 11.
- Fairer spirit conveyed, 293.**  
 than the day, be she, 155.  
 than the evening air, 18.
- Fairest of fair Zurich's daughters, 510.**  
 of her daughters Eve, 188.  
 of stars, 190.
- Fairies' coachmakers, 78.**  
 midwife, 78.
- Fairy fiction drest, by, 328.**  
 hands their knell is rung, 336.  
 of the mine, swart, 200.  
 takes nor witch hath power, 101.  
 tales did tell, 524.
- Fairy-like music, 541.**
- Faith, a passionate intuition, 422.**  
 amaranthine flower of, 410.  
 and hope, animated by, 314.  
 and hope, world will disagree in,  
 271.  
 and morals Milton held, 413.  
 belief ripened into, 422.  
 fanatic, 455.  
 has centre everywhere, 552.  
 herself is half confounded, 335.
- Faith, I have kept the, 616.**  
 in honest doubt, 553.  
 in some nice tenets, 173.  
 in womankind, 551.  
 inflexible in, 366.  
 is the substance of things hoped  
 for, 616.  
 modes of, 271.  
 of many made for one, 271.  
 of reason, no longer in the, 437.  
 perhaps wrong, 173.  
 plain and simple, 87.  
 pure-eyed, 199.  
 simple, than Norman blood, 547.  
 triumphant over fears, 539.  
 we walk by, not by sight, 614.
- Faith's defender, 297.**
- Faithful below he did his duty, 381.**  
 dog bear him company, 269.  
 found among the faithless, 191.  
 friends, fallyng out of, 7.  
 in action, 276.  
 only he, 191.  
 the wounds of a friend, 599.  
 unto death, be thou, 617.
- Faithless, among the, faithful, 191.**
- Falcon towering in her pride, 95.**
- Falcons, hopes like towering, 241.**
- Fall, brook with many a, 401.**  
 by dividing we, 368.  
 divided we, 527.  
 fear to, 15.  
 haughty spirit before a, 597.  
 it had a dying, 48.  
 like a bright exhalation, 73.  
 needs fear no, 213.  
 of a sparrow, 120.  
 out and chide and fight, 254.  
 some, some grow, 291.  
 though free to, 186.  
 to us is adverse, descent and, 181.  
 what a, was there, 87.
- Fallen, be forever, 179.**  
 from his high estate, 225.  
 into the sear the yellow leaf, 99.  
 Lucifer how art thou, 604.  
 on evil days, though, 192.
- Fallest a blessed martyr, 74.**
- Falling at intervals upon the ear,  
 363.**  
 in melody back, 434.  
 man, cruelty to load a, 75.  
 man, press not a, 73.  
 out of faithfull friends, 7.  
 with a falling state, 289.
- Falling-off was there, what a, 107.**
- Fallings from us vanishings, 420.**
- Falls as I do, 73.**  
 as the leaves do, 150.  
 early or too late, 150.  
 like Lucifer, 73.

- Falls, shallow rivers to whose, 17.  
with the leaf, 150.
- Fallyng out of faithfull frends, 7.
- False and fleeting as 't is fair, 463.  
and hollow, all was, 182.  
as dicers' oaths, 115.  
fires, kindles, 419.  
fugitive, 184.  
philosophy, 183.  
science, the glare of, 367.  
to any man, canst not be, 105.  
wouldst not play, 91.
- Falsehood and truth grapple, 211.  
hath a goodly outside, 37.  
no, can endure, 190.  
heart for, framed, 380.  
strife of truth with, 564.  
under saintly shew, 187.  
wedded to some dear, 455.
- Falsely luxurious, 301.
- Falstaff sweats to death, 58.
- Falter not for sin, 542.  
to, would be sin, 560.
- Fame, above all Roman, 283.  
blush to find it, 282.  
church to God not to, 275.  
damned to, 285, 300.  
death-bed of, 442.  
elates thee, while, 456.  
follows wealth or, 343.  
fool to, nor yet a, 280.  
gives immortal, 267.  
grant an honest, 287.  
great heir of, 208.  
hard to climb the steep of, 366.  
is no plant, 203.  
is the spur, 203.  
martyrdom of, 482.  
monopoly of, too mighty such, 170.  
most infamous are fond of, 353.  
nor, I slight, 287.  
nothing can cover his high, 153.  
on lesser ruins built, 171.  
outlives in, 247.  
over his living head, 493.  
then was cheap, 229.  
to patch up his, 353.  
unknown to fortune and, 330.  
what is the end of, 487.  
what rage for, 375.
- Fame's eternal bead-roll, 12.  
eternal camping ground, 569.  
ladder, ascended, 562.  
proud temple, 366.
- Familiar as his garter, 65.  
as household words, 66.  
be, but not vulgar, 104.  
beast to man, and signifies love, 21.  
beauty soon grows, 249.  
but not coarse, 314.  
creature, good wine is a, 128.
- Familiar faces, old, 430.  
friend, mine own, 619.  
with her face, 271.  
with his hoary locks, 507.
- Familiarity, contempt upon, 22.
- Familiarly talks of roaring lions, 52.
- Families of yesterday, 239.
- Family, children of one, 254.
- Famine, his, should be filled, 185.  
is in thy cheeks, 82.  
they that die by, 233.
- Famous by my sword, 214.  
found myself, 490.  
orators repair, thence to the, 197.  
to all ages, 210.  
victory, it was a, 425.
- Famoused for fight, 135.
- Fan me while I sleep, 360.  
with his lady's, brain him, 58.
- Fanatic faith, 455.
- Fancies, men's more giddy, 49.  
thick-coming, 99.
- Fancy bred, where is, 39.  
bright-eyed, 326.  
by hopeless, feigned, 551.  
chuckle, makes one's, 213.  
draws, gives a glimpse and, 323.  
fed, hope is theirs by, 325.  
free, maiden meditation, 34.  
his imperial, 397.  
home-bound, 528.  
like the finger of a clock, 362.  
most excellent, 119.  
motives of more, 48.  
not expressed in, 104.  
painted her, all my, 526.  
reason virtue, 303.  
sad, do we then affect, 419.  
sweet and bitter, food of, 46.  
whispers of, 314.  
young man's, 548.  
youthful poets, 258.
- Fancy's child, Shakespeare, 205.  
course, impediments in, 48.  
maze, wandered long in, 281.  
meteor ray, misled by, 388.  
rays the hills adorning, 385.
- Fanny, Lord, spins, 282.
- Fanny's way, pretty, 258.
- Fantasies, our lightest, 564.  
thousand, begin to throng, 199.
- Fantastic, alike, if too new or old, 277.  
as a woman's mood, 451.  
fickle, fierce and vain, 451.  
summer's heat, 55.  
toe, light, 204.  
toys, painted trifles and, 334.  
tricks, plays such, 25.
- Fantasy, nothing but vain, 78.
- Fantasy's hot fire, 448.
- Far above the great, 327.

- Far amid the melancholy main, 303.**  
 as angels' ken, 178.  
 as the breeze can bear, 481.  
 as the solar walk, 269.  
 far off expelled, 303.  
 from gay cities, 291.  
 from mortal cares, 446.  
 from the madling crowd, 329.  
 less sweet to live, 458.  
 off his coming shone, 192.  
**Fardels bear, who would, 111.**  
**Fare thee well and if forever, 482.**  
 thee well, isle of beauty, 508.  
**Farewell a long farewell, 73.**  
 a word that must be, 478.  
 bade the world, 441.  
 content, 130.  
 fatal word, 481.  
 for ever and for ever, 89.  
 goes out sighing, 75.  
 happy fields, 179.  
 hope fear remorse, 187.  
 I only feel, 470.  
 if ever fondest prayer, 470.  
 mercy sighed, 481.  
 that fatal word, 481.  
 the neighing steed, 130.  
 the plumed troop, 130.  
 the tranquil mind, 130.  
 to every fear I'll bid, 255.  
 to Lochaber, 261.  
 to thee Araby's daughter, 456.  
**Farewells to the dying, 539.**  
**Far-off divine event, 554.**  
 things, old unhappy, 411.  
 unattained and dim, 566.  
**Farmers, embattled, 532.**  
**Farre stretched greatness, 15.**  
**Farther off from heaven, 512.**  
**Farthing candle to the sun, 267.**  
**Fascination of a name, 364.**  
**Fashion, glass of, 112.**  
 high Roman, 133.  
 of a new doublet, carving the, 28.  
 of these times, 42.  
 of this world passeth away, 613.  
 out of the world as out of, 248.  
 the world's new, 31.  
 wears out more apparel, 28.  
**Fashion's brightest arts, 341.**  
**Fashionable topics, 344.**  
**Fashioned so slenderly, 514.**  
**Fashioneth their hearts alike, 592.**  
**Fashions, in words as, 277.**  
**Fast and loose, 639.**  
 bind fast find, 639.  
 by a brook, 366.  
 by the oracle of God, 178.  
 in fires, confined to, 106.  
 spare, 206.  
**Fast-anchored isle, 330.**  
**Fasten him as a nail, 604.**  
**Fasting for a good man's love, 45.**  
**Fat and greasy citizens, 42.**  
 contentions, 210.  
 dividends, incarnation of, 499.  
 feed, the ancient grudge, 37.  
 men about me that are, 84.  
 more, than bard beseems, 303.  
 oily man of God, 303.  
 one of them is, and grows old, 58.  
 oxen, who drives, 318.  
 things, feast of, 604.  
 weed on Lethe wharf, 106.  
**Fatal and perfidious bark, 203.**  
 bellman, the owl, 93.  
 gift of beauty, 476.  
 hands, their, 184.  
 word farewell, 481.  
**Fate and wish agree, did my, 449.**  
 binding nature fast in, 287.  
 book of, hides the, 268.  
 cannot harm me, 428.  
 cries out, 106.  
 each cursed his, 321.  
 eagle's, and mine are one, 176.  
 fixed, freewill, 183.  
 forced by, 228.  
 hanging breathless on thy, 538.  
 he either fears his, 214.  
 heart for any, 535.  
 heart for every, 484.  
 itself could awe the soul, 248.  
 limits of a vulgar, 327.  
 man meets his, 263.  
 no armour against, 153.  
 no one is so accursed by, 536.  
 of mighty monarchs, 301.  
 of Rome, big with the, 249.  
 seemed to wind him up, 230.  
 stamp of, 290.  
 struggling in the storms of, 289.  
 take a bond of, 98.  
 to bear is to conquer our, 444.  
 torrent of his, 312.  
 why should they know their, 325.  
**Fates and destinies, 33.**  
 men are masters of their, 84.  
 wills and, so contrary run, 113.  
**Father antic the law, 57.**  
 feeds his flocks, 335.  
 have a turnip than his, 318.  
 her, loved me, 125.  
 hoarding went to hell, 69.  
 lies, full fathom five thy, 19.  
 maketh a glad, 593.  
 mother brethren all in thee, 291.  
 my, and my Friend, 231.  
 my, made them all, 333.  
 no more like my, 103.  
 of all in every age, 287.  
 of the man, child is, 402.

- Father to that thought, wish was, 64.  
 William, you are old, 426.  
 wise, knows his own child, 38.
- Father's face, features of my, 482.  
 joy mother's pride, 452.  
 spirit, I am thy, 106.
- Fathered so, and so husbanded, 85.
- Father-in-law, fine thing to be, 392.
- Fatherly, I cannot lift it up, 563.
- Fathers, ashes of his, 523.  
 have eaten sour grapes, 605.  
 where are thy, 606.
- Fathom five, thy father lies full, 19.  
 five, under the Rialto, 484.  
 line could never touch ground, 58.
- Fatigued with life, 441.
- Fattest hog in Epicurus' sty, 390.
- Fault against the dead, 102.  
 condemn the, and not the actor, 24.  
 excusing of a, makes it worse, 54.  
 grows two thereby, 160.  
 he that does one, 254.  
 hide the, I see, 288.  
 is not in our stars, 84.  
 just hint a, 281.  
 political, 576.  
 seeming monstrous, 45.  
 stars were more in, 241.  
 to heaven to nature, 102.
- Faultily faultless, 554.
- Faultless monster, 236.  
 piece to see, 277.
- Faults, all his, observed, 88.  
 be blind to her, 241.  
 England with all her, 353.  
 England with all thy, 360.  
 lie gently on him, 74.  
 men moulded out of, 26.  
 thou hast no, 256.  
 to scan, careless their, 340.  
 world of vile ill favoured, 23.
- Favour, must come to this, 119.
- Favourite has no friend, 331.  
 sin, his, 425.  
 to be a prodigal's, 419.
- Favourites, heaven gives its, 476.
- Favours are denied, when, 309.  
 given, pleased with, 309.  
 hangs on princes', 73.  
 lively sense of future, 253.  
 nor for her, call, 287.  
 sweet and precious, 384.
- Fawne and crouch, 13.
- Fawning, thrift may follow, 113.
- Fayre and fetisly, spake ful, 1.
- Fear, adored through, 363.  
 and bloodshed, 418.  
 and sorrow, pine with, 13.  
 bid farewell to every, 255.  
 boys with bugs, 47.  
 early and provident, 351.
- Fear God honour the king, 617.  
 God nothing else to fear, 335.  
 hypocritic, 505.  
 imagining some, in the night, 35.  
 is affront, 261.  
 of God before their eyes, 612.  
 o' hell's a hangman's whip, 386.  
 of kings, 40.  
 perfect love casteth out, 617.  
 thy nature, yet do I, 91.  
 to live alone, 505.
- Fearful, goodness is never, 26.  
 odds, facing, 523.  
 summons, upon a, 101.
- Fearfully and wonderfully made, 595.
- Fearing to attempt, 24.
- Fears and saucy doubts, 96.  
 cares and delicate, 402.  
 do make us traitors, 98.  
 faith triumphant o'er our, 539.  
 his fate too much, 214.  
 more, than wars or women have,  
 73.  
 no, to beat away, 408.  
 of the brave, 312.  
 our hopes belied our, 512.  
 present, less than imaginings, 90.
- Feast, as you were going to a, 147.  
 chief nourisher in life's, 94.  
 enough is good as a, 639.  
 gorgeous, 202.  
 imagination of a, 55.  
 merry, great welcome makes a, 27.  
 of Crispian, is called the, 66.  
 of fat things, 604.  
 of languages, have been at a, 33.  
 of nectared sweets, 201.  
 of reason and flow of soul, 282.  
 sat at any good man's, 43.
- Feasting, house of, 600.  
 presence full of light, 82.
- Feasts, wedlock compared to public,  
 145.
- Feather, a wit's a, chief a rod, 272.  
 bed betwixt a wall, 216.  
 is wafted downward, 537.  
 of his own, espied a, 176.  
 on the fatal dart, his own, 470.  
 that adorns the royal bird, 584.  
 waft a, or to drown a fly, 262.  
 whence the pen, 415.
- Feathered Mercury, rise like, 61.
- Feathers, see their own, plucked, 462.  
 she plumes her, 200.  
 two-legged animal without, 629.
- Feats of broil and battle, 125.
- Feature, cheated of, 70.  
 outward form and, 437.  
 so scented the grim, 195.  
 weeds of glorious, 12.
- Features, homely, 202.

- Features of my father's face, 482.  
 Fed of the dainties, 32.  
   show myself highly, 48.  
 Federal union, our, 398.  
 Fee, set my life at a pin's, 106.  
   the doctor, 223.  
 Feeble, if virtue, were, 202.  
   most forcible, 64.  
 Feed fat the ancient grudge, 37.  
   me with a shepherd's care, 252.  
   my revenge if nothing else, 33.  
   on floures and weeds, 12.  
   on hope, 13.  
   on prayers, 142.  
 Feeder, blasphemes his, 202.  
 Feel and to possess, 472.  
   another's woe, 288.  
   like one who treads alone, 460.  
   no time to, 528.  
   that I am happier than I know,  
     193.  
   those who, it most, 493.  
   those who would make us, 353.  
   to hear to see to, 472.  
   which they themselves not, 30.  
   your honour grip, 386.  
 Feeling deeper than thought, 563.  
   eye where, plays, 408.  
   hearts touch them rightly, 400.  
   high mountains are a, 474.  
   of his business, 118.  
   of sadness and longing, 537.  
   petrifies the, 335.  
   sensible to, as to sight, 93.  
   to the worse, gives greater, 55.  
 Feelings, great, came to them, 526.  
   to mortals given, 451.  
   unemployed, waste of, 479.  
 Feels a thousand deaths, 264.  
   at each thread, 269.  
   meanest thing that, 406.  
   the noblest acts the best, 561.  
   the wanton stings, 24.  
 Fees, flowing, 210.  
 Feet, bar my constant, 303.  
   beneath her petticoat, 162.  
   hands wings or, 185.  
   lamp unto my, 594.  
   lie close about his, 523.  
   like snails did creep, 164.  
   many-twinkling, 325.  
   nailed on the bitter cross, 57.  
   of Gamaliel, at the, 612.  
   shoes were on their, 426.  
   standing with reluctant, 537.  
   through faithless leather, 267.  
   time's iron, 478.  
   to the foe, 442.  
   to the lame eyes to the blind, 590.  
   two pale, crossed in rest, 566.  
   underneath his, 7.  
 Feetur, haint one agreeable, 565.  
 Felicitie, what more, can fall, 12.  
 Felicity, absent thee from, 121.  
   our own, we make, 313.  
 Fell, Doctor, I do not love thee, 240.  
   like autumn fruit, 230.  
   like stars, 439.  
   of hair would rouse and stir, 100.  
   purpose, shake my, 91.  
 Fellow, covetous sordid, 298.  
   dies an honest, 150.  
   Hannibal was a pretty, 257.  
   hook-nosed, of Rome, 64.  
   in a market-town, 375.  
   in the cellarage, hear this, 108.  
   in the firmament, 86.  
   mad, met me, 61.  
   many a good tall, 58.  
   no feeling of his business, 118.  
   of but one idea, 316.  
   of infinite jest, 119.  
   of no mark nor likelihood, 60.  
   of the selfsame flight, 36.  
   that hath had losses, 30.  
   that hath two gowns, 30.  
   there's a lean, beats all, 166.  
   touchy testy pleasant, 252.  
   want of it the, 272.  
   with the best king, 67.  
 Fellow-fault to match it, 45.  
 Fellow-feeling, help others out of, 332.  
   makes one wondrous kind, 332.  
 Fellows, king of good, 67.  
   of the baser sort, 612.  
   strange, nature hath framed, 36.  
   we're all good, together, 375.  
   young, will be young, 354.  
 Fellowship, good, in thee, 57.  
   right hands of, 615.  
 Felony to drink small beer, 68.  
 Felt along the heart, 406.  
   as a man, 336.  
   in the blood, 406.  
   the halter draw, 383.  
   with spirit so profound, 417.  
 Female errors fall, to her share, 279.  
   friendship, elegance of, 314.  
   hunting for one fair, 226.  
   mouth, kisses from a, 485.  
   of sex it seems, 198.  
 Feminine vision, 528.  
 Fence, cunning in, 51.  
   of rhetoric, dazzling, 202.  
 Fens bogs dens, 184.  
 Ferdinand Mentex Pinto, 257.  
 Festus I plunge, 557.  
 Fetisly, fayre and, spake ful, 1.  
 Fetterless, free and, 561.  
 Fetters off, throws its last, 515.  
 Fern, grasshoppers under a, 351.  
 Fever, after life's fitful, 96.

- Fever of the world, 406.  
 so when a raging, 256.
- Few and far between, 442.  
 are chosen, many called but, 609.  
 die and none resign, 370.  
 in the extreme, 271.  
 know their own good, 228.  
 plain rules, 413.  
 real friends, 321.  
 shall part where many meet, 443.  
 strong instincts, 413.  
 too many yet how, 475.
- Fezziwig, in came Mrs., 558.
- Fiat justitia ruat cœlum, 626.
- Fib, destroy his, or sophistry, 280.
- Fibs, tell you no, 346.
- Fickle as a changeful dream, 451.  
 fierce and vain, 451.
- Fico for the phrase, 22.
- Fiction, by fairy, drest, 328.  
 condemn it as an improbable, 51.  
 lags after truth, 348.  
 truth stranger than, 490.
- Fie foh and fum, 123.  
 on possession, 3.
- Field and flood, accidents by, 125.  
 as a flower of the, 594.  
 back to the, 442.  
 be lost, what though the, 178.  
 beat this ample, 268.  
 in the tented, 125.  
 lilies of the, 608.  
 of air, through the, 372.  
 of his fame, from the, 504.  
 Russia hurried to the, 381, 449.  
 six Richmonds in the, 72.  
 so truth be in the, 211.  
 squadron in the, 124.
- Fields, babbled of green, 65.  
 beloved in vain, 325.  
 better to hunt in, 223.  
 dales and 17.  
 farewell, happy, 179.  
 happy autumn, 551.  
 out of old, 4.  
 poetic, encompass me, 251.  
 raw in, 227.  
 showed how, were won, 340.  
 with purpleal gleams, 408.
- Fiend, a frightful, 432.  
 angelical, 81.  
 equivocation of the, 100.  
 no, in hell can match, 248.  
 thou marble-hearted, 121.
- Fiend-like to dwell in sin, 574.
- Fiends, juggling, 100.
- Fierce as ten furies, 184.  
 as they paint him, not so, 162.  
 democratic, 197.  
 feeble, and vain, 451.  
 repentance rears her crest, 301.
- Fiercer by despair, 181.
- Fiery floods to bathe in, 25.  
 Pegasus, turn and wind a, 61.  
 soul working its way, 221.  
 throbbing pain, 313.
- Fife, ear-piercing, 130.  
 fill the, sound the clarion, 453.  
 wry-necked, squeaking of the, 38.
- Fifteen, maiden of bashful, 379.
- Fig for care and a fig for woe, 141.
- Figs, in name of the prophet, 426.
- Fight again, those that fly may, 220.  
 another day, live to, 345.  
 but when her ladyship is by, 53.  
 famed for, 135.  
 for such a land, 449.  
 good at a, 462.  
 I have fought a good, 616.  
 the good fight, 616.
- Fighting, rusty for want of, 216.  
 still, 225.
- Fights and runs away, 345.
- Fig-tree, under his, 606.
- Figure for the time of scorn, 131.  
 imagery doth appear in, 648.  
 of the giant mass, 75.  
 the thing we like, we, 528.
- Figures on a dial, 561.  
 strange and sweet, 433.
- Filehes my good name, 128.
- Files of time, foremost, 549.
- Filled with fury, 336.
- Fillip with a three-man beetle, 63.
- Fills bounds connects, he, 269.
- Filthy lucre, not greedy of, 615.
- Final goal of ill, 552.  
 hope is flat despair, 182.  
 ruin drives her ploughshare, 265.
- Find, safe, safe bind, 6.
- Finds the down pillow hard, 134.  
 tongues in trees, 42.
- Fine by defect, 274.  
 by degrees, 241.  
 exquisitely, 269.  
 frenzy rolling, poet's eye in a, 35.  
 in love, nature is, 117.  
 puss-gentleman, 357.  
 thing to be father-in-law, 392.  
 too, a point, 574.  
 words wonder where you stole 'em,  
 245.
- Finely touched, spirits are not, 23.
- Fineness which a hymn affords, 161.
- Finer form or lovelier face, 450.
- Finger of a clock, like the, 362.  
 pipe for fortune's, 113.  
 silent, points to heaven, 422.  
 silent, points to the sky, 438.  
 slow unmoving, 131.  
 wit in his little, 644.  
 writes and having writ, 571.



- Fingers, decay's effacing, 478.  
   rude, with forced, 203.  
   weary and worn, with, 514.  
 Fingers' ends, at my, 49, 635.  
 Finished, left to be, 52.  
   my course, I have, 616.  
 Fire answers fire, 66.  
   burn and cauldron bubble, 97.  
   burned, while I was musing, 532.  
   by a sea-coal, 63.  
   coals of, on his head, 598, 613.  
   cold performs the effect of, 183.  
   fantasy's hot, 448.  
   fretted with golden, 109.  
   fringed with, 552.  
   from beds of raging, 184.  
   from the mind, years steal, 473.  
   from the sun, moon snatches her,  
   83.  
   frying-pan into the, 646.  
   glass of liquid, 397.  
   glow like sparks of, 164.  
   hasty as, 51.  
   in antique Roman urns, 218.  
   in each eye, 230.  
   is not quenched, 610.  
   little, kindleth, 616.  
   little, quickly trodden out, 69.  
   motion of a hidden, 440.  
   muse of, O for a, 65.  
   now stir the, 362.  
   O love O, 548.  
   one, burns out another's, 77.  
   pillar of, 586.  
   purge off the baser, 182.  
   shirt of, martyr in his, 563.  
   souls made of, 267.  
   spark of that immortal, 479.  
   sparkle the right Promethean, 32.  
   stood against my, 124.  
   that warms cold, 573.  
   three removes as bad as a, 310.  
   ineffectual, 'gins to pale his, 107.  
   who can hold a, in his hand, 55.  
   with white, laden, 492.  
   yreken in our ashen cold, 3.  
 Fired another Troy, 225.  
   the Ephesian dome, 247.  
 Fires, confined to fast in, 106.  
   kindles false, 419.  
   live their wonted, 330.  
   of passion, to light the, 540.  
   of ruin glow, 441.  
   the tops of the eastern pines, 56.  
   truth lend her noblest, 471.  
   veils her sacred, 286.  
 Fireside happiness, 400.  
   howso'er defended, 539.  
 Firm concord holds, 183.  
   thy purpose, 263.  
 Firmament, no fellow in the, 86.  
   Firmament, now glowed the, 188.  
   o'erhanging, 109.  
   pillared, is rottenness, 201.  
   showeth his handiwork, 591.  
   spacious, 251.  
   stars in earth's, 533.  
   Firmness in the right, 543.  
   shakes off her wonted, 300.  
   Firm-set earth, thou sure and, 93.  
   First and the last, 617.  
   be not the, 277.  
   dark day of nothingness, 473.  
   flower of the earth, 459.  
   gem of the sea, 459.  
   he wrought, 2.  
   in a village, 625.  
   in war first in peace, 396.  
   true gentleman, 165.  
   who came away, 486.  
   First-born's breath, feels her, 500.  
   Fir-trees dark and high, 512.  
   Fish, all is, that cometh to net, 6, 635.  
   in troubled waters, 233.  
   no, ye're buying, 453.  
   nor flesh, 640.  
   Fisher's chorus-note, 397.  
   life, gallant, 158.  
   Fishermen on the beach, 123.  
   Fishes gnawed upon, men that, 71.  
   live in the sea, 135.  
   that tipple in the deep, 172.  
   Fishified, how art thou, 80.  
   Fishing, may the east wind never  
   blow when he goes a, 157.  
   Fish-like smell, very ancient and, 20.  
   Fist instead of a stick, 215.  
   Fit audience though few, 192.  
   it for the sky, 305.  
   man, most senseless and, 28.  
   to hold a candle, 297.  
   upon me now, the, 152.  
   Fits, 't was sad by, 335.  
   Fittest place man can die, 559.  
   Five hundred friends, 361.  
   reasons why men drink, 571.  
   Five-fathom deep, healths, 78.  
   Fixed fate free will, 183.  
   figure for the time, 131.  
   like a plant, 270.  
   my heart is, 593.  
   Flag, braved a thousand years, 443.  
   death's pale, 82.  
   is known in every sea, 529.  
   of England, the meteor, 443.  
   of our union forever, 527.  
   of the free heart's hope, 498.  
   the sceptre all who meet obey, 481.  
   waves her fustian, 461.  
   Flame, adding fuel to the, 198.  
   freedom's holy, 326.  
   love's devoted, 459.

- Flame, love's holy, 424.**  
 nor public nor private, 286.  
 nurse a, if you, 444.  
 so full of subtile, 152.  
 spark of heavenly, 288.
- Flames, paly, 66.**  
 yet from those, no light, 178.
- Flaming youth, 116.**
- Flanders received our yoke, 175.**  
 swore terribly in, 322.
- Flash and outbreak of a fiery mind, 108.**
- Flashes of merriment, 119.**  
 of silence, occasional, 427.
- Flat and unprofitable, 102.**  
 burglary as ever was committed, 30.  
 despair, our final hope is, 182.  
 sea sunk, in the, 200.  
 that 's, 32, 61.
- Flatter knaves, 245.**  
 Neptune for his trident, 76.
- Flattered, being then most, 85.**  
 to tears this aged man, 502.  
 whom all the world hath, 15.
- Flatterers besieged, by, 281.**  
 he hates, 85.
- Flattering painter, 342.**  
 tale, hope told a, 376.  
 unction to your soul, 116.
- Flattery, imitation is the sincerest, 429.**  
 is the food of fools, 246.  
 never lost on poet's ear, 447.  
 soothe the cold ear of death, 328.  
 to name a coward, 313.
- Faunting extravagant quean, 380.**
- Flax, smoking, 604.**
- Flaxen was his poll, 118.**
- Flea has smaller fleas, 245.**  
 that 's a valiant, 65.
- Fled like a passing thought, 388.**  
 murmuring, 190.
- Flee when no man pursueth, 599.**
- Fleet, all in the Downs, 294.**  
 is a glance of the mind, 358.
- Fleetest, brightest still the, 459.**
- Fleeting as 't is fair, 463.**  
 show, the world is all a, 461.  
 some, good, 388.
- Fleets, ten thousand, 477.**
- Flesh and blood can't bear it, 297.**  
 and blood, strong as, 417.  
 and the devil, 618.  
 how art thou fishified, 80.  
 is grass, all, 604.  
 is heir to, the shocks that, 110.  
 is weak, but the, 610.  
 nor good red herring, 640.  
 one of the, 564.  
 take off my, 427.  
 that this too solid, would melt, 102.
- Flesh, thorn in the, 614.**  
 unpolluted, 119.  
 weariness of the, 602.  
 will quiver, 267.  
 would melt, 102.
- Fleshed thy maiden sword, 62.**
- Fleshspots, sat by the, 586.**
- Flie in a beade of amber, 164.**
- Flies an eagle flight, 82.**  
 dead, a stinking savour, 601.  
 half starved, 353.  
 in amber, 139.  
 of estate and sunneshine, 160.  
 with swallow's wings, 71.
- Flight, attained by sudden, 538.**  
 brighten as they take their, 263.  
 eagle, bold and forth on, 82.  
 of ages, once in the, 439.  
 of common souls, 367.  
 of future days, 182.  
 of years, 440.  
 selfsame, the selfsame way, 36.
- Flighty purpose never is o'ertook, 98.**
- Fling away ambition, 74.**  
 but a stone, 213.
- Flint, everlasting, 80.**  
 snore upon the, 134.
- Flinty and steel couch of war, 126.**
- Flirtation, significant word, 299.**
- Floa double swan and shadow, 412.**
- Floating bulwark, 333.**
- Flock however watched, 539.**  
 tainted wether of the, 39.
- Flocks, father feeds his, 335.**
- Flood and field, accidents by, 125.**  
 leap into this angry, 83.  
 of mortal ills prevailing, 571.  
 seems motionless as ice, 411.  
 taken at the, 88.
- Floods, bathe in fiery, 25.**  
 passions are likened to, 13.
- Floor, modest front of this small, 169.**  
 nicely sanded, 341.  
 of heaven is thick inlaid, 40.
- Flour of wify patience, 3.**
- Floure of floures, 4.**
- Floures in the mede, of all the, 4.**  
 white and red, 4.
- Flourish in immortal youth, 250.**  
 or may fade, may, 340.
- Flow gently sweet Afton, 386.**  
 how well so e'er it, 281.  
 like thee, could I, 171.  
 of soul, feast of reason and, 282.
- Flower, amaranthine, 410.**  
 born to blush unseen, 329.  
 bright consummate, 191.  
 bright golden, 201.  
 dear common, 564.  
 death lurks in every, 463.  
 every, enjoys the air, 416.

- Flower, every leaf and every, 191.  
 every opening, 254.  
 first, of the earth, 459.  
 gives scent to every, 356.  
 little western, it fell upon, 34.  
 look like the innocent, 91.  
 loved by little, is free, 410.  
 man a, 312.  
 meanest, that blows, 421.  
 near the lark's nest, every, 415.  
 no daintie, or herbe, 11.  
 no sooner blown but blasted, 209.  
 of floures, 4.  
 of glorious beauty, 230.  
 of sweetest smell, 410.  
 of the field, as a, 594.  
 of wily patience, 5.  
 offered in the bud, 254.  
 pleasure like the midnight, 457.  
 proved a beauteous, 79.  
 safety, pluck this, 58.  
 sculptured, 516.  
 that sad embroilery wears, 204.  
 that smiles to-day, 164.
- Floweret of the vale, meanest, 331.  
 pluck ere it close, 577.
- Flowers and fruits of love, 483.  
 appear on the earth, 602.  
 are lovely love flower-like, 436.  
 baptism o'er the, 165.  
 bitter o'er the, 471.  
 buy my. O buy I pray, 525.  
 chalice, 134.  
 charities scattered like, 423.  
 cover with leaves and, 188.  
 crown old winter's head with, 169.  
 have their time to wither, 406.  
 in the mede, of all the, 4.  
 May, clouds that shed, 188.  
 of all hue, 187.  
 only treads on, 438.  
 purple with vernal, 204.  
 shut of evening, 194.  
 so blue and golden, 533.  
 soonest awake to the, 457.  
 that in the forrest grew, 12.  
 that skirt the eternal frost, 435.  
 to feed on, 12.  
 when spring unlocks the, 463.  
 white and red, 4.  
 worthy of Paradise, 187.
- Flowery meads in May, 155.  
 oratory he despised, 253.
- Flowing cups pass swiftly round, 172.  
 cups, remembered in, 66.  
 fees and fat contentions, 210.  
 limb in pleasure drowns, 303.  
 with milk and honey, 586.
- Flown with insolence and wine, 179.
- Flowre, no daintie, or herbe, 11.
- Flowres that in the forrest grew, 12.
- Flows all that charms, 436.  
 in fit words, 222.
- Fluctuation, world-wide, 554.
- Flung rose flung odours, 193.
- Flushing his brow, 592.
- Flutes and soft recorders, 180.
- Fluttered your Volscians in Corioli,  
 77.
- Fly betimes, 154.  
 busy curious thirsty, 305.  
 in a beade of amber, 161.  
 in the rivets of Egypt, 603.  
 like a youthful hart or roe, 255.  
 not yet, 457.  
 O could I, I'd fly with thee, 377.  
 spider and the, 529.  
 that sips treacle, 294.  
 those that, may fight again, 220.  
 those that run away and, 217.  
 to drown a, 262.
- Flying all abroad, 7, 281.  
 chariot, 372.  
 old time is still a, 164.
- Foam is amber, whose, 171.  
 o'er the dark sea's, 559.  
 of perilous seas, 502.  
 on the river, like the, 451.
- Foe, Byzantium's conquering, 475.  
 ever sworn the, 398.  
 feet to the, 442.  
 furnace for your, 72.  
 insolent, 125.  
 is now before us, 499.  
 let in the, 197.  
 manly, give me the, 399.  
 met my dearest, in heaven, 103.  
 one worthy man my, 281.  
 overcome but half his, 180.  
 the, they come, 473.  
 to love, unrelenting, 304.  
 to meet the insulting, 381.  
 to tyrants, this hand, 308.  
 where breathes the, 493.
- Foemen worthy of their steel, 451.
- Foes, long inveterate, 223.  
 thrice he routed all his, 225.
- Fog or fire by lake or fen, 200.
- Foggy cloud, sits in a, 97.
- Foibles, misery from our, 376.
- Fold, wolf on the, 482.
- Folding of the hands, 596.
- Folio, whole volumes in, 31.
- Folk to gon on pilgrimages, 1.
- Folks, ancestors good kind of, 378.  
 unhappy, on shore, 431.
- Follies may cease with their youth, 319.  
 of the wise, 312.  
 that themselves commit, 38.  
 youthful, 452.
- Follow as the night the day, 105.  
 in their proper places, 234.

- Followed her, king has, 345.  
 Followers, more, than thief to the gal-  
 lows, 218.  
 Following his plough, 405.  
 Folly as it flies, shoot, 268.  
 grow romantic, if, 274.  
 into sin can glide, 452.  
 is all they 've taught me, 459.  
 is at full length, 260.  
 loves the martyrdom, 482.  
 mirth can glide into, 452.  
 shunn' st the noise of, 206.  
 to be wise, 326.  
 wherein you spend your, 151.  
 woman stoops to, 344.  
 Folwed it himself, first he, 2.  
 Fond and billing, 220.  
 imagination, 412.  
 of humble things, 253.  
 of toil and care. why are we, 577.  
 recollection, 464.  
 to rule alone, man too, 281.  
 Fondest hopes decay, 455.  
 Fondness, weep in, 237.  
 Fontarabian echoes borne, 450.  
 Food, are of love the, 194.  
 crops the flowery, 268.  
 for powder, 61.  
 have been Tom's, 122.  
 human nature's daily, 404.  
 minds not craving for, 382.  
 of sweet and bitter fancy, 46.  
 of fools, flattery 's the, 246.  
 of love, if music be the, 48.  
 of sweetly uttered knowledge, 16.  
 pined and wanted, 402.  
 right choice, 558.  
 that appeases hunger, 573.  
 Fool, answer a, 598.  
 at forty is a fool indeed, 266.  
 at thirty, 262.  
 every inch that is not, 223.  
 every, will be meddling, 597.  
 hath said in his heart, 591.  
 in a mortar, bray a, 599.  
 in the forest, I met a, 42.  
 is counted wise, 597.  
 laughter of a, 600.  
 me no fools, 652.  
 me to the top of my bent, 114.  
 more hope of a, 599.  
 more knave than, 17.  
 of nature stood, 226.  
 outlives in fame the pious, 247.  
 resolved to live a, 152.  
 right by chance, 357.  
 said my muse to me, 16.  
 smarts so little as a, 280.  
 to fame, nor yet a, 280.  
 to make me merry, 45.  
 when he holdeth his peace, 597.  
 Fool who thinks by force or skill, 253.  
 with judges, 315, 357.  
 Fooled with hope, 229.  
 Foolery, a little governs the world, 156.  
 Foolish rheum, how now, 53.  
 thing, never says a, 235.  
 whistling of a name, 174.  
 Foolishness will not depart, 599.  
 Fools, a judge amongst, 315, 357.  
 admire, men of sense approve, 278.  
 are my theme, 470.  
 best, are a little wise, 144  
 by heavenly compulsion, 121.  
 ever since the conquest, 235.  
 flattery 's the food of, 246.  
 for arguments use wagers, 218.  
 for forms of government, 271.  
 in idle wishes, 382.  
 like you, we thrive on, 287.  
 make a mock at sin, 596.  
 men may live, 264.  
 money of, 155.  
 never-failing vice of, 276.  
 of nature, 105.  
 paradise of, 186, 382, 646.  
 rush in where angels fear, 278.  
 shame the, print it and, 280.  
 so deep-contemplative, 43.  
 suckle, and chronicle small beer,  
 127.  
 supinely stay, 382.  
 that crowd thee so, 174.  
 the way to dusty death, 100.  
 they are, who roam, 309.  
 they cannot die, 264.  
 thus we play the, with the time, 63.  
 who came to scoff, 341.  
 young men think old men, 15.  
 Foot and hand go cold, 7.  
 before, the better, 54.  
 chancellor's, 156.  
 for foot hand for hand, 587.  
 has music in 't, his very, 367.  
 is on my native heath, 453.  
 more light, step more true, 450.  
 of a conqueror, lie at the proud, 54.  
 of time, noiseless, 43, 438.  
 one, in sea and one on shore, 28.  
 one, in the grave, 152.  
 so light a, 80.  
 upon a worm, needlessly sets, 364.  
 whose deformity beggars mimicked,  
 520.  
 Footprints on the sands of time, 535.  
 Footsteps in the sea, 364.  
 willing, meeting here, 446.  
 Fop, solemn, 357.  
 For of all sad words, 541.  
 Forbearance ceases to be a virtue, 348.  
 Forbids to crave, my mind, 8.  
 Force abated, nor his natural, 587.

- Force of nature, 224.  
 of temporal power, 39.  
 shall have spent its novel, 548.  
 who overcomes by, 180.
- Forced from their homes, 339.
- Forces, opposing and enduring, 519.
- Forcible are right words, 539.  
 Feeble, 64.
- Forcibly if we must, 393.
- Fordoes me quite, makes me or, 131.
- Forefathers had no other books, 68.  
 of the hamlet, 328.
- Forefinger of all time, 550.  
 of an alderman, 78.
- Foregone conclusion, 130.
- Forehead, godlike, 419.  
 lowers, instantly your, 323.  
 of the morning sky, 204.
- Foreheads, villanous low, 20.
- Foreign aid of ornament, 302.  
 hands, 288.
- Foreknowledge absolute, 183.
- Forelock, from his parted, 188.
- Foremost files of time, 549.  
 man of all this world, 88.
- Foresaw, sees what he, 418.
- Forespent night of sorrow, 169.
- Forest by slow stream, 437.  
 flowres that grew in, 12.  
 met a fool in the, 42.  
 primeval, this is the, 537.
- Foresters, Diana's, 57.
- Forests are rended, when, 452.
- Forever and a day, 46.  
 and forever farewell, 89.  
 fortune wilt thou prove, 304.  
 known, to be, 173.  
 now and, 466.  
 singing as they shine, 251.  
 still forever, 482.  
 thou art gone and, 451.
- Forfeit once, souls that were, 24.
- Forgave the offence, 226.
- Forget all time, with thee, 189.  
 go, me, 504.  
 my sovereign, when I, 393.  
 never never can, 511.  
 taught me at last to, thee, 531.  
 teach me to, 508.  
 the human race, 477.  
 thee O Jerusalem, 595.  
 thyself to marble, 206.
- Forgetful, be not, to entertain strangers, 616.
- Forgetfulness. dumb, 330.  
 not in entire, 420.  
 steep my senses in, 63.  
 sweets of, 366.
- Forget-me-nots of the angels, 538.
- Forgive, divine to, 278.  
 the crime, 438.
- Forgiveness to the injured, 229.
- Forgot as soon as shed, 325.  
 by the world, 283.  
 for which he toiled, 135.  
 proposed as things, 278.  
 thou art not, 542.  
 when by thy side, 504.
- Forgotten dream, hunt for a, 406.  
 the inside of a church, 60.
- Forked mountain, 133.  
 radish, 64.
- Formal cut, beard of, 44.
- Form and feature, outward, 437.  
 and moving, admirable in, 109.  
 bodie doth take, 12  
 finer, or lovelier face, 450.  
 had yet not lost, 180.  
 lifts its awful, 341.  
 mould of, glass of fashion, 112.  
 of life and light, 479.  
 of manliest beauty, 381.  
 soule is, 12.
- Formed by thy converse, 273.
- Former times shake hands, 217.
- Forms of ancient poets, 437.  
 of government, 271.  
 of hairs or straws or dirt, 280.  
 of things unknown, 35  
 that once have been, 537.  
 unseen their dirge is sung, 336.
- Forrest, flowres that grew in, 12
- Forsake me, do not, 231.  
 not an old friend, 606.
- Forsaken, when he is, 512.  
 not seen the righteous, 592.
- Forsworn, that so sweetly were, 26.
- Forted residence, 26.
- Fortress built by nature, 55.  
 mighty, is our God, 571.
- Fortune and to fame unknown, 330.  
 architect of his own, 626.  
 crested, 372.  
 forever, wilt thou prove, 304.  
 gift of, well favoured man is the,  
 28.  
 hostages to, 137.  
 I care not, 303.  
 leads on to, 88.  
 means to men most good, 53.  
 method of making a, 331.  
 most dejected thing of, 123.  
 outrageous, 110.  
 to prey at, 129.  
 railed on Lady, 43.  
 tugged with, 95.  
 vicissitudes of, 355
- Fortune's buffets and rewards, 113.  
 cap, button on, 109.  
 champion, thou, 53.  
 finger, pipe for, 113.  
 ice prefers to virtue's land, 221.

- Fortune's power, not now in, 217.  
 sharpe adversite, 4.
- Fortunes battles sieges, 125.  
 before you, 50.  
 carry Cæsar and his, 634.  
 lest it may mar your, 121.  
 lives and sacred honour, 369.  
 manners with, 274.  
 my pride fell with my, 41.  
 parcel of their, 133.
- Forty feeding like one, 405.  
 fool at, is a fool indeed, 266.  
 knows it at, 262.  
 parson power, 489.  
 pounds a year, 340.  
 stripes save one, 614.
- Forward and frolic glee, 450.  
 not permanent, 104.
- Foster-child of silence, 503.
- Fou for weeks thgither, 384.
- Fought a good fight, 616.  
 and bled in freedom's cause, 401.  
 all his battles o'er again, 225.
- Foul as Vulcan's stithy, 113.  
 deeds will rise 104.  
 is fair fair is foul, 89.
- Foules maken melodie, 1.
- Found myself famous, 490.  
 only on the stage, 488.  
 out a gift for my fair, 324.  
 when, make a note of, 558.
- Founders, names of their, 212.
- Found'st me poor at first, 342.
- Fountain heads, pathless groves, 151.  
 hither as to their, 192.  
 in the desert, 482.  
 knowledge is the only, 467.  
 like the bubble on the, 451.  
 of sweet tears, 402.  
 pitcher broken at the, 602.  
 stream and sea, at once, 439.  
 troubled, is like a, 47.
- Fountains, Afric's sunny, 463  
 streams from little, 394.
- Fountain's murmuring wave, 336.  
 silvery column, 434.
- Four rogues in buckram, 59.
- Four-square to all the winds, 555.
- Fourteen hundred years ago, 57.
- Foutre for the world, 64.
- Fowl, tame villatic, 198.
- Foxes have holes, 608.  
 that spoil the vines, 602
- Fragments, gather up the, 611.  
 of a once glorious union, 466.
- Fragrance after showers, 189.  
 no, while they grow, 344.  
 smells to heaven, 309.
- Fragrant, most, when crushed, 137.  
 posies, 17.  
 the fertile earth, 189.
- Frail a thing is man, so, 585.
- Frailties from their dread abode, 330.
- Frailty thy name is woman, 103.
- Frame, rapture-smitten, 441.  
 quit this mortal, 288.  
 stirs this mortal, 434.  
 this goodly, the earth, 109.  
 this universal, 224.
- Framed in prodigality of nature, 70.  
 to make women false, 127
- France, king of, went up the hill, 580.  
 order this better in, 322.  
 the world or, or England, 67.  
 threatening, 221.  
 ye sons of, 578.
- Frank haughty rash, 525.
- Frantic, the lover all as, 35.
- Frauds and holy shifts, 217.
- Fraught with all learning, 342.  
 swell bosom with thy, 130.
- Fray, eager for the, 248.
- Freakish youth, 360.
- Free and fetterless thing, 561.  
 as air, love, 286.  
 as nature first made man, 229.  
 land of the, 444, 491.  
 nature's grace, 303.  
 spirit of mankind, 515.  
 struggling to be, 115.  
 to fall, 186.  
 truth shall make you, 611.  
 we must be, or die, 413  
 who would be, must strike, 472.  
 whom the truth makes, 363  
 will fixed fate, 183.
- Freedom, bastard, 461.  
 bounds of, wider yet, 547.  
 fetter the step of, 529  
 from her mountain height, 498.  
 has a thousand charms, 356.  
 in my love, if I have, 172.  
 in that, bold, 410.  
 is its child, 427.  
 new birth of, 543.  
 of religion, the press, person, 370.  
 only deals the blow, for, 398.  
 shall awhile repair, 336.  
 shrieked as Kosciusko fell, 441.  
 to worship God, 465.  
 where wealth and, reign, 338.  
 whose service is perfect, 619.  
 yet thy banner torn, 476.
- Freedom's banner, 498.  
 battle once begun, 479.  
 cause, fought and bled in, 401.  
 hallowed shade, 398.  
 holy itame, 326.  
 shield, each heart is, 499.  
 soil beneath our feet, 468.
- Free-livers on a small scale, 468.
- Freeman with unpurchased hand, 544.

- Freeman whom the truth makes free, 63.  
 Freeman's will, executes a, 511.  
 Freemen, corrupted, 332.  
   we will die, 377.  
   who rules o'er, 318.  
 Freeze thy young blood, 106.  
 Frenche she spake ful fayre, 1.  
   of Paris was to hire unknowe, 1.  
 Frenchman, I praise thee, 358.  
   the brilliant, 356.  
 Frenchman's darling, 362.  
 Frenchmen, three, 65.  
 Friends, fallyng out of faithfull, 7.  
 Frenzy, poet's eye in a fine, 35.  
 Frenzy's fevered blood, 451.  
 Fresh as a bridegroom, 57.  
   gales and gentle airs, 193.  
   woods and pastures, 204.  
 Freshly ran he on, 239.  
 Freshness, dewy, 424.  
 Fret a passage, 213.  
   and fume, 640.  
   thy soul with crosses, 13.  
 Fretful stir unprofitable, 406.  
 Frets his hour upon the stage, 100.  
 Fretted the pygmy body, 221.  
   vault, 328.  
   with golden fire, 109.  
 Friars and eremites, 186.  
   hooded clouds like, 533.  
 Friend after friend departs, 439.  
   as you choose a, 231.  
   candid, save me from the, 399.  
   countenance of his, 599.  
   defend your departed, 223.  
   faithful the wounds of a, 599.  
   favourite has no, 331.  
   forsake not an old, 606.  
   gained from heaven a, 330.  
   guide, philosopher, and, 273.  
   handsome house to lodge a, 245.  
   in my retreat, 358.  
   indeed to pardon or to bear it, 365.  
   loan oft loses itself and, 105.  
   mine own familiar, 619.  
   need be very much his, 365.  
   new, as new wine, 606.  
   no, no brother there, 471.  
   of every friendless name, 312.  
   of my better days, 501.  
   of pleasure wislom's aid, 333.  
   of woe, sleep the, 424.  
   received with thumps, 267.  
   should bear friend's infirmities, 88.  
   sticketh closer than a brother, 597.  
   thou art not my, 532.  
   to close his eyes, not a, 225.  
   to my life, 280.  
   to Roderick, art thou a, 451.  
   to truth, statesman yet, 276.  
 Friend, tolling a departing, 62.  
   who hath not lost a, 439.  
   who lost no, 276.  
   world is not thy, 82.  
 Friend's infirmities, bear his, 88.  
 Friendless name, friend of every, 312.  
 Friendliest to sleep, hour, 191.  
 Friendly, must show himself, 597.  
 Friends, adversity of our best, 575.  
   and foes, to comfort, 343.  
   are exultations, agonies, 412.  
   backing of your, call you that, 59.  
   cast off his, 343.  
   dear five hundred, 361.  
   defend me from my, 625.  
   depart, 508.  
   eat and drink as, 47.  
   enter on my list of, 334.  
   fallyng out of faithfull, 7.  
   had been in youth, 433.  
   house of my, 606.  
   is without three good, 45.  
   lay down his life for his, 612.  
   man that hath, 597.  
   many, I've met, 509.  
   my Father and my, 231.  
   never failing, 425.  
   of humblest, scorn not one, 419.  
   of my youth where are they, 480.  
   old, are best, 156.  
   old, to trust, 630.  
   out of sight we lose, 505.  
   poor make no new, 541.  
   princes find few real, 321.  
   request of, 280.  
   Romans countrymen, 83.  
   separateth very, 597.  
   summer, like, 160.  
   thou hast grapple to thy soul, 104.  
   three firm, more sure than day, 436.  
   to congratulate their, 223.  
   troops of, 99.  
   we have been, together, 524.  
   were poor but honest, 48.  
 Friendship but a name, 343.  
   cement of the soul, 300.  
   constant save in love, 27.  
   elegance of female, 314.  
   generous, 291.  
   is a sheltering tree, 433.  
   is love without his wings, 490.  
   love like, steady, 460.  
   might divide, joy but, 289.  
   sounds too cold, 460.  
   sudden, springs from wine, 295.  
   swear an eternal, 339.  
   take a breed for barren metal, 33.  
   that like love is warm, 460.  
   with all nations, 339.  
 Friendship's laws, 291.  
   name, speak to thee in, 459.

- Frieth in her own grease, 640.  
 Frightful fiend behind him, 432.  
 Frights the isle, 127.  
 Fringed curtains of thine eye, 20.  
     with fire, 552.  
 Fringing the dusty road, 564.  
 Frisk away like schoolboys, 385.  
 Frisked beneath the burden, 339.  
 Frivolous work, 365.  
 Frog, thus use your, 158.  
     toe of, eye of newt, 97.  
 Frogs, wise as the, 306.  
 Frolic, and the gentle, 419.  
 Frolics, youth of, 274.  
 From Thee, great God, 314.  
 Front, deep on his, 182.  
     his fair large, 188.  
     me no fronts, 652.  
     modest, of this small floor, 169.  
     of battle lour, see the, 387.  
     of Jove himself, 115.  
     of March, in the, 548.  
     of my offending, 125.  
     smoothed his wrinkled, 69.  
 Frore, parching air burns, 183.  
 Frost a killing frost, 73.  
     curdled by the, 76.  
     itself as actively doth burn, 116.  
     skirt the eternal, 435.  
 Frosts, encroaching, 292.  
 Frosty but kindly, 42.  
     Caucasus, thinking on the, 55.  
 Frown at pleasure, 265.  
     hell grew darker at their, 184.  
     trembled with fear at your, 567.  
 Frowns, her very, 498.  
     on me, selfsame heaven that, 72.  
 Frowning Providence, 364.  
 Frozen by distance, 411.  
     at its marvellous source, 419.  
 Frugal mind, she had a, 359.  
     swain, 335.  
 Fruit from such a seed, 475.  
     fell like autumn, 230.  
     like ripe, thou drop, 196.  
     of sense, 277.  
     of that forbidden tree, 178.  
     that can fall without shaking, 296.  
     that mellowed long, 230.  
     the ripest, first falls, 55.  
     the sun was the, 628.  
     tree is known by his, 608.  
 Fruitful mind, 139.  
 Fruitless crown on my head, 95.  
 Fruits are pleasant, 142.  
     kindly, of the earth, 618.  
     no, no flowers no leaves, 514.  
     of love are gone, 486.  
 Fruit-tree tops, 79.  
 Frustrate of his hope, 210.  
 Frying-pan into the fire, 646.  
 Fuel to the flame, adding, 198.  
 Fugitive and cloistered virtue, 211.  
     false, to thy punishment, 184.  
 Ful wel she sange the service devine, 1.  
 Full age, to thy grave in a, 589.  
     assurance given by lookes, 8.  
     fathom five thy father lies, 19.  
     fayre sight, 581.  
     heart reveal, 438.  
     little knowest thou, 13.  
     many a flower, 329.  
     many a gem, 329.  
     of goodly prospect, 210.  
     of honour and years, 562.  
     of life, 29.  
     of quarrels as an egg of meat, 80.  
     of sound and fury, 100.  
     of spirit as the month of May, 60.  
     of strange oaths, 44.  
     of sweet days, 160.  
     of ugly sights, 70.  
     of wise saws, 44.  
     resounding line, 283.  
     royally he rode, 7.  
     serenely, 428.  
     twenty times Peter feared, 409.  
     well the busy whisper, 341.  
     well they laughed, 341.  
     without o'erflowing, 171.  
 Full-orbed glory, in, 424.  
 Fulmined over Greece, 197.  
 Fun grew fast and furious, 384.  
     you think he's all, 545.  
 Funeral baked meats, 103.  
     marches to the grave, 535.  
     mirth in, dirge in marriage, 102.  
     note, not a, 504.  
 Funny as I can, to write as, 545.  
 Fur, doctors of the Stoic, 202.  
 Furies, fierce as ten, 184.  
     harpy-footed, 183.  
 Furious and temperate, 94.  
 Furlongs of sea, a thousand, 19.  
 Furnace, heat not a, for your foe, 72.  
     lover sighing like, 44.  
 Furnish all we ought to ask, 505.  
 Furor fit læsa sapius patientia, 222.  
 Furrows, time's, 264.  
 Fury, filled with, 336.  
     full of sound and, 100.  
     in your words, 130.  
     like a woman scorned, 257.  
     of a patient man, beware the, 222.  
     of a disappointed woman, 248.  
     why flash those sparks of, 296.  
     with the abhorred shears, 203.  
     withstood the winter's, 292.  
 Fust in us unused, 117.  
 Fustian's so sublimely bad, 280.  
 Future favours, sense of, 253.  
     prophets of the, 460.



- Future, retrospection to the, 378.  
   security for the, 319.  
   sure, the, 408.  
   trust no, 535.  
 Futurity casts, shadows which, 494.
- Gaberdine, Jewish, 37.  
 Gadding vine, 203.  
 Gadire or Javan, 198.  
 Gaffer Grey, 374.  
 Gain his private ends, 344.  
   of a few, 290.  
   or lose it all, 214.  
   the timely inn, 96.  
   the whole world, 609.  
   to die is, 615.  
   turns his necessity to, 418.  
   unbribed by, 469.  
   unvexed with all the cares of, 295.
- Gained from heaven a friend, 330.  
 Gains, counts his sure, 439.  
 Gait, laxer in their, 426.  
   when his veering, 408.  
 Gaiters, lax in their, 426  
 Gale, catch the driving, 271.  
   down he bears before the, 516.  
   note that swells the, 331.  
   partake the, 273.  
   passion is the, 270.  
   scents the evening, 389.  
   so sinks the, 374  
   with gentle, 293.
- Gales and gentle airs, 193.  
   that from ye blow, 325.
- Galilean lake, 203.  
 Galileo with his woes, 476.  
 Gall enough in thy ink, 50.  
 Gallant fisher's life, 158.  
   gay Lothario, 258.
- Gallantry, conscience with, 380.  
 Galled jade vince, 114.  
 Gallery critics, 361.  
 Galligaskins long withstood, 292.  
 Gallows, thief to the, 218.  
 Gallows-tree, under the, 151.  
 Galls his kibe, 119.  
   the infants of the spring, 104.
- Gamaliel, feet of, 612.
- Game is up, 134.  
   it was no chylden's, 643.  
   pleasure of the, 241.  
   rigour of the, 430.  
   war is a, 333.  
   was empires, 485.
- Gamester and poet, 332.  
 Gang a kennin' wrang, 386.  
   aft a-gley, 385.
- Gaping age, mirror to a, 499.  
 Garden and greenhouse too, 362.  
   bird-cage in a, 167.  
   God first planted a, 138.
- Garden, God the first, made, 174.  
   in her face, there is a, 142.  
   of cucumbers, lodge in a, 603.  
   of liberty's tree, 444.  
   was a wild, 441.
- Gardener, grand old, 547.  
 Gardens trim, that in, 206.  
 Garish eye, day's, 207.  
   sun, worship to the, 81.
- Garland and singing robes, 209.  
   immortal, is to be run for, 211.  
   of the war is withered, 133.  
   to the sweetest maid, 293.
- Garlands dead, whose, 460.  
   would grace a summer's queen, 452.
- Garment of praise, 605.  
 Garments, stuffs out his vacant, 53.  
 Garret, born in the, 482.  
   jewels into a, 139.
- Gars auld claes, 339.  
   me greet, 384.
- Garter, familiar as his, 65.  
   mine host of the, 22.
- Garters gold amuse, 271.  
 Garth did not write his own Dispensary, 278.
- Gashed with honourable scars, 439.
- Gate, lark at heaven's, 134.  
   of Eden, Peri at the, 455.  
   what boots it at one, 197.
- Gates ever-during, her, 192.  
   of heaven, to the, 411.  
   of hell, detests him as the, 291.  
   of light, unbarred the, 191.  
   of mercy shut, 329.
- Gath, tell it not in, 588.
- Gather no moss, 5.  
   up the fragments, 611.  
   ye rosebuds while ye may, 164.
- Gathered every vice, 285.
- Gatherer and disposer, 143.
- Gathering her brows, 334.
- Gaudy, neat not, 431.  
   rich not, 104.
- Gaul, to Greece to, 358.
- Gaunt, old John of, 54.
- Gave his father grief, 289.  
   to misery all he had, 330.  
   what we, we have, 582.
- Gay and festive scenes, 510.  
   and ornate, 198.  
   from grave to, 273.  
   gilded scenes, 251.  
   grandsire, 329.  
   hope is theirs, 325.  
   innocent as, 264.  
   Lothario, haughty gallant, 258.  
   rhetoric, dear wit and, 202.  
   would not if I could be, 401.
- Gayety of nations, eclipsed the, 315.
- Gayly the troubadour, 508.

- Gaze and show of the time, 100.  
gone from my, 510.  
with all the town, 501.
- Gazed, and still they, 341.
- Gazelle, nursed a dear, 455.
- Gazing rustics, amazed the, 341.
- Gem instinct with music, 404.  
of purest ray serene, 329.  
of the sea, first, 459.  
upon her zone, the best, 532.
- Gems, eyes reflecting, 71.  
of Samarcand, all the, 373.  
rich and rare were the, 457.  
the starry girdle of the year, 441.
- Generalities, glittering, 517.
- Generation passeth away, 600.
- Generations, enmity of twenty, 522.  
honoured in their, 607.  
the cross leads, on, 492.
- Generous and free, 244.  
friendship, 291.
- Genial current of the soul, 329.  
morn appears, 441.
- Genius and mortal instruments, 85.  
bane of all, 492.  
commands thee, 390.  
one, fit one science, 276.  
parting, 207.  
which can perish, all of, 482.
- Genteel in personage, 244.  
thing, the, 346.
- Gentil dedes, to do the, 3.  
herte, priketh every, 2.  
knight, a veray parfit, 1.  
that doth gentil dedis, 3.
- Gentility, cottage of, 425.
- Gentilman, take him for the gretest, 3.
- Gentle airs, fresh gales and, 193.  
and low her voice, 124.  
blood, signe to know the, 12.  
craft, 626.  
dulness ever loves a joke, 285.  
his life was, 89.  
lights without a name, 163.  
limbs did she undress, 433.  
peace, carry, 74.  
rain from heaven, 39.  
shepherd tell me where, 324.  
spring, 301.  
though retired, 382.  
yet not dull, 171.
- Gentleman and scholar, 385.  
first true, that ever breathed, 166.  
grand old name of, 554.  
is not in your books, 27.  
nomination of this, 120.  
prince of darkness is a, 123, 163.  
so stout a. 62.  
who was then the, 582.
- Gentlemen, God Almighty's, 222.  
mob of, 283.
- Gentlemen of England, 162.  
of the shade, 57.  
three, at once, 378.  
two single, in one, 391.  
were not seamen, 522.  
who wrote with ease, 283.
- Gently scan your brother man, 386.  
speak, 't is a little thing, 569.  
touch us, time, 509.  
upon my heart, 537.
- Genuine and less guilty wealth, 171.
- Geographers in Afric maps, 245.
- Geography, despite of, 217.
- Geometric scale, 215.
- Geometry, royal path to, 633.
- George, if his name be, 52.  
the Third was king, 487.
- German to the matter, 120.
- Gestic lore, skilled in, 339.
- Gesture, in every, dignity, 193.
- Get a man's own, 285.  
money still get money, 149.  
place and wealth, 283.  
thee behind me Satan, 609.  
thee to a nunnery, 111.  
understanding, 595.
- Gets him to rest, 66.
- Getting and spending, 410  
up not so easy as lying, 513.
- Ghastly smile, death grinned a, 185.
- Ghost, beckoning, 288.  
besprent with April dew, 148.  
gentle, 148.  
like an ill-used, 300.  
of him, I'll make a, 106.  
stubborn, unlaid, 200.  
there needs no, 107.  
vex not his, O let him pass, 124.
- Ghosts of defunct bodies, 215.
- Giant branches tossed, 495.  
dies, as when a, 25.  
dies, fling but a stone the, 293.  
mass, baby figure of the, 75.  
on the shoulders of a, 162, 438.  
tyrannous to use it like a, 24.
- Giant's strength, excellent, 24.  
unchained strength, 515.
- Giant-dwarf Dan Cupid, 32.
- Giants in the earth, 586.
- Gibber, squeak and, 101.
- Gibbets keep in awe, 267.  
unloaded all the, 61.
- Gibes, where be your, 119.
- Giddy and unfirm, our fancies are, 49  
paced times, 49.
- Gift, fatal, of beauty, 476.  
for my fair, found out a, 324.  
heaven's last best, 190.  
horse in the mouth, 643  
is as a precious stone, 597.  
of fortune, well-favoured man is, 28.

- Gift of heaven, good sense the, 275.  
 of noble origin, 413  
 of poesy, heavenly, 224.  
 to know it, they have the, 43.  
 which God has given, 448.
- Giftie gie us, 385.
- Gifts and dispensations, 217.  
 is good, 22.  
 rich, wax poor, 111.
- Gild refined gold paint the lily, 54.  
 the vernal morn, 372.
- Gilead, balm in, 605.
- Gill shall dance, 155.
- Gilpin long live he, 359.
- Gilt, dust that is a little, 76.  
 o'er dusted, more laud than, 76.
- Ginger shall be hot in the mouth, 49.
- Girdeth on his harness, 588.
- Girdle of the year, starry, 441.  
 round about the earth, 34.
- Girl-graduates, sweet, 550.
- Girls, be courted in your, 582.  
 between two, 67.  
 that are so smart, 244.  
 un-idea'd, 315.
- Girt with golden wings, 199.
- Give a cup of water, 507.  
 ample room and verge enough, 327.  
 an inch he'll take an ell, 640.  
 every man thy ear, 104.  
 give, crying, 599.  
 him a little earth for charity, 74.  
 his little senate laws, 281.  
 it an understanding, 103.  
 lettered pomp, 541.  
 me a cigar, 485.  
 me a look give me a face, 147.  
 me again my hollow tree, 282.  
 me another horse, 71.  
 me back my heart, 471.  
 me liberty or death, 371.  
 me my childhood again, 568.  
 me the ocular proof, 130.  
 me that man, 113.  
 me what this riband bound, 175.  
 more blessed to, 612.  
 me neither poverty nor riches, 599.  
 sorrow words, 98.  
 the devil his due, 57, 640.  
 the world the lie, 14.  
 thee all I can no more, 461.  
 thee sixpence, 399.  
 their readers sleep, 284.  
 thy thoughts no tongue, 104.  
 what thou canst, 363.
- Given, to him that hath shall be, 610.  
 to hospitality, 613.  
 unsought is better, love, 50.
- Givers prove unkind, 111.
- Gives much receives but nothing, 333.  
 not till judgment guide, 76.
- Gives the nod, 290.  
 what he has, 76.
- Giveth his beloved sleep, 595.
- Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge, 21.  
 godlike in, 462.  
 thy sum of more, 42.
- Glad diviner's theme, 222.  
 father, wise son maketh, 596.  
 me with its soft black eye, 455.  
 of yore, we have been, 417.  
 the heart of man maketh, 594.  
 waters, o'er the, 481.  
 would lay me down, 195.
- Glade, yonder, 288
- Gladiator, I see before me the, 477.
- Gladlier grew, 193.
- Gladly to the badder end, 3.  
 wolde he lerne, 2.  
 would I meet mortality, 195.
- Gladness, hospitality sitting with, 540.  
 poets begin in, 405.  
 shared each other's, 534.
- Gladsome light of jurisprudence, 9.
- Glance from heaven to earth, 35.  
 of the mind, how fleet is a, 358.  
 their many-twinkling feet, 325.
- Glare, maidens caught by, 471.  
 of false science, 367.
- Glass darkly, see through a, 614.  
 dome of many-coloured, 493.  
 excuse for the, she'll prove, 330.  
 is good and a lass is good, 375.  
 of fashion and mould of form, 112.  
 of liquid fire, 397.  
 wherein the noble youth, 63.
- Glasses itself in tempests, 478.  
 Shakespeare and musical, 344.  
 stand to your, steady, 569.
- Glassy essence, his, 25.
- Gleamed upon my sight, 404.
- Gleaming taper's light, 345.
- Gleams purpureal, 408.
- Gleaning of the grapes of Ephraim, 587.
- Glee, filled one home with, 495.  
 forward and frolic, 450.  
 with counterfeited, 341.
- Glib and oily art, I want that, 121.
- Glide through a quiet dream, 509.
- Glides the bonnie boat, 397.  
 the smooth current, 313.
- Glimmer on my mind, 442.
- Glimmering and decays, 214.  
 square, slowly grows a, 551.  
 tapers to the sun, 382.  
 through the dream, 472.
- Glimpse divine, 286.  
 gives but a, 323.  
 of happiness, 212.
- Glimpses of the moon, 105  
 that would make less forlorn, 410.
- Glistening grief, perked up in, 72.

- Glistering with dew, 189.  
 Glisters, all that, is not gold, 635.  
 Glittering generalities, 517.  
   in golden coats like images, 60.  
   like the morning star, 350.  
 Globe, all that tread the, 515.  
   annual visit o'er the, 377.  
   in this distracted, 107.  
   itself shall dissolve, 20.  
 Gloom, chase my, away, 401.  
   counterfeit a, 206.  
   of earthquake, 492.  
 Gloomy and peculiar, 501.  
 Glories in the dust shall lay, 290.  
   like glow-worms, 167.  
   of our blood and state, 153.  
   past, all their, 527.  
 Glorified candy, 430.  
 Glorify, a God to, 305.  
   what else is damned, 300.  
 Glorious and free, 459.  
   by my pen, 214.  
   in a pipe, 485.  
   song of old, 556.  
   Tam was, 384.  
   uncertainty, 305.  
   works, these are thy, 190.  
 Gloriously drunk, 362.  
 Glory, air of, walking in an, 214.  
   and vain pomp, 73.  
   awake to, sons of France, 578.  
   dies not, 397.  
   do not seek, 427.  
   excess of, obscured, 180.  
   full meridian of my, 73.  
   full orb'd, 424.  
   go where, waits thee, 456.  
   guards with solemn sound, 569.  
   hoary head is a crown of, 597.  
   in a sea of, 73.  
   is in their shame, 615.  
   jest and riddle of the world, 270.  
   leads the way, 238.  
   left him alone with his, 504.  
   nothing so expensive as, 427.  
   of a creditor, 23.  
   of an April day, the uncertain, 21.  
   of God, heavens declare the, 591.  
   of the Creator, 140.  
   of the times, were the, 607.  
   of this world, vain pomp and, 73.  
   or the grave, rush to, 443.  
   passed from the earth, 420.  
   paths of, lead to the grave, 328.  
   peep into, 214.  
   set the stars of, 498.  
   share the, 77.  
   shows the way, 238.  
   that was Greece, 556.  
   to God in the highest, 610.  
   track the steps of, 482.  
 Glory, trailing clouds of, 420.  
   trod the ways of, 74.  
   visions of, 328.  
   waits ye, this goin' ware, 565.  
   walked in, and in joy, 405.  
   who pants for, 283.  
 Glory's lap they lie in, 439.  
   morning gate, 546.  
   page, rank thee upon, 456.  
   thrill is o'er, 456.  
 Gloss of art, than all the, 341.  
 Glove, hand and, 356.  
   O that I were a, 79  
 Glowered amazed and curious, 384.  
 Glows in every heart, 266.  
   in the stars, 269.  
   with one resentment, 291.  
 Glow-worm lend thee her eyes, 164.  
   shows the matin to be near, 107.  
 Glow-worms, glories like, 167.  
 Glozed the tempter, 194.  
 Gluttony, swinish, 202.  
 Gnat, strain at a, 609.  
 Go and do thou likewise, 611.  
   boldly forth, 373.  
   call a coach, 244.  
   call it madness, 401.  
   down to the sea in ships, 594.  
   forget me, 504.  
   his halves, I 'll, 572.  
   lovely rose, 175.  
   no more a roving, 484.  
   on forever, but I, 554.  
   poor devil get thee gone, 322.  
   see ere thou, 6, 643.  
   soul the body's guest, 14.  
   that the devil drives, 48, 641.  
   to the ant thou sluggard, 595.  
   to grass, 152.  
   we know not where, 25.  
   where glory waits thee, 456.  
   with fainting steps they, 342.  
 Goads, words of the wise as, 602.  
 Goal of ill, final, 552.  
 Goats upon the left hand, 564.  
 Goblet, parcel-gilt, 63.  
 Goblin damned, 105.  
 God a necessary Being, 232.  
   a zeal of, 613.  
   all mercy is a God unjust, 264.  
   Almighty's gentlemen, 222.  
   alone was to be seen, 483.  
   an attribute to, 40.  
   and Mammon, cannot serve, 607.  
   and nature, 170.  
   and your native land, 500.  
   assumes the, 224.  
   attribute of, 427.  
   awe-inspiring, 422.  
   beginning mean and end, 561.  
   bless no harm in blessing, 297.

God bless the king, 297.  
 nature is the art of, 177, 266.  
 bosom of, her seat is the, 13.  
 built a church to, 357.  
 by night an atheist half believes a,  
 264.  
 conscious water saw its, 169.  
 could have made a better berry,  
 157.  
 dear to, and famous to all ages, 210.  
 disposes, man proposes but, 5.  
 doorkeeper in the house of my, 593.  
 dreadful as the Manichean, 333.  
 due reverence to, 141.  
 erects a house of prayer, 239.  
 every, did seem to set his seal, 115.  
 every one as, made him, 573.  
 fast by the oracle of, 178.  
 favours the heaviest battalions, 627.  
 fear of, before their eyes, 612.  
 feared, and eschewed evil, 589.  
 first planted a garden, 133.  
 freedom to worship, 495.  
 from thee, great, 314.  
 from whom all blessings flow, 235.  
 gave the increase, 613.  
 give each moment to, 307.  
 gives us love, 548.  
 gives wind by measure, 161.  
 glory of, 591.  
 had I but served my, 74.  
 has given you one face, 111.  
 hath joined together, 609.  
 hath made man upright, 601.  
 hath made them so, 254.  
 hath made this world, 440.  
 help thyself and, will help, 162.  
 helps them that help themselves,  
 310, 640.  
 her fathers', before her, 453.  
 himself scarce seemed to be, 432.  
 how like a, in apprehension, 109.  
 image of, 212.  
 in clouds, sees, 269.  
 in his works and word, 273.  
 in the bush with, may meet, 532.  
 is God, since, 560.  
 is love, 555.  
 is our trust, 491.  
 just are the ways of, 197.  
 justify the ways of, 178.  
 made him, every one as, 573.  
 made him let him pass, 37.  
 made the country, 350.  
 majesty of, revere, 335.  
 marble leapt to life a, 498.  
 may be had for the asking, 563.  
 mighty fortress is our, 571.  
 mills of, grind slowly, 574.  
 moves in a mysterious way, 364.  
 my father and my friend, 231.

God, noblest work of, 272, 389.  
 obedience to, 631.  
 of my idolatry, 79.  
 of sea, the stern, 209.  
 of storms, give her to the, 544.  
 one that would circumvent, 118.  
 only, he for, 183.  
 or devil, every man was, 222.  
 passed the days with, 258.  
 put your trust in, 517.  
 render to my, 254.  
 save the king, 244.  
 scourge of, 505.  
 send thee good ale enough, 7.  
 sendeth and giveth, 5.  
 sends a cheerful hour, 209.  
 sends meat, 640.  
 servant of, well done, 191.  
 shall raise me up, 14.  
 sifted a whole nation, 171.  
 sunflower turns on her, 457.  
 takes a text, 160.  
 temple built to, 161.  
 tempers the wind, 322.  
 the Father God the Son, 253.  
 the first garden made, 174.  
 the soul, 269.  
 the varied, 302.  
 through darkness up to, 553.  
 thy God my, 587.  
 to glorify, a, 305.  
 to scan, presume not, 270.  
 to take in, 565.  
 up to nature's, 273.  
 vindicate the ways of, 268.  
 voice of, 418.  
 who builds a church to, 275.  
 who, doth late and early pray, 143.  
 who gave us life, 369.  
 who is our home, 420.  
 whose, is their belly, 615.  
 God's, earthly power show likest, 40.  
 first temples, the groves, 515.  
 image, man, 210.  
 mill grinds slow, 161.  
 most dreaded instrument, 413.  
 own hand, writ by, 265.  
 patience, abusing of, 22.  
 providence, 514.  
 sons are things, 314.  
 thy country's thy, and truth's, 74.  
 Goddess, like a thrify, 23.  
 night, sable, 262.  
 she moves a, 290.  
 roves, where'er the, 326.  
 write about it, 285.  
 Godfathers of heaven's lights, 31.  
 God-given strength, 448.  
 Godlike forehead, 419.  
 in giving, 462.  
 is it all sin to leave, 574

- Godlike reason, capability and, 117.  
 Godliness, cheerful, 413.  
   cleanliness next to, 309.  
 Gods, angels would be, 269.  
   approve the depth, 407.  
   are just, the, 124.  
   dish fit for the, 85.  
   had made thee poetical, 45.  
   how he will talk, 238.  
   it doth amaze me, 83.  
   kings it makes, 71.  
   land of lost, 472.  
   love, whom the, 488.  
   names of all the, at once, 84.  
   provide thee, the good the, 225.  
   see everywhere, 539.  
   themselves throw incense, 124.  
   utterance of the early, 502.  
   voice of all the, 32.  
 Goes against my stomach, 45.  
   to bed sober, 150.  
 Goeth a borrowing, 6.  
 Goin' ware glori' waits ye, this, 585.  
 Going, order of your, 97.  
 Gold, age of, 207.  
   all Bocara's vaunted, 373.  
   all that glisters is not, 635.  
   almighty, 147, 468.  
   apples of, 598.  
   barbaric pearl and, 181.  
   black with tarnished, 396.  
   bright and yellow, 513.  
   but little in cofre, 1.  
   clad in blue and, 393.  
   clasps, book in, 77.  
   gild refined, paint the lily, 54.  
   gold gold gold, 513.  
   harmless, 564.  
   he loved, in special, 2.  
   in phisike is a cordial, 2.  
   maiden true betrayed for, 449.  
   narrowing lust of, 553.  
   ne is no, as I have herd, 4.  
   road whose dust is, 192.  
   saint-seducing, 77.  
   servile opportunity to, 413.  
   that shineth as the, 4.  
   the rocks pure, 21.  
   thrice their weight in, 396.  
   thumb of, had a, 2.  
   trodden, 180.  
   wedges of, 71.  
   weighs truth with, 284.  
 Golden bowl be broken, 602.  
   exhalations of the dawn, 487.  
   keys, clutch the, 553.  
   lads and girls, 135.  
   lamps in a green night, 232.  
   locks, 142.  
   mean, 336, 641.  
   numbers, add to, 166.  
 Golden opes the iron shuts amain, 203.  
   opinions, I have bought, 92.  
   prime of Alraschid, 547.  
   rule, 608.  
   shores, to these, 22.  
   silence is, 648.  
   sorrow, wear a, 72.  
   story, locks in the, 77.  
   urns draw light, 192.  
   window of the east, 77.  
   wings, angel girt with, 199.  
 Gondola, you have swam in a, 45.  
 Gone and forever, thou art, 451.  
   and past help, what's, 51.  
   before, not dead but, 400.  
   before, not lost but, 233.  
   now thou art, 203.  
 Good, all things work together for,  
   613.  
   and great, proclaim him, 251.  
   and ill together, 48.  
   and the bad, two nations, 232.  
   apprehension of the, 55.  
   are better made by ill, 401.  
   as a feast, enough is, 639.  
   as a play, 627.  
   as she was fair, 401.  
   at a fight, 462.  
   at sudden commendations, 75.  
   beneath the, 327.  
   be out of the world, 248.  
   books however, 382.  
   by, proud world, 532.  
   by stealth, do, 282.  
   cannot come to, 103.  
   cheer, play and make, 6.  
   crowning, repressing ill, 373.  
   deed in a naughty world, 41.  
   deed, kind of, to say well, 72.  
   die first, the, 421.  
   diffused, more abundant grow, 357.  
   evil be thou my, 187.  
   faire is by nature, 12.  
   familiar creature, wine is a, 128.  
   fellows, king of, 67.  
   fellows together, we're all, 375.  
   fellowship in thee, 57.  
   few know their own, 228.  
   for a bootless bene, 418.  
   for our country's, 391.  
   for us to be here, 609.  
   fortune means to men most, 53.  
   glow for others', 288, 292.  
   gods how he will talk, 238.  
   gray head, 554.  
   great man, 436.  
   hater, 318.  
   he scorned stalked off, 300.  
   hold fast that which is, 615.  
   hold thou the, 552.  
   ill wind turns none to, 6.

- Good in everything, 42.  
   just and honest, 170.  
   kill a man as a good book, 210.  
   know what were, to do, 37.  
   luck would have it, 23.  
   luxury of doing, 338.  
   makes his promise, 619.  
   man never dies, 439.  
   man yields his breath, 439.  
   man's feast, 43.  
   man's life, best portion of, 406.  
   man's love, thank heaven for a, 45.  
   man's sin, 442.  
   man's smile, 341.  
   may come, do evil that, 612.  
   means my son be, 382.  
   means of evil out of, 179.  
   men and true, are you, 28.  
   men must associate, 348.  
   morning, bid me, 374.  
   mouth-filling oath, 60.  
   name better than precious ornament, 600.  
   name in man and woman, 128.  
   name to be chosen, 598.  
   news baits, 193.  
   news from a fur country, 598.  
   night and joy be wi' you, 395.  
   night, my native land, 471.  
   night, say not, 374.  
   night till it be morrow, 79.  
   noble to be, 547.  
   nor aught so, 80.  
   not too bright or, 404.  
   nothing, or bad, 109.  
   of my country, 259, 391.  
   oft interred with their bones, 86.  
   old age, 583.  
   old cause, beauty of the, 413.  
   old-gentlemanly vice, 487.  
   old man, 29, 42.  
   old rule, 411.  
   opinion of the law, 883.  
   or evil side, 564.  
   or evil times, 133.  
   overcome evil with, 613.  
   parent of, 190.  
   part, hath chosen that, 611.  
   people all with one accord, 345.  
   pleasure ease, 272.  
   report and evil report, 614.  
   sense the gift of heaven, 275.  
   set terms, 43.  
   some fleeting, 338.  
   some said it might do, 213.  
   some special, 80.  
   still educing, from seeming evil, 302.  
   stomach is not, 7.  
   sword rust, 435.  
   that call evil, 603.  
   the gods provide thee, 225.
- Good that man should be alone, 586.  
   the more communicated, 190.  
   thing, too much of a, 46, 572.  
   thing out of Nazareth, 611.  
   things will strive to dwell, 20.  
   time coming, there's a, 453, 559.  
   to be honest and true, 389.  
   to be merry and wise, 389, 641.  
   to be noble we'll be, 582.  
   to love the unknown, 430.  
   to me is lost, all, 187.  
   universal, all partial evil, 270.  
   war or bad peace, 311.  
   we oft might win, lose the, 24.  
   will be the final goal of ill, 552.  
   will toward men, 610.  
   wine needs no bush, 43.  
   wits will jump, 641.  
   works, rich in, 616.  
   world to live in, 235.
- Goodliest, express her, 123.  
   man of men, Adam the, 188.
- Goodly heritage, 591.  
   outside, falsehood hath a, 37.  
   sight to see, 471.
- Goodman Dull, 32.
- Goodness and grace, I thank the, 446.  
   greatness and, 433.  
   greatness on, 221.  
   how awful is, 190.  
   in his little finger, more, 644.  
   in things evil, there is some, 66.  
   lead him not, if, 161.  
   never fearful, 26.  
   thinks no ill, 186.
- Good-night, gives the stern'st, 93.  
   to all a fair, 450.
- Goods, all my worldly, 619.  
   thou hast much, laid up, 611.
- Goose-pen, write with a, 50.
- Gorboduc, king, 51.
- Gordian knot unloose, 65.
- Gore, shedding seas of, 489.
- Gorge rises at it, my, 119.
- Gorgeous east, 181.  
   palace, deceit in, 81.  
   palaces, 20.
- Gorgons hydras and chimæras, 184.
- Gory locks at me, never shake thy, 93.
- Gospel, emanation from the, 427.
- Gospel-books, lineaments of, 8.
- Gospel-light first dawned, 331.
- Gossip of the air, babbling, 49.  
   report, 33.
- Got over the devil's back, 576.
- Govern my passion, 234.  
   those that toil, 339.
- Government, forms of, 271.  
   founded on compromise, 349.  
   of the people by the people, 543.  
   preservation of the general, 370.

- Gowd, man 's the, for a' that, 388.  
 Gown, plucked his, 341.  
 Gowns, fellow that hath two, 30.  
   furred, hide all, 124.  
 Grace affordeth health, 8.  
   all above is, 223.  
   and blush of modesty, 115.  
   and virtue are within, 220.  
   angels and ministers of, 105.  
   attractive kinde of, 8.  
   beyond the reach of art, 276.  
   chief of a thousand for, 530.  
   does it with a better, 49.  
   ease with, 305.  
   free nature's, 303.  
   half so good a, 24.  
   if possible with, 233.  
   inward and spiritual, 618.  
   let your speech be with, 615.  
   love of, 116.  
   me no grace, 652.  
   melancholy, 407.  
   melody of every, 172.  
   minde his, 9.  
   more of his, than gifts, 143.  
   my cause, little shall I, 125.  
   of a day, the tender, 550.  
   of finer form, 450.  
   of God to man, 335.  
   power of, 441.  
   purity of, 480.  
   snatch a, 276.  
   swears with so much, 238.  
   sweet attractive, 188.  
   that makes simplicity a, 147.  
   that won, 193.  
   the powerful, 80.  
   unbought, of life, 350.  
   was in all her steps, 193.  
   was seated on this brow, 115.  
 Graced with polished manners, 334.  
 Graceless zealots fight, 271.  
 Graces, all other, 234, 297.  
   lead these, to the grave, 49.  
   peculiar, shot forth, 190.  
   sacrifice to the, 298.  
 Gracious is the time, 101.  
   parts, remembers me of his, 53.  
   Tam grew, 384.  
 Græcia Mæonidam jactet sibi, 224.  
 Gradation, not by old, 124.  
 Gradations of decay, 313.  
 Grain, cheeks of sorry, 202.  
   say which, will grow, 89.  
 Grammar-school, erecting a, 68.  
 Grammaticus, rhetor, 222.  
 Grampian hills, on the, 335.  
 Grand gloomy and peculiar, 501.  
   old ballad, 436.  
   old gardener, 547.  
   old harper, wind that, 569.  
 Grand old name of gentleman, 554.  
 Grandam, soul of our, 51.  
 Grandeur, moon's unclouded, 492.  
   old Scotia's, 389.  
   that was Rome, 556.  
   with a disdainful smile, 328.  
 Grandmother Eve, child of, 31.  
 Grandsire cut in alabaster, 36.  
   phrase, proverb'd with a, 77.  
   skilled in gestic lore, 339.  
 Grant an honest fame, 287.  
 Grapes, have eaten sour, 605.  
   of Ephraim, 587.  
 Grapple them to thy soul, 104.  
 Grasp it like a man of mettle, 261.  
   the ocean, 256.  
 Grass, all flesh is, 604.  
   go to, 152.  
   his days are as, 594.  
   rain upon the mown, 593.  
   tread a measure on this, 33.  
   two blades of, 246.  
 Grasshopper be a burden, 602.  
 Grasshoppers under a fern, 351.  
 Grateful evening mild, 189.  
   for the prize, ever, 401.  
   mind by owing owes not, 187.  
 Gratiano, I hold the world, 36.  
   speaks an infinite deal, 36.  
 Gratitude is expensive, 355.  
   of men, 416.  
   of most men, 575.  
   of place-expectants, 253.  
   still small voice of, 328.  
 Gratulation, gave sign of, 193.  
 Gratulations flow in streams, 244.  
 Grave, a little little, 56.  
   an obscure, 56.  
   aspect he rose, with, 182.  
   between the cradle and the, 299.  
   botanize upon his mother's, 416.  
   come to thy, in a full age, 589.  
   cruel as the, jealousy is, 602.  
   dark and silent, 14.  
   dread thing, 300.  
   Druid lies in yonder, 236.  
   Duncan is in his, 16.  
   earliest at his, 499.  
   forget thee, could not the, 477.  
   funeral marches to the, 535.  
   ghost come from the, 107.  
   graces to the, lead these, 49.  
   hungry as the, 302.  
   in a common, 355.  
   in the cold, 512.  
   low laid in my, 52.  
   Lucy is in her, 403.  
   mattock and the, 264.  
   measure of an unmade, 81.  
   night of the, 367.  
   on my, as now my bed, 177.



- Grave, one foot in the, 152.  
   or mellow, humours whether, 252.  
   our cradle stands in the, 146.  
   paths of glory lead to the, 328.  
   pompous in the, 177.  
   rest in the, 429.  
   rush to glory or the, 443.  
   she is in her, 403.  
   steps of glory to the, 482.  
   strewed thy, 119.  
   study, law's, 10.  
   sun shine sweetly on my, 366.  
   this earth, this, 14.  
   thou art gone to the, 463.  
   thy humble, adorned, 288.  
   to gay lively to severe, 273.  
   to light pleasant to severe, 227.  
   untimely, 154, 619.  
   where is thy victory, 288, 614.  
   where Laura lay, 14.  
   with sorrow to the, 586.  
   without a, unknelled, 478.
- Graves are pilgrim shrines, 500.  
   are severed far and wide, 495.  
   dishonourable, 84.  
   emblems of untimely, 352.  
   let's talk of, 56.  
   of memory, 440.  
   of your sires, 500.  
   stood tenantless, 101.
- Gravity, humour the test of, 631.  
   out of his bed at midnight, 59.
- Gray hairs with sorrow, 586.  
   Marathon, but spares, 473.  
   mare the better horse, 641.  
   't is gone and all is, 476.
- Gray-hooded even, 199.
- Grease, frieth in her own, 640.
- Greasy aprons, slaves with, 134.  
   citizens, you fat and, 42.
- Great as a king, 381.  
   between the little and, 366.  
   Cæsar fell, 87.  
   Cæsar grown so, 84.  
   cause, die in a, 485.  
   contest follows, 361.  
   cry and little wool, 641.  
   engines move slowly, 141.  
   families of yesterday, 239.  
   far above the, 327.  
   First Cause, 287.  
   glorious and free, 459.  
   good and, 251.  
   ill can he rule the, 12.  
   important day, 249.  
   in villany, thou little valiant, 53.  
   is Diana of the Ephesians, 612.  
   is truth and mighty, 606.  
   let me call him, 267.  
   lord of all things, 270.  
   lords' stories, 391.
- Great man's memory outlive his life,  
   113.  
   men not always wise, 590.  
   none unhappy but the, 258.  
   of old, worship of the, 484.  
   ones eat up the little ones, 135.  
   rightly to be, 117.  
   some are born, 50.  
   souls are portions, 564.  
   taskmaster's eye, 208.  
   things with small, compare, 638.  
   though fallen, 472.  
   thoughts great feelings, 526.  
   to be simple is to be, 533.  
   truths are portions, 564.  
   twin brethren, 533.  
   unhappy, none think the, 266.  
   vulgar and the small, 174.  
   which once was, 412.  
   wits allied to madness, 321.  
   wits will jump, 641.
- Greater love hath no man, 612.  
   than the king himself, 319.
- Greatest happiness of the greatest  
   number, 627.  
   love of life, 371.  
   men, nothing of its, 528.  
   only are, as the, 554.  
   scandal on greatest state, 135.
- Greatness and goodness, 435.  
   eternal substance of his, 153.  
   farewell to all my, 73.  
   highest point of all my, 73.  
   if honour gives, 381.  
   is a ripening, 73.  
   nothing more simple than, 533.  
   of his name, 75.  
   some achieve, 50.  
   some have, thrust upon 'em, 50.
- Greatnesse, farre stretched, 15.  
   on goodnesse, 221.
- Grecian chisel trace, ne'er did, 450.  
   Venus, 323.
- Greece, Athens the eye of, 196.  
   beauties of exulting, 302.  
   but living Greece no more, 479.  
   in early, she sung, 336.  
   fair, sad relic, 472.  
   fulmined over, 197.  
   glory that was, 556.  
   isles of, 487.  
   might still be free, 488.  
   old John Naps of, 47.  
   to, we give our shining blades, 461.
- Greedy of filthy lucre, 615.
- Greek, above all, 283.  
   or Roman name, above any, 221.  
   small Latin and less, 148.  
   't is known he could speak, 215.  
   to me, 't was, 84.
- Greeks joined Greeks, 238.

- Green and yellow melancholy, 50.  
 bay-tree, like a, 592.  
 be the turf, 501.  
 grassy turf, 366.  
 graves of your sires, 500.  
 in judgment, when I was, 132.  
 in youth, 291.  
 keep his memory, 456.  
 leaf has perished in the, 553.  
 leaves on a thick tree, 291.  
 mantle, 122.  
 memory be, 101.  
 night, golden lamps in a, 232.  
 old age, 230.  
 one red, making the, 94.  
 pastures, lie down in, 592.  
 thought in a green shade, 232.  
 tree, things in a, 611.
- Green-eyed monster, 129.  
 Greenhouse too, loves a, 362.  
 Greenland's icy mountains, 463.  
 Green-robed senators, 502.  
 Greenwood tree, under the, 42.  
 Greetings where no kindness is, 407.  
 Greta woods are green, 452.  
 Gretest gentleman, take him for the, 3.  
 Grew in beauty side by side, 495.  
 together like to a double cherry, 35.
- Greyhound mongrel grim, 123.  
 Greyhounds in the snips, 65.  
 Grief and pain, naught but, 385.  
 bravery of his, 120.  
 canker and the, are mine, 486.  
 days of my distracting, 335.  
 every one can master a, 28  
 fills the room up of my absent child,  
 53.  
 gave his father, 289.  
 hath known, all that, 525.  
 is past, 397.  
 is proud, 53.  
 no greater, 570.  
 of a wound, 61.  
 past help should be past, 51.  
 patch, with proverbs, 30.  
 patience on a monument smiling  
 at, 50.  
 perked up in a glistering, 72.  
 plague of sighing and, 59.  
 silent manliness of, 342.  
 spite of all my, 584.  
 that does not speak, 98.  
 treads upon the heels, 257.  
 which they themselves not feel, 30.
- Griefs, some, are medicinal, 134.  
 that harass the distrest, 312.  
 what private, they have, 87.
- Grieve his heart, show his eyes and, 93.  
 make the judicious, 112.  
 Grieved, we sighed we, 173.  
 Grieves, if aught inanimate e'er, 473.
- Griffith, honest chronicler as, 75.  
 Grim death, 149, 185.  
 feature, scented the, 195.  
 repose, hushed in, 327.
- Grimes is dead, 519.  
 Grim-visaged war, 69.  
 Grin, one universal, 307.  
 owned with a, 425.  
 sin to sit and, 544.  
 so merry, every, 375.  
 vanquish Berkeley by a, 333.
- Grind, axe to, 464.  
 one demd horrid, 558.  
 slowly, mills of God, 574.  
 the faces of the poor, 603.
- Grinders cease because they are few,  
 601.
- Grinned horrible, death, 185.  
 Ginning, mock your own, 119.  
 Gripe, barren sceptre in my, 95.  
 of noose, necks to, 383.
- Grisly terror, so spake the, 184.  
 Gristle, people in the, 348.
- Grizzled, beard was, 103.  
 his hair just, 230.
- Groan, anguish poured his, 312.  
 bubbling, sinks with, 478.  
 condemned alike to, 325.  
 the knell the pall the, 500.
- Groans of the dying, 449.  
 thy old, ring yet in my ears, 80.
- Grained the aisles, 532.  
 Grooves of change, 549.
- Grose, his name was, 489.
- Gross and scope of my opinion, 101.  
 ear can hear, things that no, 201.
- Grossness, by losing all its, 350.
- Ground, acre of barren, 19.  
 another man's, 22.  
 call it holy, 495.  
 fathom-line could never touch, 58.  
 haunted holy, 473.  
 herbe that grows on, 11.  
 least willing to quit the, 371.  
 let us sit upon the, 56.  
 not upon dreams, 524.  
 of nature, 410.  
 on Christian, 285.  
 purple all the, 204.  
 seem to tread on classic, 251.  
 sitting on the, 11.  
 slave to till my, 360.  
 water spilt on the, 588.  
 withering on the, 291.
- Groundlings, ears of the, 112.
- Grove, nightingale's song in the, 366.  
 of Academe, 197.  
 of myrtles, 145.
- Groves are of laurel and myrtle, 480.  
 fountain heads and pathless, 151.  
 God's first temples, 515.

- Grow dim with age, the sun, 250.  
   double, surely you 'll, 416.  
   old, always find time to, 260.  
   wiser and better, 234.  
 Growing old in drawing nothing up,  
   351.  
   when ye 're sleeping, 454.  
 Grown by what it fed on, 102.  
 Grownd, herbe that grows on, 11.  
 Grows with his growth, 270.  
 Growth, children of a larger, 228.  
   man is the nobler, 374.  
   man seems the only, 338.  
   of mother earth, 409.  
   plant of slow, 319.  
 Grub, joiner squirrel or old, 78.  
 Grudge, feed fat the ancient, 37.  
 Grundy say, what will Mrs., 394.  
 Guard dies, never surrenders, 633.  
   me with a watchful eye, 252.  
   our native seas, 443.  
   thy bed, holy angels, 255.  
 Guardian angel, 400.  
   angels sung the strain, 304.  
 Guardians of the fair, eunuchs, 266.  
 Gude nicht and joy be wi' you, 305.  
   time coming, 453.  
 Gudeman 's awa', when our, 367.  
 Gudgeons, to swallow, 219.  
 Guerdon, fair, 203.  
 Guesseth but in part, 437.  
 Guest, speed the going, 282.  
   speed the parting, 291.  
   the soul the body's, 14.  
 Guests in the depths of hell, 596.  
 Guid to be honest and true, 389.  
   to be merry and wise, 389.  
 Guide in smoke and flame, 453.  
   philosopher and friend, 273.  
   providence their, 196.  
 Guides, blind, 609.  
   the planets in their course, 400.  
 Guilt, can look on, 249.  
   fear not, start at shame, 353.  
   is in that heart, 459.  
   of Eastern kings, 171.  
   so full of artless jealousy is, 117.  
   to cover, the only art her, 344.  
 Guiltier than him they try, 24.  
 Guilty mind, suspicion haunts the, 69.  
   of his own death, 118.  
   of such a ballad, 31.  
   thing, started like a, 101.  
   thing surprised, 420.  
   wealth, 171.  
 Guinea, compass of a, 468.  
   jingling of the, 549.  
 Guinea's stamp, rank is but the, 388.  
 Guitar, touched his, 508.  
 Gulf profound, 183.  
 Gum, medicinal, 132.  
 Gun, out of an elder, 66.  
   sure as a, 230.  
 Guns, but for these vile, 58.  
   though winds blew great, 381.  
 Gusty thieves, 514.  
 Gypsies, pilfers like, 353.  
   serve stolen children, us, 379.  
 Gypsying, days when we went, 567.  
 Habeas corpus, protection of, 370.  
 Habit, apparelled in more precious, 29.  
   costly thy, 104.  
   is second nature, 628.  
   use doth breed a, in a man, 21.  
 Habitants, converse with heavenly,  
   201.  
 Habitation, local, and a name, 35.  
 Habits devil is angel yet in this, 116.  
   ill, gather by unseen degrees, 228.  
   small, well pursued, 376.  
 Had we never loved sae kindly, 337.  
 Haggard, if I do prove her, 129.  
 Hags, black and midnight, 98.  
 Hail Columbia happy land, 401.  
   fellow well met, 641.  
   holy light, 186.  
   horrors, 179.  
   the rising sun, let others, 332.  
   to the chief, 451.  
   wedded love, 189.  
 Hails you Tom or Jack, 365.  
 Hair, amber-dropping, 202.  
   beauty draws us with a single, 279.  
   distinguish and divide a, 215.  
   draw you to her with a single, 228.  
   each particular, stand an end, 106.  
   every, a soul doth bind, 228.  
   gray, unto men, 606.  
   just grizzled, 230.  
   meteor shone for, 174.  
   most resplendent, 403.  
   ninth part of a, 60.  
   on end at his own wonders, 362.  
   sacred, dis sever, 279.  
   shakes pestilence, his horrid, 184.  
   streamed like a meteor, 327.  
   strung with his, 32.  
   tangles of Neera's, 203.  
   transfigures its golden, 564.  
   would rouse and stir, 100.  
 Hair-breadth 'scapes, 125.  
 Hairs, bring down my gray, 586.  
   of your head all numbered, 608.  
   superfluity comes sooner by white,  
   37.  
   were silver-white, 518.  
 Hal, no more of that, 59.  
 Half broken-hearted, 470.  
   dust half deity, 484.  
   his Troy was burnt, 62.  
   in shade and half in sun, 459.

- Half is more than the whole, 628.  
   knows everything, 520.  
   our knowledge we snatch, 273.  
   part of a blessed man, 52.  
   the creeds, faith in, 553.  
   the world knoweth not how the  
     other half liveth, 572.  
 Half-pennyworth of bread, 59.  
 Half-shirt is two napkins, 61.  
 Half shut eye, before the, 303.  
 Half-world, now o'er the one, 93.  
 Hall, Douglas in his, 449.  
   merry in, where beards wag all, 6.  
 Halls, dwelt in marble, 527.  
   of dazzling light, 510.  
   of death, the silent, 515.  
 Halloing and singing of anthems, 63.  
 Halloo your name, 49.  
 Hallowed is the time, 101.  
   relics should be hid, 208.  
 Halt between two opinions, 588.  
 Halter draw, felt the, 333.  
   now fitted the, 242.  
   threats of a, 377.  
   will come and cut the, 212.  
 Halves, I'll go his, 572.  
 Hamlet at the close of the day, 366.  
   king drinks to, 120.  
   king father, I'll call thee, 105.  
   rude forefathers of the, 328.  
   tragedy of, 454.  
 Hammer, no sound of, 363.  
   nor axe, neither, 588.  
   smith stand with his, 54.  
 Hammers, closing rivets up, 66, 248.  
   no, fell, 463.  
 Hampden, some village, 329.  
 Hand, adore the, 243.  
   against every man, 586.  
   and glove, 356.  
   angry wafture of your, 85.  
   cheek upon her, 79.  
   cloud like a man's, 588.  
   findeth to do do it, 601.  
   foe to tyrants, 398.  
   for hand foot for foot, 587.  
   forget her cunning, 595.  
   friendly, 247.  
   glove upon that, 79.  
   go cold, foot and, 7.  
   handle toward my, 93.  
   heart and, both open, 76.  
   her 'prentice, 385.  
   hold a fire in his, 55.  
   imposition of a mightier, 520.  
   in hand, 196, 310.  
   in thy right, carry gentle peace, 74.  
   kindlier, the eager heart, 553.  
   led by my, 285.  
   let not thy left, know, 607.  
   licks the, just raised, 268.  
 Hand, lifted, 267.  
   may no rude, deface it, 411.  
   morn with rosy, 191.  
   mortality's strong, 54.  
   nature's sweet and cunning, 49.  
   occasion by the, when to take, 547.  
   of little employment, 118.  
   of war, 55.  
   open as day for melting charity, 64.  
   put in every honest, 131.  
   red right, 182.  
   sweeten this little, 99.  
   that dealt the blow, 442.  
   that fed them, bite the, 351.  
   that gave the blow, 230.  
   that gives the blow, 243.  
   that made us is divine, 251.  
   that rounded Peter's dome, 532.  
   then join in, 368.  
   thunder in his lifted, 221.  
   time has laid his, gently, 537.  
   time with reckless, 540.  
   time's devouring, 306.  
   to execute, 163, 355, 583.  
   touch of a vanished, 550.  
   unlineal, wrenched with an, 95.  
   unpurchased, 544.  
   upon a woman, lays his, 393.  
   upon many a heart, 538.  
   upon the ark, 361.  
   upon the ocean's mane, 507.  
   wash this blood from my, 94.  
   waved her lily, 294.  
   white wonder of dear Juliet's, 81.  
   with my heart in 't, 20.  
   will incarnadine the seas, 94.  
   withhold not thine, 601.  
   writ by God's own, 265.  
   you cannot see, 293.  
 Handel's but a ninny, 297.  
 Handle not taste not, 615.  
   toward my hand, 93.  
 Handful of meal in a barrel, 588.  
 Handiwork, showeth his, 591.  
 Hands, by angel, 498.  
   by fairy, their knell is rung, 386.  
   by foreign, 288.  
   death lays his icy, 153.  
   entire affection hateth nicer, 11.  
   fatal, their, 184.  
   folding of the, 596.  
   from picking and stealing, 618.  
   mouths without, 227.  
   never made to tear, 254.  
   not hearts, 130.  
   of fellowship, the right, 615.  
   promiscuously applied, 478.  
   Satan finds for idle, 254.  
   seemed washing his, 513.  
   shake, with a king, 501.  
   that might have swayed, 329.

- Hands, then take, 19.**  
 two, upon the breast, 566.  
 watch that wants both, 357.  
 wings or feet, 185.
- Hand-saw, hawk from a, 109.**
- Handsome, everything about him, 30.**  
 in three hundred pounds a year, 23.
- Handy-dandy, change places and, 124.**
- Hang a calf's skin, 53.**  
 a doubt on, nor loop to, 130.  
 out our banners, 99.  
 sorrow care will kill a cat, 155.  
 the pensive head, 204.  
 themselves, 212.  
 upon his pent-house lid, 89.
- Hanging in a golden chain, 185.**  
 was the worst use man could be  
 put to, 143.
- Hangman of creation mark, 337.**
- Hangman's whip, fear o' hell, 336.**
- Hangs his head for shame, 526.**  
 on Dian's temple, 73.  
 on prince's favours, 73.  
 on the cheek of night, 78.
- Hannibal had mighty virtues, 481.**  
 was a pretty fellow, 257.
- Hapless love, pangs of, 313.**
- Happier in the passion we feel, 575.**  
 than I know, feel that I am, 193.  
 things, remembering, 549.
- Happiness, distant views of, 167.**  
 depends as nature shows, 356.  
 domestic, only bliss, 331.  
 fireside, 400.  
 glimpse of, saw a, 212.  
 of the greatest number, 627.  
 our being's end and aim, 272.  
 our pastime and our, 417.  
 produced by a good inn, 317.  
 pursuit of, 339.  
 spectacle of human, 428.  
 that makes the heart afraid, 512.  
 thought of tender, 418.  
 through another's eyes, 46.  
 too familiar, 419  
 too swiftly flies, 326.  
 virtue alone is, below, 273  
 was born a twin, 487.  
 we prize, if solid, 309.
- Happy accident, 621.**  
 am I from care I'm free, 584.  
 as a lover, 418.  
 constellations, 193.  
 could I be with either, 294.  
 earthlier, is the rose distilled, 33.  
 fields farewell, 179.  
 he whose name has been well spelt,  
 489.  
 he with such a mother, 551.  
 hills pleasing shade, 325.  
 in each other's society, 318.
- Happy is he born or taught, 143.**  
 is the blameless vestal's lot, 286.  
 is the man that hath his quiver  
 full, 595.  
 little, if I could say how much, 27.  
 make two lovers, 234.  
 man be his dole, 23.  
 mean, 641.  
 mixtures of happy days, 485.  
 never so, as we suppose, 575.  
 soul that all the way, 169.  
 that have called thee so, 424.  
 the man and happy he, 227.  
 the man whose wish, 288.  
 walks and shades, 195.  
 was it for that son, 69.  
 who in his verse, 227.  
 why so few marriages are, 246.  
 years, ah, 472.
- Harass the distrest, 312.**
- Harbinger, spring-time's, 153.**
- Harbingers to heaven, 212.**
- Hard a keeping oath, sworn too, 30.**
- Hard crab-tree, 216.**  
 nothing so, but search will find it,  
 166.  
 their lot, 321.  
 to part when friends are dear, 374.  
 to please, coy and, 450.
- Hardens all within, 386.**
- Hardest-timbered oak, 69.**
- Hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve,**  
 106.
- Hare, mad as a March, 641.**  
 to run with the, 649.  
 to start a, 58.
- Hark from the tombs, 255.**  
 hark the lark, 134.  
 the shrill trumpet, 248.  
 they whisper, 288.
- Harm, win us to our, 90.**
- Harmes two the lesse, of, 4.**
- Harmless as doves, 608.**  
 day, entertains the, 143.  
 floating meteor, 174.  
 necessary cat, 39.
- Harmonies, concerted, 511.**
- Harmonious numbers, 186.**  
 sound on golden hinges, 192.
- Harmoniously confused, 287.**
- Harmony, heaven drowsy with, 32.**  
 heavenly, 224.  
 hidden soul of, 205.  
 in her bright eye, 172.  
 in immortal souls, 41.  
 like deep, enforce attention, 55.  
 not understood, 270.  
 of shape, 241.  
 of the universe, 349.  
 of the world, her voice the, 18.  
 sentimentally disposed to, 430.

- Harmony to harmony, 224.  
   touches of sweet, 40.  
 Harness, dead in his, 607.  
   girdeth on his, 588.  
   on our back, die with, 100.  
 Haroun Alraschid, 547.  
 Harp, high-born Hoel's, 327.  
   in divers tones, 551.  
   love took up the, 548.  
   of thousand strings, 255.  
   of life, 548.  
   of Orpheus, 210.  
   open palm upon his, 537.  
   sings to one clear, 551.  
   through Tara's halls, 456.  
 Harper, wind that grand old, 569.  
 Harping on my daughter, 108.  
 Harps upon the willows, 595.  
 Harpy-footed Furies, 183.  
 Harrow up thy soul, 106.  
 Harry the King, 66.  
   Vane, 334.  
   with his beaver on, 61.  
 Harsh and crabbed, 201.  
 Harshness gives offence, 277.  
 Hart, like a youthful, 255.  
   panteth after water brooks, 592.  
   ungalled play, 114.  
 Harvest of a quiet eye, 417.  
   of the new-mown hay, 248.  
   truly is plenteous, 608.  
 Harvest-home, a stubble-land at, 57.  
 Harvest-time of love, 424.  
 Hast any philosophy in thee, 45.  
 Haste, make, the better foot before, 54.  
   married in, 257.  
   mounting in hot, 473.  
   now to my setting, 73.  
   one with moderate, 103.  
   sweaty, 101.  
   three nymph, 204.  
   to be rich, 599.  
   wooded in, to wed at leisure, 47.  
 Hasten to be drunk, 227.  
 Hastening ills, prey to, 340.  
 Hasty as fire deaf as the sea, 54.  
 Hat, broad-brimmed, 306.  
   not the worse for wear, 359.  
   three cornered, 544.  
 Hatched to the woful time, 94.  
 Hatches, his body's under, 381.  
 Hate a dumpy woman, 486.  
   immortal, 178.  
   in the like extreme, 291.  
   Juno's unrelenting, 228.  
   of hate scorn of scorn, 547.  
   of those below, 474.  
   your neighbour, 520.  
 Hated, to be, needs but to be seen, 271.  
   with a hate, 488.  
 Hater, a good, 318.  
 Hates that excellence, 301.  
 Hating David, not only, 222.  
   no one love but her, 477.  
 Hatred, love turned to, 257.  
 Haughtiness of soul, 249.  
 Haughty spirit before a fall, 597.  
 Haunt, exempt from public, 42.  
 Haunted holy ground, 473.  
   me like a passion, 406.  
 Haunts in dale, 437.  
   of men, the busy, 496.  
   the guilty mind, suspicion, 69.  
 Have and to hold, 618.  
   naught venture naught, 6.  
 Havens, ports and happy, 55.  
 Having nothing yet hath all, 143.  
 Havoc, cry, and let slip the dogs, 86.  
 Hawk from a hand-saw, 109.  
 Hawks, between two, 67.  
 Hawthorn bush with seats, 339.  
   under the, in the dale, 204.  
 Hay, of the new mown, 248.  
   reposing himself in the, 344.  
 Hazard of concealing, 386.  
   of the die, I will stand the, 72.  
 He alone is blessed, 243.  
 He best can paint them, 286.  
   comes too near, 150, 296.  
   cometh unto you, 16.  
   coude songes make, 1.  
   either fears his fate, 214.  
   first deceased, 143.  
   for God only, 188.  
   giveth his beloved sleep, 595.  
   is a sure card, 230.  
   is risen, 404.  
   jests at scars, 78.  
   knew what's what, 215, 641.  
   lives to build not boast, 300.  
   may run that readeth, 606.  
   must needs go that the devil drives,  
   48, 641.  
   nothing common did, 232.  
   prayeth best, 433.  
   prayeth well, 433.  
   that dies pays all debts, 20.  
   that doth the ravens feed, 42.  
   that imposes an oath, 219.  
   that is down, 213, 217.  
   that is not with me, 611.  
   that is robbed, 129.  
   that loves a rosy cheek, 154.  
   that runs may read, 364.  
   that wold not, 582.  
   that wrestles with us, 351.  
   thinks too much, 84.  
   took the bread and brake it, 144.  
   was a scholar, 75.  
   was ever precise, 24.  
   was exhaled, 224.  
   was not of an age, 148.

- He was the word that spake it, 144.  
   which is the top of judgment, 24.  
   who can call to-day his own, 227.  
   who fights and runs, 345  
   who goes to bed sober, 150.
- Head and front of my offending, 125.  
   books upon his, 397.  
   coals of fire on his, 568, 613.  
   cover my, now, 513.  
   crotchets in thy, hast some, 22.  
   crown old winter's, 169.  
   dissever from the fair, 279.  
   eternal sunshine on its, 341.  
   fame over his living, 493.  
   fantastically carved, 64.  
   fruitless crown on my, 95.  
   gently falling on thy, 255.  
   gently lay my, 177.  
   good gray, 554.  
   hairs of your, all numbered, 608.  
   hands wings, 185.  
   hang the pensive, 204.  
   heaven to the weary, 513.  
   here rests his, 330.  
   hoary, crown of glory, 597.  
   imperfections on my, 107.  
   in heart or, is fancy bred, 39.  
   is as full of quarrels, 89.  
   is not more native to the heart, 102.  
   is sick and the heart faint, 603.  
   learned lumber in his, 278.  
   less beloved, 477.  
   lesson to the, heart may give, 333.  
   lodgings in a, 216.  
   no roof to shrowd his, 170.  
   not where to lay his, 608.  
   not yet completely silvered, 330.  
   of the table, 573.  
   off with a golden axe, 81.  
   off with his, 71, 248.  
   on honor's, 130.  
   one small, 341.  
   plays round the, 272.  
   precious jewel in his, 42.  
   repairs his drooping, 204.  
   reverend, 255.  
   seems no bigger than his, 123.  
   silent doctor shook his, 295.  
   so old body so young, 30.  
   some less majestic, 477.  
   stone of the corner, 594.  
   stuff the, with reading, 285.  
   that wears a crown, 63.  
   the tall the wise, 255.  
   to be let unfurnished, 216.  
   to contrive, 168, 355.  
   turns no more his, 432.  
   uneasy lies the, 63.  
   was silvered o'er with age, 295.  
   which statuaries loved, 520.
- Heads beneath their shoulders, 123.
- Heads, hide their diminished, 157.  
   houseless, 122.  
   nailed by the ears, 219.  
   never raising, 495.  
   sometimes so little, 212.  
   tall men had empty, 139.  
   touch heaven, hills whose, 126.
- Headstrong as an allegory, 378.
- Healing in his wings, 606.
- Health and competence, 272.  
   be thou a spirit of, 195.  
   dainties might hurt their, 346.  
   grace affordeth, 8.  
   is the second blessing, 158.  
   my nerves and fibres brace, 303.  
   peace and, best treasures, 331.  
   unbought, 223.  
   vital principle of bliss, 303.
- Healthful play, 255.
- Healths five-fathom deep, 78.
- Healthy wealthy and wise, 639.
- Heap of dust alone remains, 289.
- Heapeth up riches, 592.
- Heaps of pearl, 71.  
   unsunned, 290.
- Hear a voice you cannot, 293.  
   be silent that you may, 86.  
   by tale or history, 33.  
   he that hath ears to, 610.  
   me for my cause, 86  
   those that will not, 233.  
   to see to feel, 472.
- Heard and do in part believe it, 101.  
   it said full oft, 135.  
   melodies are sweet, 503.  
   of thee by the hearing, 591.  
   round the world, 592.  
   so coldly, 525.  
   the world around, 207.  
   wished she had not, it, 126.
- Hearers, too deep for his, 342.
- Hearing ear the seeing eye, 597.  
   of the ear, heard of thee by the, 591.
- Hearings, younger, quite ravished, 32.
- Hearse, underneath this sable, 148.
- Harsed in death, 105.
- Heart, a merry, 567.  
   abundance of the, 608.  
   afraid, that makes the, 512.  
   and hand both open, 76.  
   and lute, 431.  
   arrow for the, 490.  
   as he thinketh in his, 598.  
   awake to the flowers, 457.  
   bare the mean, 282.  
   be troubled, let not your, 612.  
   beating of my own, 526.  
   beatings of my, 495.  
   beats high and warm, 500  
   bowed down by weight of woe, 527.  
   can know, ease the, 323.

- Heart, can this fond, forget, 509.  
 command my, and me, 169.  
 comes not to the, 272.  
 congenial to my, 341.  
 constant, rends thy, 343.  
 detector of the, 263.  
 detests him, 291.  
 did break, some, 552.  
 distrusting asks, 341.  
 doth ache, 213.  
 doubt one, that if believed, 542.  
 drops that warm my, 327.  
 ease of, her look conveyed, 382.  
 every, to heaven aspires, 446.  
 fails thee, if thy, 15.  
 faint, ne'er won fair lady, 639.  
 faint and the head is sick, 603.  
 felt along the, 406.  
 first set my poor, free, 151.  
 fool hath said in his, 591.  
 for any fate, with a, 535.  
 for every fate, here's a, 484.  
 for falsehood framed, 380.  
 fountain of sweet tears, 402.  
 free and fetterless thing, 561.  
 full, reveal, 438.  
 gently upon my, 537.  
 give lesson to the head, 363.  
 give me back my, 471.  
 glows in every, 266.  
 grieve his, show his eyes and, 98.  
 grow fonder, absence makes the,  
 508.  
 hand upon many a, 538.  
 hand with my, in't, 20.  
 has learned to glow, 292.  
 hath 'scaped this sorrow, 136.  
 hath tried, save he whose, 481.  
 if guilt's in that, 459.  
 in concord beats, 403.  
 in thy hand, 20.  
 incense of the, 309.  
 is fixed, my, 593.  
 is freedom's shield, each, 499.  
 is idly stirred, my, 417.  
 is wax to be moulded, 574.  
 kind and gentle, 343.  
 knew of pain, all the, 546.  
 knock at my ribs, 90.  
 knoweth his own bitterness, 596.  
 let me wring your, 115.  
 level in her husband's, 49.  
 look then into thine, 16, 535.  
 lord of the lion, 337.  
 maketh glad the, 594.  
 man after his own, 587.  
 many a feeling, 435.  
 meet a mutual, 304.  
 merry, goes all the day, 51.  
 merry, maketh a cheerful counte-  
 nance, 597.
- Heart, mighty, is lying still, 410.  
 more native to the, 102.  
 mottoes of the, 443.  
 moved more than with a trumpet,  
 16.  
 music in my, I bore, 411.  
 must have to cherish, 540.  
 my book and, 585.  
 my fond, shall pant for you, 305.  
 naked human, 264.  
 native to the, head is not more, 102.  
 nature's, beats strong, 526.  
 nature's, in tune, 511.  
 ne'er a transport know, 321.  
 ne'er within him burned, 448.  
 new opened, I feel my, 73.  
 next our own, 505.  
 of a man is depressed, 294.  
 of a maiden is stolen, 458.  
 of courtesy, seated in the, 16.  
 of heart, in my, 113.  
 of my mystery, pluck out the, 114.  
 of nature, out from the, 532.  
 old man's, 562.  
 on her lips, 485.  
 or head, is fancy bred in, 39.  
 or hope, bate a jot of, 209.  
 over fraught, 98.  
 pang that rends the, 344.  
 plays an old tune on the, 563.  
 preaching down a daughter's, 549.  
 rake at, every woman is, 274.  
 ran o'er with silent worship, 484.  
 rends thy constant, 343.  
 replies, and the, 363.  
 responds unto his own, 536.  
 ripples break round his, 516.  
 rise in the, 551.  
 riven with vain endeavour, 411.  
 rotten at the, 37.  
 ruddy drops that visit my sad, 85.  
 seeth with the, 437.  
 sick, maketh the, 596.  
 sinking, changing cheek, 480.  
 sky did never melt into his, 409.  
 sleeps on his own, 417.  
 such partings break the, 471.  
 sweet creation of some, 476.  
 tenderest, even the, 505.  
 that has truly loved, 457.  
 that is broken, 452.  
 that is soonest awake, 457.  
 that loved her, betray the, 407.  
 that never feels a pain, 321.  
 that was humble, 461.  
 the eager, the kindlier hand, 553.  
 to conceive, 583.  
 to eat thy, 13.  
 to heart mind to mind, 448.  
 to resolve, 355.  
 toil on poor, 560.



- Heart, tongue nor, cannot conceive, 94.  
 true as steel, 35.  
 twilight of the, 501.  
 unpack my, with words, 110.  
 untainted, 68.  
 untravelled fondly turns, 338.  
 upon my sleeve, wear my, 124.  
 want of, 513.  
 war was in his, 593  
 was kind and soft, 331.  
 weed's plain, 564.  
 weighs upon the, 99.  
 where your treasure is, 607.  
 which most enamour us, 485.  
 which others bleed for, 257.  
 widow's, to sing for joy, 590.  
 will break, thus the, 474.  
 with heart in concord, 403.  
 with strings of steel, 115.  
 within him burned, 448.  
 would break, my jealous, 235.  
 would fain deny, 99.
- Heart's core, wear him in my, 113.  
 deep well, 569.  
 supreme ambition, 321.
- Heartache, end the, 110.
- Hearth, clean fire and clean, 430.  
 cricket on the, 206.  
 vanished from his lonely, 419.
- Hearts are warm, 445.  
 all that human, endure, 313.  
 believe the truths I tell, 336.  
 bid the tyrants defiance, 444.  
 bring your wounded, 461.  
 cheerful, now broken, 460.  
 cherish those, that hate thee, 74.  
 day star arise in your, 617.  
 dry as summer dust, 421.  
 ensanguined, 362.  
 fashioneth their, alike, 592.  
 feeling, touch rightly, 400.  
 hands not, 130.  
 in love use their own tongues, 27.  
 kind, are more than coronets, 547.  
 lie withered, when true, 458.  
 no union here of, 439  
 of his countrymen, 396.  
 of kings, enthroned in the, 40.  
 of oak are our ships, 332.  
 our, and hopes with thee, 539.  
 resolved on victory or death, 578.  
 steal away your, 87.  
 that once beat high, 456.  
 that the world had tried, 456.  
 though stout and brave, 535.  
 thousand, beat happily, 473.  
 to live in, we leave behind, 445.  
 two, beat as one, 578.  
 union of, union of hands, 527.  
 unkind, I have heard of, 416.  
 unto wisdom, apply our, 594.
- Heartsome wi' thee, 231.  
 Heart-stain, ne'er carried a, 462.  
 Heart-strings, jesses were my dear, 129.  
 Heart-throbs, count time by, 561.  
 Hearty old man, 426.  
 Heat, fantastic summer's, 55.  
 have neither, nor ligat, 167.  
 ma'am, it was so dreadful, 427.  
 not a furnace for your foe, 72.  
 of conflict, through the, 418.  
 of the day, burden and, 609.
- Heath, along the, 330.  
 foot is on my native, 453.  
 land of brown, 448.
- Heathen Chinees is peculiar, 568.  
 Heath-flower dashed the dew, 450.  
 Heating, warm without, 260.
- Heat-oppressed brain, 93.
- Heaven a time ordains, 209.  
 airs from, bring with thee, 105.  
 all that we believe of, 237.  
 all the way to, 169.  
 all things in, and earth, 18.  
 all this and, too, 233.  
 alone is given away, 563.  
 and happy constellations, 193.  
 approving, 301.  
 argue not against, 209.  
 around us all, 459.  
 beauteous eye of, 54.  
 beholding, feeling hell, 455.  
 below, like a little, 255.  
 better than serve in, 179.  
 breaks the serene of, 424.  
 breath of, 358.  
 bright sun of, 75.  
 but tries our virtue, 333.  
 cannot heal, no sorrow, 461.  
 care in, is there, 11.  
 commences, 340.  
 confess yourself to, 116.  
 dear to, is saintly chastity, 201.  
 did but dream of, 223.  
 doth with us as we with torches, 23.  
 drowsy with the harmony, 32.  
 every heart aspires to, 446.  
 every purpose under the, 600.  
 every virtue under, 282.  
 eye of, visits, 55.  
 face of, so fine, 81.  
 fantastic tricks before high, 25.  
 farther off from, 512.  
 fault to, 102.  
 fell from, 180  
 first taught letters, 286.  
 first-born, offspring of, 186.  
 floor of, is thick inlaid, 40.  
 fragrance smells to, 309.  
 from all creatures hides, 268.  
 from, it came, 424.  
 from yon blue, 547.

- Heaven, gates of, to the, 411.  
   gems of, 189.  
   gentle rain from, 39.  
   gift of, good sense the, 275.  
   gives its favourites, 476.  
   gluttony ne'er looks to, 202.  
   God alone to be seen in, 483.  
   great eye of, 10.  
   had made her such a man, 126.  
   harbingers to, 212.  
   has no rage like love to hatred  
     turned, 257.  
   has not power upon the past, 227.  
   has willed we die alone, 505.  
   he cried, 441.  
   he gained from, a friend, 330.  
   hell I suffer seems a, 187.  
   high hope for a low, 31.  
   hills whose heads touch, 126.  
   his blessed part to, 74.  
   hues were born in, 498.  
   husbandry in, 93.  
   in her eye, 193.  
   in hope to merit, 471.  
   invites hell threatens, 263.  
   is heard no more in, 191.  
   is love, love is, 447.  
   is not always angry, 243.  
   is shining o'er us, 499.  
   itself that points out, 250.  
   itself would stoop to her, 202.  
   joy of, to earth come down, 371.  
   kind of, to be deluded by him, 238.  
   kindred points of, 407.  
   leave her to, 107.  
   led the way to, 293.  
   less of earth than, 451.  
   lies about us, 420.  
   light from, 388, 479.  
   like the path to, 200.  
   livery of, 507.  
   more things in, and earth, 108.  
   never helps men who will not act,  
     310.  
   not, itself, 227.  
   nothing true but, 461.  
   of hell, in itself can make a, 179.  
   of invention, the brightest, 65.  
   on earth, 187.  
   opened wide her ever-during gates,  
     192.  
   opening bud to, 436.  
   or hell, summons thee to, 93.  
   permit to, 196.  
   Persian's, is easily made, 462.  
   places shall be hell that are not, 18.  
   points out an hereafter, 250.  
   prayer ardent opens, 265.  
   remedies we ascribe to, 48.  
   report they bore to, 263.  
   sent a recompense, 330.
- Heaven, silent finger points to, 422.  
   smells to, 114.  
   so much of, 405.  
   sons of, 314.  
   soul look down from, 231.  
   soul white as, 152.  
   spires point to, 422.  
   spirit that fought in, 181.  
   starry cope of, 190.  
   steep and thorny way to, 104.  
   stole the livery of, 507.  
   the selfsame, that frowns, 72.  
   to be young was very, 423.  
   to gaudy day denies, 482.  
   to the weary head, 513.  
   tries the earth, 563.  
   upon earth, that, 513.  
   upon the past has power, 227.  
   verge of, 263.  
   wanted one immortal song, 221.  
   was all tranquillity, 456.  
   were not heaven, 165.  
   whispered in, 393.  
   will bless your store, 377.  
   winds of, visit her face, 102.
- Heaven's best treasures, 331.  
   breath smells wooingly, 91.  
   chancery, flew up to, 322.  
   cherubim horsed, 92.  
   decree, curst by, 342.  
   ebon vault, 492.  
   eternal year is thine, 224.  
   first law, order is, 272.  
   gate, the lark at, 134.  
   hand or will, 209.  
   immortal noon, 492.  
   last best gift, 190.  
   lights, godfathers of, 31.  
   melodious strains, 556.  
   own light, 439.  
   pavement, riches of, 180.  
   Sovereign saves, 264.  
   sweetest air, 136.  
   wide pathless way, 206.
- Heaven-born band, 401.  
 Heaven-directed to the poor, 274.  
 Heaven-eyed creature, 419.  
 Heaven-kissing hill, 115.  
 Heavenly blessings, 255.  
   days that cannot die, 404.  
   gift of poesy, 224.  
   habitants, converse with, 201.  
   hope is all serene, 463.  
   jewel, have I caught my, 16.  
   maid was young, 336.  
   paradise is that place, 201.
- Heavens blaze forth the death of  
   princes, 85.  
   bowed the, 7.  
   declare the glory of God, 591.  
   hear these tell-tale women, 71.

- Heavens, hung be the, with black, 67.  
 should fall, if ever the, 572.  
 spangled, 251.
- Heaven-taught lyre, 321.
- Heaviest battalions, 627.
- Heaviness, spirit of, 605.
- Heavy and red, eyelids, 514.  
 change, O the, 203.
- Hebrew in the dying light, 518.
- Hecuba to him, what's, 110.
- Hector still survives, while, 291.
- Hedgehog rolled up, lies like a, 513.
- Hedgehogs dressed in lace, 545.
- Heed for himself, will take no, 405.  
 take, lest he fall, 614.
- Heel of the courtier, 119.  
 tread each other's, 263.  
 tread upon another's, 118.
- Heels, detraction at your, 50.  
 of pleasure, grief upon the, 257.  
 senate at his, Cæsar with a, 272.
- Height, measure your mind's, 557.  
 objects in an airy, 241.  
 of this great argument, 178.
- Heights by great men reached, 538.  
 other, in other lives, 557.  
 the soul is competent to gain, 422.
- Heir of all the ages, 549.  
 of fame, 208.  
 to, shocks that flesh is, 110.  
 to the first, each second stood, 124.  
 with all her children wants an, 274.
- Heirs of truth and pure delight, 418.  
 unknown, 274.
- Helen, like another, 225.
- Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt, 35.
- Helicon's harmonious springs, 326.
- Hell, agreement with, 604.  
 all places shall be, 18.  
 better to reign in, 179.  
 blasts from, 105.  
 broke loose, all, 190.  
 characters of, to trace, 327.  
 cunning livery of, 25.  
 damned use that word in, 81.  
 fear of, a hangman's whip, 336.  
 feeling, beholding heaven, 455.  
 for hoarding went to, 69.  
 from beneath is moved, 603.  
 gates of, detests him as the, 291.  
 grew darker at their frown, 184.  
 guests in the depths of, 596.  
 has no fury like a woman scorned,  
 257.  
 I suffer seems a heaven, 187.  
 injured lover's, 191.  
 is full of good meanings, 161.  
 it is in suing long to bide, 13.  
 itself breathes out contagion, 114.  
 lords of, 552.  
 making earth a, 471.
- Hell, milk of concord into, 98.  
 muttered in, 393.  
 myself am, 187.  
 no fiend in, can match, 248.  
 of heaven in itself can make a, 179.  
 of waters, 476.  
 of witchcraft, 136.  
 paved with good intentions, 317.  
 rebellious, 116.  
 riches grow in, 180.  
 summons thee to heaven or to, 93.  
 terrible as, 184.  
 threatens heaven invites, 263.  
 to choose love by another's eyes, 34.  
 to ears polite, never mentions, 276.  
 to quick bosoms, 474.  
 trembled at the hideous name, 185.  
 way out of, is long and hard, 183.  
 which way I fly is, 187.  
 within him, 186.
- Hell's concave, tore, 180.
- Helm, nodded at the, 285.  
 pleasure at the, 327.
- Helmet shall make a hive for bees, 142.  
 that is Mambrino's, 572.
- Help and hindrance, 403.  
 angels make assay, 115.  
 encumbers him with, 316.  
 his ready, was ever nigh, 312.  
 others, I would, 332.  
 me Cassius or I sink, 83.  
 of man, vain is the, 593.  
 past, should be past grief, 51.  
 themselves, helps them that, 310.  
 thyself and God will, 162.
- Helper, our antagonist is our, 351.  
 our, he amid the flood, 571.
- Hempen string, sing in a, 151.
- Hen gathereth her chickens, 610.
- Hence all you vain delights, 151.  
 babbling dreams, 248.  
 horrible shadow, 97.  
 ye profane, 174.
- Hender, no one nigh to, 566.
- Henpecked you all, 486.
- Henry Pimpernell, 47.
- Her gentle limbs, 433.  
 lips were red, 163.  
 merit lessened yours, 323.  
 modest looks, 342.  
 that ruled the rost, 170.
- Heraclitus would not laugh, what, 414.
- Herald Mercury, 115.  
 no other, after my death, 75.  
 of joy, perfectest, 27.
- Herald's coat without sleeves, 61.
- Heraldry, boast of, 323.  
 our new, is hands, 130.
- Herbe, dainty flowre or, 11.
- Herbs and country messes, 205.  
 dinner of, 597.

- Herbs, powerful grace that lies in, 80.  
 Hercules do what he may, 120.  
   no more like than I to, 103.  
 Herd, lowing, 328.  
 Here a little and there a little, 604.  
   I and sorrows sit, 53.  
   in the body pent, 440.  
   is everything advantageous, 20.  
   is the whole set, 379.  
   is to the housewife, 380.  
   is to the maiden, 379.  
   is to the pilot, 399.  
   is to the widow of fifty, 379.  
   lies a truly honest man, 169.  
   lies David Garrick, 342.  
   lies our sovereign, 235.  
   neither, nor there, 131.  
   rests his head, 330.  
   we will sit, 40.  
 Hereafter, points out an, 250.  
 Hereditary bondsmen, 472.  
 Heritage, I have a goodly, 591.  
   noble by, 244.  
   of woe, lord of himself, 482.  
   service is no, 48.  
   the sea, 446.  
 Hermit, a sceptred, 501.  
   dwell a weeping, 336.  
   man the, sighed, 441.  
   of Prague, the old, 51.  
   shall I like a, 14.  
 Hermitage, take that for an, 172.  
 Hero and the man complete, 251.  
   he who aspires to be a, 317.  
   made by murder of millions, 347.  
   perish or sparrow fall, 268.  
   see the conquering, 238.  
   to his valet, no one is a, 630.  
 Herod, out-herods, 112.  
 Heroes, brandy for, 317.  
   hail ye, 401.  
 Heroic deed, counsel and, 396.  
   poem of its sort, 506.  
   stoic Cato, 489.  
 Herostratus lives, 177.  
 Herring, nor good red, 640.  
 Herrings, Douglas in red, 501.  
 Herte, seson priketh every gentil, 2.  
 Herveys, men women and, 629.  
 Hesitate dislike, 281.  
 Hesperus that led the starry host, 188.  
 Heterodoxy another man's doxy, 630.  
 Heureux qui dans ses vers, 227.  
 Hew and hack, somebody to, 216.  
 Hexameter, in the, 434.  
 Hey-day in the blood, 115.  
 Hic jacet, its forlorn, 411.  
   two narrow words, 15.  
 Hidden soul of harmony, 205.  
 Hide her shame, 344.  
   myself in thee, let me, 371.  
 Hide the fault I see, 289.  
   their diminished heads, 187.  
   those hills of snow, 151.  
   thou wear a lion's, 53.  
   your diminished rays, 275.  
 Hideous, makes night, 285.  
   making night, 105.  
 Hides a dark soul, 200.  
   a shining face, 364.  
   beauties while she, reveals, 323.  
   from himself his state, 311.  
 Hiding-place, dark and lonely, 434.  
 Hierophants, poets are the, 494.  
 Hies to his confine, erring spirit, 101.  
 High ambition lowly laid, 447.  
   and low, death makes equal, 141.  
   and palmly state of Rome, 101.  
   bowed the heavens, 7.  
   built many stories, 212.  
   characters, 163, 273.  
   erected thoughts, 16.  
   hope for a low heaven, 31.  
   instincts, 420.  
   life, high characters from, 273.  
   life, talk of nothing but, 344.  
   mountains are a feeling, 474.  
   on a throne of royal state, 181.  
   over-arched, 195.  
   over-arched imbower, 179.  
   thinking plain living, 413.  
   three stories, 391.  
   to Him no, no low, 269.  
 High-blown pride broke under me, 73.  
 High-born Hoel's harp, 327.  
 Higher law than the Constitution, 519.  
 Highest, peppered the, 343.  
   thing is truth, 3.  
 Highland Mary, spare his, 541.  
 High-lived company, 344.  
 Highly fed, show myself, 48.  
   what thou wouldst, 91.  
 Highness' dog at Kew, 287.  
 High-road to England, 316.  
 Hill apart, sat on a, 183.  
   city that is set on an, 607.  
   climbed the highest, 389.  
   cot beside the, 401.  
   'customed, 330.  
   heaven-kissing, 115.  
   king of France went up the, 580.  
   so down thy, 399.  
   that skirts the down, 366.  
   wind-beaten, 444.  
   yon high eastward, 101.  
 Hills ancient as the sun, 515.  
   and valleys dales and fields, 17.  
   cattle upon a thousand, 593.  
   happy, pleasing shade, 325.  
   hewn on Norwegian, 179.  
   of snow, hide those, 151.  
   of the stormy north, 496.

- Hills, over the, and far away, 294, 646.  
   peep o'er hills, 277.  
   reverberate, your name to, 49.  
   rock-ribbed, 515.  
   strong amid the, 526.  
   where spices grow, 255.  
   whose heads touch heaven, 126.  
 Hillside, conduct ye to a, 210.  
 Him of the western dome, 222.  
   from, that hath not, 610.  
 Himself a host, 290.  
   from God he could not free, 532.  
 Hind mated by the lion, 47.  
   rational, Costard, 31.  
 Hinders needle and thread, 514.  
 Hindmost, devil take the, 633.  
 Hindrance and a help, 403.  
 Hinge nor loop, 130.  
 Hinges, golden, moving, 192.  
   grate harsh thunder, 185.  
   pregnant, of the knee, 113.  
 Hint a fault, 281.  
   to speak, it was my, 126.  
   upon this, I spake, 126.  
 Hip and thigh, smote them, 587.  
   I have you on the, 40.  
 Hippocrene, blushful, 502.  
 Hire, labourer is worthy of his, 611.  
 His faith might be wrong, 173.  
   time is forever, 173.  
 Hiss for the fly, the Lord shall, 603.  
 Histories make men wise, 133.  
 History, anything but, 253.  
   assassination has never changed,  
     530.  
   dignity of, 308, 522.  
   ever hear by tale or, 33.  
   hath triumphed over time, 15.  
   in a nation's eyes, 329.  
   is philosophy teaching by exam-  
     ples, 259.  
   must be false, 253.  
   portance in my travels', 125.  
   register of crimes, 355.  
   strange eventful, that ends this, 44.  
   what is her, 50.  
 Hit, a very palpable, 120.  
 Hitches in a rhyme, 282.  
 Hitherto shalt thou come, 591.  
 Hits the mark, 135.  
 Hive for bees, his helmet, 142.  
 Hoard of maxims preaching, 549.  
 Hoarding went to hell, for his, 69.  
 Hoarse rough verse, 278.  
 Hoary head is a crown of glory, 597.  
 Hobbes clearly proves, 245.  
 Hobby-horse is forgot, 113.  
 Hobson's choice, 628.  
 Hocus-pocus science, 305.  
 Hoel's harp, to high-born, 327.  
 Hog in Epicurus' sty, fattest, 390.  
 Hoist with his own petar, 117.  
 Hold a candle, 297, 642.  
   enough, cries, 100.  
   fast that which is good, 615.  
   high converse, 302.  
   his peace, hereafter, 618.  
   makes nice of no vile, 53.  
   the fleet angel, 310, 540.  
   the mirror up to nature, 112.  
   thou the good, 552.  
   to have and to, 618.  
   with the hound, 649.  
 Holds fast the golden mean, 336.  
 Hole, but on, for to sterter to, 3.  
   Cæsar might stop a, 119.  
   in a' your coats, 337.  
   mouse of one poor, 162, 289.  
   of discretion, the little, 33.  
   poisoned rat in a, 247.  
 Holes, foxes have, 608.  
   where eyes did once inhabit, 71.  
 Holiday, to make a Roman, 477.  
 Holiday-rejoicing spirit, 430.  
 Holidays, all the year were playing, 57.  
 Holiest thing alive, 435.  
 Holy, that wouldst thou, 91.  
 Holland lies, where, 339.  
 Hollow, all was false and, 182.  
   blasts of wind, 294.  
   murmurs died away, 336.  
   oak our palace is, 446.  
 Hollow-eyed sharp-looking, 27.  
 Holly branch shone, 509.  
 Holy angels guard thy bed, 255.  
   ground, call it, 495.  
   haunted ground, 473.  
   text around she strews, 330.  
   time is quiet as a nun, 409.  
   writ, old odd ends stolen out of, 70.  
   writ, proofs of, 129.  
 Homage, all things do her, 18.  
   from contemporaries, 520.  
   vice pays to virtue, 575.  
   worthless pomp of, 505.  
 Home at ease, live at, 162.  
   at evening's close, hie thee, 331.  
   behold our, 481.  
   best country ever is at, 338.  
   day's march nearer, 440.  
   draw near their eternal, 175.  
   dream of, 462.  
   filled one. with glee, 495.  
   God who is our, 420.  
   his footsteps he hath turned, 448.  
   homely features to keep, 202.  
   is on the deep, 443.  
   keep his only son at, 335.  
   makes her loved at, 389.  
   man goeth to his long, 602.  
   next way, farthest way about, 159.  
   nobody at, 290.

- Home**, no place like, 503.  
 of the brave, 491.  
 old England is our, 529.  
 on the rolling deep, 560.  
 out of house and, 63.  
 points of heaven and, 407.  
 sweet home, 503.  
 that dear hut our, 309.  
 though never so homely, 503.  
 to men's bosoms, 137.  
 to roost, curses come, 525.  
**Home-bound fancy**, 528.  
**Home-keeping youth**, 21.  
**Homeless near a thousand homes**, 402.  
**Homely features to keep home**, 202.  
**Homer all the books you need**, 236.  
 living begged his bread, 170.  
 nods, nor is it, 276.  
 seven cities warred for, 170.  
**Homer's birth seven cities claim**, 170.  
 lamp appeared, ere, 356.  
 rule the best, 232.  
**Homes, forced from their**, 339.  
 near a thousand, 402.  
 of England, the stately, 495.  
 of silent prayer, eyes are, 552.  
**Honest and true**, 389.  
 as any man living, 29.  
 but poor, my friends were, 48.  
 I am myself indifferent, 111.  
 labour bears a lovely face, 166.  
 man 's aboon his might, 388.  
 man 's the noblest work, 272, 389.  
 tale speeds best, 71.  
 to be direct and, 139.  
**Honester, old man and no**, 29.  
**Honesty, armed so strong in**, 88.  
 corruption wins not more than, 74.  
 is the best policy, 642.  
 nor manhood in thee, 57.  
**Honey, flowing with milk and**, 586.  
 gather, all the day, 254.  
**Honey-dew, hath fed on**, 433.  
**Honeyed showers**, 204.  
**Honour, all is lost save**, 622.  
 and greatness of his name, 75.  
 and shame, 272.  
 and years, full of, 562.  
 bed of, 217, 259.  
 books of, razed from the, 135.  
 but an empty bubble, 225.  
 chastity of, 350.  
 clear in, 276.  
 comes a pilgrim gray, 336.  
 depths and shoals of, 74.  
 from corruption keep, 75.  
 gives greatness, if, 381.  
 grip, feel your, 385.  
 hath no skill in surgery, 61.  
 hurt that, feels, 549.  
 is a mere scutcheon, 62.  
**Honour is at the stake**, 117.  
 is lodged, place where, 219.  
 is the subject of my story, 83.  
 jealous in, 44.  
 love obedience troops of friends, 99.  
 loved I not, more, 172.  
 man being in, abideth not, 592.  
 more hurts, 219.  
 new made, 52.  
 perfect ways of, 75.  
 pledge our sacred, 369.  
 pluck bright, 58.  
 pluck up drowned, by the locks, 58.  
 post of, is a private station, 250.  
 praise and glory, 256.  
 pricks me on, 61.  
 prophet not without, 608.  
 public, is security, 584.  
 set to a leg, 61.  
 she what was, knew, 193.  
 sin to covet, if it be a, 66.  
 sinks where commerce long pre-  
 vails, 338.  
 the king, fear God, 617.  
 there all the, lies, 272.  
 there, comes, 336.  
 unto the wife, giving, 617.  
 what is that word, 61.  
**Honour's truckle-bed**, 217.  
 voice, can, 328.  
**Honourable, ancient and**, 603.  
 men all, 87.  
**Honoured bones**, 208.  
 how loved how, 289.  
 in the breach, 105.  
 in their generations, 607.  
**Honours, bears his blushing**, 73.  
 more substantial, 582.  
 of the dead, fading, 447.  
 to the world, he gave his, 74.  
**Hood, drink with him that wears a**, 7.  
**Hooded clouds like friars**, 536.  
**Hoodwinked, judgment**, 364.  
**Hoofs of a swinish multitude**, 350.  
**Hook baited with a dragon's tail**, 583.  
 or crook, 11, 637.  
 salt-fish on his, 132.  
**Hookas, divine in**, 485.  
**Hook-nosed fellow of Rome**, 64.  
**Hooks of steel**, 104.  
**Hoop's bewitching round**, 323.  
**Hooping, out of all**, 45.  
**Hoops of steel, grapple them with**, 104.  
 shall have ten, 68.  
**Hooting at the glorious sun**, 434.  
**Hope abandon who enter here**, 570.  
 against hope, 612.  
 bade the world farewell, 441.  
 bate a jot of heart or, 209.  
 break it to our, 100.  
 cling to weakest, 527.

- Hope constancy in wind, 470.  
 could never hope too much, 554.  
 deferred, 506.  
 earthly, how bright so e'er, 463.  
 elevates, 194.  
 faith and, disagree in, 271.  
 farewell, fear, remorse, 187.  
 final, is flat despair, 182.  
 fooled with, 229.  
 frustrate of his, 210.  
 heavenly, is all serene, 463.  
 high, for a low heaven, 31.  
 in sure and certain, 619.  
 is brightest, 451.  
 is theirs by fancy fed, 325.  
 is there no, 295.  
 light of, leave the, 442.  
 lighthouse looked lovely as, 469.  
 like the gleaming taper, 345.  
 never comes, 178.  
 never to, again, 73.  
 no other medicine but only, 25.  
 none without, e'er loved, 321.  
 of all ills that men endure, 174.  
 of all who suffer, 541.  
 of day, without all, 197.  
 of many nations, 477.  
 of Troy, Astyanax the, 291.  
 one only, 510.  
 phantoms of, 314.  
 prevail, let not, 376.  
 prisoners of, 606.  
 repose in trembling, 339.  
 springs eternal, 265.  
 still relies on, 344.  
 tells a flattering tale, 376.  
 the charmer, 441.  
 the dream of those that wake, 242.  
 thou nurse of young desire, 354.  
 though hope were lost, 374.  
 to attain her, 11.  
 to feed on, 13.  
 to have mercy, 12.  
 to meet again, 510.  
 to merit heaven, 471.  
 to the end, 617.  
 to write well hereafter, 210.  
 told a flattering tale, 376.  
 true, is swift, 71.  
 uncheered by, 438.  
 we have such, 614.  
 whence this pleasing, 250.  
 while there's life there's, 295.  
 white-handed, 199.  
 withering fled, 481.  
 Hope's perpetual breath, 413.  
 tender blossoms, 577.  
 Hopeless anguish, 312.  
 fancy feigned, by, 551.  
 Hopes, airy, my children, 421.  
 be filled, with better, 396.  
 Hopes belied our fears, 512.  
 laid waste, 525.  
 like towering falcons, 241.  
 mortal, defeated, 408.  
 my fondest, decay, 455.  
 of future years, 538.  
 sordid, and vain desires, 446.  
 startled, 247.  
 stirred up with high, 210.  
 tender leaves of, 73.  
 Horatio, as just a man, 113.  
 in my mind's eye, 103.  
 thrift, thrift, 103.  
 Horatius kept the bridge, 523.  
 Horde, one polished, 490.  
 Horn, blast of that dread, 450.  
 lends his pagan, 285.  
 moon had filled her, 262.  
 of the hunter, 382.  
 Triton blow his wreathed, 410.  
 voice of that wild, 450.  
 Horrible discord, brayed, 191.  
 imaginings, 90.  
 Horrrid grind, one demd, 558.  
 Horror, nodding, 198.  
 of falling into naught, 250.  
 of his folded tail, 207.  
 secret dread and inward, 250.  
 Horrors, hail, 179.  
 on horror's head, 130.  
 supped full with, 100.  
 Horse, call me, 59.  
 give me another, 71.  
 gray mare the better, 641.  
 little dearer than his, 548.  
 look a gift, in the mouth, 643.  
 my kingdom for a, 72.  
 one, was blind, 426.  
 philosophy is a good, 346.  
 scarce would move a, 358.  
 something in a flying, 409.  
 taxed, 428.  
 that which is now a, 133.  
 trumpet sounds to, 248.  
 Horseback, sits on his, 52.  
 Horse-leech, two daughters, 599.  
 Horsemanship, noble, 61.  
 Horses, between two, 67.  
 Hortensius, his friend, 489.  
 Hose a world too wide, 44.  
 Hospitable thoughts intent, 191.  
 Hospitality, given to, 613.  
 sitting with gladness, 540.  
 Host, himself a, 200.  
 of the Garter, 22.  
 that led the starry, 188.  
 universal, up sent a shout, 180.  
 ye heavenly, 235.  
 Hostages to fortune, 137.  
 Hot and rebellious liquors, 42.  
 cold moist and dry, 185.

- Hot haste, mounting in, 473.  
Hound, hold with the, 649.  
or spaniel, 123.  
Hour before the worshipped sun  
peered forth, 77.  
bounties of an, 262.  
by his dial, 43.  
by Shrewsbury clock, 62.  
catch the transient, 312.  
ever thus from childhood's, 455.  
for one short, 554.  
friendliest to sleep, 191.  
I have had my, 227.  
improve each shining, 254.  
in a sunny, fall off, 456.  
inevitable, await the, 328.  
lives its little, 516.  
luckless, 228.  
may lay it in the dust, 472.  
now's the day and now's the, 387.  
of blind old Dandoo, 475.  
of glorious life, 453.  
of that Dundee, 412.  
of virtuous liberty, 249.  
one self-approving, 272.  
pensioner of an, 262.  
some wee short, 385.  
this consecrated, 396.  
time and the, 90.  
to hour we ripe and ripe, 43.  
torturing, 181, 326.  
troublesome insects of the, 351.  
upon the stage, frets his, 100.  
watch the, 485.  
when God sends a cheerful, 209.  
when lovers' vows, 482.  
with beauty's chain, 460.  
wonder of an, 472  
wraps the present, 333.  
Hour's talk withal, never spent an, 31.  
Houris, lying with, 331.  
Hours I once enjoyed, peaceful, 364.  
mournful midnight, 539.  
of bliss, winged, 442.  
of ease, woman in our, 450.  
set apart for business, 307.  
seven, to law, 373.  
six, in sleep, 10.  
steal a few, from the night, 458.  
unheeded flew the, 438.  
waked by the circling, 191.  
wise to talk with our past, 263.  
House and home, out of, 63.  
appointed for all living, 590.  
babe in a, 555.  
be divided against itself, 610.  
Beautiful, 213.  
brawling woman in a wide, 597.  
clouds that loured upon our, 69.  
dark, and long sleep, 520.  
daughters of my father's, 50.  
House, ill spirit have so fair a, 20.  
little pleasure in the, 367.  
man's, his castle, 9.  
mansions in my father's, 612.  
moat defensive to a, 55.  
nae luck about the, 367.  
of every one as his castle, 10.  
of feasting, 600.  
of mourning, better go to the, 600.  
of my friends, 606.  
of my God, 593.  
of Pindarus, 208.  
of prayer, God erects a, 239.  
on another man's ground, 22.  
one mind in an, 619.  
prop of my, 40.  
rejects him, fired that the, 280.  
return no more to his, 589.  
set thine, in order, 604.  
shot mine arrow o'er the, 120.  
sole daughter of my, 473.  
this, is to be let for life, 159.  
to lodge a friend, 245.  
you take my, when you take the  
prop, 40.  
Household words, familiar as, 66.  
Houseless heads, 122.  
Houses fer asonder, 2.  
plague o' both your, 81.  
seem asleep, 410.  
thick and sewers annoy, 194.  
Housetop, corner of the, 597.  
Housewife that's thrifty, 380.  
How are the mighty fallen, 588.  
art thou fallen, 604.  
beautiful is night, 424.  
bitter a thing it is, 46.  
blest is he, 340.  
can man die better, 523.  
dear to my heart, 464.  
divine a thing, 408.  
doth the little busy bee, 254.  
few themselves in that just mirror  
see, 264.  
happy could I be with either, 294.  
happy is he born or taught, 143.  
he will talk, 238.  
I pities them, 431.  
it talked, 152.  
long halt ye, 588.  
loved how honoured, 289.  
not to do it, 558.  
painful the remembrance, 300.  
sharper than a serpent's tooth, 121.  
sleep the brave, 336.  
small a part of time, 175.  
small of all that human hearts en-  
dure, 313.  
sweet and fair she seems, 175.  
sweet the moonlight sleeps, 40.  
the devil they got there, 280.



- How the style refines, 278.  
 the wit brightens, 278.  
 use doth breed a habit, 21.  
 wags the world, 43.  
 we apples swim, 642.  
 weary stale flat, 102.
- Howards, blood of all the, 272.
- How'er it be, 547.
- Howls along the sky, 337.
- Hub of the solar system, 545.
- Huddle up their work, 361.
- Hue as red as the rosy bed, 542.  
 cuckoo-buds of yellow, 33.  
 flowers of all, 187.  
 love's proper, 194.  
 of resolution, the native, 111.  
 unto the rainbow, add another, 54.
- Hues of bliss, 331.  
 were born in heaven, 498.
- Hug the dear deceit, 310.
- Hugged by the old, 513.  
 by the strumpet wind, 38.  
 the offender, 226.
- Huldy all alone, there sot, 566.
- Hum, beehive's, 491  
 midst the crowd the, 472.  
 no voice or hideous, 207.  
 of either army sounds, 66.  
 of human cities torture, 474.  
 of men, the busy, 205.  
 of mighty workings, 503.
- Human, all that is, must retrograde,  
 355.  
 bliss to human woe, 574.  
 creatures' lives, 514  
 ends are ultimately answered, 465.  
 events, course of, 369.  
 face divine, 186  
 hearts endure, all that, 313.  
 mind in ruins, 496.  
 mortals, 34.  
 nature's daily food, 404  
 offspring, true source of, 189.  
 race, forget the, 477.  
 race from China to Peru, 311.  
 soul take wing, to see the, 483.  
 spark is left, 286.  
 speech is, 648.  
 thought is the process, 465.  
 to err is, 278.  
 to step aside is, 386.
- Humanities of old religion, 487.
- Humanity, aught that dignifies, 528.  
 imitated abominably, 112.  
 music of, still sad, 407.  
 suffering sad, 540.  
 wearisome condition of, 9.  
 with all its fears, 538.
- Humankind, lord of, 230.  
 lords of, 339.  
 porcelain clay of, 231.
- Humble, be it ever so, 503.  
 cares, 402.  
 heart that was, 461.  
 livers in content, 72.  
 Port to imperial Tokay, 320.  
 tranquil spirit, 166.  
 wisdom is, 364.
- Humbleness, whispering, 37.
- Humility and modest stillness, 65.  
 is a virtue all preach, 156.  
 pride that apes, 425, 434.  
 that low sweet root, 462.
- Humorous sadness, wraps me in, 45.  
 sigh, very beadle to a, 32.
- Humour, career of his, 28.  
 of it, there's the, 22.  
 the only test of gravity, 631.  
 void of wit and, 334.  
 was ever woman in this, won, 70.
- Humours, in all thy, 252.  
 turn with climes, 274.
- Huncamunca's eyes, 307.
- Hundred and fifty ways, 46.  
 isles, throned on her, 475.  
 while one might tell a, 103.  
 years are gone, when a, 568.
- Hung be the heavens with black, 67.  
 over her enamoured, 190.  
 with grooms and porters, 550.
- Hungarian wight, 22.
- Hunger, if thine enemy, feed him, 613.  
 obliged by, 280.
- Hungry as the grave, 302.  
 judges, 279.  
 lean-faced villain, 27.  
 look, a lean and, 84.
- Hunt for a forgotten dream, 406.  
 in fields for health unbought, 223.  
 it in the dark, 358.
- Hunter and the deer a shade, 381, 442.  
 horn of the, 382  
 mighty, prey was man, 287.
- Hunting the devil designed, 226.
- Hunts in dreams, like a dog, 549.
- Huntsman his pack, as a, 343.
- Hurly-burly's done, when the, 89.
- Hurra for the next that dies, 569.
- Hurt cannot be much, 81.  
 of the inside, 217.  
 past all surgery, 128.  
 that honour feels, 549.  
 sweareth to his own, 591.
- Hurtles in the darkened air, 330.
- Husband cools, ne'er answers till a,  
 275.  
 frae the wife despises, 384.  
 lover in the, may be lost, 321.  
 such duty woman oweth to her, 47.  
 truant, should return, 486.
- Husband's eye, lovely in her, 393.
- Husbanded and so fathered, 85.

- Husbandry, dulls the edge of, 105.  
 in heaven there 's, 93.
- Hush my dear lie still, 255.
- Hushed be every thought, 419.  
 in grim repose, 327.
- Huswife's wool, tease the, 202.
- Hut, he made him a, 337.  
 that dear, our home, 309.
- Huzzas, loud, 272.
- Hyacinthine locks, 188.
- Hydras and Chimæras dire, 184.
- Hymn affords, fineness which a, 131.  
 its low perpetual, 566.
- Hyperion to a satyr, 102.
- Hyperion's curls, 115.
- Hypocrisy is the homage, 575.
- Hypocrites, cant of, 322.
- Hyrcean tiger, 97.
- Hyssop, from the cedar to the, 520.
- I am no orator, 87.  
 am Sir Oracle, 36.  
 came I saw I conquered, 628.  
 can fly or I can run, 202.  
 care for nobody, 354.  
 could not love thee dear so much,  
 172.  
 do not love thee, Doctor Fell, 240.  
 have nothing, 572.  
 know not I ask not, 459.  
 love it I love it, 563.  
 only speak right on, 87.  
 owe much, 572.
- Iago, the pity of it, 130.
- Ice, be thou chaste as, 111.  
 fortune's, to virtue's land, 221.  
 in June, 470.  
 motionless as, 411.  
 starve in, 184.  
 thick-ribbed, 25.  
 to smooth the, 54.
- Icicle, chaste as the, 76.
- Iceily regular splendidly null, 554.
- Icy hands, death lays his, 153.
- Idea, American, 543.  
 of her life shall sweetly creep, 29.  
 possess but one, 316.  
 teach the young, 301.
- Ideas, man of nasty, 247.
- Ides are come, 86.  
 of March, beware the, 83.
- Idiot, tale told by an, 100.
- Idle as a painted ship, 432.  
 brain, children of an, 78.  
 hands to do, mischief for, 254.  
 waste of thought, 426.  
 whom the world calls, 331.  
 wild and young, 445.  
 wind, pass by me as the, 88.  
 wishes, stay in, 382.
- Idleness, penalties of, 285.
- Idleness, polished, frivolous work of,  
 395.
- Idler, busy world an, 361.  
 is a watch, 357.
- Idly spoken, word so, 525.
- Idolatry, god of my, 79.
- Idols to the moles, 603.
- If all the world and love, 13.  
 any speak, 86.  
 forever still forever, 482.  
 is the only peacemaker, 46.  
 it be now 't is not to come, 120.  
 it were done when 't is done, 91.  
 much virtue in, 46.  
 she be not so to me, 155.  
 there be or ever were, 134.  
 thy heart fails thee, 15.  
 we do meet again, 89.  
 we should fail, 92.
- Ignis aurum probat, 152.
- Ignorance, childish, 512.  
 distinguished for, 316.  
 is bliss, 't is folly to be wise, 326.  
 let me not burst in, 105.  
 mother of devotion, 228, 642.  
 of wealth, best riches, 340.  
 our comfort flows from, 241.  
 sedate in, 312.
- Ignorant in spite of experience, 319.  
 of what he 's most assured, 25.
- Ignorantly read, blockhead, 278.
- Il embellit tout ce qu'il touche, 313.
- Iliad and Odyssey, 438.
- Ilium, topless towers of, 18.
- Ill, better made by, 401.  
 blows the wind, 642.  
 can he rule the great, 12.  
 deeds done, makes, 54.  
 fares the land, 340.  
 final goal of, 552.  
 goodness thinks no, 186.  
 habits gather by unseen degrees,  
 228.  
 make themselves strong by, 96.  
 nothing becomes him, 31.  
 nothing, can dwell in such a tem-  
 ple, 20.  
 repressing, crowning good, 373.  
 shapes of, 507.  
 spirit have so fair a house, 20.  
 transmuted, 312.  
 where no ill seems, 186.  
 wind turns none to good, 6.
- Ill-favoured faults, 23.  
 thing, but mine own, 46.
- Ill-used ghost, like an, 300.
- Ills, bear those, we have, 111.  
 betide, resigned when, 309.  
 cure for life's worst, 528.  
 love on through all, 456.  
 flood of mortal, 571.

- Ills of life victorious, 334.  
   that men endure, of all, 174.  
   the scholar's life assail, 311.  
   to come, no sense of, 325.  
   to hastening, a prey, 340.  
   what mighty, 237.
- Illumed the eastern skies, 546.
- Illumine, what in me is dark, 178.
- Illusion given, for man's, 461.
- Illustrious acts high raptures do in-  
   fuse, 175.  
   predecessor, 348.  
   'spark, the parson, 358.
- Ils n'emploi les paroles, 266.
- Image, cherished thine, 531.  
   of God in ebony, 212.  
   of good Queen Bess, 513.  
   twofold, we saw a, 423.
- Imagery appear in figure, 648.
- Images and precious thoughts, 423.  
   in golden coats like, 60.
- Imaginary joys, 334.
- Imagination, abhorred in my, 119.  
   all compact, are of, 35.  
   bodies forth the forms of things  
   unknown, 35.  
   can boast, 301.  
   cold and barren, 348.  
   comparisons of a disturbed, 352.  
   indebted to his, for his facts, 380.  
   into his study of, 29.  
   of a feast, bare, 55.  
   so fair to fond, 412.  
   such tricks hath strong, 35.  
   to sweeten my, 123.  
   trace the noble dust, 119.
- Imaginations are as foul, 113.
- Imagining fear in the night, 35.
- Imaginings, horrible, 90.
- Imbower, high over-arched, 179.
- Imitated humanity so abominably,  
   112.
- Imitates nature, art, 259.
- Imitation is the sincerest flattery, 429.
- Immediate jewel of their souls, 128.
- Immemorial elms, 551.
- Immense pleasure to come, 320.
- Imminent deadly breach, 125.
- Immodest words, 231.
- Immoral thought, not one, 321.
- Immortal as they quote, 266.  
   beauty, 337.  
   blessing from her lips, 81.  
   crown, 307.  
   fame, 267.  
   fire, spark of that, 479.  
   garland is to be run for, 211.  
   hate, 178.  
   longings in me, 134.  
   names, one of the few, 500.  
   part of myself, have lost thee, 128.
- Immortal scandals fly, on eagles'  
   wings, 234.  
   sea, sight of that, 420.  
   song, wanted one, 221.  
   souls, such harmony in, 41.  
   though no more, 472.  
   verse, married to, 205, 423.  
   with a kiss, make me, 18.  
   youth, flourish in, 250.
- Immortality, born for, 415.  
   longing after, 250.  
   quaff, and joy, 191.
- Immortals never appear alone, 435.
- Immovable, infixed to pine, 184.
- Imparadised in one another's arms,  
   188.
- Impartial laws were given, 293.
- Impeachment, own the soft, 378.
- Impearls on every leaf, 191.
- Impediment, marched on without, 71.
- Impediments, admit, 135.  
   in fancy's course, 48.  
   to great enterprises, 137.
- Imperceptible water, 513.
- Imperfect offices of prayer, 421.
- Imperfections on my head, 107.  
   pass my, by, 394.
- Imperial ensign high advanced, 180.  
   fancy, his, 397.  
   theme, swelling act of the, 90.  
   Tokay, humble Port to, 320.  
   votress passed on, 34.
- Imperious Caesar dead, 119.
- Impious in a good man, 264.  
   men bear sway, 250.
- Implied subjection, 188.
- Important day, the great the, 249.
- Importunate, rashly, 514.
- Importune, too proud to, 331.
- Imposes an oath, he that, 219.
- Impossibility, metaphysical, 506.
- Impossible, because it is, 628.  
   she, that not, 169.  
   that is not physically, 379.  
   to be cheated, 533.  
   to be soiled, truth is, 209.  
   what 's, can't be, 391.
- Impotent conclusion, 127.
- Impregns the clouds, 188.
- Imprisoned in the viewless winds, 25.  
   wranglers, set free the, 362.
- Imprisonment, penury and, 26.
- Improbable fiction, condemn it as, 51.
- Improve each moment, 312.  
   each shining hour, 254.
- Impulse from a vernal wood, 416.  
   slave of circumstance and, 484.
- In God is our trust, 491.  
   omni adversitate, 549.  
   pace ut sapiens, 368.
- Inaction, disciplined, 395.

- Inactivity, masterly, 395.  
 Inanimate grieves, if aught, 473.  
 Inaudible foot of time, 48.  
 Incapable of a tune, 430.  
   of relishing wit, 334.  
   of stain, 182.  
 Incarnadine, multitudinous seas, 94.  
 Incarnation of fat dividends, 499.  
 Incense, gods themselves throw, 124.  
   of the heart, 809.  
 Incense-breathing morn, 328.  
 Incensed with indignation, 184.  
 Inch, every, a king, 123.  
   every, that is not fool, 223.  
   give an, he'll take an ell, 640  
   I'll not budge an, 47.  
   thick, let her paint an, 119.  
 Inches, die by, 233.  
 Incidus in Scyllam, 39.  
 Income tears, her, 159.  
 Incomparable oil Macassar, 486.  
 Inconsistent man, 263.  
 Inconsolable to the minuet, 379.  
 Inconstant moon, 79.  
 Increase, God gave the, 613.  
   of appetite, 102.  
   to her truth, brings, 323.  
 Ind, wealth of Ormus and of, 181.  
 Indebted and discharged at once, 187.  
   to his memory, 380.  
 Indemnity for the past, 319.  
 Independence be our boast, let, 401  
   let me share, thy spirit, 337.  
   now and forever, 465.  
 Indestructible, love is, 424.  
   union, 524.  
 Index, dab at an, 346.  
   thunders in the, 115.  
 Index-learning, 284.  
 India's coral strand, 463.  
 Indian, like the base, 131.  
   lo the poor, 269.  
   steep, on the, 199.  
 Indifference, cold, 258.  
 Indifferent honest, I am myself, 111.  
 Indignation, incensed with, 184.  
 Indistinct as water in water, 133.  
 Indocti discant et ament, 279.  
 Indus to the Pole, 286.  
 Indued with sanctity of reason, 192.  
 Inebriate, cheer but not, 260, 352.  
 Inestimable stones, 71.  
 Inevitable hour, await the, 328.  
 Inexorable scourge, 181.  
 Inexplicable dumb-shows, 112.  
 Infamous are fond of fame, 353.  
   rich quiet and, 521.  
 Infamy, who prefer any load of, 429.  
 Infancy, heaven lies about us in, 420.  
   old age is most remote from, 140.  
 Infant crying for the light, 553.  
 Infant crying in the night, 553.  
   mewling and puking, 44.  
 Infant's breath, regular as, 436.  
 Infants, canker galls the, 104.  
 Infected, all seems, 278.  
 Infection, fortress against, 55.  
 Infernal, newspapers are, 379.  
 Infidel, now I have you on the hip, 40.  
 Infidels adore, Jews kiss and, 279.  
 Infinite day excludes the night, 256.  
   deal of nothing, speaks an, 36.  
   in faculty, 109.  
   riches in a little room, 17.  
   variety, nor custom stale her, 132.  
   wrath and despair, 187.  
 Infirm of purpose, 94.  
 Infirmities, bear his friend's, 88.  
 Infirmary of noble mind, 203.  
 Infix'd and frozen round, 184.  
 Inflexible in faith, 366.  
 Inflict, those who, must suffer, 493.  
 Influence, bad, 418.  
   of example, salutary, 314.  
   shed their selectest, 193.  
   unawed by, 469.  
   whose bright eyes rain, 205.  
 Influences, servile to the skye, 25.  
 Information, know where we can  
   find, 317.  
 Infortune, worst kind of, 4.  
 Inglorious arts of peace, 232.  
   Milton, mute, 329.  
 Ingloriously, we do, 211.  
 Ingratitude, besotted base, 202.  
   thou marble-hearted fiend, 121.  
   unkind as man's, 44.  
 Ingredient is a devil, 128.  
 Ingredients, commends the, 92.  
 Inhabit this bleak world, 458.  
 Inhabitants, look not like, 89.  
 Inherit, all which it, shall dissolve, 20.  
 Inhuman, ev'ry thin' thet's done, 565.  
 Inhumanity to man, man's, 385.  
 Injure you, I ne'er could, 380.  
 Injured, forgiveness to the, 229.  
   lover's hell, jealousy, 191.  
 Injurious, beauty though, 198.  
 Injury, adding insult to, 621.  
 Injustice, corrupted with, 68.  
   jealousy is, 261.  
 Ink, gall enough in thy, 50.  
   small drop of, 488.  
 Inky cloak, not alone my, 102.  
 Inland far we be, though, 420.  
 Inn, die in an, 324.  
   gain the timely, 96.  
   happiness produced by a good, 317.  
   take mine ease in mine, 60, 614.  
   warmest welcome at an, 324.  
 Inn's worst room, 275.  
 Innocence and health, 340.

- Innocence, glides in modest, 311.  
   her, a child, 224.  
   mirth and, 485.  
   of love, dallies with the, 50.  
   our fearful, 413.
- Innocent as gay, 264.  
   nose, coursed down his, 42.  
   shall not be, 599.  
   shames, a thousand, 29.  
   sincere officious, 312.  
   sleep, 94.  
   though free, 366.  
   within is armed without, 283.
- Innumerable as the stars, 191.  
   bees, murmuring of, 551.  
   caravan, join the, 515.
- Inoffensive pace, 193.
- Inordinate cup is unblessed, 128.
- Insane root, 90.
- Insanity, power to charm, 533.
- Insatiate archer, 262.
- Inscription upon my tomb, 440.
- Insects of the hour, 351.
- Insensibility, it argues an, 431.
- Inseparable, one and, 466.
- Inside, hurt of the, 217.  
   I am quite full, 431.  
   of a church, forgotten the, 60.
- Insides, carrying three, 399.
- Insignificance and an earldom, 299.
- Insolence, flown with, 179.  
   of office, 111.
- Insolent foe, taken by the, 125.
- Inspiration, unapprehended, 414.
- Inspiring John Barleycorn, 384.
- Instance of itself, sends some, 117.
- Instances, wilderness of single, 555.  
   wise saws and modern, 44.
- Instant, we rose both at an, 42.
- Instil a wanton sweetness, 305.
- Instinct, coward on, 59.  
   with music, bright gem, 404.
- Instinctive taste, an, 438.
- Instincts, a few strong, 413.  
   high, 420.  
   unawares like, 526.
- Instruct my sorrows to be proud, 53.
- Instruction, better the, 38.
- Instructions, we but teach bloody, 42.
- Instrument, God's most dreadful, 412.  
   sweeter than the sound of an, 377.  
   to know if the moon shine, 219.
- Instruments, mortal, 85.  
   of darkness tell us truths, 90.  
   to plague us, 124.
- Insubstantial pageant faded, 20.
- Insult as injury, adding, 621.
- Insulting foe, 381.
- Insults unavenged, 421.
- Insurrection, nature of an, 87.
- Intellect, eye of the, 506.
- Intellect, march of, 426.
- Intellectual being, would lose, 182.  
   lords of ladies, 486.  
   power, 421.
- Intelligible forms, 437.
- Intended for nothing else, 216.
- Intent, on hospitable thoughts, 191.  
   spur to prick the sides of my, 92.  
   working out a pure, 413.
- Intentions, hell paved with good, 317.
- Intents wicked or charitable, 105.
- Intercourse of daily life, 407.  
   speed the soft, 286.
- Interest of man, justice the great, 467.  
   unborrowed from the eye, 406.
- Interim is like a phantasma, 85.
- Interlunar cave, her vacant, 197.
- Intermission, sans, 43.
- Interpreter hardest to be understood, 379.
- Interval, lucid, 644.
- Intimates eternity to man, 250.
- Intolerable deal of sack, 59.
- Intrusive, sorrow's held, 528.
- Intuition, passionate, 422.
- Inurned in the sepulchre, 105.  
   weep a people, 521.
- Invent a shovel, 232.
- Invention, art so nearly allied to, 379.  
   brightest heaven of, 65.  
   is unfruitful, 348.  
   necessity the mother of, 259, 645.  
   of the enemy, 248.  
   of truth, his, 245.
- Inventions, sought out many, 601.
- Inventor, return to plague the, 92.
- Invertebrate ruler of the, 362.
- Inveterate foes saluted, 223.
- Invigilated and reimpresed, 314.
- Invincible in arms, 366.  
   back, shaking her, 211.
- Inviolable sea, 517.
- Invisible soap, 513.  
   spirit of wine, 128.
- Invitation than command, 252.
- It vexed me oft, 125.
- It vexed, though oft, 195.
- Inward and spiritual grace, 618.  
   eye bliss of solitude, 405.  
   self-disparagement, 422.
- Inwardly digest, 618.
- Iona, ruins of, 315.
- Iris livelier, 548.
- Iris' woof, spun out of, 199.
- Iron, armies clad in, 197.  
   bars a cage, 172.  
   did on the anvil cool, 54.  
   entered into his soul, 619.  
   is hot, strike while the, 648.  
   meddles with cold, 217.  
   nor any tool of, 588.

- Iron, old, rang, 216.  
   sharpeneth iron, 599.  
   shuts golden opes, 203.  
   sleet of arrowy shower, 330.  
   tears down Pluto's cheek, 206.  
   tongue of midnight, 36.  
   with a rod of, 617.  
 Iron-bound bucket, 464.  
 Irrecoverably dark, 197.  
 Irreligious man, 506.  
 Irrepressible conflict, 519.  
 Is she not passing fair, 21.  
 Island, bulwark of our, 333.  
   tight little, 494.  
 Isle, fast-anchored, 360.  
   it frights the, 127.  
   of Beauty fare thee well, 508.  
   Scio's rocky, 480.  
   this sceptred, 55.  
 Isles of Greece, 487.  
   sailed for sunny, 518.  
   throned on her hundred, 475.  
 Islington, village less than, 174.  
 Isocrates was in the right, 576.  
 Israel, Jephthah judge of, 109.  
   mother in, 587.  
   of the lord beloved, 453.  
   sweet psalmist of, 588.  
 Issues good or bad, 418.  
   touched but to fine, 23.  
 Isthmus, this narrow, 455.  
 It is this it is this, 456.  
   might do good, some said, 213.  
   might have been, 541.  
   must be so, 250.  
   were all one, 47.  
 Italia O Italia, 476.  
 Italian priest, 58.  
 Itch of disputing, 144.  
 Itching palm, 88.  
 Iteration, thou hast damnable, 57.  
 Ithuriel with his spear, 190.  
 Ivory, as if done in, 212.  
 Ivy green, rare old plant is the, 558.  
  
 Jack, banish plump, 59.  
   life of poor, 381.  
   Robinson, could say, 623.  
   shall pipe and Gill shall dance, 155.  
   spanking, 381.  
 Jade, arrant, on a journey, 346.  
   let the galled, wince, 114.  
 Jail, in a ship is in a, 316.  
   patron and the, 311.  
 Janus, two-headed, 36.  
 Jargon of the schools, 241, 356.  
 Jaundiced eye, all yellow to the, 278.  
 Javan or Gadire, 198.  
 Jaws of darkness do devour it up, 34.  
   ponderous and marble, 105.  
 Je crains Dieu, 335.  
  
 Je ne vous aime pas, 240.  
 Jealous in honour, 44.  
   one not easily, 131.  
 Jealousy, beware my lord of, 129.  
   full of artless, 117.  
   is cruel as the grave, 602.  
   is injustice, 261.  
   the injured lover's hell, 191.  
 Jean, farewell to my, 261.  
   Jaques Rousseau, ask, 359.  
 Jehovah Jove or Lord, 287.  
   has triumphed, 460.  
 Jehu, like the driving of, 589.  
 Jephthah judge of Israel, 109.  
 Jericho, tarry at, 588.  
 Jerusalem, if I forget thee, 595.  
 Jessamine, pale, 204.  
 Jesses were my dear heart-strings, 129.  
 Jest and riddle of the world, 270.  
   and youthful jollity, 204.  
   be laughable, Nestor swear the, 36.  
   bitter is a scornful, 312.  
   fellow of infinite, 119.  
   it would be a good, forever, 58.  
   life is a, 295.  
   put his whole wit in a, 152.  
 Jest's prosperity lies in the ear, 83.  
 Jest at scars that never felt a wound,  
   78.  
   indebted to his memory for, 380.  
 Jet, pansy freaked with, 204.  
 Jew, hath not a, eyes, 38.  
   I am an Ebrew, 59.  
   I thank thee, for teaching me that  
   word, 40.  
   that Shakespeare drew, 292.  
 Jewel, consistency thou art a, 625.  
   discretion thou art a, 625.  
   experience be a, 22.  
   in an Ethiop's ear, 78.  
   in his head, wears a precious, 42.  
   my heavenly, have I caught, 16.  
   of the just, 214.  
   of their souls, 128.  
   rich in having such a, 21.  
   within our breast this, lies, 309.  
 Jewelled mass of millinery, 554.  
 Jewels five words long, 550.  
   in the carcanet, 136.  
   into a garret, nature never put, 139.  
   unvalued, 71.  
 Jewish gaberdine, 37.  
 Jews might kiss, cross which, 279.  
 Jingling of the guinea, 549.  
 Jock be aye sticking in a tree, 454.  
 Jocund day stands tiptoe, 81.  
 John Naps of Greece, 47.  
 John of Gaunt, old, 54.  
   P. Robinson he, 565.  
   print it, some said, 213.  
 Joiner squirrel or old grub, 78.

- Joint labourer with the day, 101.  
   time is out of, 108.  
 Joke, college, to cure the dumps, 246.  
   gentle dulness ever loves a, 285.  
   into a Scotch understanding, 427.  
   many a, had he, 341.  
 Jollity, jest and youthful, 204.  
   tipsy dance and, 199.  
 Jolly miller, there was a, 354.  
   place in times of old, 406.  
 Joly whistle, wel ywette, 3.  
 Jonson knew the critic's part, 336.  
   rare Ben, 147.  
 Jonson's learned sock, 205.  
 Jot, nor bate a, 209.  
 Journey, arrant jade on a, 346.  
   like the path to heaven, 200.  
 Journeymen, nature's, 112.  
 Journeys end in lovers' meeting, 49.  
 Jove, daughter of, 326.  
   for his power to thunder, 76.  
   laughs at lovers' perjuries, 79, 223.  
   like a painted, 221.  
   some christened, 285.  
   the front of, himself, 115.  
   young Phidias brought, 532.  
 Jove's dread clamours, 130.  
 Joy ambition finds, such, 187.  
   and bliss that poets feign, 68.  
   apprehend some, 35.  
   asks if this be, 341.  
   ballad-singer's, 411.  
   be unconfined, 473.  
   be wi' you a', 395.  
   brightens his crest, 194.  
   checkered paths of, 310.  
   comprehends some bringer of, 35.  
   current of domestic, 313.  
   envy withers at another's, 301.  
   eternal, 237.  
   forever, thing of beauty is a, 502.  
   forever dwells, where, 179.  
   heartfelt, 272.  
   how pure the, 396.  
   is the sweet voice, 436.  
   more true, Marcellus feels, 272.  
   mother's pride father's, 452.  
   of heaven to earth come down, 371.  
   of the whole earth, 592.  
   of youth and health, 382.  
   of youthful sports, 478.  
   oil of, for mourning, 605.  
   pain for promised, 385.  
   remember days of, 570.  
   renews the life of, 507.  
   rises in me, 436.  
   shouted for, 590.  
   smiles of, tears of woe, 461.  
   snatch a fearful, 325.  
   so seldom weaves a chain, 457.  
   sweeten present, 507.  
 Joy, sing for, 590  
   the luminous cloud, 436.  
   the perfectest herald of, 27.  
   the world can give, 483.  
   thing of beauty is a, 502.  
   turns at the touch of, 323.  
   wear a face of, 417.  
   which warriors feel, 451.  
   who ne'er knew, 289.  
   who, would win, 487.  
 Joy's delicious springs, 471.  
 Joyful school days, my, 430.  
 Joyous prime, 11.  
   the birds, 193.  
 Joys, Africa and golden, 64  
   blest with some new, 229.  
   came down shower-like, 436.  
   departed not to return, 300.  
   flow from ourselves, 309.  
   of other years, 440.  
   of sense, all the, 272.  
   our youth our, 14.  
   pursues imaginary, 334.  
   remembered, 439.  
   society's chief, 357.  
   such present, 8.  
   that faded like morning dew, 441.  
   too exquisite to last, 439.  
   we dote upon, fading are the, 238.  
 Judea stretches far, 556.  
 Judee, down in, 555  
 Judge, amongst fools a, 315, 357.  
   neutrality of an impartial, 351.  
   not by appearance, 611.  
   of the man, proper, 256.  
   of truth, sole, 270.  
   sober as a, 648  
   you as you are, 24.  
 Judge's robe, the, 24.  
 Judges alike of the facts and laws, 299.  
   all ranged a terrible show, 294.  
   fool with, 315, 357.  
   hungry, soon the sentence sign, 279.  
 Judgment, a Daniel come to, 40.  
   defend against your, 223.  
   falls upon a man, we say, 156.  
   fled to brutish beasts, 87.  
   green in, when I was, 132.  
   guide his bounty, gives not till, 73.  
   he which is the top of, 24.  
   hoodwinked, surrender, 364.  
   man's erring, 276.  
   of any man or thing, right, 506.  
   reserve thy, 104.  
   shallow spirit of, 67.  
   we still have, here, 92.  
   when the, 's weak, 296.  
 Judgments as our watches, 276  
   are a parcel of their fortunes, 133.  
 Judicious care, with, 339.  
   drank, 285.

- Judicious grieve, make the, 112.  
 Juice, bee buried in its own, 139.  
 Juggling fiends no more believed, 100.  
 Julep, this cordial, 202.  
 Julia, lips of, 164.  
 Juliet is the sun, 78.  
 Julius fell, ere the mightiest, 101.  
     ye towers of, 327.  
 July, second day of, 368.  
     warmth of its, 518.  
 Jump the life to come, 92.  
 June, leafy month of, 432.  
     newly sprung in, 388.  
     seek ice in, 470.  
     what so rare as a day in, 563.  
 Juno smiles, Jupiter on, 188.  
 Juno's eyes, lids of, 52.  
     unrelenting hate, 228.  
 Jupiter on Juno smiles, 188.  
 Juries, trial by, 370.  
 Jurisprudence, gladsome light of, 9.  
 Jury passing on the prisoner's life, 24.  
 Jurymen may dine, 279.  
 Just, actions of the, 153.  
     and mightie death, 15.  
     are the ways of God, 197.  
     as the twig is bent, 273.  
     be, and fear not, 74.  
     God forgive, 411.  
     he was a good man and a, 611.  
     hint a fault, 281.  
     jewel of the, 214.  
     knows and knows no more, 356.  
     less than sage, 456.  
     memory of the, 596.  
     men, spirits of, 616.  
     path of the, 595.  
     prosperous to be, 565.  
     remembrance of the, 619.  
     the gods are, 124.  
 Justice be thy plea, 40.  
     course of, 40.  
     even-handed, 92.  
     in fair round belly, 44.  
     mercy seasons, 40.  
     of my quarrel, 17.  
     poetic, with lifted scale, 284.  
     rails upon yond thief, 124.  
     revenge a kind of civil, 137.  
     shall be done, 559.  
     the great interest of man, 467.  
     to all men, equal and exact, 369.  
     uncertainty of mair use than, 305.  
     unwhipped of, 122.  
     which the, which the thief, 124.  
     with mercy I shall temper, 195.  
 Justifiable to men, 197.  
 Justified of her children, 608.  
 Justify the means, end must, 241.  
     the ways of God to men, 178.  
 Justitia ruat cœlum, 626.  
 Jutty frieze buttress, no, 91.  
 Juventus mundi, 139.  
 Katerfelto with hair on end, 362.  
 Kathleen maourneen, 382.  
 Keel, sail on even, 293.  
     she steadies with upright, 432.  
 Keep awhile one parent, 282.  
     moving, push on, 394.  
     o' the windy side of the law, 51.  
     probability in view, 295.  
     step to the music of the Union, 517.  
     the word of promise to our ear, 100.  
     thy shop, 643.  
     who can, they should, 411.  
     your powder dry, 517.  
 Keeper, am I my brother's, 586.  
 Ken, far as angels', 178.  
 Kendal green, knaves in, 59.  
 Kennin' wrang, gang a, 386.  
 Kepen wel thy tonge, 4.  
 Kept the faith, I have, 616.  
 Kew, his highness' dog at, 287.  
 Key, in a bondman's, 37.  
     that opes the palace, 198.  
 Keys, clutch the golden, 553.  
     of all the creeds, 552.  
     Peter's, 285.  
     two massy, he bore, 203.  
 Keystane o' night's black arch, 384.  
 Kibe, galls his, 119.  
 Kick against the pricks, 612.  
     in that part more hurts, 219.  
     may kill a sound divine, 358.  
     me down stairs, 390.  
     their owners over, 383.  
 Kicked until they can feel, 218.  
 Kickshaws, little tiny, 64.  
 Kid, lie down with the, 603.  
 Kidney, man of my, 23.  
 Kill a man as a good book, 210.  
     a sound divine, 358.  
     princes privileged to, 347.  
     the bloom before its time, 403.  
     thee a hundred and fifty ways, 46.  
 Kin, little more than, 102.  
     prohibited degrees of, 220.  
     the whole world 76.  
 Kind and gentle heart, 343.  
     as kings, 223.  
     base in, 356.  
     best in this, 36.  
     cruel only to be, 117.  
     deels with coldness, 416.  
     enjoy her while she 's, 227.  
     hearts are more than coronets, 547.  
     kiss before we part, one, 305.  
     lost him half the, 226.  
     makes one wondrous, 332.  
     more than kin and less than, 102.  
     of excellent dumb discourse, 20.



- Kind of good deed to say well, 72.  
 of grace, attractive, 8.  
 of heaven to be deluded by him, 238.  
 of semi-Solomon, 520.  
 to her virtues, 241.  
 to my remains, 223.  
 yet was he, 341.
- Kindest man, the, 39.
- Kindle soft desire, 225.
- Kindled by the master's spell, 400.
- Kindles false fires, 419.  
 wantonness in clothes, 165.
- Kindlier hand the eager heart, 553.
- Kindling her undazzled eyes, 211.
- Kindly, frosty but, 42.  
 fruits of the earth, 618.  
 loved sae, had we never, 387.
- Kindness, acts of, 406.  
 greetings where no, is, 407.  
 milk of human, 91.  
 save in the way of, 393.  
 to his majesty, 501.
- Kindred points of heaven, 407
- Kine, beeves and home-bred, 412.
- King, balm from an anointed, 56.  
 Cambyses' vein, 59.  
 city of the great, 592.  
 conscience of the, 110.  
 contrary to the, 68.  
 Cophetua loved, 78.  
 drinks to Hamlet, 120.  
 equals the shepherd with the, 573.  
 every inch a, 123.  
 expedients with such a, 306.  
 farewell, 55.  
 God save the, 244.  
 great as a, 381.  
 here lies our sovereign, 235.  
 himself, greater than the, 319.  
 himself has followed her, 345.  
 if chance will have me, 90.  
 I'll call thee Hamlet, 105.  
 is dead long live the king, 633.  
 long live the, 359, 633.  
 mockery, of snow, 56.  
 of day, powerful, 301.  
 of England cannot enter, 320.  
 of France went up the hill, 580.  
 of good fellows, 67.  
 of shreds and patches, 116.  
 of terrors, 590.  
 shake hands with a, 501.  
 state without, or nobles, 517.  
 Stephen a worthy peer, 127.  
 such divinity doth hedge a, 117.  
 tedious as a, if I were as, 29.  
 under which, Bezonian, 64.  
 who pretender is and who, 297.  
 who would wish to be thy, 451.  
 whom that hath eat of a, 117.
- King's creation, of the, 388.
- King's crown, not the, 24.  
 English, abusing the, 22.  
 name a tower of strength, 71.  
 subject's duty is the, 66.
- Kingdom for a horse, 72.  
 like to a little, 85.  
 my large, for a little grave, 56.  
 my mind to me a, is, 8.
- Kingdom-come, 't was kin' o', 566.
- Kingdoms, sifted three, 538.
- Kingly line in Europe, 454.
- Kings are like stars, 492.  
 breath of, princes are, 389.  
 can cause or cure, 313.  
 come bow to it, bid, 53.  
 dread and fear of, 40.  
 enthroned in the hearts of, 49.  
 for such a tomb, 208.  
 guilt of Eastern, 171.  
 he shall stand before, 598.  
 it makes gods, 71.  
 may be blest, 384.  
 of Brentford, two, 359.  
 pride of, 268.  
 puller down of, 69.  
 right divine of, 285.  
 royal throne of, 55.  
 setter up of, 69.  
 showers on her, barbaric pearl, 181.  
 stories of the death of, 56.  
 upon their coronation day, 223.  
 will be tyrants from policy, 350.  
 would not play at, 363.
- Kiss but in the cup, leave a, 147.  
 immortal with a, 18.  
 Jews might, 279.  
 long long, 487.  
 me and be quiet, 296.  
 me sweet-and-twenty, 49.  
 of youth and love, 487.  
 one kind, before we part, 305.  
 one long, 548.  
 snatched hasty, 302.  
 the place to make it well, 446.  
 to every sedge, giving a gentle, 21.  
 traitorous, 499.
- Kissed, courtied when you have, 19.
- Kisses bring again, 26.  
 dear as remembered, 551.  
 from a female mouth, 485.  
 tears and smiles, 404.  
 thinking their own, sin, 81.
- Kitchen bred, in the, 482.
- Kithe nor kin, 581.
- Kitten, I had rather be a, 60.
- Knave, how absolute the, is, 118.  
 more, than fool, 17.  
 thank God you are rid of a, 28.  
 that wears a title lies, 266.
- Knaves, flatter, or lose his pension, 245.  
 in Kendal green, 59.

- Knaves, little better than false, 30.  
 untaught, he called them, 57.  
 whip me such honest, 124.
- Kneaded clod, to become a, 25.
- Knee, pregnant hinges of the, 113.
- Knees, bow stubborn, 115.  
 down on your, 45.  
 on parent, 373.  
 saint upon his, 334.
- Knell is rung by fairy hands, 336.  
 of parting day, 323.  
 overpowering, 489.  
 sighed at the sound of a, 358.  
 that summons thee to heaven, 93.  
 the pall the bier, 500.  
 the shroud, 264.
- Knells call heaven invites, 263.  
 in that word alone, 525.  
 us back, each matin bell, 433.
- Knew himself to sing, 203.  
 thee but to love thee, 501.  
 what's what, 215, 641.
- Knife, blood will follow the, 267.  
 war even to the, 472
- Knight, can make a belted, 388.  
 parfit gentil, a veray, 1.  
 pricking on the plain, 10.
- Knight's bones are dust, 435.
- Knightly counsel, 306.
- Knights, accomplishing the, 66.  
 carpet, 637.
- Knitters in the sun, spinsters and, 50.
- Knock and it shall be opened, 603.  
 as you please, 290.  
 at my ribs, make my heart, 90.  
 it never is at home, 357.  
 the breast, nothing to, 198.
- Knock down argument, 231.
- Knocker, tie up the, 280.
- Knocks, apostolic blows and, 216.
- Knolled to church, bells have, 43.
- Knot, unloose the Gordian, 65.
- Knotted and combined locks, 106.
- Know a subject ourselves, 317  
 a trick worth two of that, 58.  
 all we, or dream, 500.  
 all words are faint, 376.  
 all ye need to, 503  
 does both act and, 232.  
 her own, so well to, 194.  
 her was to love her, 401.  
 him no more, shall, 589.  
 how frail I am, 592.  
 how sublime a thing it is, 536.  
 it is not safe to, 170.  
 me, not to, 190.  
 me, when it came to, 455.  
 mine end, make me to, 592.  
 myself, not if I, 430.  
 not I ask not, 459.  
 not what's resisted, 386.
- Know not what we may be, 117.  
 reason but from what we, 268.  
 that I love thee, 459.  
 thee not, who, 376.  
 their own good, how few, 228.  
 then thyself, 270.  
 thought so once now I, 295.  
 to esteem to love, 435.  
 we loved in vain, 470.  
 what we are, 117.  
 what were good to do, 37.  
 where to find information, 317.  
 where'er I go, yet I, 420.  
 ye the land, 480.
- Knowledge, ample page of, 329.  
 book of, 186.  
 diffused, immortalizes itself, 395.  
 grow from more to more, let, 551.  
 he that hath, 597  
 he that increaseth, 600.  
 increaseth strength, 598.  
 is of two kinds, 317.  
 is but sorrow's spy, 170.  
 is ourselves to know, 273.  
 is power, 138.  
 is proud, 334.  
 is the only fountain, 467.  
 manners must adorn, 298.  
 night unto night showeth, 591.  
 not according to, 613.  
 sweet food of sweetly uttered, 16.  
 too high the price for, 293.  
 under difficulties, 497.  
 half our, we must snatch, 273.  
 words without, 590.
- Known, to be forever, 173.  
 too late, 78.
- Knows and knows no more, 356.
- Kosciusko fell, shrieked as, 441.
- Kubla Khan, 435.
- La vraye science, 270.
- Laborin' man, 565.
- Laborious at the first ascent, 210.  
 days, 203.
- Labour and intent study, 209.  
 and sorrow, their strength is, 594.  
 and to wait, learn to, 535.  
 bears a lovely face, 166.  
 cheers the tar's, 485  
 ease and alternate, 301.  
 for his pains, 643.  
 for my travail, I have had my, 75.  
 hard, difficulty and, 185.  
 in his vocation, 57.  
 is but a sorrowful song, 560.  
 is done, and, 566.  
 many still must, for the one, 481.  
 of an age in piled stones, 208.  
 of love, 615.  
 we delight in physics pain, 94.

- Labour what to speak, 139.  
   work under our, grows, 194.  
   youth of, with age of ease, 340.  
 Labour's bath, sore, 94.  
 Laboured nothings, 277.  
 Labourer is worthy of his hire, 611.  
 Labourers are few, 608.  
 Labouring man, sleep of a, 600.  
 Labours and peregrinations, 140.  
   the line too, 278.  
 Laburnum's dropping gold, 495.  
 Lace, hedgehogs dressed in, 545.  
 Lack of argument, 65.  
   of kindly warmth, 82.  
   of wit, plentiful, 108.  
 Lacked and lost we rack the value, 29.  
 Lack-lustre eye, looking on it with, 43.  
 Lad of mettle a good boy, 58.  
 Ladder of our vices, 533.  
   who ascended Fame's, 562.  
   young ambition's, 84.  
 Ladies, a lion among, 35.  
   be but young and fair, 43.  
   intellectual, lords of, 486.  
   make nets and not cages, 246.  
   over offended, 252.  
   sigh no more, 28.  
   whose eyes rain influence, 205.  
 Ladies' love, unfit for, 226.  
 Lads and lassies in their best, 567.  
 Lady doth protest too much, 114.  
   faint heart ne'er won fair, 633.  
   Fortune, railed on, 43.  
   here comes the, 80.  
   is in the case, when a, 295.  
   married to the Moor, 417.  
   of the mere, 403.  
   protests too much, 114.  
   so richly clad, 433.  
   sweet arise, 134.  
   weep no more, 581.  
   who lent his, 489.  
 Lady's fan, brain him with his, 58.  
 Ladyship, humorous, 53.  
 Lady-smocks all silver white, 33.  
 Lags the veteran, superfluous, 312.  
 Laid on with a trowel, 41.  
 Lake, Galilean, 203.  
   or moorish fen, 200.  
   silver, on thy fair bosom, 516.  
   where drooped the willow, 527.  
 Lamb, God tempers the wind to the  
   shorn, 322.  
   one dead, is there, 539.  
   skin of an innocent, 68.  
   the frolic and the gentle, 419.  
   to the slaughter, as a, 604.  
   Una with her milk-white, 417.  
   wolf dwell with the, 603.  
 Lame and impotent conclusion, 127.  
   feet was I to the, 590.  
 Lamely and unfashionable, 70.  
 Lament for Madam Blaize, 345.  
 Lamp holds out to burn, 255.  
   no, so cheering, 458.  
   smell of the, 632.  
   that lighted the traveller, 458.  
   unto my feet, 594.  
 Lamps in sepulchral urns, 357.  
   in a green night, golden, 232.  
   shone o'er fair women, 473.  
 Lancaster, time-honoured, 54.  
 Land, bowels of the, 71.  
   damnation round the, 287.  
   done for this delicious, 471.  
   fight for such a, 449.  
   flowing with milk, 586.  
   ill fares the, 340.  
   into the silent, 577.  
   radden round the, 280.  
   my native, good night, 471.  
   my own my native, 448.  
   ocean leans against the, 339.  
   o'er all the pleasant, 495.  
   of bondage, out of the, 453.  
   of brown heath, 448.  
   of darkness, 589.  
   of drowsyhed, 303.  
   of liberty, sweet, 546.  
   of lost gods and godlike men, 472.  
   of pure delight, 256.  
   of scholars nurse of arms, 339.  
   of the cypress and myrtle, 480.  
   of the free, 444, 491.  
   of the leal, in the, 395.  
   of the living, 590.  
   of the mountain, 448.  
   of the pilgrims' pride, 546.  
   plenty o'er a smiling, 329.  
   rent with civil feuds, 466.  
   stranger in a strange, 586.  
   sung through every, 255.  
   sunshine to the sunless, 420.  
   they love their, 501.  
   this delightful, 189.  
   to fight for such a, 449.  
   turrets of the, 544.  
   violet of his native, 552.  
   virtue's, 221.  
   where my fathers died, 546.  
   where sorrow is unknown, 359.  
   where the lemon-trees bloom, 480.  
 Landing on some silent shore, 256.  
 Landlady and Tam, 334.  
 Landlord's laugh, 334.  
 Landmark, ancient, 598.  
 Land-rats and water-rats, 37.  
 Lands forlorn, in faery, 502.  
   less happier, 55.  
   lord of himself though not of, 143.  
   roamed o'er many, 509.  
 Landscape, darkened, 183.

- Landscape, love is like a, 167.  
 tire the view, 299.
- Landsmen, list ye, 337.
- Land-thieves and water-thieves, 37.
- Lane, straight down the crooked, 513.
- Language, Chatham's, 361  
 nature speaks a various, 515.  
 nature's end of, 266.  
 no, but a cry, 553.  
 O that those lips had, 365.  
 of the nation, 399.  
 quaint and olden, 536.  
 under the tropic is our, spoke, 175.
- Languages, feast of, have been at a, 33.  
 the dead, 486.
- Languor smile, make, 282.
- Lank and brown, thou art, 423.
- Lap, drop into thy mother's, 196.  
 in my mother's, 195.  
 it in Elysium, 199.  
 low in glory's, 439.  
 me in delight, 499.  
 me in soft Lydian airs, 205.  
 of earth, his head upon the, 330.  
 of legends old, asleep in, 502.  
 of May, chills the, 338.  
 of Thetis, sun in the, 218.
- Lapland night, lovely as a, 408.
- Lapse of murmuring streams, 193.
- L'arbre de la liberté, 577.
- Larch has hung his tassels, 493.
- Lards the lean earth as he walks, 58.
- Large elements in order, 554.  
 so rudely and so, 2.  
 was his bounty, 330.
- Lark at heaven's gate sings, 134.  
 no, more blithe than he, 354.  
 rise with the, 395.
- Larks, hoped to catch, 572.
- Lash the rascals naked, 131.  
 the sounding shore, 278.
- Lass, drink to the, 380.  
 is good and a glass is good, 375.  
 penniless, wi' a lang pedigree, 395.
- Lasses, then she made the, 385.
- Last, although the, not least, 121.  
 at his cross, 499.  
 best gift, heaven's, 190.  
 brightening to the, 340.  
 comes at the, 56.  
 drop in the well, 484.  
 each day a critic on the, 278.  
 in the train of night, 190.  
 legs, on his, 646.  
 link is broken, 490.  
 long sleep, 373.  
 love thyself, 74.  
 not least in love, 86.  
 of all the Romans fare thee well, 89.  
 out a night in Russia, 24.  
 pleased to the, 268.
- Last reader reads no more, 545.  
 rose of summer, 458.  
 scene of all, 44.  
 still loveliest, 476.  
 syllable of recorded time, 100.  
 taste of sweets is sweetest, 55.  
 the daintiest, 54  
 to lay the old aside, 277.  
 words Narcissa spoke, 274.  
 words of Marmion, 450.
- Lasting, sweet not, 104.
- Late, better, than never, 6, 637.  
 choosing and beginning, 194.  
 into the night, so, 484.  
 known too, 78.  
 too, I stayed, 438.
- Lated traveller, now spurs the, 96.
- Later star of dawn, 404.  
 times are more aged, 140.
- Latin, small, and less Greek, 148.  
 soft bastard, 485.  
 was no more difficile, 215.
- Latter, former times shake hands  
 with, 217.
- Laud than gilt o'er dusted, 76.
- Laugh a siege to scorn, 49.  
 an atheist's, 386.  
 at any mortal thing, 488.  
 in bed we, 574.  
 make the unskilful, 112.  
 of the vacant mind, 340.  
 sans intermission, 43.  
 that I may not weep, 488  
 that win, they, 130, 649.  
 thee to scorn, 607.  
 was ready chorus, 384.  
 where we must, 268.  
 who but must, 281.  
 world's dread, 302.
- Laughable, swear the jest be, 36.
- Laughed and danced, 445.  
 consumedly, 259  
 full well they, 341.  
 his word to scorn, 357.
- Laughing devil in his sneer, 481.  
 quaffing and unthinking, 226.  
 soil, paint the, 463.  
 wild amid severest woe, 325.  
 you hear that boy, 545.
- Laughs at lovers' perjury, 79, 226.  
 fair, the morn, 327.
- Laughter for a month, 58.  
 holding both his sides, 204.  
 of a fool, 600.
- Launched a thousand ships, 18.
- Laura lay, grave where, 14.
- Laurel bough, Apollo's, 18.
- Lavinia, she is, 77.
- Law and the prophets, 608.  
 and to the testimony, 603.  
 as adversaries do in, 47.

- Law. crowner's quest, 118.  
   eleven points in the, 243.  
   ends tyranny begins, 319.  
   fulfilling of the, 613.  
   good opinion of the, 383.  
   higher than the constitution, 519.  
   in calmness made, 418.  
   is a sort of *hocus-pocus*, 305.  
   is open, 612.  
   is perfection of reason, 9.  
   lawless science of our, 555.  
   reason is the life of the, 9.  
   murder by the, 267.  
   nature's kindly, 271.  
   nothing is, that is not reason, 233.  
   of the Medes and Persians, 605.  
   old father antic the, 57.  
   order is heaven's first, 272.  
   rich men rule the, 333.  
   seat of, is the bosom of God, 18.  
   seven hours to, 373.  
   sovereign, sits empress, 373.  
   the, is good, 615.  
   these nice sharp quillets of the, 67.  
   thought of the people shall be, 233.  
   truly kept the, 211.  
   unchanging, of God, 543.  
   we have a measure for, 153.  
   wedded love mysterious, 189.  
   what plea so tainted in, 39.  
   which moulds a tear, 400.  
   windy side of the, 51.  
   world's, is not thy friend, 82.
- Law's delay, 111.  
   grave study, 10.
- Lawful for me to do what I will with  
   mine own, 609.
- Lawn, saint in, 273.  
   sun on the upland, 330.  
   up the, nor at the wood, 330.
- Laws and learning, 347.  
   breathing household, 413.  
   curse on all, 286.  
   facts and the, 299.  
   friendship's, 291.  
   gives his little senate, 281, 289.  
   grind the poor, 339.  
   impartial, 293.  
   may give us new, 155.  
   nature's, lay hid in night, 284.  
   of a nation, 239.  
   of nature, 339.  
   of servitude began, 229.  
   or kings can cause or cure, 313.
- Lawyers are met, the, 294.
- Lax in their gaiters, 426.
- Lay, go forth my simple, 373.  
   her in the earth, 119.  
   his weary bones among ye, 74.  
   like a warrior, 504.  
   Llewellyn's, 327.
- Lay me down to sleep, 585.  
   not that flattering unction, 116.  
   on Macduff, 100.  
   on that day, as she, 394.  
   your golden cushion down, 501.
- Lays, heavenly, 418.
- Le véritable Amphitryon, 231.
- Lea, standing on this pleasant, 410.  
   winds slowly o'er the, 328.
- Leadeth me beside the still waters, 592.
- Leads to bewilder, 367.
- Leaf, all do fade as a, 605.  
   also shall not wither, 591.  
   falls with the, 150.  
   impears on every, and flower, 191.  
   is on the tree, 534.  
   my days are in the yellow, 486.  
   not a, is lost, 474.  
   of pity writ, 83.  
   perished in the green, 553.  
   sear and yellow, 99.  
   turn over a new, 650.  
   upon the stream, vain as the, 451.  
   was darkish and had prickles, 201.
- Leafless desert of the mind, 479.
- Leafy month of June, 432.
- Lean and hungry look, 84.  
   and low ability, 51.  
   and slippered pantaloons, 44.  
   body and visage, 213.  
   fellow beats all conquerors, 166.
- Leaned to virtue's side, 340.
- Lean-faced villain, 27.
- Leap into the dark, 572.  
   into this angry flood, 83.  
   to pluck bright honour, 58.  
   look before you, 6, 219, 643.
- Leaps the live thunder, 475.
- Leapt to life a god, 498.
- Learn and inwardly digest, 618.  
   of the little nautilus, 271.  
   to labour and to wait, 535.  
   to read slow, 234.
- Learned and conned by rote, 88.  
   and fair and good as she, 148.  
   Chaucer, 168.  
   doctors' spite, 499.  
   dust, 361.  
   length, words of, 341.  
   lumber in his head, 278.  
   reflect on what they knew, 279.  
   roast an egg, 284.  
   smile, make the, 277.  
   sock, Jonson's, 205.  
   to dance, who have, 277.
- Learning, branches of, 38.  
   breast where, lies, 289.  
   cast into the mire, 350.  
   fraught with all, 342.  
   hath gained most, 212.  
   is but an adjunct to ourself, 32.

- Learning, laws and, die, 347.  
   little, dangerous, 276.  
   love he bore to, 341.  
   no man wiser for his, 156.  
   progeny of, 378.  
   scraps of, dote on, 266.  
   study of, 210.  
   to misquote, just enough, 470.  
   whence is thy, 295.  
   wiser grow without books, 363.
- Least, although the last not, 121.  
   of two evils, 646.
- Leather, faithless, 267.  
   or prunello, 272.  
   Spanish or neat's, 218.  
   trod upon neat's, 83.
- Leave all meaner things, 268.  
   her to heaven, 107.  
   my character behind me, 379.  
   no stone unturned, 628.  
   not a rack behind, 20.  
   often took, 242.  
   thee, must I thus, 195.  
   to speak, losers must have, 248.  
   what with his toil he won, 221.
- Leaven, a little, leaveneth, 613.  
   earth's bitter, 411.
- Leaves and roses, month of, 562.  
   do cover with, 168.  
   do fall, falls as the, 150.  
   ending on the rustling, 207.  
   from the book of life, 540.  
   getteth short of, 514.  
   have their time to fall, 496.  
   no man has aught of what he, 120.  
   of destiny, in shady, 169.  
   of hopes, puts forth the tender, 73.  
   of memory, 539.  
   on trees, like, 291.  
   shatter your, 203.  
   spread his sweet, to the air, 77.  
   thick as autumnal, 179.  
   words are like, 277.
- Leaving no track behind, 82.
- Lecture, a curtain, 635.
- Led by my hand, 285.
- Leer, assent with civil, 281.
- Lees, the mere, is left, 94.
- Left a name behind them, 607.  
   an aching void, 314.  
   blooming alone, 458.  
   free the human will, 287.  
   hand know, let not thy, 607.  
   to be finished by such as she, 52.  
   undone those things, 618.  
   what we, we lost, 582.
- Leg, can honour set a, 61.
- Legend, the city's ancient, 550.
- Legends old, lap of, 502.
- Legion, my name is, 610.
- Legs in rhyme, making, 332.
- Legs of time, break the, 545.  
   on his last, 646.  
   three Frenchmen on one pair of, 65.  
   walk under his huge, 84.
- Lensure, repent at, 257.  
   retired, 206.  
   to contrive, 348.  
   wooded in haste to wed at, 47.
- Leke, mouses wit not worth a, 3.
- Lemon, in the squeezing of a, 346.
- Lemonade, black eyes and, 462.
- Lemon-trees bloom, where the, 480.
- Lend lend your wings, 288.  
   me your ears, 86.  
   or spend or give, 235.  
   you something out of my lean  
   ability, 51.
- Lender, borrower is servant to the, 598.  
   nor borrower be, 105.
- Lendeth unto the Lord, 597.
- Length, drags its slow, 277.  
   folly's at full, 260.  
   words of learned, 341.
- Lengthened sage advices, 384.
- Lengthening chain, 338.  
   shadows, 222.
- Leopard change his spots, 605.  
   lie down with the kid, 603.
- Lerne, gladly wolde he, 2.
- Less, beautifully, 241.  
   happier lands, 55.  
   of earth in them than heaven, 451.  
   of harmes two the, 4.  
   of two evils, 5, 646.  
   rather than be, 181.  
   than a span, 141.  
   than archangel ruined, 180.  
   than kind, more than kin, 102.
- Lesson, Caution's, scorning, 385.  
   still harder, 347.  
   this, seems to carry, 359.  
   to the head, heart give a, 363.
- Let dearly or let alone, 159.  
   dogs delight to bark, 254.  
   head to be, unfurnished, 216.  
   him go abroad, 317.  
   him go to the devil, don't, 317.  
   him now speak, 618.  
   him that thinketh, 614.  
   in the foe, 197.  
   knowledge grow, 551.  
   me hide myself in thee, 371.  
   Newton be, God said, 284.  
   no such man be trusted, 41.  
   not the heavens hear, 71.  
   others hail the rising sun, 332.  
   the end try the man, 63.  
   the toast pass, 380.  
   the world slide, 47, 161, 643.  
   those love now, 258.  
   thy words be few, 600.

- Let us all to meditation, 63.  
 us be merry, 155.  
 us consider the reason, 233.  
 us do evil, 612.  
 us do or die, 388, 643.  
 us eat and drink, 604.  
 us sit upon the ground, 56.  
 us talk of graves of worms, 56.  
 us worship God he says, 389.  
 your loins be girded, 611.
- Lethe wharf, fat weed on, 106.  
 Lets in new light through chinks, 175.
- Letter, preferment goes by, 124.  
 the, killeth, 614.
- Letters Cadmus gave, 488.  
 heaven first taught, 286.  
 men of, 523.
- Letting I dare not, 92.
- Level, so sways she, 49.
- Levellers wish to level down, 316.
- Lever han at his beddes hed, 1.  
 of all things, mind is, 465.
- Leviathan, canst thou draw out, 591.
- Lewd fellows, 612.
- Lexicography, lost in, 314.
- Lexicon of youth, in the, 525.
- L'histoire n'est que le tableau, 355.
- Liar, doubt truth to be a, 108.  
 of the first magnitude, 257.
- Liars, all men are, 594.
- Liberal education to love her, 252.
- Libertas et natale solum, 245.
- Libertie, enjoy delight with, 12.
- Liberties, people never give up, 352.
- Libertine, puffed and reckless, 104.  
 the air a chartered, 65.
- Liberty and glory of his country, 465.  
 and union now and forever, 466.  
 angels alone enjoy such, 172.  
 crimes in the name of, 576.  
 crust of bread and, 282.  
 essential, 310.  
 eternal vigilance is the price of, 626.  
 gave us at the same time, 369.  
 give me, or death, 371.  
 hour of virtuous, 249.  
 I must have withal, 43.  
 is in every blow, 388.  
 mountain nymph sweet, 204.  
 my spirit felt thee, 434.  
 principles of human, 467.  
 spirit of, 349.  
 sweet land of, 546.  
 to that only which is good, 170.  
 tree of, 577.  
 when they cry, 203.
- Liberty's tree, garden of, 444.  
 unclouded blaze, 499.  
 war, first touch of, 461.
- Library, turn over half a, 317.  
 was dukedom large enough, 19.
- License they mean, 208.
- Lick absurd pomp, 113.  
 the dust, enemies shall, 593.
- Licks the dust, pride that, 281.  
 the hand just raised, 268.
- Lids, drops his blue-fringed, 434.  
 of Juno's eyes, 52.
- Lie direct, 46.  
 down in green pastures, 592.  
 give the world the, 14.  
 if I tell thee a, 59.  
 in cold obstruction and to rot, 25.  
 most civil sort of, 494.  
 nothing can need a, 160.  
 still and slumber, 255.  
 ten nights awake, 28.  
 to credit his own, 19.  
 under a mistake, 494.  
 was thy dream a shadowy, 560.  
 what is a, after all, 489.  
 with circumstance, 46.
- Lief not be as live to be, 83.
- Liege of all loiterers, 32.  
 we are men my, 95.
- Lies down to pleasant dreams, 515.  
 in his bed, 53.  
 like a hedgehog, 513.  
 like truth, 100.  
 to hide it, 254.  
 world is a world of, 569.
- Life a galling load, 336.  
 and liberty, 369.  
 anything for a quiet, 633.  
 as I have seen it in his, 103.  
 at a pin's fee, do not set my, 106.  
 beyond life, 211.  
 blandishments of, 298.  
 blessed one's, with true believing,  
 542.  
 bread is the staff of, 233, 246.  
 calamity of so long, 110.  
 can little more supply, 268.  
 careless of the single, 553.  
 care's an enemy to, 49.  
 charmed, I bear, 100.  
 condemned to part with, 344.  
 creeping where no, is seen, 558.  
 crowded hour of glorious, 453.  
 crown of, receive the, 616.  
 daily beauty in his, 131.  
 death and, bane and antidote, 250.  
 death in the midst of, 619.  
 death of each day's, 94.  
 dost thou love, 310.  
 elysian, suburb of the, 539.  
 everything advantageous to, 20.  
 exempt from public haunt, 42.  
 fatigued with, 441.  
 friend to my, 280.  
 from high, 273.  
 from the dregs of, 229.

- Life, give for his, all he hath, 539.  
 good man's best portion of, 406.  
 hand in hand through, 310.  
 harp of, love took up the, 548.  
 has passed but roughly, 365.  
 hath quicksands, 537.  
 hath snares, 537.  
 he passes from, 429.  
 his, I'm sure was in the right, 173.  
 hour of glorious, 453.  
 how pleasant in thy morning, 385.  
 idea of her, shall sweetly creep, 29.  
 in every limb, feels its, 402.  
 in short measures, 147.  
 in so long tendance spend, 13.  
 in that state of, 618.  
 intense, concentrated in a, 474.  
 intercourse of daily, 407.  
 into each, some rain, 536.  
 is a jest and all things show it, 295.  
 is a short summer, 312.  
 is all a cheat, 229.  
 is but a means unto an end, 561.  
 is but a span, 585.  
 is but a walking shadow, 100.  
 is but an empty dream, 535.  
 is in decrease, 265.  
 is like the summer rose, 504.  
 is love, all that, 440.  
 is one demd horrid grind, 558.  
 is rounded with a sleep, 20.  
 is short and the art long, 570.  
 is thorny and youth is vain, 433.  
 lay down his, for his friends, 612.  
 let us cherish, 577.  
 lies before us in daily, 193.  
 like a dome, 493.  
 like a thing of, 481.  
 like following, 273.  
 loathed worldly, 26.  
 love of, increased with years, 371.  
 lovely organ of her, 29.  
 many-coloured, 312.  
 measured by deeds not years, 380.  
 moving-delicate and full of, 29.  
 nor love thy, nor hate, 196.  
 nothing half so sweet in, 458.  
 nothing in his, became him, 90.  
 O death in, 551.  
 o'er all the ills o', 384.  
 of a man a poem of its sort, 506.  
 of a man faithfully recorded, 506.  
 of care, weep away the, 493.  
 of danger and hardship, 468.  
 of man brutish and short, 155.  
 of man less than a span, 141.  
 of mortal breath, 539.  
 of poor Jack, 381.  
 of the building, stole thence the, 94.  
 of the law, reason is the, 9.  
 on the ocean wave, 560.
- Life, outlive his, half a year, 113.  
 presiding angel o'er his, 400.  
 prisoner's, passing on the, 24.  
 protracted is protracted woe, 311.  
 pulse of, stood still, 262.  
 questioned me the story of my, 125.  
 sacred burden is this, 542.  
 seasoned, of man, 211.  
 seemed formed of sunny years, 546.  
 sequestered vale of, 329, 347.  
 set on any chance, 95.  
 set upon a cast, 72.  
 she was his, 483.  
 slits the thin-spun, 203.  
 so dear or peace so sweet, 371.  
 so his, has flowed, 507.  
 so softly death succeeded, 223.  
 spent worthily, 380.  
 struggling for, 316.  
 stuff, is made of, 310.  
 sunset of, 442.  
 sweat under a weary, 111.  
 sweet civilities of, 226.  
 sweetener of, 300.  
 tedious as a twice-told tale, 53.  
 that dares send a challenge, 169.  
 that, is long, 265.  
 't is all a cheat, 229.  
 to come, expatiate in a, 268.  
 to come, we 'ld jump the, 92.  
 took a man's, with him, 506.  
 tree of, the middle tree, 187.  
 trifles make, 267.  
 unbought grace of, 350.  
 unspotted, is old age, 606.  
 useful, 301.  
 vanities of, forego, 452.  
 variety 's the spice of, 361.  
 voyage of their, 88.  
 walk of virtuoso, 263.  
 was beauty, dreamed that, 550.  
 was duty, found that, 560.  
 was gentle, 89.  
 was in the right, 173.  
 wave of, kept heaving, 512.  
 way of, 99.  
 web of our, is of mingled yarn, 48.  
 we 've been long together, 374.  
 what you think of this, 83.  
 wheels of weary, 230.  
 while there 's, there 's hope, 295.  
 whole of, to live, 439.  
 whose, is a bubble, 153.  
 whose, is in the right, 271.  
 wine of, is drawn, 94.  
 you take my, 40.  
 Life's battle, who in, 577.  
 common way, 413.  
 dark road, 499.  
 dull round, 324.  
 enchanted cup, 473.



- Life's feast, chief nourisher in, 94.**  
 fitful fever, 93.  
 great end, 265.  
 means, ravin up thine own, 95.  
 morning march, 444.  
 poor play is o'er, 271.  
 star, our, 420.  
 tale makes up, 435.  
 tremulous ocean, 469.  
 vast ocean, 270.  
 worst ills, ill cure for, 528.  
 young day, love of, 511.
- Life-blood of a master-spirit, 211.**  
 of our enterprise, 60.
- Lift her with care, 514.**  
 it bear it solemnly, 542.  
 it up fatherly, I cannot, 563.
- Light a foot, 80.**  
 and choice, 208.  
 and sweetness, 247.  
 as air, trifles, 129.  
 as darker grows the, 345.  
 as if they feared the, 162.  
 as the shining, 595.  
 blasted with excess of, 326.  
 burning and a shining, 611.  
 by her own radiant, 209.  
 children of, 611.  
 common as, is love, 493.  
 dear as the, 327.  
 dies before thy uncreating word,  
 283.  
 dim religious, 207.  
 ere it come to, 365.  
 eye of vulgar, 457.  
 fantastic toe, 204.  
 for after times, 425.  
 form of life and, 479.  
 from grave to, 227.  
 from heaven, 388, 479.  
 glides in, 507.  
 hail holy, 186.  
 halls of dazzling, 510.  
 have neither heat nor, 167.  
 heaven's own, 439.  
 in liquid, 542.  
 is sweet, truly the, 601.  
 knelt in the dying, 518.  
 leads up to, 183.  
 made, of it, 609.  
 mellowed to that tender, 482.  
 men of inward, 219.  
 merely to officiate, 192.  
 no, but darkness visible, 178.  
 of a dark eye in woman, 475.  
 of a pleasant eye, 562.  
 of common day, 420.  
 of day, rival in the, 412.  
 of hope, leave the, 442.  
 of jurisprudence, 9.  
 of light beguile, 80.
- Light of love, 480.**  
 of other days, 460, 527.  
 of setting suns, 407.  
 of the heaven she's gone to, 564.  
 of the Mæonian star, 278.  
 of the morning gild it, 465.  
 of the world, ye are the, 607.  
 of things, forth into the, 416.  
 of truth, in the, 418.  
 possessed with inward, 438.  
 presence full of, 82.  
 purple, of love, 326.  
 put out the, 131.  
 quivering aspen, 450.  
 remnant of uneasy, 412.  
 rule of streaming, 200.  
 seeking light, 30.  
 she fled in, away, 388.  
 silver, on tower and tree, 389.  
 streakings of the morning, 498.  
 swift-winged arrows of, 358.  
 that led astray, 388.  
 that lies in woman's eyes, 459.  
 that never was on sea, 419.  
 that visits these sad eyes, 327.  
 them for themselves, 23.  
 through chinks, lets in new, 175.  
 through yonder window, 78.  
 to counterfeit a gloom, 206.  
 to guide rod to check, 418.  
 truth and noonday, 560.  
 unbarred the gates of, 191.  
 unreflected, 528.  
 unto my path, 594.  
 unveiled her peerless, 188.  
 walk while ye have the, 612.  
 which beats upon a throne, 555.  
 which heaven sheds, 458.  
 will repay the wrongs of night, 159.  
 windows that exclude the, 331.  
 within his own breast, 200.
- Lightens, ere one can say it, 79.**
- Lighthouse looked lovely as hope, 469.**
- Lightly draws its breath, 402.**  
 from fair to fair he flew, 449.  
 turns to thoughts of love, 548.
- Lightning and the gale, 544.**  
 as quick as, 219.  
 does the will of God, 511.  
 flash of the, 429.  
 in the collid night, brief as the, 34.  
 lightnings of his song, 493.  
 like the, 79.  
 or in rain, in thunder, 89.  
 too like the, 79.  
 vanish like, 528.
- Lights are fled garlands dead, 460.**  
 as vain as pleasures, 452.  
 blazed with, 82.  
 earthly godfathers of heaven's, 31.  
 let your, be burning, 611.

- Lights of mild philosophy**, 249.  
 that do mislead the morn, 26.  
 truth may bear all, 631.  
 without a name, 163.
- Like a fair house**, 22.  
 a red red rose, 388.  
 an ill-used ghost, 300.  
 angels' visits, 238, 300, 442.  
 but oh how different, 407.  
 Douglas conquer, 335.  
 endure the, himself, 30.  
 following life, 273.  
 little wanton boys, 73.  
 not look upon his, again, 103.  
 our shadows, 265.  
 Scipio buried by the upbraiding  
 shore, 477.  
 seasoned timber, 160.  
 the base Indian, 131.  
 the best wine, 602.  
 the dew on the mountain, 451.  
 the dyer's hand, 136.  
 the old age, dallies, 50.  
 to a double cherry, 35.  
 two single gentlemen, 391.
- Liked it not and died**, 143.
- Likelihood, fellow of no**, 60.
- Likewise, go and do thou**, 611.
- Lilies, braids of**, 202.  
 of the field, consider the, 608.  
 roses and white, 142.
- Lily, a most unspotted**, 75.  
 fresh, thou becomest thy bed, 134.  
 how sweet the, grows, 463.  
 to paint the, 54.
- Lima, traveller from**, 521.
- Limb, feels its life in every**, 402.  
 flowing, in pleasure drowns, 303.  
 vigour from the, 473.
- Limbs, decent, composed**, 288.  
 her gentle, did she undress, 433.  
 on those recreant, 53.  
 whose trembling, 377.
- Limed soul**, 115.
- Lime-twigs of his spells**, 202.
- Limit of becoming mirth**, 31.  
 to the giant's strength, 515.
- Limits of a vulgar fate**, 327.  
 stony, cannot hold love out, 79.
- Line, conceal half a**, 571.  
 creep in one dull, 277.  
 full resounding, 283.  
 he could wish to blot, 321.  
 in the very first, 342.  
 lives along the, 269.  
 longest kingly, 454.  
 Marlowe's mighty, 148.  
 marred the lofty, 448.  
 rugged, 223.  
 stretch out to the crack of doom,  
 98.
- Line too labours**, 278.  
 upon line, 604.  
 we carved not a, 504.
- Lineaments, in my, they trace**, 482.  
 of gospel-books, 8.
- Linen, old, wash whitest**, 168.  
 you're wearing out, 514.
- Lines accords, soul unto the**, 161.  
 desert of a thousand, 288.  
 in pleasant places, 591.  
 mottoes of the heart, 443.  
 own the happy, 278.  
 reading between the, 631.  
 see two dull, 267.  
 where beauty lingers, 478.
- Linger, sound which makes us**, 478.
- Lingering look behind**, 330.
- Lingers, lines where beauty**, 478.
- Lining, turn her silver**, 199.
- Link, last, is broken**, 490.  
 silver, silken tie, 448.
- Linked sweetness**, 205.  
 with one virtue, 481.
- Links, pain to break its**, 457.
- Linnets, pipe but as the**, 552.
- Lion among ladies**, 35.  
 as a roaring, 617.  
 beard the, in his den, 449.  
 better than a dead, 601.  
 blood stirs to rouse a, 58.  
 breakfast on the lip of a, 65.  
 give a grievous roar, 306.  
 half appeared the tawny, 192.  
 heart and eagle eye, 337.  
 in the lobby room, 306.  
 in the way, there is a, 599.  
 is in the streets, 599.  
 mated by the hind, 47.  
 not so fierce as painted, 162, 212.  
 pawing to get free, 192.  
 righteous are bold as a, 599.
- Lion's hide, thou wear a**, 53.  
 mane, dev-drow from the, 76.  
 nerve, the Nemean, 106.
- Lions, talks familiarly of**, 52.
- Lip, contempt and anger of his**, 50.  
 coral, admires, 154.  
 nectar on a, 380.  
 of a lion, eat breakfast on the, 65.  
 vermeil-tinctured, 202.
- Lips are now forbid to speak**, 508.  
 beauty's ensign crimson in thy, 82.  
 chalice to our own, 92.  
 fevered, 507.  
 had language, O that those, 395.  
 heart on her, 485.  
 here hung those, 119.  
 in poverty to the very, 130.  
 man of unclean, 603.  
 of Julia, 164.  
 of those that are asleep, 602.

- Lips, reproof on her, 524.  
 smile on her, 449.  
 soul through my, 548.  
 steal blessing from her, 81.  
 steeped to the, in misery, 540.  
 suck forth my soul, 18.  
 take away those, 26.  
 that are for others, 551.  
 that he has prest, 544.  
 that were forsworn, 26.  
 to part her, 164.  
 tremble, see my, 286.  
 truth from his, 341.  
 were four red roses on a stalk, 71.  
 were red and one was thin, 163.  
 when I ope my, let no dog bark, 36.  
 whispering with white, 473.
- Liquid dew of youth, 104.  
 fire, glass of, 397.  
 lapse of murmuring streams, 193  
 light, sparkling and bright in, 542.  
 notes, 208.
- Liquors, hot and rebellious, 42.  
 Lisped in numbers, 280.  
 List list O list, 106.  
 of friends, enter on my, 354.  
 ye landmen all to me, 337.
- Listen where thou art sitting, 202.  
 with credulity, ye who, 314.
- Listened to a lute, 518.
- Listening earth, 251.  
 mood, in, 450.
- Listens like a three years' child, 423.
- Listeth, wind bloweth where it, 611.
- Litel gold in cofre, 1.  
 on the Bible, studie was but, 2.
- Literary men are a perpetual priest-  
 hood, 506.  
 men, parole of, 318.
- Literature consoles sorrow, 520.  
 failed in, and art, 531.  
 on a little oatmeal, 427.
- Litigious terms, 210.
- Little and the great, between the, 366.  
 better than one of the wicked, 57.  
 boats should keep near shore, 311.  
 dogs and all, 123.  
 fire kindleth, 616.  
 for the bottle, 381.  
 foxes that spoli the vines, 602.  
 grave, 56.  
 great ones eat up the, 135.  
 hands were never made to tear  
 each other's eyes, 254.  
 happy if I could say how much, 27.  
 here a, and there a little, 604.  
 knowest thou that hast not tride,  
 13.  
 learning dangerous, 276.  
 leaven leaveneth, 613.  
 love me, love me long, 17, 165, 643.
- Little lower than the angels, 591.  
 man wants but, 264, 343.  
 month, a, 103.  
 more than a little is too much, 60.  
 more than kin, 102.  
 one become a thousand, 605.  
 one's chair, sits in my, 564.  
 one's cradle, lies in my, 564.  
 said is soonest mended, 155.  
 senate laws, Cato gives his, 281, 289.  
 thing to give a cup of water, 507.  
 things are great, 338.  
 think too, talk too much, 222.  
 valiant great in villany, 53.
- Live alway, I would not, 468, 589.  
 by bread alone, 607.  
 by bread only, 587.  
 by one man's will, 18.  
 cleanly, leave sack and, 62.  
 dare to die, bear to, 272.  
 good world to, in, 235.  
 in brass, men's evil manners, 74.  
 in deeds not years, 561.  
 in hearts we leave behind, 445.  
 in peace, adieu, 287.  
 in pleasure when I live to thee, 307.  
 in snuff, 14.  
 means to, 20.  
 not in myself, 474.  
 one day asunder, 235.  
 or die sink or swim, 465.  
 past years again, 229.  
 so may'st thou, 196.  
 so wise so young never, long, 71.  
 taught us how to, 293.  
 teach him how to, 347.  
 thus let me, 288.  
 till I were married, 28.  
 till to-morrow, 334.  
 to be in awe of such a thing, 83.  
 to be the show and gaze, 100.  
 to fight another day, 345.  
 to, is Christ, 615.  
 to please must please to live, 312.  
 unblemished let me, 287.  
 unseen unknown, 288.  
 well what thou liv'st, 196.  
 while you live, 307.  
 with me and be my love, 17.  
 with thee and be thy love, 13.  
 with them less sweet, 458.  
 without thee I cannot, 505.
- Lived and loved, I've, 437.  
 and loved together, we have, 534.  
 in Settle's numbers, 284.  
 in the eye of nature, 419.  
 to-day, I have, 227.
- Livelier iris, 548.
- Live-long day, 83.
- Lively sense of future favours, 253.  
 to severe, grave to gay, 273.

- Liveried angels, a thousand, 201.  
 Livers in content, with humble, 72.  
 Livery of heaven, stole the, 507.  
   of hell, the cunning, 25.  
   shadowed, of the burnished sun, 38.  
   twilight gray in her sober, 188.  
 Lives a prayer, making their, 541.  
   all that, must die, 102.  
   along the line, 269.  
   and sacred honour, 369.  
   as he ought to do, 150.  
   contentedly, 366.  
   in a state of war, 245.  
   in single blessedness, 33.  
   like a drunken sailor, 71.  
   longer, competency, 37.  
   may last but never, 333.  
   most, who thinks most, 561.  
   of great men all remind us, 535.  
   other heights in other, 557.  
   pleasant in their, 588.  
   sublime, make our, 535.  
   to build not boast, 300.  
 Living dead man, 27.  
   dog better than dead lion, 601.  
   house appointed for all, 590.  
   land of the, 590.  
   mother of all, 586.  
   no, with thee nor without, 252.  
   plain, and high thinking, 413.  
 Llewellyn's lay, 327.  
 Lo the poor Indian, 269.  
 Load a falling man, a cruelty to, 75.  
   life a galling, 386.  
   of infamy, any, 429.  
   of sorrow, wring under the, 30.  
 Loads of learned lumber, 278.  
 Loaf, to steal a shive of a cut, 77.  
 Loan oft loses itself and friend, 105.  
 Loathe the taste of sweetness, 60.  
 Loathed worldly life, 26.  
 Loaves, half-penny, 68.  
 Lobby, hear a lion in the, 306.  
 Lobster boiled, like a, 218.  
 Local habitation and a name, 35.  
 Lochaber no more, 261.  
 Lock, cryin' at the, 556.  
   such rascal counters, 88.  
 Locked lettered collar, 385.  
   up from mortal eye, 163.  
   up in steel, naked though, 68.  
 Locks, familiar with his hoary, 507.  
   his golden, 142.  
   hyacinthine, 188.  
   in the golden story, 77.  
   invincible, 211.  
   knotted and combined, 106.  
   left you are gray, the few, 426.  
   never shake thy gory, 96.  
   nor doors nor, 511.  
   open, whoever knocks, 97.  
 Locks, pluck up drowned honour by  
   the, 58.  
   so aptly twined, 228.  
   ye auburn, 545.  
 Locusts, luscious as, 127.  
 Lodge a friend, house to, 245.  
   in a garden of cucumbers, 603.  
   in some vast wildness, 360.  
   thee by Chaucer, 148.  
 Lodges, where care, 80.  
 Lodgest, where thou, I will, 587.  
 Lodging-place of wayfaring men, 605.  
 Lodgings in a head, 216.  
 Loftiness of thought, 224.  
 Lofty and sour, 75.  
   rhyme, 203.  
 Logic and rhetoric, 138.  
 Loins be girded, let your, 611.  
 Loiterers and malcontents, 32.  
 Loke who that is most virtuous, 3.  
 London bridge, arch of, 521.  
   habitation of bitterns, 521.  
   monster, 174.  
 London's column, 275.  
   lasting shame, 327.  
 Lonely, I am very, now Mary, 541.  
   so, it was, 432.  
   want retired to die, 312.  
 Lonesome road, on a, 432.  
 Long after it was heard no more, 411.  
   choosing and beginning late, 194.  
   dull and old, 391.  
   has it waved on high, 544.  
   in populous city pent, 194.  
   inveterate foes, 223.  
   is the way and hard, 183.  
   It sha'n't be, 299.  
   lank and brown, 423.  
   live our noble king, 244.  
   live the king, 359, 638.  
   long ago, 508.  
   love me little love me, 17, 165, 643.  
   may it wave, 491.  
   merry as the day is, 27.  
   short and the, of it, 22.  
   time ago, 527.  
 Long-drawn aisle, 328.  
 Longest kingly line, 454.  
 Longing after immortality, 250.  
   and yet afraid to die, 540.  
   feeling of sadness and, 537.  
   immortal, in me, 134.  
   lingering look, 330.  
   more wavering, 49.  
   why thus, 566.  
 Long-levelled rule, 200.  
 Long-tailed words, 399.  
 Look a gift horse in the mouth, 643.  
   amaist as weel 's the new, 389.  
   before you ere you leap, 219.  
   brighter when we come, 486.

- Look drew audience, 182.  
   ere thou leap, 6, 643.  
   give me a, give me a face, 147.  
   here upon this picture, 115.  
   into happiness through another's  
   eyes, 46.  
   into the seeds of time, 89.  
   into thy heart, 16, 535.  
   lean and hungry, 84.  
   like the innocent flower, 91.  
   longing lingering, 330.  
   men met with erected, 223.  
   not thou upon the wine, 593.  
   on her face and you 'll forget, 279  
   on it lift it bear it, 542.  
   on sech a blessed creature, 566.  
   proudly to heaven, 442.  
   round the habitable world, 228.  
   so dead in, 62.  
   that nature wears, 536.  
   upon his like again, 103.  
   with thine ears, 124.  
 Looked, no sooner, but loved, 46.  
   on better days, if ever you have, 43.  
   sighed and, 225, 301.  
   unutterable things, 301.  
 Looker-on here in Vienna, 26.  
 Lookes, full assurance given by, 8.  
 Looking before and after, 117.  
   ill prevail, 163  
   well can't move her, 163.  
 Looking-glass, court an amorous, 69.  
 Looks a queen, 290.  
   around in fear and doubt, 458.  
   clear your, 416.  
   commercing with the skies, 206.  
   in the clouds, 85.  
   invites you by his, 357.  
   full assurance given by, 8.  
   meagre were his, 82.  
   of love, sidelong, 339.  
   puts on his pretty, 53.  
   quite through the deeds of men, 84.  
   sadly upon him, 72  
   the cottage might adorn, 342.  
   through nature, 273.  
   were fond and words were few, 446.  
   with despatchful, 191.  
 Looming bastion, 552.  
 Loop nor hinge, 130.  
 Looped and windowed raggedness, 122.  
 Loophole, cabined, 199.  
 Loopholes of retreat, 362.  
 Loose, fast and, 639.  
   his beard, 327.  
 Lord among wits, 315.  
   descended from above, 7  
   directeth his steps, 597.  
   dismiss us, 390.  
   Fanny spins a thousand, 282.  
   gave and hath taken away, 589.  
 Lord help 'em how I pities them, 431.  
   how it talked, 152.  
   knows where, Zembla or the, 271.  
   knows who, parents were the, 239.  
   lendeth unto the, 597.  
   my bosom's, 82.  
   my pasture shall prepare, 252.  
   of all things, 270.  
   of folded arms, 32.  
   of himself though not of lands, 143.  
   of himself that heritage of woe, 482.  
   of humankind, 230.  
   of the lion heart, 337.  
   of the works of nature, 12.  
   of thy presence, no land beside, 52.  
   once own the happy lines, 273.  
   precious in the sight of the, 594.  
   present with the, 430.  
   secret things belong to the, 587.  
   shall hiss for the fly, 603.  
   Stafford mines for coal, 501.  
   till his, is crucified, 565.  
   vicar of the almighty, 4.  
   went before them, 586.  
   whom the, loveth he chasteneth,  
   616.  
 Lord's anointed, rail on the, 71.  
   anointed temple, broke ope the, 94.  
 Lordly dish, butter in a, 587.  
   pleasure-house, 547.  
 Lords, new, new laws, 155.  
   of hell, procures to the, 552.  
   of humankind, 339.  
   of ladies intellectual, 486.  
   wit among, 315.  
   women who love their, 335.  
 Lords' stories, great, 391.  
 Lore, Cristes, and his apostles, 2.  
   mystical, 442.  
   skilled in gestic, 339.  
 Lose good dayes, 13.  
   his own soul, 609.  
   it that do buy it with much care, 36.  
   no man can, what he never had,  
   157.  
   the good we oft might win, 24  
 Losers must have leave to speak, 248.  
 Losing, rendered sager by, 484.  
 Loss, choice of, 133.  
   most patient man in, 134.  
   of the sun, 299.  
   of time, compliments are, 332.  
   of wealth is loss of dirt, 141.  
   though he promise to his, 619.  
 Losses, fellow that hath had, 30.  
 Lost a day, I've, 263.  
   all is, save honour, 622.  
   and worn sooner, 49.  
   being lacked and, 29.  
   count that day, 583.  
   him half the kind, 226.

- Lost in lexicography, 314.  
   in the sweets, 294.  
   in wandering mazes, 183.  
   not, but gone before, 233.  
   praising what is, 48.  
   the immortal part of myself, 128.  
   the mourned the loved the, 475.  
   think that day, 583.  
   to sight to memory dear, 510.  
   what though the field be, 178.  
   whatsoever thing is, 365.  
   when sweetest, 459.  
   woman that deliberates is, 249.
- Lot, behold our, 419.  
   blameless vestal's, 286.  
   how hard their, 321.  
   of man but once to die, 159.  
   oft has it been my, 332.  
   though bleak our, 445.
- Lot's wife, remember, 611.
- Loth and slow, aged men, 452.  
   to depart, 242.  
   to die, wandering on as, 415.
- Lothario, gay, 258.
- Loud, curses not, but deep, 99.  
   hissing urn, 362.  
   huzzas, stupid starers and, 272.  
   laugh of the vacant mind, 340.  
   roared the dreadful thunder, 334.
- Louder but as empty quite, 271.
- Loue, renyuing of, 7.
- Love a bright particular star, 47.  
   absence conquers, 542.  
   absence still increases, 508.  
   all hearts in, 27.  
   all that life is, 440.  
   all the world in, with night, 81.  
   and dignity in every gesture, 193.  
   and light, 436.  
   and that they sing, 176.  
   and then to part, 435.  
   and thought and joy, 402.  
   and to cherish, 618.  
   are of, the food, 194.  
   bashful sincerity and comely, 29.  
   be younger than thyself, 50.  
   begins to sicken, when, 87.  
   better than secret, 599.  
   bow before thine altar, 337.  
   brief as woman's, 113.  
   Briton even in, 403.  
   bud of, 79.  
   burns with one, 291.  
   but her forever, 387.  
   but love in vain, 173.  
   but one day, 245.  
   but only her, 477.  
   can die, sin who tell us, 424.  
   can hope, 321.  
   can scarce deserve the name, 479.  
   change old, for new, 142.
- Love cherish and to obey, 619.  
   choose, by another's eyes, 34.  
   common as light is, 493.  
   could teach a monarch, 331.  
   course of true, 33.  
   dallies with the innocence of, 50.  
   death forerunneth, to win, 557.  
   deep as first, 551.  
   delight in, if there's, 257.  
   die for, 47.  
   divine all love excelling, 371.  
   ecstasy of, this is the very, 108.  
   endures no tie, 226.  
   everlasting, 237.  
   exalts the mind, 226.  
   familiar beast to man and signi-  
   fies, 21.  
   fasting for a good man's, 45.  
   flowers and fruits of, 486.  
   free as air, 286.  
   friendship that like, is warm, 460.  
   God gives us, 548.  
   God is, 555.  
   greater, hath no man, 612.  
   greatest pain it is to, 173.  
   hail wedded, 189.  
   hapless, 313.  
   harvest-time of, 424.  
   he bore to learning, 341.  
   he spake of, 408.  
   he was all for, 381.  
   her, to know her was to, 401.  
   her, to see her is to, 387.  
   her was a liberal education, 252.  
   him at his call, 405.  
   him, you must, 417.  
   if I have freedom in my, 172.  
   if thou wert all, 495.  
   in a dream of, melted away, 510.  
   in every gesture, dignity and, 193.  
   in heavenly spirits is there, 11.  
   in such a wilderness, 444.  
   in the beginning, no great, 22.  
   in your hearts as idly burns, 218.  
   is a boy by poets styled, 218.  
   is blind and lovers cannot see, 38.  
   is doomed to mourn, 376.  
   is flower-like, 436.  
   is grown to ripeness, when, 548.  
   is heaven and heaven is love, 447.  
   is indestructible, 424.  
   is left alone, 548.  
   is light from heaven, 479.  
   is like a landscape, 167.  
   is like a red red rose, 388.  
   is loveliest, 451.  
   is not love which alters, 136.  
   is strong as death, 602.  
   is sweet given or returned, 493.  
   is the fulfilling of the law, 613.  
   it would conceal, 438.

- Love, labour of, 615.  
   last not least in, 86.  
   laws that, has made, 286.  
   let those now, 258.  
   light and calm thoughts, 436.  
   light of, 480.  
   like friend-ship steady, 460.  
   live with me and be my, 17.  
   live with thee and be thy, 13.  
   looks not with the eyes, 34.  
   lost between us, 645.  
   maid with few to, 403.  
   me little love me long, 17, 165, 613.  
   me love my dog, 643.  
   medicines to make me, 58.  
   men have died but not for, 46.  
   mightier far is, 407.  
   mighty pain to, it is, 173.  
   ministers of, 434.  
   music be the food of, 48.  
   must needs be blind, 437.  
   my whole course of, 125.  
   nature is fine in, 117.  
   never doubt I, 103.  
   never told her, 50.  
   no fear in, 617.  
   none knew thee but to, 501.  
   not man the less, 477.  
   now who never loved before, 258.  
   O fire O, 548.  
   of life increased with years, 371.  
   of life's young day, 511.  
   of money the root of all evil, 616.  
   of nature, 515.  
   of praise howe'er concealed by art,  
     266.  
   of the turtle, 480.  
   of women, alas the, 487.  
   of women, passing the, 588.  
   office and affairs of, 27.  
   on through all ills, 455.  
   on till they die, 456.  
   once possessed, to regain, 198.  
   one another, 613, 632.  
   oyster crossed in, 379.  
   pains of, be sweeter far, 230.  
   pangs of despised, 111.  
   perilous catch my soul but I do,  
     123.  
   perfect, casteth out fear, 617.  
   pity 's akin to, 243.  
   pity melts the mind to, 225.  
   pity swells the tide of, 264.  
   pleasure of, is in loving, 575.  
   poet without, 503.  
   prove variable, 79.  
   purple light of, 323.  
   renewing of, 7.  
   right to dissemble your, 390.  
   rules the court the camp, 447.  
   seals of, but sealed in vain, 26
- Love seldom haunts the breast, 289.  
   sidelong looks of, 339.  
   silence in, bewrays more woe, 14.  
   soft eyes looked, 473.  
   something to, he lends us, 548.  
   sought is good, 50.  
   speak low if you speak, 27.  
   speaks, when, 32.  
   spring of, 21, 432.  
   stony limits cannot hold, 79.  
   such, as spirits feel, 408.  
   taught him shame, 226.  
   thank heaven for a good man's, 45.  
   that can be reckoned, 132.  
   that took an early root, 518.  
   the more, 258.  
   the offender, 286.  
   thee, but know that I, 459.  
   thee dear so much, 172.  
   thee dearly love thee still, 584.  
   thee still with all thy faults, 360.  
   their lovers, women, 575.  
   they conquer, that run away, 154.  
   they who inspire, 493.  
   thoughts of, 548.  
   thy life nor hate nor, 196.  
   thyself last, 74.  
   to hatred turned, 257.  
   to me was wonderful, 588.  
   too divine to, 493.  
   too much, who, 291.  
   took up the harp of life, 548.  
   triumph in seeming, 390.  
   truth of truths is, 561.  
   tunes the shepherd's reed, 447.  
   unfit for ladies', 223.  
   unrelenting foe to, 304.  
   waters cannot quench, 602.  
   were young, if all the world and, 13.  
   when I, thee not chaos is come, 128.  
   whom none can, 333.  
   with all their quantity of, 120.  
   without his wings, 490.  
   woman's whole existence, 487.  
   worthy of your, 417.  
   wrath with one we, 433.  
   your neighbour's wife, 520.  
 Love's devoted flame, 450.  
   proper hue, rosy red, 194.  
   wound, purple with, 34.  
   young dream, 458.
- Love and lost, better to have, 552.  
   and still loves, 400.  
   arts which I, 173.  
   at first sight, 15, 17.  
   at home, reversed abroad, 389.  
   but one, sighed to many, 471.  
   Caesar less, not that I, 86.  
   gold in special, 2.  
   heart that has truly, 457.  
   her that she did pity them, 126.

- Loved him, use him as though you, 158.  
 how, how honoured, 289.  
 I not honour more, 172.  
 I've lived and, 437.  
 in vain, know we, 470.  
 let those who always, 258.  
 me for the dangers, 126.  
 my country and hated him, 485.  
 needs only to be seen, 223.  
 no sooner, but sighed, 46.  
 none without hope e'er, 321.  
 not wisely but too well, 131.  
 Rome more, but that I, 86.  
 sae blindly, had we never, 387.  
 sae kindly, had we never, 387.  
 so long and sees no more, 400.  
 the great sea, 509.  
 the lost, too many, 475.  
 the world, I have not, 475.  
 to plead lament and sue, 449.  
 we have lived and, together, 534.  
 who never, before, 258.
- Love-darting eyes, 202.  
 Love-in-idleness, maidens call it, 34.  
 Lovelier face, finer form or, 450.  
 things have mercy, 479.  
 Loveliest, last still, 476.  
 of lovely things, 516.  
 village of the plain, 339.  
 Loveliness increases, 502.  
 lay down in her, 433.  
 majesty of, 480.  
 needs not ornament, 302.  
 Lovely and a fearful thing, 487.  
 and pleasant in their lives, 588.  
 apparition sent, 404.  
 in death the beauteous ruin lay,  
 264.  
 in her husband's eye, 393.  
 in your strength, 475.  
 more, than Pandora, 189.  
 she's, she's divine, 526.  
 Thais sits beside thee, 225.  
 woman, 237, 344.
- Lover all as frantic, 35.  
 and the poet, the lunatic, 35.  
 beauty grows familiar to the, 249.  
 give repentance to her, 344.  
 happy as a, 413.  
 is beloved, till the, 403.  
 lost in the husband, 321.  
 mankind love a, 533.  
 sighing like furnace, 44.  
 some banished, 286.  
 to listening maid, 516.  
 why so pale and wan, 163.  
 woman loves her, 487.
- Love-rhymes, regent of, 32.  
 Lovers cannot see their pretty follies,  
 38.  
 love the western star, 447.
- Lovers, make two, happy, 234.  
 of virtue, all that are, 158.  
 old, are soundest, 168.  
 whispering, 339.  
 women love their, 575.
- Lovers' hell, injured, 191.  
 meeting, journeys end in, 49.  
 perjuries, Jove laughs at, 79.  
 perjury, Jove but laughs at, 226.  
 songs turned to holy psalms, 142.  
 tongues by night, 79.  
 vows seem sweet, 482.
- Loves, faithfull, 10.  
 me best that calls me Tom, 170.  
 nobler, and nobler cares, 418.  
 suspects yet strongly, 129.  
 to hear himself talk, 80.
- Lovesick, the winds were, 132.  
 Love-song to the morn, 534.  
 Loving to my mother, so, 102.  
 Low ambition and the pride, 268.  
 foreheads villanous, 20.  
 laid in my grave, that I were, 52.  
 lone song, hear but their, 561.  
 speak, if you speak love, 27.  
 to Him no high no, 269.  
 too, they build, 265.
- Lower, can fall no, 217.  
 Lowering element scowls, 183.  
 Lowest deep a lower, in the, 187.  
 of your throng, 190.  
 Lowing herd winds slowly 328.  
 Lowliness ambition's ladder, 84.  
 Lowly born, better to be, 72.  
 taught and highly fed, 48.
- Loyal and neutral in a moment, 94.  
 Lubricates business, dinner, 375.  
 Lucent sirups, 502.  
 Lucid interval, 644.  
 Lucifer, falls like, 73.  
 son of the morning, 604.
- Luck about the house, nae, 367.  
 in odd numbers, 524.  
 would have it, as good, 23.
- Luckless hour, from that, 228.  
 Lucky chance, 301.  
 escape for the stone, 375.
- Lucre, not greedy of filthy, 615.  
 Lucy ceased to be, when, 403.  
 Lumber, learned, in his head, 278.  
 Luminous cloud, joy the, 436.  
 Lunatic lover and the poet, 35.  
 Lunes, in his old, 23.  
 Lungs began to crow, 43.  
 receive our air, 360.
- Luscious as locusts, 127.  
 Lust in man, 234.  
 of gold, the narrowing, 553.  
 Lustre, ne'er could any, see, 380.  
 shine with such, 364, 372.
- Lute, heart and, 461.



- Lute, listened to a, 518.  
 little rift within the, 555.  
 musical as Apollo's, 32, 201.  
 pleasing of a, 69.
- Lute is like a red red rose, 338.  
 is like the melodie, 338.
- Luxurious by restraint, 194.  
 falsely, 301.
- Luxury cursed by heaven, 342.  
 in self-dispraise, 422.  
 of disrespect, 419.  
 of doing good, 338.  
 of woe, I'll taste the, 462.  
 thinks it, blesses his stars and, 249.  
 to be, it was a, 435.
- Lydian airs, lap me in soft, 205.  
 measures, softly sweet in, 225.
- Lyfe so short the craft so long, 4.
- Lying, as easy as, 114.  
 getting up not so easy as, 513.  
 with houris, 331.  
 world is given to, 62.
- Lyre, each mode of the, 462.  
 heaven-taught, 321.  
 Milton's golden, 334.  
 the living, 329.
- Lyric, ecclesiastical, 531.
- Macassar, incomparable oil, 486.
- Macaulay a book in breeches, 427.
- Macbeth does murder sleep, 94.
- Macduff, lay on, 100.
- Macedon, river in, 67.
- MacGregor, my name is, 453.  
 where sits, 573.
- Machiavel had ne'er a trick, 220.
- Mad as a March hare, 644.  
 if I am Sophocles I am not, 522.  
 pleasure in being, 230.  
 prose run, 280.  
 't is true he's, 108.  
 undevout astronomer is, 266.  
 went, and bit the man, 344.
- Madam Blaize, lament for, 345.  
 me no madam, 652.
- Madden round the land, 280.  
 to crime, now, 480.
- Maddest merriest day, 548.
- Madding crowd, 329.
- Made glorious summer, 69.  
 light of it, 609.  
 manifest, man's work, 613.  
 no more bones, 644.
- Madmen know, none but, 230.
- Madness and despondency, 405.  
 go call it, 401.  
 great wits allied to, 221.  
 in the brain, work like, 433.  
 lies, that way, 122.  
 method in, 109.  
 midsummer, this is very, 50.
- Madness, moody, laughing wild, 325.  
 moon-struck, 195.  
 of many for gain of a few, 290.  
 that fine, still he did retain, 146.  
 to defer, 262.  
 would gambol from, 116.
- Madrigals, melodious birds sing, 17.  
 that whisper softness, 211.
- Mæonian star, light of the, 278.
- Magic casements, 502.  
 could not copied be, 229.  
 numbers, 257.  
 of a face, 154.  
 of a name, 441.  
 of the mind, 481.  
 potent over sun and star, 407.  
 Shakespeare's, 229.
- Magister artis, 259.
- Magna Charta will have no sovereign,  
 10.
- Magna est veritas, 606.
- Magnificent and awful cause, 361.  
 spectacle of human happiness, 428.  
 three-tailed Bashaw, 392.
- Magnificently stern array, 473.
- Magnitude, liar of the first, 257.
- Mahomet, moon of, 492.
- Mahometans, pleasures of the, 331.
- Maid dancing in the shade, 205.  
 garland to the sweetest, 293.  
 lover to listening, 516.  
 music heavenly, 336.  
 of Athens ere we part, 471.  
 snatched from the sidelong, 302.  
 some captive, 286.  
 sphere-descended, 366.  
 the chariest, 104.  
 wedded, and widowed wife, 453.  
 who modestly conceals, 323.  
 with none to praise, 403.
- Maiden meditation fancy-free, 34.  
 of bashful fifteen, 379.  
 presence, scater of your, 105.  
 shame, blush of, 516.  
 showers, like those, 165.  
 sword, bravely fleshed thy, 62.  
 that orb'd, 462.  
 true betrayed for gold, 449.  
 with white fire laden, 492.  
 young heart of a, 458.
- Maidens call it love-in-idleness, 34.  
 caught by glare, 471.  
 like moths, 471.  
 smiles of other, 498.  
 withering on the stalk, 417.
- Maids of thirteen talk of puppy dogs,  
 52.  
 that weave thread with bones, 50.  
 who love the moon, 457.
- Main, beyond the western, 339  
 chance, have a care of the, 219.

- Main**, from out the azure, 304.  
 melancholy, far amid the, 303.  
 northern, Belerium to the, 287.  
 skims along the, 278.
- Majestic head**, some less, 477.  
 silence, 463.  
 though in ruin, 182.  
 world, get the start of the, 83.
- Majesty**, attribute to awe and, 39.  
 in rayless, 262.  
 next in, 224.  
 obsequious, approved, 193.  
 of God revere, 385.  
 of loveliness, 480.  
 rising in clouded, 188.  
 this earth of, 55.  
 want love's, 69.  
 will rise in, 564.
- Make a note of**, when found, 558.  
 a Star-chamber matter of it, 21.  
 languor smile, 282.  
 me a child again, 568.  
 me to know mine end, 592.  
 no long orations, 383.  
 the angels weep, 25.
- Maken vertue of necessite**, 2.
- Maker and the angel death**, 436.
- Makes drudgery divine**, 160.  
 his promise good, 619.  
 his pulses fly, 562.  
 man a slave, whatever day, 291.  
 one wondrous kind, 332.  
 that and the action fine, 160.  
 up life's tale, 485.
- Maketh haste to be rich**, 599.
- Making beautiful old rhyme**, 136.  
 many books there is no end, 602.  
 night hideous, 105.  
 the green one red, 94.  
 their lives a prayer, 541.
- Malcontents, loiterers and**, 32.  
 thou art the Mars of, 22.
- Malice domestic foreign levv**, 96.  
 nor set down aught in, 131.  
 to conceal, 187.  
 towards none, 543.
- Malmsey and Malvoisie**, 496.
- Malt, Duke of Norfolk deals in**, 501.
- Mambrino's helmet**, 572.
- Mammon, least erected spirit**, 180.  
 wins his way, 471.  
 ye cannot serve God and, 607.
- Man a flower he dies**, 312.  
 a fool at forty, 262.  
 a merrier, 31.  
 a plain blunt, 87.  
 a reasonable creature, 210.  
 a slave, whatever day makes, 291.  
 a two-legged animal, 629.  
 a world without a sun, 441.  
 after his desert, use every, 109.
- Man after his own heart**, 587.  
 all that a, hath, 589.  
 all that may become a, 92.  
 all that was pleasant in, 342.  
 ambition of a private, 361.  
 and a brother, am I not a, 622.  
 apparel oft proclaims the, 104.  
 architect of his fortune, 626.  
 arms and the, I sing, 228.  
 arrayed for slaughter, 413.  
 as a dying, to dying men, 213.  
 as good kill a, as a book, 210.  
 as just a, thou art e'en, 113.  
 assurance of a, 115.  
 at arms must now serve, 142.  
 at his best state, 592.  
 at thirty, suspects himself a fool,  
 262.  
 awake, will not, 301.  
 awe a, 28.  
 be fully persuaded, let every, 613.  
 be vertuous withal, 3.  
 bear his own burden, 615.  
 before thy mother, 153.  
 before your mother, 366.  
 being in honour, 592.  
 best good, 235.  
 better spared a better, 62.  
 beware the fury of a patient, 222.  
 blind old, of Scio's isle, 480.  
 bold bad, 10, 72.  
 brave, chooses, 565.  
 brave, draws his sword, 291.  
 breathes there the, 448.  
 brick-dust, 308.  
 broken with the storms, 74.  
 Brutus is an honourable, 87.  
 builds himself, 265.  
 can boast that he has trod, 505.  
 can die but once, 64.  
 canst not be false to any, 105.  
 caverns measureless to, 435.  
 cease ye from, 603.  
 cheated only by himself, 533.  
 child is father of the, 402.  
 childhood shows the, 196.  
 Christian faithful, 70.  
 clever, by nature, 397.  
 close buttoned to the chin, 364.  
 clothe a, with rags, 568.  
 complete, hero and the, 251.  
 conference maketh a ready, 138.  
 crime of being a young, 319.  
 crossed with adversity, 21.  
 cruelty and ambition of, 15.  
 cruelty to load a falling, 75.  
 dare do all that may become a, 92.  
 debtor to his profession, 137.  
 delights not me, 109.  
 destructive, smiling, 238.  
 diapason closing full in, 224.

**Man die better, how can,** 523.  
 diligent in business, 598.  
 distracted melancholic, 167.  
 doth not live by bread only, 587.  
 drest in a little brief authority, 25.  
 dull ear of a drowsy, 53.  
 dying, to dying men, 213.  
 enough for, to know, 273.  
 ever felt the halter draw, 383.  
 extremes in, 275.  
 false man smiling, 238.  
 familiar beast to, 21.  
 famous, is Robin Hood, 411.  
 fell into his anecdotage, 531.  
 first, is of the earth earthy, 614.  
 fittest place for, to die, 559.  
 fond precociously of stirring, 513.  
 foremost, of all this world, 88.  
 forget not though in rags, 334.  
 free as nature first made, 229.  
 gently scan your brother, 386.  
 give every, thy ear, 104.  
 goeth forth unto his work, 594.  
 goeth to his long home, 602.  
 good easy, when he thinks, 73.  
 good great, 433.  
 good, meets his fate, 263.  
 good name in, and woman, 128.  
 good, never dies, 439.  
 good old, 29, 42.  
 goodliest, of men, 188.  
 grace of God to, 335.  
 great to little, 333.  
 greater love hath no, 612.  
 had fixed his face, as if the, 409.  
 half part of a blessed, 52.  
 hand against every, 583.  
 hanging the worst use of, 143.  
 happy, be his dole, 23.  
 happy, 's without a shirt, 141.  
 happy the, 227, 283.  
 has business and desire, 107.  
 he felt as a, 336.  
 he is oft the wisest, 404.  
 he was a good and just, 611.  
 healthy wealthy and wise, 639.  
 hearty old, 426.  
 heaven had made her such a, 126.  
 her wit was more than, 224.  
 here lies a truly honest, 169.  
 highest style of, 264.  
 his prey was, 287.  
 honest and perfect, 150.  
 honest as any, living, 29.  
 honest, is aboon his might, 388.  
 honest, the noblest work, 272, 389.  
 how poor a thing is, 146.  
 I love not, the less, 477.  
 impious in a good, 264.  
 in all the world's new fashion, 31.  
 in ignorance sedate, 312.

**Man in prosperite,** 4.  
 in the bush with God, 532.  
 in the mind of, 407.  
 in wit a, 289.  
 intimates eternity to, 250.  
 irreligious, view an, 506.  
 is a noble animal, 177.  
 is accommodated, 64.  
 is as true as steel, 80.  
 is born unto trouble, 589.  
 is his own star, 150.  
 is little to be envied, 315.  
 is one world, 161.  
 is the godd for a' that, 388.  
 is the nobler growth, 374.  
 is thy most awful instrument, 413.  
 is vile, and only, 464.  
 judgment falls upon a, 156.  
 justice the great interest of, 467.  
 laborin', an' laborin' woman, 565.  
 laugh if such a, there be, 281.  
 lay down his life for his friends, 612.  
 let him pass for a, 37.  
 let no such, be trusted, 41.  
 let not, put asunder, 609.  
 let the end try the, 63.  
 life of a, a poem, 506.  
 life of, less than a span, 141.  
 life of, solitary, 155.  
 like to a little kingdom, 85.  
 little round fat oily, 303.  
 living dead, 27.  
 lot of, but once to die, 159.  
 low sitting on the ground, 11.  
 lust in, no charm can tame, 234.  
 made of a cheese-paring, 64.  
 made the town, 360.  
 made us citizens, 565.  
 makes a death, 264.  
 makes his own stature, 265.  
 maketh glad the heart of, 594.  
 man's inhumanity to, 385.  
 mark the perfect, 592.  
 marks the earth with ruin, 477.  
 master of his time, 95.  
 may fish with the worm, 117.  
 may last but never lives, 333.  
 may see how this world goes, 124.  
 may write at any time, 317.  
 melancholic distracted, 167.  
 memory of, runneth not, 333.  
 mildest mannered, 487.  
 mind of desultory, 359.  
 mind the standard of the, 256.  
 misery acquaints a, 20.  
 more apparel than the, 28.  
 more sinned against, 122.  
 most senseless and fit, 28.  
 must play a part, every, 35.  
 nae, can tether time or tide, 384.  
 nature formed but one such, 483.

- Man, nature made thee to temper, 237.  
 never is but always to be blest, 268.  
 no. can lose what he never had, 157.  
 no, has aught of what he leaves, 120.  
 no, is born an angler, 157.  
 no, is born an artist, 157.  
 no, see me more, 73.  
 no wiser for his learning, 156.  
 not good to be alone, 586.  
 not made for the Sabbath, 610.  
 not passion's slave, 113.  
 nothing so becomes a, 65.  
 nothing yet contrived by, 317.  
 noticeable, with large gray eyes, 403.  
 of cheerful yesterdays, 423.  
 of knowledge increaseth strength, 598.  
 of letters amongst men, 523.  
 of mettle, grasp it like a, 261.  
 of might, Tubal Cain a, 559.  
 of morals, why, 173.  
 of my kidney, 23.  
 of nasty ideas, 247.  
 of one book, beware of a, 624.  
 of peace and war, 219.  
 of pleasure a man of pains, 265.  
 of rank as an author, 318.  
 of Ross, sing the, 275.  
 of such a feeble temper, 83.  
 of the world amongst men, 523.  
 of unbounded stomach, 74.  
 of unclean lips, 603.  
 of wisdom man of years, 265.  
 of woe, not always a, 447.  
 old age in this universal, 140.  
 old, and no honestier than I, 29.  
 old, to have so much blood in him, 99.  
 one, among a thousand, 600.  
 one worthy, my foe, 281.  
 parchment undo a, 68.  
 patient in loss, 134.  
 people arose as one, 587.  
 perceives it die away, 420.  
 play the, 580.  
 plays many parts, in his time, 44.  
 poet still more a, 506.  
 poorest, in his cottage, 320.  
 prentice han' she tried on, 385.  
 press not a falling, 73.  
 profited, what is a, 609.  
 proper, as one shall see, 34.  
 proper judge of the, 256.  
 proposes God disposes, 5.  
 proud man, 25.  
 prudent, looketh well, 596.  
 reading maketh a full, 138.  
 recovered of the bite, 344.  
 religious, unworthy a, 506.  
 regardeth the life of his beast, 596.
- Man, remote from, 258.  
 right, in the right place, 562.  
 righteous, perils doe enfold the, 11.  
 round fat oily, 303.  
 rousing herself like a strong, 211.  
 ruins of the noblest, 86.  
 sabbath was made for, 610.  
 sadder and a wiser, 433.  
 scene of, expatiate o'er this, 268.  
 seasoned life of, 211.  
 seems the only growth, 338.  
 seven women hold of one, 603.  
 shall cast his idols, 603.  
 shall not live by bread alone, 607.  
 sharpeneth the countenance, 599.  
 she knows her, 228.  
 should not be alone, 586.  
 sleep of a labouring, 600.  
 so besy a, as he, 2.  
 so faint so spiritless, 62.  
 so frail a thing is, 585.  
 so much one, can do, 232.  
 so various, 222.  
 sorrows of a poor old, 377.  
 sour-complexioned, 157.  
 soweth that he reaps, 615.  
 spirit of, is divine, 480.  
 struggling for life, 316.  
 struggling in the storms, 289.  
 study of mankind is, 270.  
 such master such, 6.  
 suspect your tale untrue, lest, 295.  
 take him for all in all, 103.  
 teach you more of, 416.  
 telle a tale after a, 2.  
 thankless inconsistent, 263.  
 that blushes, 265.  
 that endureth temptation, 616.  
 that hails you Tom, 365.  
 that hangs on princes' favours, 73.  
 that hath a tongue is no man, 21.  
 that hath friends, 597.  
 that hath his quiver full, 595.  
 that hath no music in himself, 41.  
 that is born of woman, 590.  
 that is not passion's slave, 113.  
 that lays his hand upon a woman, 33.  
 that meddles with cold iron, 217.  
 that old, eloquent, 208.  
 that runnith awaie, 345.  
 the hermit sighed, 441.  
 the kindest, the best conditioned, 39.  
 there lived a, 439.  
 this is the state of, 73.  
 this was a, say to all the world, 89.  
 thou art the, 588.  
 thou pendulum, 476.  
 thoughtless, 263, 422.  
 to all the country dear, 340.

- Man** to double business bound, 115.  
 to labour in his vocation, 57.  
 to man, speech made to open, 266.  
 to mend God's work, 223.  
 too fond to rule alone, 281.  
 turn over half a library, 317.  
 unclubable, 316.  
 under his fig-tree, 606.  
 upon this earth, to every, 523.  
 upright, God hath made, 601.  
 use doth breed a habit in a, 21.  
 use it lawfully, if a, 615.  
 vain is the help of, 593.  
 vile, that mourns, 239.  
 vindicate the ways of God to, 268.  
 virtuous and vicious, 271.  
 want as an armed, 596.  
 wants but little, 264, 343.  
 weak and despised old, 122.  
 weigh the, not his title, 388.  
 well-bred, will not affront me, 357.  
 well-favoured, to be a, 28.  
 what a piece of work is a, 109.  
 what can an old, do but die, 512.  
 what, dare I dare, 97.  
 what has been done by, 265.  
 where he dies for, 559.  
 where lives the, 452.  
 whereof the memory of, 333.  
 while, is growing, 265.  
 who calleth, let the, 244.  
 who could make so vile a pun, 240.  
 who could not bear another's, 290.  
 who much receives, 333.  
 who needlessly sets foot upon a  
   worm, 364.  
 who smokes, 525.  
 who turnips cries, 318.  
 who wants a shirt, 640.  
 whole duty of, 602.  
 whose blood is very snow-broth, 24.  
 whose blood is warm within, 36.  
 whose breath is in his nostrils, 608.  
 whose wish and care, 288.  
 wise in his own conceit, 599.  
 wit and wisdom born with a, 156.  
 with a terrible name, 425.  
 with him was God or Devil, 222.  
 with large gray eyes, 403.  
 with soul so dead, 448.  
 within him hide, 26.  
 within this learned, 18.  
 without a tear, 444.  
 worth makes the, 272.  
 would die when the brains were  
   out, 96.  
 writing maketh an exact, 138.  
 written out of reputation, 243.  
**Man's** apparel fits your thief, 26.  
 best things are nearest, 526.  
 blood, whoso sheddeth, 586.  
**Man's** censure, take each, 104.  
 contumely, the proud, 111.  
 destiny, worst condition of, 318.  
 erring judgment, 276.  
 first disobedience, 178.  
 good qualities, see a, 506.  
 ground, built on another, 22.  
 hand against him, every, 586.  
 hand, cloud like a, 588.  
 heart deviseth his way, 597.  
 house his castle, 9.  
 illusion given, for, 461.  
 imperial race, 279.  
 ingratitude, unkind as, 44.  
 inhumanity to man, 385.  
 life, he took a, 506.  
 love, a good, 45.  
 love is a thing apart, 487.  
 memory outlive his life half a year,  
   113.  
 mortality, watch o'er, 421.  
 most dark extremity, 452.  
 true touchstone, 152.  
 unconquerable mind, 412.  
 virtue nor sufficiency, 30.  
 wickedness, a method in, 152.  
 will live by one, 18.  
 work made manifest, 613.  
**Mandragera**, give me to drink, 132.  
 not poppy nor, 129.  
**Mane**, dew-drop from the lion's, 76.  
 hand upon the ocean's, 507.  
 hand upon thy, 478.  
**Mangled** forms, vents in, 43.  
**Manhood**, bone of, 348.  
 disappointment of, 531.  
 is a struggle, 530.  
 nor good fellowship in thee, 57.  
 reserves for a bright, 525.  
 sounder piece of British, 506.  
**Manichean** god, 363.  
**Mankind**, cause of, 457.  
 deserve better of, 246.  
 free spirit of, 515.  
 from China to Peru, 311.  
 love a lover, 533.  
 meanest of, 272.  
 misfortunes of, 355.  
 proper study of, 270.  
 respect to the opinions of, 369.  
 seduces all, 294.  
 surpasses or subdues, 474.  
 things are in the saddle and ride,  
   533.  
 think their little set, 376.  
 what was meant for, 342.  
**Mankind's** concern, charity, 271.  
 epitome, not one but all, 222.  
 wonder, my delight all, 235.  
**Man-like** is it to fall into sin, 574.  
**Manliness** of grief, silent, 342.

- Manly foe, give me the, 399.  
 Manna, his tongue dropped, 182.  
 Manner born, to the, 105.  
   of men, after the, 612.  
 Manners all who saw admired, 382.  
   catch the, living as they rise, 268.  
   corrupt good, 614.  
   graced with polished, 364.  
   had not that repose, 547.  
   in the face, saw the, 313.  
   men's evil, live in brass, 74.  
   must adorn knowledge, 298.  
   of, gentle of affections mild, 289.  
   with fortunes, 274.  
 Mannish cowards, 41.  
 Mansions in my Father's house, 612.  
   in the skies, 255.  
 Mantle like a standing pond, 36.  
   morn in russet, 101.  
   of the standing pool, 122.  
   silver, threw o'er the dark, 188.  
   that covers all human thoughts,  
     573.  
 Mantuan swan, 356.  
 Manus hæc inimica tyrannis, 398.  
 Manuscript, zigzag, 361.  
 Many a fair pearl, 146.  
   a holy text around she strews, 330.  
   a rich stone, 146.  
   a time and oft, 37.  
   are called but few chosen, 609.  
   made for one, faith of, 271.  
   must labour for the one, 481.  
   waters cannot quench love, 602.  
 Many-coloured life, 312.  
 Many-headed monster, 149, 283, 451.  
   multitude, 16, 76.  
 Many-twinkling feet, 326.  
 Map me no maps, 652.  
 Maps, geographers in Afric, 245.  
 Mar what 's well, oft we, 121.  
   your fortunes, lest it may, 121.  
 Marathon, gray, 473  
   looks on the sea, 488.  
   mountains look on, 488.  
   plain of, 315.  
 Marble, forget thyself to, 206.  
   leapt to life, 498.  
   many a braver, 169.  
   of her snowy breast, 176.  
   sleep in dull cold, 74.  
   to retain, 485, 574.  
   wastes, more the, 570.  
   with his name, mark the, 275.  
 Marble-hearted fiend, ingratitude, 121.  
 Marbles, mossy, rest, 544.  
 Marcellus exiled feels, 272.  
 March, beware the Ides of, 83.  
   drought of, 1.  
   hare, mad as a, 644.  
   in the front of, 548.
- March is o'er the mountain waves, 443.  
   life's morning, 444.  
   long majestic, 283.  
   of intellect, 426.  
   of the human mind, 349.  
   stormy, has come, 516.  
   through Coventry, 61.  
   to the battle-field, 499.  
   winds of, with beauty, 52.  
 Marched on without impediment, 71.  
 Marches, funeral, to the grave, 535.  
   our dreadful, 69.  
 Marcia towers above her sex, 249.  
 Mare, gray, the better horse, 641.  
 Margin, meadow of, 379.  
   of fair Zurich's waters, 510.  
 Mariage est comme une forteresse, 167.  
 Mariners of England, ye, 443.  
 Marivaux, romances of, 331.  
 Mark Antony lost the world, 237.  
   death loves a shining, 265.  
   fellow of no, 60.  
   measures not men my, 346.  
   miss the, 383.  
   now how a plain tale, 59.  
   push beyond her, 552.  
   the archer little meant, 452.  
   the marble with his name, 275.  
   the perfect man, 592.  
 Marked him for her own, 330.  
   him for his own, 158.  
 Market town, fellow in a, 375.  
 Marks of honest men, titles are, 266.  
 Marlborough's eyes, 312.  
 Marle, over the burning, 179.  
 Marlowe's mighty line, 148.  
 Marmion, last words of, 450.  
 Marred the lofty line, 448.  
 Marreth what he makes, 281.  
 Marriage an open question, 533.  
   curse of, 129.  
   mirth in funeral dirge in, 102.  
   of true minds, 136.  
   tables, furnish forth the, 103.  
 Marriage-bell, merry as a, 473.  
 Marriages, why so few, are happy, 246.  
 Married in haste, 257.  
   live till I were, 28.  
   man, Benedick the, 27.  
   to immortal verse, 205, 423.  
   when we are, 22.  
 Marry ancient people, 212.  
   proper time to, 359.  
 Mars, eye like, to threaten, 115.  
   of malcontents, 22.  
   this seat of, 55.  
 Marshal's truncheon, 24.  
 Marshallest me the way, 93.  
 Martial airs of England, 467, 555.  
   cloak around him, 504.  
   melting airs or, 333.

- Martial outside, swashing and, 41.  
 Martyr, fallest a blessed, 74.  
   like a pale, 569.  
 Martyrdom of fame, 482.  
   of John Rogers, 585  
 Martyrs, blood of the, 624.  
   noble army of, 618.  
 Mary go and call the cattle home, 567.  
   hath chosen that good part, 611  
   image of Bloody, 513.  
 Mary-buds, winking, 134.  
 Masquerade, truth in, 489.  
 Mass of millinery, 554.  
   of things to come, 75.  
 Mast, bends the gallant, 446.  
   like a drunken sailor on a, 71.  
   nail to the, her holy flag, 544.  
   of some great ammiral, 179.  
 Master a grief, every one can, 28.  
   Brook, think of that, 23.  
   eternal, foud, 313.  
   of his time, every man be, 95.  
   such, such man, 6.  
 Master's spell, kindled by, 400.  
 Masterdom and sway, 91.  
 Masterly inactivity, 395.  
 Master-passion in the breast, 270.  
 Masterpiece, made his, 94.  
   nature's chief, 233.  
 Masters of assemblies, 602.  
   noble and approved good, 125.  
   of their fates, men are, 84.  
   spread yourselves, 34.  
 Master-spirit embalmed, 211.  
 Master-spirits of this age, 86.  
 Mastery, strive here for, 185.  
 Mastiff greyhound, 123.  
 Mat half hung, 275.  
 Mate, choose not alone a proper, 359.  
 Mated by the lion, the hind, 47.  
 Mater ait natae, 584.  
 Mathematics, angling like, 157.  
   makes men subtle, 138.  
 Matin bell, each, 433.  
   the glow-worm shows the, 107.  
 Matron's bones, mutine in a, 113.  
 Matter a little fire kindleth, 616  
   book containing such vile, 81.  
   conclusion of the whole, 602.  
   for a May morning, 51.  
   german to the, 120.  
   he that repeateth a, 597.  
   mince the, 644.  
   more, with less art, 108.  
   no, Berkeley said, 439.  
   root of the, found in me, 590.  
   will make a Star-chamber, 21.  
   will re-word, I the, 116.  
   wrecks of, 250.  
 Matters, men may read strange, 91.  
   small to greater, 132.  
 Matthew Prior, here lies, 242.  
 Mattock and the grave, 264.  
 Maturst counsels, dash, 182.  
 Maudlin poetess, 280.  
 Mavis singing its love-song, 534.  
 Maxim in the schools, an old, 246.  
   scoundrel, 303.  
   this great, be my virtue's guide, 296.  
   with me, it is a, 243.  
 Maxims, hoard of, 549.  
 May although I care not, 13.  
   as flush as, 115.  
   flowers, clouds that shed, 188.  
   flowery meads in, 155.  
   full of spirit as the month of, 60.  
   I be there to see, 359.  
   not, I dare and yet I, 13.  
   in the merry month of, 144.  
   morning, more matter for a, 51.  
   Queen o' the, 548.  
   will not when he, 582.  
   winter chills the lap of, 338.  
   wol have no slogardie a-night, 2.  
 May's new-fangled mirth, 31.  
 Mayde, meke as is a, 1.  
 Maypole in the Strand, 306.  
 May-time and cheerful Dawn, 404.  
 Maze, mighty, not without a plan, 268.  
   through the mirthful, 339.  
   wandered long in fancy's, 281.  
 Mazes, in wandering, lost, 183.  
 Mazy progress, 326.  
 Me pinguem et nitidum, 390.  
 Mead, floures in the, 4.  
 Meadow of margin, 379.  
 Meadow-flower its bloom unfold, 410.  
 Meadows brown and sear, 516.  
   do paint the, with delight, 33.  
   trim with daisies pied, 204.  
 Meads in May, flowery, 155.  
   naiads through the dewy, 356.  
 Meagre were his looks, 82.  
 Meal in a barrel, handful of, 588.  
 Mean, golden, 366, 641.  
   happy, 641.  
 Meaner beauties of the night, 143.  
 Meanest flower that blows, 421.  
   floweret of the vale, 331.  
   of mankind, wisest brightest, 272.  
   thing that feels, 406.  
 Meaning, blunders round about a, 280.  
 Mennings, hell is full of good, 161.  
   our fantasies have two, 564.  
 Means and appliances, 63.  
   and content, he that wants, 45.  
   by any, get wealth, 283.  
   end must justify the, 241.  
   not, but ends, 436  
   of evil out of good, 179.  
   ravin up thine own life's, 95.  
   to be of note, 133.

- Means to do ill deeds, 54.  
to live, save, 20.  
to an end, life's but a, 561.  
whereby I live, 40.
- Meant, more, than meets the ear, 206.
- Measure for law, 156.  
God gives wind by, 161.  
of an unmade grave, 81.  
of my days what it is, 592.  
of my wrath, 21.  
sighed to, 404.  
to tread a, with you, 33.  
your mind's height, 557.
- Measured by deeds not years, 380.  
by my soul, 256.  
many a mile to tread a measure, 33.  
phrase, 406.
- Measureless content, shut up in, 93.  
to man, caverns, 435.
- Measures, delightful, 69.  
life in short, may perfect be, 147.  
Lydian, softly sweet in, 225.  
not men, 346.
- Meat and drink to me, 46.  
God sendeth both mouth and, 5.  
God sends, 640.  
I cannot eat but little, 7.  
is too good for any but anglers, 158.  
it feeds on, mock the, 129.  
or drink, is another's, 153.  
upon what, doth Cæsar feed, 84.
- Meats, funeral baked, 103.
- Mecca saddens, 301.
- Meccas of the mind, 500.
- Mechanic slaves, 134.
- Mechanized automaton, 492.
- Meddles with cold iron, 217.
- Meddling, every fool will be, 597.
- Medes and Persians, law of the, 605.
- Medicinal, some griefs are, 134.
- Medicinal gum, 132.
- Medicine for the soul, 629.  
miserable have no other, 25.  
thee to that sweet sleep, 129.
- Medicines to make me love, 58.
- Medio de fonte leporum, 471.
- Meditate the thankless muse, 203.
- Meditation, let us all to, 68.
- Meditation, maiden, fancy-free, 34.
- Meditative spleen, 422.
- Medium, no cold, 291.
- Meed of some melodious tear, 203.  
sweat for duty not for, 42.
- Meek and gentle, I am, 86.  
and lowly pure and holy, 534.  
and quiet spirit, 617.  
as is a mayde, 1.  
nature's evening comment, 414.  
patient spirit, 166.
- Meek-eyed worn, 301.
- Meet again, if we do, 89.
- Meet again, when shall we three, 89.  
Bombastes face to face, 306.  
I set it down, it is, 107.  
in her aspect, 482.  
like a pleasant thought, 404.  
me by moonlight alone, 529.  
mortality, how gladly would I, 195.  
nurse for a poetic child, 448.  
the sun in his coming, 465.  
the sun on the upland lawn, 330.  
thee at thy coming, 603.
- Meeting, broke the good, 97.  
journeys end in lovers, 49.  
of gentle lights, 163.
- Meetings, changed to merry, 69.
- Meets the ear, more than, 206.
- Melancholic distracted man, 167.
- Melancholy as a battle won, 400.  
charm in, there's such a, 401.  
chord in, 512.  
days are come, 516.  
green and yellow, 50.  
main, amid the, 303.  
marked him for her own, 330.  
moping, 195.  
most musical most, 206.  
of mine own, it is a, 45.  
slow, unfriended, 338.  
sweetest, 151.  
train, 339.  
waste, gray and, 515.  
what charm can soothe her, 344.
- Mellow, goes to bed, 150.  
rich and ripe, 485.  
too, for me, 296.  
whether grave or, 252.
- Mellowed to that tender light, 482.
- Mellowing of occasion, 32.  
year, before the, 203.
- Melodie, foules maken, 1.  
my luv'e's like the, 388
- Melodies, heard, are sweet, 503.  
sweetest, are those, 417.  
the echoes of that voice, 436.  
thousand, unheard before, 400.
- Melodious birds sing madrigals, 17.  
sound eftsoones they heard, 11.  
tear, meed of some, 203.
- Melody, blundering kind of, 223.  
crack the voice of, 545.  
falling in, 434.  
of every grace, 172.  
with charmed, 541.
- Melrose, fair, 447.
- Melt and dispel ye spectre-doubts, 442.  
at others' woe, 288, 292.  
in her own fire, 116.  
into sorrow, 480.  
too solid flesh would, 102.
- Melted into air into thin air, 20.
- Melting airs or martial, 333.



- Melting mood, unused to the, 132.  
 Melts the mind to love, 225.  
 Member, tongue an unruly, 616.  
 Memnonium was in all its glory, 426.  
 Memorable epocha, 333.  
 Memories, no pyramids set off his, 153.  
 Memory be green, 101.  
   begot in the ventricle of, 32.  
   dear, lost to sight to, 510.  
   dear son of, 208.  
   fond, brings the light, 460.  
   graves of, 440  
   green in our souls, 456.  
   holds a seat in this globe, 107.  
   how sweet their, 334.  
   indebted to his, for his jests, 330.  
   leaves of, 539.  
   lends her light no more, 452  
   may outlive his life half a year,  
   113.  
   meek Walton's heavenly, 415.  
   morning-star of, 479.  
   my name and, 141.  
   of all he stole, pleasing, 234.  
   of earth's bitter leaven, 411.  
   of man runneth not, 333.  
   of the just, 593.  
   place in thy, dearest, 528.  
   plays an old tune, 533.  
   pluck from, a rooted sorrow, 99  
   silent shore of, 423.  
   sinner of his, made such a, 19.  
   table of my, 107.  
   takes them to her caverns, 508.  
   throng into my, 199.  
   vibrates in the, 494.  
   wakes the bitter, 183.  
   warder of the brain, 93.  
   Washington's awful, 425.  
   watches o'er the sad review, 441.  
   will bring back the feeling, 584.  
 Men able to rely upon themselves, 373.  
   about me that are fat, 84.  
   above that which is written, 613.  
   after the manner of, 612  
   aged, full loth and slow, 452.  
   all, are created equal, 369.  
   all, have their price, 253.  
   all things to all, 613.  
   and women merely players, 44.  
   are April when they woo, 46.  
   are but children, 228.  
   are we and must grieve, 412.  
   are you good, and true, 28.  
   below and saints above, 447.  
   beneath the rule of, 525  
   best of, that e'er wore earth, 166.  
   betray, finds too late that, 344.  
   bodies of unburied, 168.  
   busy companies of, 232.  
   busy haunts of, 496.  
 Men, busy hum of, 205.  
   by losing rendered sager, 484.  
   by whom impartial laws were given,  
   293.  
   callen daisies in our toun, 4.  
   can counsel and speak comfort, 30.  
   cause that wit is in other, 62.  
   cheerful ways of, 186.  
   clever, are good, 503.  
   comprehend all vagrom, 28.  
   condemned alike to groan, 325.  
   cradled into poetry, 493.  
   crowd of common, 153.  
   daily do not knowing what, 29.  
   dare do what men may do, 29.  
   December when they wed, 46.  
   deeds are, 162.  
   deeds of, looks through the, 84.  
   do a-land, 135.  
   down among the dead, 320.  
   draw, as they ought to be, 342.  
   drink, reasons why, 571.  
   dying man to dying, 213.  
   erring, call chance, 201.  
   evil that, do, 86.  
   few, admired by their servants, 630.  
   for the use and benefit of, 232.  
   from the chimney-corner, 16.  
   gods and godlike, 472.  
   good will toward, 610.  
   goodliest man of, 188.  
   gratitude of, 416.  
   gratitude of most, 575.  
   great nature made us, 565.  
   great, not always wise, 590.  
   greatest, oftest wrecked, 196.  
   happy breed of, 55.  
   have died not for love, 46.  
   have lost their reason, 87.  
   hearts of oak are our, 332.  
   heights reached by great, 538.  
   histories make, wise, 138.  
   impious, bear sway, 250.  
   in the catalogue ye go for, 95.  
   in these degenerate days, 290.  
   justifiable to, 197.  
   justify the ways of God to, 178.  
   let but thy wicked, 174.  
   literary, a perpetual priesthood, 506  
   lives of great, all remind us, 535.  
   living to be brave, 210.  
   lodging-place of wayfaring, 605.  
   made, and not made them well, 112.  
   man of letters amongst, 523.  
   masters of their fates, 84.  
   may come and men may go, 554.  
   may live fools, 264.  
   may read strange matters, 91.  
   measures not, 346.  
   met each other, 223.  
   midst the shock of, 472.

- Men, modest, are dumb, 391.**  
 most infamous, 353.  
 most wretched, 493.  
 moulded out of faults, 26.  
 must be taught, 278.  
 my brothers, 549.  
 nation of gallant, 350.  
 nobleness in other, 564.  
 observingly distil it out, 66.  
 cf Boston, solid, 383.  
 of few words are the best, 65.  
 of honour and of cavaliers, 350.  
 of inward light, 219.  
 of most renowned virtue, 211.  
 of sense approve, 278.  
 of wit will condescend, 246.  
 old, shall dream dreams, 606.  
 only disagree of creatures rational,  
 183.  
 ordinary sort of, 266.  
 philosophy makes, grave, 138.  
 poet still more a man than, 506.  
 port for, claret for boys, 317.  
 proper, as ever trod, 83.  
 propose, why don't the, 508.  
 put an enemy in their mouths, 128.  
 quit yourselves like, 587.  
 quotation is the parole of literary,  
 318.  
 reach of ordinary, 406.  
 ready bootied and spurred, 236.  
 relished by the wisest, 334.  
 rich, rule the law, 339.  
 right judgment of any, 506.  
 rise on stepping stones, 551.  
 roll of common, 59.  
 sailors are but, 27.  
 schemes o' mice and, 385.  
 science that, here, 4.  
 shame to, 183.  
 shiver when thou art named, 300.  
 should fear, strange that, 86.  
 shut doors against a setting sun, 82.  
 sit down to that nourishment, 31.  
 sleek-headed, 84.  
 smile no more, 294.  
 so are they all honourable, 87.  
 Socrates the wisest of, 197.  
 some to business take, 274.  
 some to pleasure take, 274.  
 spirits of just, made perfect, 616.  
 stand before mean, 598.  
 such, are dangerous, 84.  
 suspect your tale, 295.  
 talk only to conceal the mind, 266.  
 tall, had empty heads, 139.  
 tastes of, so various, 334.  
 tears of bearded, 449.  
 tell them they are, 325.  
 that are ruined, 351.  
 that be lothe to departe, 242
- Men that can render a reason, 599.**  
 that fishes gnawed upon, 71.  
 the workers ever reaping, 549.  
 think all men mortal, 262.  
 this blunder, in, 376.  
 three good, unchanged, 58.  
 tide in the affairs of, 88.  
 titles are marks of honest, 266.  
 to be of one mind in an house, 619.  
 tongues of dying, 55.  
 twelve good, into a box, 497.  
 twelve honest, have decided, 299.  
 two strong, 290.  
 unlearned, of books, 266.  
 ways of, far from the, 291.  
 we are, my liege, 95.  
 we petty, walk under his legs, 84.  
 were deceivers ever, 28.  
 when bad, combine, 348.  
 which never were, 47.  
 which ordinary, are fit for, 121.  
 who can hear the Decalogue, 419.  
 who have failed in literature, 531.  
 who prefer any load of infamy, 429.  
 who their duties know, 373.  
 who will not act, 310.  
 whose heads do grow beneath their  
 shoulders, 126.  
 whose visages cream and mantle,  
 36.  
 wiser by weakness, 175.  
 with erected look, 223.  
 women and Herveys, 629.  
 world knows nothing of its greatest,  
 528.  
 worth a thousand, 452.  
 would be angels, 269.  
 wrong these holy, 471.  
 you and other, think, 83.  
 young, shall see visions, 606.  
 young, think old men fools, 15.
- Men's bones, full of dead, 610.**  
 business and bosoms, 137.  
 charitable speeches, 141.  
 daughters, words are, 314.  
 evil manners live in brass, 74.  
 judgments are a parcel, 133.  
 misery, became the cause of all, 13.  
 office to speak patience, 30.  
 smiles, there 's daggers in, 95.  
 souls, times that try, 370.  
 stuff, disposer of other, 143.  
**Mend God's work, man to, 223.**  
 it or be rid on 't, 35.  
 your speech a little, 121.
- Mended from that tongue, came, 286.**  
 little said is soonest, 155.  
 nothing else but to be, 216.
- Menial, pampered, 377.**  
**Mention her, no we never, 508.**  
**Mentioned not at all, than, 375.**

- Mentions hell to ears polite, 276.  
 Merchant, over polite, 464.  
 Merchants are princes, 604.  
   most do congregate, 37.  
 Mercie unto others show, 12.  
 Mercies of the wicked, 596.  
 Mercury can rise, Venus sets ere, 289.  
   like feathered, 61.  
   like the herald, 115.  
 Mercy and truth are met, 593.  
   become them as, does, 24.  
   ever hope to have, 12.  
   God all, is a God unjust, 264.  
   I to others show, 12, 288.  
   is above this sceptred sway, 40.  
   is nobility's true badge, 77.  
   is not strained, 39.  
   lovelier things have, 479.  
   nothing emboldens sin so much, 83.  
   of a rude stream, 73.  
   render the deeds of, 40.  
   seasons justice, 40.  
   shut the gates of, 329.  
   sighed farewell, 481.  
   sweet, is nobility's true badge, 77.  
   temper justice with, 195.  
   upon us miserable sinners, 613.  
   we do pray for, 49.  
 Mere, lady of the, 403.  
 Meridian of my glory, 73.  
 Merit, candle to try, 307.  
   displays distinguished, 304.  
   envy will pursue, 278.  
   her, lessened yours, 323.  
   raised, by, 181.  
   sense of your great, 335.  
   spurns that patient, 111.  
   wins the soul, 289.  
 Merits, careless their, 340.  
   dumb on their own, 391.  
   handsomely allowed, 318.  
   to disclose, seek his, 330.  
 Mermaid, things done at the, 152.  
 Meroe Nilotic isle, 196.  
 Merrier man, a, 31.  
   more the, 645.  
 Merriment, flashes of, 119.  
 Merry and wise, 339, 641.  
   as a marriage-bell, 473.  
   as the day is long, 27.  
   boys are we, three, 151.  
   dancing drinking time, 226.  
   eat drink and be, 601, 611.  
   feast, great welcome makes a, 27.  
   fool to make me, 45.  
   heart goes all the day, 51.  
   I am not, 127.  
   in hall where beards wag all, 6.  
   let's be, 155.  
   meetings, changed to, 69.  
   monarch scandalous and poor, 235.  
 Merry month of May, 145.  
   roundelay, 142.  
   when I hear sweet music, 41.  
 Message of despair, 442.  
 Messes, herbs and other country, 205.  
 Messmates hear a brother sailor, 337.  
 Met, no sooner, but they looked, 46.  
   't was in a crowd, 508.  
 Metal, breed for barren, 33.  
   more attractive, 113.  
   rang true, 566.  
   sonorous, 180.  
 Metaphor, betrayed into a, 497.  
 Metaphysic wit, high as, 215.  
 Meteor flag of England, 443.  
   harmless flaming, 174.  
   like a swift-fleeting, 429.  
   ray, fancy's, 388.  
   shone like a, 180.  
   streamed like a, 327.  
   streaming to the wind, 180.  
 Method in madness, 109.  
   in man's wickedness, 152.  
   of making a fortune, 331.  
 Methought I heard a voice, 94.  
   what pain it was to drown, 70.  
 Metre ballad-mongers, 60.  
   of an antique song, 135.  
 Mettle, a lad of, a good boy, 58.  
   grasp it like a man of, 261.  
 Mew, be a kitten and cry, 60.  
   the cat will, 120.  
 Mewing her mighty youth, 211.  
 Mice and rats and such small deer, 122.  
   best-laid schemes o', 385.  
   feet like little, 162.  
   fishermen appear like, 123.  
 Me-wards, affection's strong to, 165.  
 Miching mallecho, this is, 113.  
 Mickle is the powerful grace, 80.  
 Midas me no Midas, 652.  
 Middle age on his bold visage, 450.  
   of the night, vast and, 103.  
   wall of partition, 615.  
 Midnight brought on the dusky hour,  
   191.  
   crew, Comus and his, 328.  
   dances and the public show, 289.  
   dead of, the noon of thought, 374.  
   flower, like the, 457.  
   gravity out of bed at, 59.  
   hags, secret black and, 98.  
   heard the chimes at, 64.  
   in the solemn, 557.  
   iron tongue of, 36.  
   murder, foul and, 327.  
   oil consumed, 295, 644.  
   revels by a forest side, 181.  
   shout and revelry, 199.  
   stars of, shall be dear, 405.  
 Mid-noon risen on, 191, 423.

- Midst of life we are in death, 619.  
 Midsummer madness, this is very, 50.  
 Midwife, she is the fairies', 78.  
 Mien carries more invitation, 252.  
   monster of so frightful, 271.  
 Might have been, it, 541.  
   honest man's aboon his, 388.  
   in their hour of, 455.  
   man of, 559.  
   say her body thought, 144.  
   try with all my, 446.  
   would not when he, 582.  
 Mightiest in the mightiest, 39.  
   Julius fell, 101.  
 Mighty above all things, 606.  
   ale a large quart, of, 2.  
   dead, converse with the, 302.  
   death, just and, 15.  
   fallen, how are the, 588.  
   fortress is our God, 571.  
   large bed, 259.  
   maze but not without a plan, 268.  
   minds of old, 425.  
   orb of song, 421.  
   all the proud and, have, 299.  
   shrine of the, 479.  
   state's decrees, mould a, 553.  
   workings, hum of, 503.  
 Mildest-mannered man, 487.  
 Mildness, ethereal, 301.  
 Mile, measured many a, 33.  
 Miles asunder, villain and he, 82.  
   twelve stout, 402.  
 Militia, rude, 227.  
 Milk, adversity's sweet, 81.  
   and honey, flowing with, 586.  
   and water, happy mixtures, 485.  
   of concord, sweet, 98.  
   of human kindness, 91.  
   of Paradise, drunk the, 436.  
 Milk-white before now purple, 34.  
   thorn, beneath the, 389.  
 Milky baldric of the skies, 498.  
   way, solar walk or, 269.  
   way i' the sky, 163.  
 Mill, brook that turns a, 401.  
   God's, grinds slow but sure, 161.  
   I wandered by the, 526.  
   more water glideth by the, 77.  
   much water goeth by the, 645.  
 Miller, there was a jolly, 354.  
 Miller's golden thumb, 2.  
 Millers thin, bone and skin two, 297.  
 Milliner, perfumed like a, 57.  
 Millinery, mass of, 554.  
 Million, pleased not the, 109.  
 Millions boast, dost thy, 174.  
   for defence, 392.  
   in tears, leaves, 562.  
   of spiritual creatures, 189.  
   of surprises, 160.  
 Millions ready saddled and bridled,  
   236.  
   think, perhaps makes, 488.  
   yet to be, thanks of, 500.  
 Mills of God grind slowly, 574.  
 Millstone hanged about his neck, 611.  
   hard as the nether, 591.  
 Milo's end, remember, 231.  
 Milton, faith and morals of, 413.  
   mute inglorious, 329.  
   round the path of, 410.  
   the divine, 421.  
   the sightless, 413.  
   to give a, birth, 356.  
 Milton's golden lyre, 334.  
 Mince the matter, 644.  
 Mincing, walking and, 603.  
 Mind, absence of, 431.  
   as the, is pitched, 363.  
   be ye all of one, 617.  
   bettering of my, 19.  
   bliss centres in the, 339.  
   body or estate, 618.  
   breathing from her face, 480.  
   but to my, 105.  
   clothed and in his right, 610.  
   dagger of the, 93.  
   desires of the, 140.  
   did minde his grace, never, 9.  
   diseased, minister to a, 99.  
   education forms the common, 273.  
   encyclopedic, 520.  
   eyes are in his, 437.  
   farewell the tranquil, 130.  
   fire from the, 473.  
   fleet is a glance of the, 358.  
   forbids to crave, 8.  
   gives to her, 323.  
   grateful, by owing owes not, 187.  
   how love exalts the, 226.  
   in ruins, the human, 496.  
   in the victor's, 251.  
   infirmity of noble, 203.  
   is its own place, 179.  
   is the lever of all things, 465.  
   large and fruitful, 139.  
   laugh that spoke the vacant, 340.  
   leafless desert of the, 479.  
   love looks with the, 34.  
   magic of the, 481.  
   man's unconquerable, 412.  
   march of the human, 349.  
   Meccas of the, 500.  
   misguide the, 276.  
   musing in his sullein, 11.  
   narrowed his, 342.  
   noble, o'erthrown, 111.  
   nobler in the, to suffer, 110.  
   noblest, the best contentment has,  
   10  
   not by the eye but by the, 256.

- Mind not to be changed, 179.  
 of desultory man, 359.  
 of man, in the, 407.  
 one, in an house, 619.  
 out of sight out of, 5, 9.  
 outbreak of a fiery, 108.  
 persuaded in his own, 613.  
 philosophic, 421.  
 philosophy inclineth a man's, 138.  
 pity melts the, to love, 225.  
 raise and erect the, 140.  
 sad thoughts to the, 416.  
 she had a frugal, 359.  
 standard of the man, 256.  
 suspicion haunts the guilty, 69.  
 talk only to conceal the, 266.  
 that builds for aye, 410.  
 that very fiery particle, 490.  
 time out of, 78.  
 to me a kingdom is, 8.  
 to me an empire is, 8.  
 to mind heart to heart, 448.  
 torture of the, 96.  
 unconquerable, 326, 412.  
 untutored, sees God in clouds, 269.  
 vacant, and body filled, 66.  
 vacant, is a mind distressed, 357.  
 visage in his, 126.  
 were weight, if, 413.  
 what I am taught, 446.
- Mind's construction in the face, 90.  
 eye Horatio, in my, 103.  
 height, measure your, 557.
- Mindful what it cost, ever, 401.
- Minds, admiration of weak, 196.  
 are not ever craving, 382.  
 balm of hurt, 94.  
 innocent and quiet, 172.  
 led captive, 196.  
 marriage of true, 136.  
 of old, the mighty, 425.  
 of some of our statesmen, 462.  
 powers which impress our, 416.  
 that have nothing to confer, 403.
- Mine be a cot beside the hill, 401.  
 be the breezy hill, 366.  
 ease in mine inn, 60, 644.  
 enemy's dog, 124.  
 eye seeth thee, 591.  
 fairy of the, 200.  
 host of the Garter, 22.  
 own, do what I will with, 609.  
 own familiar friend, 619.  
 own, an ill-favoured thing but, 46.  
 what is yours is, 27.
- Mines for coal and salt, 501.
- Mingle mingle mingle, 580.
- Minions of the moon, 57.
- Minister, no, so sore, 282.  
 one fair spirit for my, 477.  
 thou flaming, 131.
- Minister to a mind diseased, 99.  
 to himself, the patient must, 99.
- Ministering angel, 119, 450.
- Ministers of grace defend us, 105.  
 of love, 434.
- Minnows, Triton of the, 76.
- Minor pants for twenty-one, 282.
- Minstrel, no, raptures swell, 448.  
 ring the fuller, in, 553.
- Minstrelsy, brayed with, 82.
- Mint and anise, tithe of, 609.  
 of phrases in his brain, 31.
- Minuet in Ariadne, 379.
- Minute, speak more in a, 80.  
 suppliance of a, 104.
- Minutes, in forty, 34.  
 what damned, 129.
- Miracle instead of wit, 267.
- Miraculous organ, with most, 110.
- Mire, learning will be cast into the 350.
- Mirror, honest wife's truest, 393.  
 in that just, 264.  
 thou glorious, 478.  
 up to nature, to hold the, 112.  
 warped, to a gaping age, 499.
- Mirrors of the gigantic shadows, 494.
- Mirth and fun grew fast, 384.  
 and innocence, 485.  
 and tears, humblest, 409.  
 can into folly glide, 452.  
 displaced the, 97.  
 in funeral dirge in marriage, 102.  
 limit of becoming, 31  
 May's new-fangled, 31.  
 mixed wisdom with, 342.  
 of its December, 518  
 string attuned to, 512.  
 that after no repenting draws, 208.
- Misapplied, virtue turns vice being, 80.
- Misbegotten knaves, 59.
- Mischief, in every deed of, 355.  
 hand to execute any, 168.  
 it means, 113.  
 Satan finds some, 254.
- Miserable comforters are ye all, 590.  
 have no other medicine, 25.  
 night, I have passed a, 70.  
 sinners, mercy upon us, 618.  
 to be weak is, 178.
- Miseries, in shallows and in, 88.
- Miser's pensioner, 419.  
 treasure, unsunned heaps of, 200.
- Misery acquaints a man, 20.  
 all men's, became the cause of, 18.  
 child of, baptized in tears, 372.  
 distant, cold to, 355.  
 had worn him to the bones, 82.  
 half our, from our foibles, 376.  
 he gave to, all he had, 330.  
 is at hand, 570.  
 poets in their, dead, 406.

- Misery, steeped to the lips in, 540.  
 . vow an eternal, together, 237.  
 Misery's darkest cavern, 312.  
 Misfortune made the throne her seat,  
 258  
 Misfortune's book, writ in sour, 82.  
 Misfortunes, bear another's, 290.  
 delight in others', 352.  
 of mankind, 355.  
 Misgivings, blank, 420.  
 Misled by fancy's meteor ray, 388.  
 Mislake me not for my complexion, 38.  
 Misquote, enough learning to, 470.  
 Mist is dispelled when a woman ap-  
 pears, 294.  
 obscures, no, 424.  
 of years, dim with the, 472.  
 resembles rain, as, 537.  
 Mistake, you lie under a, 494.  
 Mistletoe hung in the castle hall, 509.  
 Mistress of her art, 385.  
 of herself, 275.  
 such, such Nan, 6.  
 Misty mountain-tops, 81.  
 Misused wine, poison of, 199.  
 Mithridates, half, 522.  
 Mixture of earth's mould, 199.  
 Mixtures of more happy days, 485.  
 Moan of doves, 551.  
 Moat defensive to a house, 55.  
 Mob of gentlemen, 283.  
 Mock a broken charm, 434.  
 at sin, fools make a, 596.  
 the air with idle state, 327.  
 the meat it feeds on, 129.  
 Mocked himself, smiles as if he, 84.  
 Mockery, wine is a, 597.  
 Mockery and a snare, 454.  
 king of snow, 56.  
 of woe, bear about the, 289.  
 unreal, hence, 97.  
 Mocking the air with colours idly  
 spread, 54.  
 Mocks me with the view, 333.  
 Mode of the lyre, each, 462.  
 Model of the barren earth, 56.  
 Moderate haste, one with, 103.  
 the rancour of your tongue, 206  
 Moderation is the silken string, 146.  
 Modern instances, wise saws and, 44.  
 Modes of faith, 271.  
 Modest front of this floor, 169.  
 men are dumb, 391.  
 pride and coy submission, 188.  
 stillness and humility, 65.  
 the quip, 46.  
 zealous yet, 356.  
 Modesty, bounds of, 82.  
 downcast, revealed, 302.  
 grace and blush of, 115.  
 is a candle to thy merit, 307.  
 Modesty of nature, o'erstep not, 112.  
 pure and vestal, 81.  
 Moles and to the bats, 603.  
 Molly, was true to his, 281.  
 Moment, face some awful, 418.  
 give to God each, 307.  
 improve each, as it flies, 312.  
 pith and, enterprises of, 111.  
 show, how little can a, 408.  
 to decide, 564.  
 Moment's ornament, 404.  
 Momentary bliss, 325.  
 Moments make the year, 267.  
 Monarch, does not misbecome a, 334.  
 love could teach a, 331.  
 of all I survey, 358.  
 of mountains, 484.  
 of the vine, 132.  
 once uncovered sat, 306  
 scandalous and poor, 235.  
 the throned, 39.  
 Monarchies, mightiest, 182.  
 Monarchs, change perplexes, 180.  
 fate of mighty, 301.  
 seldom sigh in vain, 449.  
 Monarchy, trappings of a, 315.  
 Monastic brotherhood, 421.  
 Monday, betwixt Saturday and, 245.  
 Money cannot buy, blessing that, 158.  
 comes withal, 47.  
 in thy purse, put, 126.  
 means and content, that wants, 45.  
 much, as 't will bring, 218.  
 of fools, words the, 155.  
 perish with thee, 612.  
 placed for show, books and, 220.  
 still get, boy, 149.  
 the love of, root of all evil, 616.  
 Mongrel mastiff, 123.  
 puppy whelp and hound, 343.  
 Monie a blunder free us, 385.  
 Monk, the devil a, would be, 572.  
 Monks of old, I envy the, 530.  
 Monmouth, river at, 67.  
 Monopoly of fame, 170.  
 Monster, faultless, 236.  
 custom who all sense doth eat, 116.  
 green-eyed, it is the, 129.  
 London, 174.  
 many-headed, 149, 283, 451, 644.  
 vice is a, 271.  
 Monstrous, every fault seeming, 45.  
 tail our cat has got, 244.  
 Mont Blanc is the monarch, 484.  
 Month, a little, 103.  
 laughter for a, 53  
 march stout once a, 227.  
 more than he will stand to in a, 80.  
 of leaves and roses, 562.  
 of May, in the merry, 145.  
 Months that have not an R, 629.

- Monument, enduring, 498.  
     patience on a, 50.  
 Monumental alabaster, smooth as, 131.  
     pomp of age, 414.  
 Monuments, hung up for, 69  
     shall last when Egypt's fall, 265.  
     upon my breast, 505.  
 Mood, blessed, 406.  
     Dorian, of flutes, 180.  
     fantastic as a woman's, 451.  
     in any shape in any, 483.  
     in listening, 450.  
     in that sweet, 416.  
     unused to the melting, 132.  
 Moody madness, 325.  
 Moon, auld, in hir arme, 531.  
     be a dog and bay the, 88.  
     by yonder blessed, 79.  
     climbed the highest hill, 339.  
     close by the, 185.  
     glimpses of the, 105.  
     had filled her horn, 232.  
     in full-orbed glory, 424.  
     inconstant, 79.  
     into salt tears resolves the, 83.  
     is an arrant thief, 83.  
     looks on many brooks, 457.  
     loud thundering to the, 299.  
     made of green cheese, 644.  
     maids who love the, 457.  
     minions of the, 57.  
     mortals call the, 492.  
     night-flower sees but one, 457.  
     of Mahomet, 492.  
     one revolving, 222.  
     pale-faced, honour from the, 53.  
     rising in clouded majesty, 183.  
     shall rise, when the, 143.  
     shine at full or no, 219.  
     silent as the, 197.  
     sits arbitress, 181.  
     swear not by the, 79.  
     sweet regent of the sky, 337.  
     takes up the wondrous tale, 251.  
     that monthly changes, 79.  
     this fair, silent night with, 189.  
     unmask her beauty to the, 104.  
     wandering, behold the, 293.  
 Moon's unclouded grandeur, 492.  
 Moonbeams are bright, for the, 534.  
     play, about their ranks the, 464.  
 Moonlight, by the pale, 447.  
     meet me by, alone, 529.  
     shade, along the, 233.  
     sleeps upon this bank, 49.  
 Moons wastel, some nine, 125.  
 Moon-struck madness, 195.  
 Moor, lady married to the, 417.  
 Moping melancholy, 195.  
 Moral evil and of good, 416.  
     no man's sufficiency to be so, 30.  
 Moral, point a, or adorn a tale, 311.  
 Moralist, rustic, 330.  
 Morality expires, unawares, 266.  
     is perplexed, 351.  
     periodical fits of, 520.  
     religion and, 316.  
 Moralize my song, 10.  
 Moralized his song, 281.  
 Morals, man of, why, 173.  
     which Milton held, 413.  
 Mordre wol out, 3.  
 More, angels could no, 263.  
     blessed to give, 612.  
     giving thy sum of, 42.  
     in sorrow than in anger, 103  
     is thy due than more than all, 90.  
     knave than fool, 17.  
     matter for a May morning, 51.  
     matter with less art, 108.  
     meant than meets the ear, 206.  
     of the serpent than dove, 17.  
     safe I sing with mortal voice, 192.  
     sinned against than sinning, 122.  
     than a crime, it is, 576.  
     than kin less than kind, 102.  
     than painting can express, 258.  
     than the Pope of Rome, 217.  
     the marble wastes, 570.  
     the merrier, 645.  
     the statue grows, 570.  
     things in heaven and earth, 108.  
     thou stir it the worse, 573.  
 Morn and cold indifference, 258.  
     and liquid dew of youth, 104.  
     blushing like the, 193.  
     cheerful at, he wakes, 338.  
     dawning of, with the, 444.  
     fair laughs the, 327.  
     genial, appears, 441.  
     gild the vernal, 372.  
     her rosy steps, 190.  
     in russet mantle clad, 101.  
     incense-breathing, 328.  
     lights that do mislead the, 26.  
     like a lobster boiled, the, 218.  
     like a summer's, 433.  
     meek-eyed, appears, 301.  
     no, no noon no dawn, 514.  
     of toil nor night of waking, 451.  
     on the Indian steep, 199.  
     one, I missed him, 339.  
     opening eyelids of the, 203.  
     risen on mid-noon, 191, 423.  
     salutation to the, 72.  
     sweet approach of even or, 186.  
     sweet is the breath of, 189.  
     to noon he fell, from, 181.  
     tresses like the, 202.  
     was fair the skies were clear, 534.  
     with rosy hand, 191.  
 Morning air, scent the, 107.

- Morning, at odds with, 97.  
   best of the sons of the, 433.  
   brightly breaks the, 445.  
   come in the, 559.  
   dew, faded like the, 441.  
   dew, washed with, 451.  
   dew, womb of, 11.  
   drum-beat, 467.  
   earliest light of the, 465.  
   face, disasters in his, 341.  
   face, schoolboy with his shining,  
   44.  
   fair came forth, 197.  
   I awoke one, 490.  
   in the, thou shalt hear, 255.  
   life how pleasant in thy, 385.  
   like the spirit of a youth, 133  
   lowers, the dawn is overcast, 249.  
   more matter for a May, 51.  
   never wore to evening, 552.  
   of the times, in the, 550.  
   reflection came with the, 453.  
   shows the day, 196.  
   son of the, 604.  
   sow thy seed in the, 601.  
   star, charm to stay the, 435.  
   stars of, dewdrops, 191.  
   stars sang together, 590.  
   wings of the, 595.  
   womb of the, 619  
 Morning-star, glittering like the, 350.  
   of memory, 479.  
 Morrow, good night till it be, 79.  
   no part of their good, 169.  
   take no thought for the, 608.  
   windy night a rainy, 136.  
 Morsel under his tongue, 233.  
 Mortal coil, shuffled off this, 110.  
   crisis doth portend, 217.  
   frame, quit this, 288.  
   frame, stirs this, 434.  
   he raised a, to the skies, 226.  
   hopes defeated, 408.  
   instruments, 85.  
   men think all men, 262.  
   mixture of earth's mould, 199.  
   resting-place so fair, 476.  
   spirit of, be proud, 429.  
   taste brought death, 178.  
   through a crown's disguise, 334.  
 Mortality, gladly would I meet, 195.  
   kept watch o'er man's, 421.  
   thoughts of, 212.  
 Mortality's strong hand, 54  
   too weak to bear them long, 238.  
 Mortals call the moon, 452.  
   given, some feelings to, 451.  
   human, 34.  
   to command success, not in, 249.  
   to the skies, raise, 466.  
 Mortar, bray a fool in a, 599.  
 Moses, Pan to, lends his pagan horn,  
   285.  
 Moss, rolling stone gathers no, 5, 647.  
 Moss-beds, purpled the, 495.  
 Moss-covered bucket, 464.  
 Mossy marbles rest, 544.  
 Most ignorant of what he's most as-  
   sured, 25.  
   musical most melancholy, 206.  
   unkindest cut of all, 87.  
 Motes that people the sunbeams, 205.  
 Moth, desire of the, 494.  
 Mother Earth, common growth of, 409.  
   father brethren all in thee, 291.  
   happy he with such a, 551.  
   in Israel, I arose a, 587.  
   is a mother still, 435.  
   man before thy, 152.  
   man before your, 366.  
   meets on high her babe, 424.  
   of all living, 586.  
   of arts and eloquence, 196.  
   of devotion, ignorance the, 228.  
   of dews, morn appears, 301.  
   of invention, necessity the, 259.  
   of safety, provident fear, 351.  
   so loving to my, 102.  
   the holiest thing alive, 435.  
   to her daughter spake, 584.  
   tongue, 361, 534.  
   was weeping, its, 524.  
   who'd give her booby, 295  
   who ran to help me? my, 446.  
   who talks of her children, 530.  
   wit, 645.  
 Mother's breath, extend a, 282.  
   lap, 195, 196.  
   pride, father's joy, 452.  
 Moths, maidens like, 471.  
 Motion and a spirit, 407.  
   in his, like an angel sings, 41.  
   in our proper, 181.  
   of a hidden fire, 440.  
   of a muscle, 402.  
   of his starry train, 408.  
   this sensible warm, 25.  
   two stars keep not their, 62.  
 Motionless as ice, 411.  
   torrents silent cataracts, 435.  
 Motions of his spirit dull as night, 41.  
   of the sense, 24.  
 Motives of more fancy, 48.  
 Motley's the only wear, 43.  
 Mottoes of the heart, 443.  
 Mould, ethereal, 182.  
   mortal mixture of earth's, 199.  
   nature lost the perfect, 483.  
   of form, glass of fashion, 112.  
   verge of the churchyard, 513.  
 Moulded on one stem, two lovely ber-  
   ries, 35.



- Moulded out of faults, best men are, 26.  
   scarcely formed or, 490.  
 Moulder piecemeal, 479.  
 Mouldering urn, 367.  
 Mouldy rolls of Noah's ark, 222.  
 Mount Casius old, 183.  
   Zion city of the great king, 592.  
 Mountain and lea, o'er, 534.  
   in dale or piny, 437.  
   in its azure hue, robes the, 441.  
   like the dew on the, 451.  
   nymph sweet liberty, 204.  
   pendent rock a forked, 133.  
   side, from every, 545.  
   small sands the, 267.  
   tops, tiptoe on the misty, 81.  
   waves. march is o'er the, 443.  
 Mountains more, bind him to his na-  
   tive, 339  
   Greenland's icy, 463.  
   high, are a feeling, 474.  
   interposed make enemies, 330.  
   look on Marathon, 488.  
   Mont Blanc is the monarch of, 484.  
   woods or steepy, 17.  
 Mounted in delight, 405.  
 Mounteth with occasion, courage, 52.  
 Mounting in hot haste, 473.  
 Mourn, countless thousands, 385.  
   her, all the world shall, 75.  
   lacks time to, 528.  
   love is doomed to, 376.  
   who thinks must, 243.  
 Mourned by man, 498.  
   by strangers, 288.  
   her soldier slain, 372.  
   the dame of Ephesus, 247.  
   the loved the lost, 475.  
 Mourners go about the streets, 602.  
 Mournful midnight hours, 533.  
   numbers, tell me not in, 535.  
   rhymes, ring out my, 553.  
   rustling in the dark, 533.  
   truth, this, 312.  
 Mourning, house of, 600.  
   oil of joy for, 605.  
 Mournings for the dead, 539.  
 Mourns the dead, he, 262.  
 Mouse, not even a, 445.  
   of any soul, 289.  
   with one poor hole, 162, 289.  
 Mouses wit not worth a leke, 3.  
 Mousing owl hawked at, 95.  
 Mouth and the meat, God sendeth, 5.  
   and thou'lt, I'll rant, 120.  
   even in the cannon's, 44.  
   gaping, and stupid eyes, 226.  
   ginger shall be hot in the, 49.  
   look a gift horse in the, 643.  
   most beautiful in the world, 299.  
   of babes and sucklings, 591.  
 Mouth, out of thine own, 611.  
   which hath the deeper, 67.  
   wickedness sweet in his, 590.  
   with open, swallowing a tailor's  
   news, 54.  
 Mouth-filling oath, 60.  
 Mouth-honour, breath, 99.  
 Mouths a sentence as curs, 353.  
   enemy in their, 128.  
   familiar in their, 66.  
   of wisest censure, 127.  
   without hands, 227.  
 Move easiest, those, 277.  
 Moved to smile at anything, 84.  
 Moves a goddess, 290.  
   in a mysterious way, 364.  
 Moving accidents, 125.  
   push on keep, 394.  
 Moving-delicate and full of life, 29.  
 Much goods laid up, 611.  
   I owe, I have nothing, 572.  
   I want which most would have, 8.  
   may be made of a Scotchman, 317.  
   more to that which had too, 42.  
   said on both sides, 252, 338.  
   so, to do so little done, 553.  
   something too, of this, 113.  
   too much, a little is by, 60.  
   too, of a good thing, 46, 572.  
 Mud, sun reflecting upon the, 140.  
 Muddy ill-seeming thick, 47.  
 Muffled drums are beating, 535.  
 Multiplied visions, 605.  
 Multiplieth words, 590.  
 Multitude call the afternoon, 33.  
   is always in the wrong, 231.  
   many-headed, 16, 76.  
   of counsellors, 596.  
   of sins, charity shall cover the, 617.  
   swinish, hoofs of a, 350.  
 Multitudes in the valley of decision,  
   606.  
 Multitudinous seas incarnadine, 94.  
 Munich, wave, all thy banners, 443.  
 Murder, a brother's, 114.  
   ez fer war I call it, 565.  
   foul and midnight, 327.  
   one, made a villain, 347.  
   one to destroy is, 267.  
   sacrilegious, hath broke ope, 94.  
   sleep, Macbeth does, 94.  
   though it have no tongue, 110.  
   thousands takes a specious name,  
   to, 267.  
 Murders, twenty mortal, 96.  
 Murky air, into the, 195.  
 Murmur, the shallow, 13.  
 Murmuring fled, 190  
   of innumerable bees, 551.  
   streams, lapse of, 193.  
 Murmurings were heard within, 422.

- Murmurs, hollow, died away, 336.  
 near the running brooks, 417.  
 to their woe, 342.
- Muscle, motion of a, 402.
- Muse, chaste, 321.  
 every conqueror creates a, 175.  
 His praise, expressive silence, 303.  
 meditate the thankless, 203.  
 of fire, O for a, 65.  
 on nature with a poet's eye, 441.  
 rise honest, 275.  
 worst-natured, 235.
- Music, angels', 't is, 160.  
 architecture is frozen, 622.  
 at the close, setting sun and, 55.  
 audible to him alone, 408.  
 be the food of love, 48.  
 breathing from her face, 480  
 ceasing of exquisite, 538.  
 discourse most eloquent, 114.  
 dwells lingering, where, 415.  
 fading in, a swan-like end, 39.  
 hath charms to soothe the savage  
 breast, 257.  
 heavenly maid was young, 336.  
 his very foot has, 367.  
 in its roar, 477.  
 in my heart I bore, 411.  
 in the beauty, there is, 177.  
 in the nightingale, there is no, 21.  
 instinct with, 404.  
 man that hath no, in himself, 41.  
 mute, will make the, 555.  
 never merry when I hear sweet, 41.  
 night shall be filled with, 537.  
 of her face, 172.  
 of humanity, still sad, 407.  
 of the sez, rose to the, 438.  
 of the spheres, 645.  
 of the union, keep step to the, 517.  
 of those village bells, 333  
 passed in, out of sight, 548.  
 slumbers in the shell, 400.  
 some to church repair for, 277.  
 soul of, shed, 455  
 sounds of, creep in our ears, 40.  
 sphere-descended maid, 336.  
 sweet compulsion in, 207.  
 sweeter than their own, 417.  
 that would charm forever, 410.  
 the sea-maid's, to hear, 34.  
 to attending ears, softest, 79.  
 vocal spark, 404.  
 waste their, on the savage, 266.  
 what fairy-like, 541.  
 when soft voices die, 494.  
 with its voluptuous swell, 473.  
 with the enamelled stones, 21.
- Music's golden tongue, 502.
- Musical as bright Apollo's lute, 32, 201.  
 glasses, Shakespeare and the, 344.
- Musical, most, most melancholy, 206.
- Musing in his sullein mind, 11.  
 on companions gone, 449.  
 there an hour alone, 488.  
 while the fire burned, 592.
- Muskets aimed at duck, 383.
- Musk-rose and well-attired woodbine,  
 204.  
 of the dale, sweetened every, 201.
- Musk-roses, sweet with, 35.
- Must I thus leave thee, 195.
- Mute inglorious Milton, 329.  
 nature mourns, 447.
- Mutine in a matron's bones, 116.
- Mutter, wizards that peep and, 603.
- Muttered in hell, 't was, 393.
- Mutters backward, 202.
- Mutton, joint of, 64.
- Muttons, to return to our, 572.
- My better half, 16.  
 country 't is of thee, 546.  
 cup runneth over, 592.  
 ever new delight, 190.  
 Father made them all, 363.  
 father's brother, 103.  
 great example, 171.  
 only books, woman's looks, 459.  
 sentence is for open war, 181.  
 soul is in arms, 248
- Mynheer Vandunck, 392.
- Myriad, codeless, 555.
- Myriad-minded Shakespeare, 438.
- Myriads bid you rise, what, 578.  
 of daisies, 415.  
 of rivulets hurrying, 551.
- Myrtles, grove of, 145.
- Myself am hell, 187.  
 such a thing as I, 83.
- Mysteries lie beyond thy dust, 214.
- Mysterious cement of the soul, 300.  
 union with its native sea, 422.  
 way, moves in a, 364.
- Mystery, burden of the, 406.  
 heart of my, 114  
 of mysteries, 453.
- Mystic fabric sprung, 463.
- Mystical lore, 442.
- Nae luck about the house, 337.
- Naebody care for me, if, 387.
- Naiaid of the strand, 450.  
 or a grace, 450.
- Naiads, leads the dancing, 356.
- Nail, fasten him as a, 604.  
 to our coffin, care adds a, 375.  
 to the mast her holy flag, 544.
- Nailed by the ears, 219.  
 on the bitter cross, 57.
- Nails fastened by the masters, 602.
- Naked, every day he clad the, 343.  
 human heart, 264.

- Naked in December snow, 55.  
 new-born babe, 92.  
 new-born child, 373.  
 to mine enemies, 74.  
 villany, clothe my, 70.  
 woods wailing winds, 516.
- Nam et ipsa scientia, 133.
- Name Achilles assumed, 177.  
 age without a, 453.  
 Ah Sin was his, 568.  
 and memory, 141.  
 at which the world grew pale, 311.  
 be George, if his, 52.  
 behind them, left a, 607.  
 breathe not his, 456.  
 call it by some better, 460.  
 cannot conceive nor, 94.  
 current but not appropriate, 397.  
 deed without a, 93.  
 fascination of a, 364.  
 filches from me my good, 128.  
 friend of every friendless, 312.  
 good, better than precious ointment, 600.  
 good, better than riches, 598.  
 good, in man and woman, 128.  
 grand old, of gentleman, 554.  
 greatness of his, 75.  
 Greek or Roman, 221.  
 halloo your, to the reverberate hills, 49  
 her, is never heard, 508.  
 his former, is heard no more, 191.  
 is great in mouths, 127.  
 is Legion, 610.  
 is Norval, my, 335.  
 king's, is a tower of strength, 71.  
 lights without a, 163.  
 local habitation and a, 35  
 love can scarce deserve the, 479.  
 magic of a, 441.  
 man with a terrible, 425.  
 mark the marble with his, 275.  
 no blot on his, 442.  
 no one can speak, 425.  
 no parties, 642.  
 no, to be known by, 128.  
 of action, lose the, 111.  
 of Crispian, rouse at the, 66.  
 of the Prophet figs, 426.  
 of the slough was Despond, 213.  
 of Vanity Fair, it beareth the, 213.  
 Phœbus what a, 470.  
 pleasant to see one's, in print, 470.  
 redeem thy, though late, 300.  
 rose by any other, 79.  
 the world grew pale at, 311.  
 thence they had the'r, 202.  
 to every fixed star, that give a, 31.  
 unmusical to the Volscians' ears, 76.
- Name was writ in water, 502.  
 what is friendship but a, 343.  
 what's in a, 79.  
 what the dickens his, is, 23.  
 whate'er thy, 272.  
 whistling of a, 174, 272.  
 whose, has been well spelt, 489.
- Named thee but to praise, none, 501.
- Nameless unremembered acts, 406.
- Names, call things by their right, 397.  
 commodity of good, 57.  
 familiar as household words, 66.  
 few immortal, 500.  
 good, to be bought, 57.  
 he loved to hear, 544.  
 new-made honour doth forget men's, 52.  
 of all the gods at once, 84.  
 of their founders, forgotten the, 212.  
 syllable men's, 199.  
 twenty more such, 47.  
 which never were, 47.
- Nan, such mistress such, 6.
- Napkins tacked together, two, 61.
- Napoleon's troops, 468.
- Naps, old John, of Greece, 47.
- Narcissa's last words, 274.
- Narrow compass, 175  
 human wit so, 276.  
 two, words hic jacet, 15.
- Narrowed his mind, 342.
- Narrowing lust of gold, 553.
- Nasty ideas, man of, 247.
- Nation, a foreign, 621.  
 ballads of a, 239.  
 corner-stone of a, 538.  
 God sifted a whole, 171.  
 language of the, 389.  
 laws of a, who should make the, 239.  
 made and preserved us a, 491.  
 ne'er would thrive, 241.  
 noble and puissant, 211.  
 of gallant men, 350.  
 of men of honour, 350.  
 of shop-keepers, 629.  
 other courts of the, 219.  
 righteousness exalteth a, 596.  
 small one a strong, 605.  
 void of wit and humour, 334.
- Nation's eyes, history in a, 329.
- Nations, but two, in all, 232.  
 cheap defence of, 350.  
 drop of a bucket, 604.  
 eclipsed the gayety of, 315.  
 fierce contending, 250.  
 fond hope of many, 477.  
 greatness of his name make new, 75.  
 mountains make enemies of, 330.  
 Niobe of, 476.
- Native and to the manner born, 105.

- Native charm, one, 341.  
   heath, my foot is on my, 453.  
   hue of resolution, 111.  
   land good night, 471.  
   shore, adieu my, 471.  
   shore, fast by their, 335.  
   to the heart, head is not more, 102.  
   wood-notes wild, 205.
- Nativity chance or death, 23.
- Natural, do it more, 49.  
   defect, not caused by any, 139.  
   force abated, nor his, 587.  
   in him to please, 221.  
   on the stage, 343.  
   sorrow loss or pain, 411.
- Naturalist and historian, 313.
- Naturalists observe a flea, 245.
- Naturally as pigs squeak, 215.
- Nature, accuse not, 194.  
   affrighted, recoils, 351.  
   against the use of, 90.  
   an apprentice, 385.  
   ancestors of, 185.  
   and nature's God, 273.  
   and nature's laws, 284  
   appalled, 300.  
   art imitates, 259.  
   be your teacher, let, 416.  
   book of, short of leaves, 514.  
   broke the die, 483.  
   built many stories high, 212.  
   cannot miss, 226.  
   clever man by, 397.  
   commonplace of, 404.  
   compunctious visitings of, 91.  
   could no further go, 224  
   course of, is the art of God, 266.  
   debt to, 's quickly paid, 159.  
   diseased, 59.  
   dissembling, 70.  
   done in my days of, 106.  
   exerting unwearied power, 356.  
   extremes in, 275  
   faire is good by, 12.  
   fast in fate, binding, 287.  
   fault to, 102.  
   first made man, free as, 229.  
   fool of, stood, 226.  
   fools of, 105.  
   force of, could no further go, 224.  
   formed but one such man, 483.  
   framed strange fellows, 36.  
   from her seat sighing, 195.  
   habit is second, 628.  
   her custom holds, 118.  
   his, is too noble, 76.  
   hold the mirror up to, 112.  
   holds communion with, 515.  
   I do fear thy, 91.  
   in her corages, 1.  
   in spite of, and their stars, 216.
- Nature, in the love of, 515.  
   in you stands on the very verge, 122.  
   is above art in that respect, 123.  
   is but art unknown, 270.  
   is fine in love, 117.  
   is the art of God, 177.  
   is subdued to what it works in, 136.  
   is too noble for the world, 76.  
   little we see in, that is ours, 410.  
   lived in the eye of, 419.  
   looks through, 273.  
   lost in art, 336.  
   lost the perfect mould, 483.  
   made a pause, 262.  
   made thee to temper man, 237.  
   made us men, 565.  
   might stand up, 89.  
   modesty of, o'erstep not the, 112.  
   mortal, did tremble, 420.  
   mourns her worshipper, 447.  
   muse on, with a poet's eye, 441.  
   must obey necessity, 88.  
   ne'er would thrive, 241.  
   never did betray, 407.  
   never lends her excellence, 23.  
   never made, death which, 264.  
   never put her jewels, 139.  
   no such thing in, 236.  
   not man the less but, more, 477.  
   of an insurrection, 85.  
   one touch of, 76.  
   out from the heart of, 532.  
   passing through, to eternity, 102.  
   pattern of excelling, 131.  
   prodigality of, 70.  
   rich with the spoils of, 177.  
   seems dead o'er one half-world, 93.  
   shakes off her firmness, 300.  
   sink in years, 250.  
   so mild and benign, 260.  
   solid ground of, 410.  
   speaks a various language, 515.  
   state of war by, 245.  
   sullenness against, 210.  
   swears the lovely dears, 385.  
   sweet look that, wears, 536.  
   the vicar of the Lord, 4.  
   'tis their, too, 254.  
   to advantage dressed, 277.  
   to write and read comes by, 28.  
   tone of languid, 359.  
   under tribute, laid all, 397.  
   unjust to, and himself, 263.  
   up to nature's God, 273.  
   use can almost change the stamp  
     of, 116.  
   voice of, cries, 330.  
   war was the state of, 348.  
   wears one universal grin, 307.  
   who can paint like, 301.  
   whose body, is, 269.

- Nature, wild abyss the womb of, 185.  
 workes of, lord of all the, 12.  
 youtha of primy, 104.
- Nature's bastards not her sons, 202.  
 chief masterpiece, 233.  
 cockloft is empty, 212.  
 copy is not eterne, 93.  
 daily food, 404.  
 end of language is declined, 263.  
 evening comment, 414.  
 God, through nature up to, 273.  
 grace, free, 303.  
 heart beats strong, 526.  
 heart in tune, 511.  
 journeymen, 112.  
 kindly law, 271.  
 laws lay hid in night, 284.  
 own creating, noble of, 304.  
 own sweet cunning hand, 40.  
 prentice hand, 335.  
 second course, 94.  
 soft nurse, gentle s'leep, 63.  
 sternest painter, 471.  
 sweet restorer balmy sleep, 262.  
 teachings, list to, 515.  
 walks, eye, 263.  
 works, universal blank of, 186.
- Natures, same with common, 261.
- Naught a trifle, think, 267.  
 but grief and pain, 385.  
 but the nightingale's song, 336.  
 can me bereave, 303.  
 horror of falling into, 250.  
 in this life sweet, 151.  
 my sighs avail, 376.  
 venture naught have, 6.  
 woman's nay doth stand for, 135.
- Naughty night to swim in, 122.  
 world, good deed in a, 41.
- Nautilus, learn of the little, 271.
- Navies are stranded, when, 452.
- Navigators, winds and waves on the  
 side of the ablest, 355.
- Navy of England, royal, 333.
- Nay doth stand for naught, 135.  
 shall have, when he will, 582.
- Nazareth, good thing out of, 611.
- Neera's hair, tangles of, 203.
- Near, he comes too, 150, 296.  
 to be thought so, will go, 30.
- Nearer my God to thee, 531.
- Neat not gaudy, 431.  
 still to be, still to be drest, 147.
- Neat's leather, ever trod on, 83.  
 leather, shoe of, 218.
- Neat-handed Phillis, 205.
- Necessary being, God a, 232.  
 harmless cat, 39.
- Nessite, maken vertue of, 2.
- Necessity, beautiful, 555.  
 is the argument of tyrants, 392.
- Necessity, nature must obey, 88.  
 proper parent of an art, 379.  
 the mother of invention, 259, 645.  
 the tyrant's plea, 188.  
 to make virtue of, 649.  
 turns to glorious gain, 418.  
 villains by, 121.
- Necessity's sharp pinch, 122.
- Neck, driveth o'er a soldier's, 78.  
 millstone hanged about his, 611.
- Necks to gripe of noose, 383.  
 walk with stretched forth, 603.
- Nectar on a lip, 350.  
 water, and the rocks pure gold, 21.
- Nectarean juice, 507.
- Nectared sweets, feast of, 201.
- Need, deserted at his utmost, 225.  
 ever but in times of, 227.  
 of a remoter charm, 406.  
 of blessing, I had most, 93.
- Needful, one thing is, 611.
- Needle and thread, hinders, 514.  
 eye of a, go through the, 609.  
 true as the, to the pole, 292.  
 true, like the, 323.
- Needle's eye, postern of a, 56.
- Needless alexandrine, 277.
- Needs go that the devil drives, 48.  
 only to be seen, 223, 271.
- Neely hollow-eyed sharp-looking, 27.
- Neere that comes to be denied, 150.
- Neglect, such sweet, 147.  
 wise and salutary, 349.
- Neglecting worldly ends, 19.
- Negligences, his noble, 242.
- Negotiate for itself, every eye, 27.
- Neigra' our, hate your, 520.  
 that he might rob a, 522.
- Neighbour's corn, acre of, 402.  
 shame, publishing our, 234.  
 wife, love your, 520.
- Neighe as ever he can, 2.
- Neighs, high and boastful, 66.
- Neither here nor there, 131.  
 kithe nor kin, 581.  
 rhyme nor reason, 45.  
 rich nor rare, 280.
- Nelly, none so fine as, 244.
- Nemean lion's nerve, 106.
- Nemo est nisi ipse, 304.  
 repente venit turpissimus, 152.
- Neptune, would not flatter, 76.
- Neptune's ocean, all great, 94.
- Nerve, strength of, 407.  
 stretch every, 307.  
 the Nemean lion's, 106.  
 the visual, 195.
- Nerves and finer fibres, 303.  
 shall never tremble, 97.
- Nessus maggior dolore, 549.
- Nessus, shirt of, is upon me, 133.

- Nest, birds in last year's, 536.  
     this delicious, 303.  
 Nest-eggs to make clients lay, 220.  
 Nestor swear, though, 36.  
 Nests, birds in their little, agree, 254.  
     birds of the air have, 608.  
     in order ranged, 198.  
 Net, all is fish cometh to, 6, 635.  
 Nether millstone, hard as, 591.  
 Nets, in making, not cages, 246.  
 Nettle danger, out of this, 58.  
     tender-handed stroke a, 261.  
 Neutral, loyal and, in a moment, 94.  
 Neutrality, cold, 351.  
 Never alone appear the Immortals, 435.  
     alone that have noble thoughts, 16.  
     better late than, 6, 637.  
     comes to pass, 391.  
     dejected, while another's blessed, 273.  
     dying soul to save, 305.  
     elated, 273.  
     ending still beginning, 225.  
     is, but always to be, 268.  
     less alone, 355, 400.  
     loved sae kindly, had we, 387.  
     mention her, 508.  
     met or never parted, 387.  
     morning wore to evening, 552.  
     never can forget, 511.  
     never never, 320.  
     says a foolish thing, 235.  
     stand to doubt, 166.  
     to hope again, 73.  
     was seen nor never shall be, 146.  
     would lay down my arms, 320.  
 Never-ending flight of days, 182.  
 Never-failing friends, 425.  
     vice of fools, 276.  
 Nevermore be officer of mine, 128.  
     quoth the raven, 556.  
     shall be lifted, 556.  
 New, ever charming ever, 299.  
     is not valuable, 522.  
     laws, new lords and, 155.  
     look amast as weel's the, 389.  
     or old, ale enough whether, 7.  
     or old, alike fantastic if too, 277.  
     see this is, it may be said, 600.  
     terrors of death, 497.  
     Testament, blessing of the, 137.  
     thing under the sun, no, 600.  
     things succeed, 166.  
     world into existence, 399.  
     Zealand, traveller from, 521.  
 New-born babe, pity like a, 92.  
     babe, sinews of the, 115.  
 Neue, finden wordes, 2.  
 Newest kind of ways, 64.  
 New-fangled mirth, May's, 31.  
 New-fledged offspring, 340.  
 New-made honour doth forget men's names, 52.  
 New-mown hay, 248.  
 New-spangled ore, 204.  
 News, bringer of unwelcome, 62.  
     evil, rides post, 198.  
     from a far country, 598.  
     good, baits, 198.  
     swallowing a tailor's, 54.  
     what, on the Rialto, 37.  
 Newspaper, never look into a, 379.  
 Newspapers are villanous, 379.  
 New-born child, a naked, 373.  
 Nowt, eye of, and toe of frog, 97.  
 Newton be, God said let, 284.  
 Next doth ride abroad, 359.  
 Niagara stuns with thundering sound, 339.  
 Nicanor dead in his harness, 607.  
 Nice of no vile hold to stay him up, 53.  
     sharp quilllets of the law, 67.  
     too, for a statesman, 342.  
 Nicely sanded floor, 341.  
 Nicer hands, affection hateth, 11.  
 Nicht-goun, in his, 556.  
 Nick of time, 163.  
     our old, 220.  
 Night, an atheist half believes a God by, 264.  
     and storm and darkness, 475.  
     attention still as, 183.  
     azure robe of, 498.  
     bed by, chest of drawers by day, 341.  
     before Christmas, 't was the, 445.  
     black it stood as, 184.  
     borrower of the, 95.  
     breathed the long long, 546.  
     calm and silent, 557.  
     candles of the, 41.  
     chaos and old, 180.  
     check of, hangs upon the, 78.  
     cometh when no man can work, 612.  
     danger's troubled, 443.  
     darkens the streets, 179.  
     day brought back my, 209.  
     dead of, in the, 62.  
     deep of, is crept upon our talk, 88.  
     descending, 284.  
     doomed to walk the, 106.  
     dull as, motions of his spirit are, 41.  
     eldest, and chaos, 185.  
     empty-vaulted, 199.  
     endless, closed his eyes in, 326.  
     fair good, to all, 450.  
     fair regent of the, 367.  
     follows the day, 105.  
     for the morrow, 494.  
     give not a windy, 136.  
     golden lamps in a green, 232.

- Night, good, and joy be wi' you, 395.  
 good, my native land, 471.  
 good night good, 79.  
 hideous, makes, 285.  
 hideous, making, 105.  
 how beautiful is, 424.  
 imagining some fear in the, 35.  
 in love with, 81.  
 in Russia, this will last out a, 24.  
 infinite day excludes the, 256.  
 is but the daylight sick, 41.  
 is the time to weep, 440.  
 joint labourer with the day, 101.  
 last in the train of, 190.  
 light will repay the wrongs of, 159.  
 lightning in the collied, 34.  
 listening ear of, 556.  
 lovely as a Lapland, 408.  
 lovers' tongues by, 79.  
 meaner beauties of the, 143.  
 nature's laws lay hid in, 284.  
 naughty, to swim in, 122.  
 O day and, 108.  
 of cloudless climes, 482.  
 of sorrow, a fore-spent, 169.  
 of the grave, 337.  
 of waking, morn of toil, 451.  
 oft in the stilly, 460.  
 passed a miserable, 70.  
 peaceful, from busy day, 331.  
 pilot 't is a fearful, 508.  
 sable goddess, 262.  
 shades of, 190.  
 shadow of a starless, 492.  
 shall be filled with music, 537.  
 silver lining on the, 199.  
 so full of ghastly dreams, 70.  
 so late into the, 484.  
 soft stillness and the, 40.  
 sons of, to bloom for, 457.  
 sound of revelry by, 473.  
 stars in empty, 439.  
 stars of, innumerable as the, 191.  
 steal a few hours from the, 458.  
 Sylvia in the, except I be by, 21.  
 that first we met, 503.  
 that either makes me, 131.  
 that slepen alle, 1.  
 that walks by, 200.  
 toiling upward in the, 538.  
 unto night showeth knowledge, 591.  
 vast and middle of the, 103.  
 watchful, day of woe, 424.  
 watchman what of the, 604.  
 what is the, 97.  
 when deep sleep falleth, 539.  
 wings of, falls from the, 537.  
 witching time of, 114.  
 with this her solemn bird, 189.  
 womb of uncreated, 182.  
 world in love with, 81.
- Night, would not spend another such,  
 70.  
 yield day to, 67.  
 Night's black arch, 334.  
 blue arch adorn, 372.  
 candles are burnt out, 81.  
 dull ear, piercing the, 66.  
 Night-flower sees but one moon, 457.  
 Nightingale, no music in the, 21.  
 roar an 't were any, 34.  
 the wakeful, 188.  
 was mute, 518.  
 Nightingale's high note, 482.  
 song in the grove, 366.  
 Nightly pitch my moving tent, 440.  
 to the listening earth, 251.  
 Nights and days to come, all our, 91.  
 are longest, 24.  
 are wholesome, 101.  
 awake, lie ten, 28.  
 dews of summer, 367.  
 profit of their shining, 31.  
 short as are the, 151.  
 such as sleep o', 84.  
 three sleepless, 402.  
 wast long, in pensive discontent, 13.  
 with sleep, winding up, 66.  
 Nil tam difficilest, 166.  
 Nile, dam up the waters of the, 529.  
 on the banks of the, 378.  
 outvenoms all the worms of, 134.  
 Nilotic isle, 196.  
 Nimble and airy servitors, 210.  
 Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself,  
 91.  
 capers, in a lady's chamber, 69.  
 Nine days' wonder, 645.  
 moons wasted, 125.  
 Ninety-eight, to speak of, 526.  
 Ninny, Handel's but a, 297.  
 Ninth part of a hair, I 'll cavil on, 60.  
 Niobe, like, all tears, 103.  
 of nations, 476.  
 Nipping and an eager air, 105.  
 No better than you should be, 645.  
 caparisons miss, 378.  
 creature smarts so little, 280.  
 fruits no flowers, 514.  
 greater grief, 570.  
 love lost between us, 645.  
 matter what Berkeley said, 489.  
 more like my father, 103.  
 more of that, 131.  
 more of that Hal an thou lovest  
 me, 59.  
 new thing under the sun, 600.  
 one is so accursed by fate, 536.  
 pent-up Utica, 429.  
 profit grows where is no pleasure,  
 47.  
 radiant pearl, 372.

- No reckoning made, 107.  
 road no street no t' other side, 514.  
 shade no shine no butterflies, 514.  
 sooner looked but they loved, 46.  
 sooner met but they looked, 46.  
 sooner sighed but asked the reason,  
 46.  
 sorrow in thy song, 377.  
 sun no moon no morn, 514.  
 workman steel, 463.
- Noah's ark, hunt it into, 358.  
 ark, mouldy rolls of, 222.
- Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus,  
 547.
- Nobility, old, 347.  
 betwixt the wind and his, 57.
- Nobility's true badge, mercy is, 77.
- Noble and approved good masters, 125.  
 army of martyrs, 618.  
 be, 564.  
 by heritage generous and free, 244.  
 in a death so, 198.  
 in reason, 109.  
 mind o'erthrown, 111.  
 negligences, 242  
 of nature's own creating, 304.  
 origin, gift of, 413.  
 thoughts, never alone with, 16.  
 to be good, 'tis only, 547.  
 to be, we 'll be good, 582.
- Nobleman writes a book, 318.
- Nobleness in other men, 564.
- Nobler in the mind to suffer, 110.  
 loves and cares, 418.
- Nobles and heralds, 242.  
 by the right of an earlier creation,  
 520.
- Noblest, feels the, acts the best, 561.  
 mind contentment has, 10.  
 Roman of them all, 89.  
 thing, earth's, 564.  
 things, the two, 247.  
 work of God, an honest man, 272.
- Nobody at home, there 's, 290.  
 I care for, 354.
- Nobody's business, 157.
- Nod, affects to, 224.  
 gives the, 290.  
 ready with every, to tumble, 71.
- Nodded at the helm, 285.
- Noddin, mid mid, 395.
- Nodding horror, 198.  
 violet grows, 35.
- Nodosities of the oak, 352.
- Nods and becks, 204.  
 nor is it Homer, 276.
- Noise, dire was the, of conflict, 191.  
 like of a hidden brook, 432.  
 of endless wars, 185.  
 of folly, shunn'st the, 206.  
 of many waters, 594.
- Noise of waters in mine ears, 70.
- Noiseless fabric sprung, 463.  
 falls the foot of time, 438.  
 foot of time, inaudible and, 48.  
 tenor of their way, 329.
- Nominated in the bond, 40.
- Nomination of this gentleman, 120.
- Non amo te, Sabidi, 240.  
 ignara mali, 332.  
 semper ea sunt quae videnter, 535.
- None are so desolate, 472.  
 but himself his parallel, 304.  
 but the brave deserves the fair, 224.  
 ever loved but at first sight, 15.  
 go just alike, 276.  
 knew thee but to love thee, 501.  
 like pretty Sally, 244.  
 on earth above her, 401.  
 resign, few die and, 370.  
 so blind that will not see, 233.  
 so deaf that will not hear, 233.  
 so poor to do him reverence, 87.  
 speak daggers but use, 114.  
 think the great unhappy, 266.  
 to praise, maid with, 403.  
 unhappy but the great, 258.  
 who bless us, 472.  
 whom we can bless, 472.  
 without hope e'er loved, 321.
- Nonsense and sense, 223.  
 now and then, a little, 334.
- Nook, seat in some poetic, 491.
- Nooks to lie and read in, 491.
- Noon, attained his, 165.  
 blaze of, 197.  
 heaven's immortal, 492.  
 of thought, 374.  
 to dewy eve, from, 181.
- Noonday, that wasteth at, 594.
- Noontide air, summer's, 183.
- Noose, necks to gripe of, 383.
- Norman blood, 547.
- North, Ariosto of the, 476.  
 ask where 's the, 271.  
 fair weather out of the, 590.  
 hills of the stormy, 496.  
 unripened beauties of the, 249.
- Northern main, 287.
- North-wind's breath, 496.
- Norval, my name is, 335.
- Nose, down his innocent, 42.  
 entuned in hire, 1.  
 his own, not assert the, 357.  
 jolly red nose, 581.  
 look so blue, why does thy, 374.  
 paying through the, 631.  
 sharp as a pen, 65.  
 spectacles on, and pouch on side,  
 44.  
 that's his precious, 513.  
 wipe a bloody, 295.



Noses, athwart men's, 78.  
 Nostril, that ever offended, 23.  
   upturned his, 195.  
 Nostrils, breath is in his, 603.  
 Not a drum was heard, 504.  
   dead but gone before, 400.  
   if I know myself at all, 430.  
   in the vein, I am, 71.  
   in toys we spent them, 173.  
   lost but gone before, 233.  
   of an age but for all time, 148.  
   that I loved Cæsar less, 86.  
   to know me, 190.  
   to speak it profanely, 112.  
   what we wish, 332.  
   with me is against me, 611.  
 Notches on the blade, 580.  
 Note, deed of dreadful, 96.  
   deserving, 165.  
   it in a book, 604.  
   of him take no, 28.  
   of praise, swells the, 328.  
   of preparation, give dreadful, 66.  
   of time, we take no, 262.  
   of, when found make a, 558.  
   that swells the gale, 331.  
   which Cupid strikes, 177.  
   youth that means to be of, 133.  
 Note-book, set in a, 88.  
 Notes, all the compass of the, 224  
   by distance made more sweet, 333.  
   chief's among ye takin', 337.  
   of woe, the deepest, 337.  
   thick-warbled, 197.  
   thy liquid, 208.  
   thy once loved poet sung, 289.  
   with many a winding bout, 205.  
 Nothing airy, gives to, 35.  
   becomes him ill, 31.  
   before and nothing behind, 434.  
   begot of, but vain fantasy, 78.  
   blessed is he who expects, 292.  
   but well and fair, 198.  
   can cover his high fame, 153.  
   can need a lie, 130.  
   can touch him further, 96.  
   can we call our own but death, 56.  
   comes amiss so money comes, 47.  
   common did or mean, 232.  
   earthly could surpass, 486.  
   either good or bad, 109.  
   else but to be mended, 216.  
   emboldens sin so much as mercy,  
     83.  
   except a battle lost, 400.  
   extenuate, 131.  
   half so sweet in life, 458.  
   has yet been contrived, 317.  
   having, yet hath all, 143.  
   I have, I owe much, 572.  
   if not critical, 127.

Nothing ill can dwell in such a tem-  
   ple, 20.  
   in his life became him, 90.  
   infinite deal of, speaks an, 36.  
   is but what is not, 90.  
   is here for tears, 198.  
   is law that is not reason, 233.  
   is so hard, 166.  
   is there to come, 174.  
   is unnatural, 379.  
   long, everything by starts and, 222.  
   more simple than greatness, 533.  
   of him that doth fade, 19.  
   passages that lead to, 331.  
   so becomes a man as modest still-  
     ness, 65.  
   succeeds like success, 629.  
   that he did not adorn, 313.  
   the world knows, of its greatest  
     men, 528.  
   't is something, 128.  
   to him falls early, 150.  
   to this, 322.  
   to wail or knock the breast, 198.  
   true but heaven, 461.  
   will come of nothing, 121.  
 Nothingness, day of, 478 .  
   pass into, 502.  
 Nothings, laboured, 277.  
 Noticeable man, 403.  
 Notion, blunder and foolish, 385.  
 Nought cared this body, 433.  
   is everything, 426.  
   shall make us rue, 54.  
   so vile that on the earth, 80.  
 Nourisher in life's feast, 94.  
 Nourishment called supper, 31.  
 Novelty, pleased with, 359.  
 Now and forever, 466.  
   by St. Paul, 247.  
   came still evening on, 188.  
   eternal, does always last, 174.  
   everlasting, 174.  
   fitted the halter, 242.  
   half appeared, 192.  
   he is gone aloft, 381.  
   I know it, thought so once, 295.  
   I lay me down to sleep, 585.  
   if it be, 't is not to come, 120.  
   is the accepted time, 614.  
   's the day, now 's the hour, 387.  
 Nowher so besy a man, 2.  
 Noyance or unrest, 303.  
 Null, splendidly, 554.  
 Nullum magnum ingenium, 269.  
   quod tetigit non ornavit, 313.  
 Number, blessings without, 255.  
   happiness of the greatest, 627.  
   our days, teach us to, 594.  
   stand more for, 25.  
 Numbers, add to golden, 166.

- Numbers, divinity in odd, there is, 23.  
 harmonious, 186.  
 lisped in, 280.  
 lived in Settle's, 284.  
 luck in odd, there is, 524.  
 magic, and persuasive sound, 257.  
 sanctified the crime, 347.  
 stream in smoother, 278.  
 tell me not in mournful, 535.
- Nun, like sentinel and, 544.  
 the holy time is quiet as a, 409.
- Nunnery, get thee to a, 111.
- Nunquam se minus otiosum, 400.
- Nuptial bower, led her to the, 193.
- Nurse a flame, if you, 444  
 contemplation, her best, 200.  
 for a poetic child, 448.  
 nature's soft, 63.  
 of arms and land of scholars, 339.  
 of manly sentiment, 350.  
 of young desire, 354.
- Nursed a dear gazelle, 455.
- Nursing her wrath, 384.
- Nutbrown ale, the spicy, 205.
- Nutmeg-graters, rough as, 261.
- Nutmegs and cloves, 581.
- Nutrition, to draw, 270.
- Nymph, a wanton ambling, 70.  
 haste thee, 204.  
 in thy orisons, 111.  
 mountain, sweet liberty, 204.  
 Naiad or a Grace, 450.
- Nympha pudica Deum vidit, 169.
- Nympholepsy of fond despair, 476.
- O could I fly, 377.  
 for a coach ye gods, 244.  
 for a lodge, 360.  
 love O fire, 548.  
 me no O's, 652.  
 wad some power, 385.
- Oak, bend a knotted, 257.  
 brave old, 568.  
 hardest-timbered, 69.  
 hearts of, are our ships, 332.  
 hollow, our palace is, 446.  
 nodosities of the, 352.  
 shadow of the British, 351.  
 ships were British, 332.  
 sturdy, for angling-rod, 583.
- Oaks, branch-charmed, 502.  
 from little acorns, tall, 394.
- Oar, drip of the suspended, 474.  
 soft moves the dipping, 397.  
 spread the thin, 271.
- Oars alone can ne'er prevail, 358.  
 keep time and voices tune, 461.  
 with falling, 232.
- Oath he never made, to break an, 219.  
 good mouth-filling, 60.  
 hard a keeping, sworn too, 30.
- Oath, he that imposes an, 219.  
 spirit flew up with the, 322.
- Oaths, false as dicers', 115.  
 soldier full of strange, 44.
- Oatmeal, literature on a little, 427.
- Obadiah, David, Josiah, 585.
- Obdured breast, arm the, 183.
- Obedience bane of all genius, 492.  
 to God, 631.
- Obey the important call, 362.  
 to love cherish and to, 619.  
 whom three realms, 279.
- Object be our country, let our, 465.
- Objects in an airy height, 241.  
 of all thought, 407.  
 sees in all, eye of intellect, 506.
- Obligation to posterity, 383.
- Obliged by hunger, 280.
- Obliging, so, ne'er obliged, 281.
- Oblivion, bury in, 153.  
 second childishness and mere, 44.  
 tooth of time and razor of, 26.
- Oblivious antidote, some sweet, 99.
- Obscure grave, a little little, 56.  
 palpable, 183.
- Obscures the show of evil, 39.
- Observance, breach than the, 105.  
 with this special, 112.
- Observation, bearings of this, 558.  
 by my penny of, 32.  
 smack of, 52.  
 strange places crammed with, 43.  
 with extensive view, 311.
- Observations which we make, 273.
- Observer, he is a great, 84.  
 waited six thousand years for an,  
 154.
- Observers, observed of all, 112.
- Obsequious majesty, 193.
- Obstinate questionings, 420.
- Obstruction, to lie in cold, 25.
- Occasion, courage mounted with, 52.  
 mellowing of, 32.  
 to know one another, 22.  
 when to take, by the hand, 547.
- Occasions and causes, 67.
- Occupation, absence of, 357.
- Occupation's gone, Othello's, 130.
- Ocean, deep bosom of the, 69.  
 depths of the, 393  
 grasp the, with my span, 256.  
 great Neptune's, 94.  
 I have loved thee, 478.  
 leans against the land, 339.  
 life's tremulous, 469.  
 like the round, 424.  
 nothing but sky and, 434.  
 of truth all undiscovered, 239.  
 on life's vast, 270.  
 on whose awful face, 478.  
 roll on thou dark blue, 477.

- Ocean, the round, 407.  
 to the river of his thoughts, 488.  
 unfathomed caves of, 329.  
 upon a painted, 432.  
 wave, life on the, 560.  
 wave of the, 561.
- Ocean's mane, hand upon the, 507.  
 melancholy waste, 515.
- O'clock, for it's nou ten, 556.
- October, dies in, 150.
- Octogenarian chief, 475.
- Ocular proof, give me, 130.
- Odd numbers, divinity in, 23.  
 numbers, luck in, 524.
- Odds, facing fearful, 523.  
 life must one swear, 241.  
 with morning, night almost at, 97.
- Odious, comparisons are, 17, 144, 638.  
 in woollen, 274.
- Olorous, comparisons are, 29, 638.
- Odour, stealing and giving, 48.  
 sweet and wholesome, 248.
- Odours crushed are sweeter, 401.  
 from the spicy shrub, 193.  
 Sabeian, 187.  
 virtue is like precious, 137.  
 when sweet violets sicken, 494.
- O'er bog or steep, 185.
- O'erflowing full, without, 171.
- Off with his head, 71, 248.
- Offence, detest the, 286.  
 forgave the, 223.  
 from amorous causes, 279.  
 is rank, my, 114.  
 returning after, 198.  
 what dire, 279.
- Offences, too thin to hide, 75.
- Offender, hugged the, 223.  
 love the, 286.  
 never pardons the, 161.
- Offending, front of my, 125.
- Offends at some unlucky time, 282.
- Offering be, though poor the, 461.
- Office and affairs of love, 27.  
 clear in his great, 92.  
 due participation of, 370.  
 hath but a losing, 62.  
 insolence of, 111.  
 tender, long engage me, 282.  
 to speak patience, 't is all men's, 30.
- Officer and the office, 428.  
 fear each bush an, 69.  
 of mine, never more be, 128.
- Offices of prayer and praise, 421.
- Officious innocent sincere, 312.
- Offspring, new fledged, 340.  
 of heaven first-born, 186.  
 of the gentleman Jafeth, 166.  
 source of human, 189.  
 time's noblest, 260.
- Oft expectation fails, 48.
- Oft has it been my lot, 332.  
 in the stilly night, 460.  
 invited me, 125.  
 repeating they believe 'em, 242.  
 the wisest man, he is, 404.
- Oil, incomparable, 486.  
 little, in a cruse, 588.  
 midnight, consumed the, 295, 644.  
 of joy for mourning, 605.  
 unprofitably burns, 357.
- Oily art, that glib and, 121.  
 man of God, round fat, 303.
- Ointment of the apothecary, 601.  
 precious, better than, 600.
- Old age comes on apace, 366.  
 age, dallies like the, 50.  
 age in this universal man, 140.  
 age is a regret, 530.  
 age is beautiful and free, 417.  
 age of cards, 274.  
 age serene and bright, 408.  
 age, which should accompany, 99.  
 ale enough whether new or, 7.  
 alike fantastic if too new or, 277.  
 always find time to grow, 260.  
 arm-chair, 563.  
 as I am, 226.  
 authors to read, 630.  
 Belerium to the northern main,  
 287.  
 bookes, out of, 4.  
 familiar faces, 430.  
 father antic the law, 57.  
 fieldes, out of the, 4.  
 friends are best, 156.  
 friends old times, 345.  
 friends to trust, 630.  
 Grimes is dead, 519.  
 groans ring yet in my ears, 80.  
 growing, in drawing nothing up,  
 331.  
 have been young and now am, 592.  
 I love everything that 's, 346.  
 in the brave days of, 523.  
 in times of, 406.  
 iron rang, 216.  
 love for new, 142.  
 man, a good, 29.  
 man do, what can an, 512.  
 man eloquent, 208.  
 man to have so much blood, 99.  
 man, weak and despised, 122.  
 man's heart, blood in an, 562.  
 manners old books old wine, 343.  
 men fools, young men think, 15.  
 men shall dream dreams, 606.  
 men's dream, 222.  
 mighty minds of, 425.  
 Nick, 220.  
 nobility, leave us still our, 347.  
 oaken bucket, 464.

- Old odd ends stolen out of holy writ, 70.  
   pippins toothsome, 168.  
   Simon the cellarer, 496.  
   so young a body with so, a head, 39.  
   soldiers surest, 168.  
   song of Percy and Douglas, 16.  
   tale and often told, 449.  
   Testament, blessing of the, 137.  
   Time is still a-flying, 164.  
   Tubal Cain, 559.  
   wine to drink, 630.  
   wine wholesomest, is not, 168.  
   with service, weary and, 73.  
   wood to burn, 630.  
 Oldest sins the newest kind of ways, 64.  
 Old-fashioned poetry, 157.  
 Old-gentlemanly vice, 487.  
 Olive plants, children like, 595.  
 Oliver, Rowland for an, 631.  
 Omega, Alpha and, 617.  
 Omens, asks no, 291.  
 Omnia mutantur, 274.  
 On and up, 526.  
   his last legs, 646.  
   Stanley on, 450.  
   with the dance, 473.  
   ye brave, 443.  
 On dit que dans ses amours, 345.  
   peut dire que son esprit, 380.  
 Once, Christmas comes but, 6.  
   I thought so, 295.  
   in doubt, 129.  
   loved poet sung, 289.  
   more unto the breach, 65.  
   more upon the waters, 473.  
   to be resolved, 129.  
   to every man and nation, 564.  
 One and inseparable, 466.  
   as the sea, 439.  
   auspicious eye, 102.  
   beloved face on earth, 483.  
   dropping eye, 102.  
   fair daughter and no more, 109.  
   fair spirit, with, 477.  
   fell swoop, 98.  
   fire burns out another's, 77.  
   forty feeding like, 405.  
   God one law one element, 554.  
   I owe you, 392.  
   kind kiss before we part, 305.  
   led astray, 206.  
   man among a thousand, 600.  
   man can do, so much, 232.  
   man's poison, 153.  
   man's will, to live by, 18.  
   man's wit, 634.  
   many must labour for the, 481.  
   master-passion, 270.  
   mind in an house, 619.  
   more unfortunate, 514.  
   murder made a villain, 347.  
 One pain lessened by another's, 77.  
   pair of English legs, 65.  
   particular tear, 136.  
   science only, 276.  
   that feared God, 589.  
   that hath, unto every, 610.  
   that loved not wisely, 131.  
   that was a woman, 118.  
   that would peep and botanize, 416.  
   thought of thee, 286.  
   touch of nature, 76.  
   truth is clear, 270.  
   vast substantial smile, 558.  
   verse for sense, 218.  
 Onset, word of, 412.  
 Onward, steer right, 209.  
   upward till the goal ye win, 542.  
 Ope, murder hath broke, 94.  
   the sacred source, 326.  
 Open as day for melting charity, 64.  
   eye, alle night with, 1.  
   heart and hand both, 76.  
   locks whoever knocks, 97.  
   rebuke is better, 599.  
   the purple testament, 56.  
 Opening bud to heaven conveyed, 436.  
   paradise, to him are, 331.  
 Openings, spots of sunny, 491.  
 Operation, by mere mechanic, 220.  
 Ope the palace of eternity, 198.  
 Ophiuchus, huge, 184.  
 Opinion, error of, 369.  
   gave it for his, 246.  
   my deliberate, 398.  
   no way approve his, 51.  
   of his own, still, 220.  
   of Pythagoras, 51.  
   of the law, with good, 383.  
   pay for his false, 220.  
   scope of my, 101.  
   what thinkest thou of his, 51.  
 Opinions back with wager, 484.  
   golden, I have bought, 92.  
   halt between two, 588.  
   stiff in, 222.  
 Opportunity, dust of servile, 413.  
 Opposing end them, by, 110.  
 Oppressed, while one man's, 273.  
 Oppression, rumour of, 360.  
 Oppressor's wrong, 111.  
 Optics sharp it needs, 383.  
   turn their, in upon 't, 219.  
 Oracle, I am Sir, 36.  
   of God, fast by the, 178.  
   pronounced wisest, 197.  
 Oracles are dumb, 207.  
 Oracular tongue, use of my, 378.  
 Orange bright, 232.  
   glows, where the gold, 480.  
 Orations, make no long, 383.  
 Orator, I am no, 87.

- Orators repair, the famous, 197.  
 very good, when they are out, 46.
- Oratory, flowery, 253.
- Orb in orb, 193.  
 monthly changes in her circled, 79.  
 of one particular tear, 133.  
 of song, mighty, 421.  
 there is not the smallest, 41.
- Orbaneja the painter, 573.
- Orbed maiden, 492.
- Orcades, in Scotland at the, 271.
- Orchard, like a Worcestershire, 531.  
 sleeping within my, 107.
- Ordained of God, 613.
- Order, decently and in, 614  
 gave each thing view, 72.  
 his mistress', to perform, 285.  
 in variety, 237.  
 is heaven's first law, 272.  
 of your going, stand not upon the,  
 97.  
 reigns in Warsaw, 630.  
 set thine house in, 604.  
 this better in France, 322.
- Orders, Almighty's, to perform, 251.
- Ordinances, external, 314.
- Ordinary men are fit for, 121.  
 men, reach of, 406.
- Ordine retrogrado, 139.
- Ore, new-spangled, 204.
- Organ, most miraculous, 110.  
 of her life, 29.  
 silent, loudest chants, 533.
- Orient beams, spreads his, 159.  
 mould, shaft of, 495.  
 pearl, a double row, 142.  
 pearl, sowed the earth with, 100.  
 pearls at random strung, 373.
- Origin, every gift of noble, 413.
- Original and end, 314.  
 brightness, lost her, 180.  
 proclaim, their great, 251.
- Originality, solitude of his own, 501.
- Originals, books in, 534.
- Originator and quoter, 533
- Orion, loose the bands of, 591.
- Orisons, nymph in thy, 111.
- Ormus and of Ind, wealth of, 181.
- Ornament, foreign aid of, 302.  
 of a meek and quiet spirit, 617.  
 of beauty is suspect, 136.  
 it carried none, 580.  
 sent to be a moment's, 404.  
 to his profession, 137.  
 to society, 431.
- Ornate and gay, 198.
- Orpheus, harp of, 210.  
 soul of, sing, 206.
- Orthodox, prove their doctrine, 216.
- Orthodoxy is my doxy, 630.
- Osity and ation, words in, 399.
- Ostentatious, elegant but not, 314.
- Oswego spreads her swamps, 339.
- Othello's occupation 's gone, 130.  
 visage in his mind, I saw, 123.
- Others apart sat on a hill, 183.  
 should build for him, 405.  
 we know not of, 111.
- Ounce of civet, give me an, 123.  
 of poison in one pocket, 522.
- Our acts our angels are, 150.  
 Federal Union, 398.
- Oursels, to see, as others see, 385.
- Ourselves are at war, 150.  
 the fault is in, 84.  
 to know, knowledge is, 273.
- Out brief candle, 100.  
 damned spot, 98.  
 mordre wol, 3.  
 of house and home, 63.  
 of my lean and low ability, 51.  
 of old bookes, 4.  
 of sight out of mind, 5, 9.  
 of the frying-pan, 646.  
 of the old fieldes, 4.  
 of thine own mouth, 611.
- Outbreak of a fiery mind, 108.
- Out-herods Herod, 112.
- Outlives in fame, 247.  
 this day and comes safe home, 66.
- Out-paramoured the Turk, 122.
- Outrageous fortune, arrows of, 110.
- Outrageously virtuous, 252.
- Outrun the constable, 217, 646.
- Outshone the wealth of Ormus, 181.
- Outside, swashing and a martial, 41.  
 what a godly, falsehood hath, 37.
- Outvenoms, whose tongue, 134.
- Out-vociferize even sound, 244.
- Outward and visible sign, 618.  
 appear beautiful, 610.  
 form and feature, 437.  
 side, angel on the, 26.
- Over bog or steep, 185.  
 the hills and far away, 294, 646.  
 violent or over civil, 222.
- Over-canopied with woodbine, 35.
- Overcome but half his foe, 180.  
 evil with good, 613.
- Overcomes by force, 180.
- Over-flowing full, without, 171.
- Over-payment of delight, 424.
- Overpowering knell, 489.
- Overthrow, purposed, 136.
- Over-weathered ribs, 38.
- Owe, I can, if I can't pay, 141.  
 much I have nothing, 572.  
 no man anything, 613.  
 you one, thank you I, 392.
- Owed, dearest thing he, 90.
- Owing owes not, a grateful mind, 187.
- Owl, hawked at by a mousing, 95.

- Owl that shrieked the fatal bellman, 43.  
 Owllet atheism, 434.  
 Owls, answer him ye, 285.  
 Own, do what I will with mine, 609.  
   every subject's soul is his, 66.  
   the soft impeachment, 378.  
 Owned with a grin, 425.  
 Owner, grief makes his, stoop, 53.  
   ox knoweth his, 602.  
 Owners, kick their, 383.  
 Ox goeth to the slaughter, 596.  
   knoweth his owner, 602.  
   than a stalled, 597.  
 Oxen, who drives fat, 318.  
 Oxenforde, clerk ther was of, 1.  
 Oxlips and the nodding violet, 35.  
 Oyster crossed in love, 379.  
   not good without an R in the  
   month, 629.  
   the world's mine, 22.  
   't was a fat, 287.
- Pace, creeps in this petty, 100.  
   inoffensive, 193.  
 Paces, time travels in divers, 45.  
 Pacific, stared at the, 503.  
 Pack, as a huntsman his, 343.  
 Packs, lie but as in, 648.  
 Pagan horn, lends his, 285.  
   suckled in a creed, 410.  
 Page, beautiful quarto, 379.  
   of knowledge, ample, 329.  
   rank thee upon glory's, 456.  
   torn from their destined, 336.  
 Pageant, insubstantial, 20.  
   train when I am dead, no, 505.  
 Paid dear for his whistle, 311.  
   well that is well satisfied, 40.
- Pain, akin to, 537.  
   all the heart then knew of, 546.  
   and anguish wring the brow, 450.  
   die of a rose in aromatic, 269.  
   fiery throbbing, 313.  
   frown at pleasure smile in, 265.  
   greatest, it is to love, 173.  
   heart that never feels a, 321.  
   in company with, 418.  
   it was to drown, 70.  
   keep the, change the place, 256.  
   labour we delight in physics, 94.  
   lessened by another's, 77.  
   mighty, to love it is, 173.  
   naught but grief and, 385.  
   pleasures banish, 256.  
   pleasures in the vale of, 452.  
   short-lived, 449.  
   sigh yet feel no, 460.  
   stranger yet to, 325.  
   sweet is pleasure after, 225.  
   tender for another's, 325.  
   that has been and may be, 411.
- Pain, though full of, 182.  
   threats of, 329.  
   throbs of fiery, 313.  
   't is a, that pain to miss, 173.  
   to break its links so soon, 457.  
   to the bear, 522.  
   turns with ceaseless, 338.  
 Painful vigils keep, 284.  
 Pains and penalties of idleness, 285.  
   but of all, the greatest, 173.  
   grow sharp, when, 371.  
   labour for his, 643.  
   man of pleasure man of, 265.  
   of love be sweeter far, 230.  
   pleasure in poetic, 361.  
   world of sighs for my, 126.
- Paint an inch thick, 119.  
   like nature, who can, 301.  
   no words can, 376.  
   the laughing soil, 433.  
   the lily gild refined gold, 54.  
   the meadows with delight, 33.  
   them, he best can, 286.  
   them truest praise them most, 251.
- Painted blossoms, 11.  
   devil, childhood that fears a, 94.  
   Jove, like a, 221.  
   lion is not so fierce as, 212.  
   ocean, upon a, 432.  
   she 's all my fancy, her, 526.  
   ship, idle as a, 432.  
   trifles, seeks, 334.
- Painter, flattering, 342.  
   great, dips his pencil, 402.  
   nature's sternest, 471.
- Painting can express, more than, 258.  
 Paintings, I have heard of your, 111.
- Palace and a prison, 475.  
   deceit in gorgeous, 81.  
   hollow oak our, 446.  
   of eternity, key that opes the, 198.  
   of the soul, 175, 472.
- Palaces, gorgeous, 20.  
   'mid pleasures and, 503.  
   princes', cottages had been, 37.  
   prosperity within thy, 595.
- Pale cast of thought, 111.  
   feet crossed in rest, 566.  
   his uneffectual fire, 'gins to, 107.  
   jessamine, 204.  
   martyr in shirt of fire, 569.  
   passion loves, 151.  
   prithce why so, 163.  
   realms of shade, 515.  
   unripened beauties, 249.
- Pale-eyed priest, 207.  
 Pale-faced moon, 58.  
 Palinurus nodded, even, 285.  
 Pall Mall, shady side of, 383.  
   sceptred, 206.  
 Pallas, bust of, 556.

- Pallas Jove and Mars, 557.  
 Palls upon the sense, 249.  
 Palm, bear the, alone, 83.  
   itching, 88.  
   like some tall, 463.  
 Palmer's weed, 199.  
 Palmy state of Rome, 101.  
 Palpable and familiar, 437.  
   hit, 120.  
   obscure, 183.  
 Palsied eld, 25.  
 Palsy-stricken, poor weak, 502.  
 Palter in a double sense, 100.  
 Paly flames, 66.  
 Pampered menial, 377.  
 Pan, awe-inspiring god, 422  
   to Moses lends his pagan horn, 285.  
 Panders will, reason, 116.  
 Pandora, more lovely than, 189.  
 Pang as great, finds a, 25.  
   dismissed without a parting, 248.  
   that rends the heart, 344.  
 Pangs and fears, 73.  
   of despised love, 111.  
   of guilty power, 313.  
   the wretched find, 479.  
   which it hath witnessed, 422.  
 Pansies for thoughts, 118.  
 Pansy freaked with jet, 204.  
 Pant for you, till we meet shall, 305.  
 Pantaloon, lean and slippered, 44.  
 Panteta, as the hart, 592.  
 Panting syllable, chase a, 358.  
   time toiled after, 312.  
 Pants for glory, 283.  
   for twenty-one, 282.  
 Paper bullets of the brain, 28.  
   credit, blest, 275.  
   portion of uncertain, 487.  
 Paper-mill, built a, 68.  
 Papers in each hand, 280.  
   speak from your folded, 545.  
 Paradise beyond compare, 440.  
   flowers worthy of, 187.  
   heavenly, is that place, 142.  
   how grows our store in, 505.  
   milk of, 433.  
   must I thus leave thee, 195.  
   of fools, 186, 382, 646.  
   only bliss of, 331.  
   thought would destroy their, 326.  
   to him are opening, 331.  
   to what we fear of death, 26.  
   walked in, 546.  
 Paradisiacal pleasures, 331.  
 Parallel, admits no, 304.  
   none but himself his, 304.  
 Parcel of their fortunes, 133.  
 Parcel-gilt goblet, 63.  
 Parchment undo a man, 68.  
 Pard, bearded like the, 44.  
 Pard-like spirit, 493.  
 Pardon or to bear it, 365.  
   they ne'er, 229.  
 Pardoned all except her face, 489.  
 Pardons, the offender never, 161.  
 Parent from the sky, keep one, 282.  
   knees, on, 373.  
   of good, 190.  
 Parents passed into the skies, 365.  
   were the Lord knows who, 239.  
 Parfit gentil knight, a veray, 1.  
 Paris, for French of, 1.  
 Parish church, plain as way to, 43.  
   me no parishes, 652.  
   wide was his, 2.  
 Parlour, is it a party in a, 409.  
   will you walk into my, 529.  
 Parmaceti for an inward bruise, 58.  
 Parole of literary men, 318.  
 Parson bemused in beer, 280.  
   forty, power, 489.  
   owned his skill, in arguing, 341.  
   there goes the, 358.  
 Part, a kick in that, 219.  
   act well your, 272.  
   art and, 622.  
   each minute and unseen, 539.  
   every man must play a, 33.  
   immortal, of myself, 128.  
   love and then to, 435.  
   of all that I have met, 548.  
   of being, hath a, 474.  
   of sight, became a, 479.  
   so he plays his, 44.  
   't is hard to, 374.  
 Partake the gale, 273.  
 Parted, when we two, 470.  
 Parthenon, earth proudly wears the,  
   532.  
 Partial evil universal good, 270.  
   we grow more, 273.  
 Participation of divineness, 140.  
   of office, 370.  
 Particular hair, each, 106.  
   star, a bright, 47.  
 Parties, I name no, 642.  
 Parting day dies like the dolphin, 476.  
   day, knell of, 328.  
   day linger and play, 465.  
   guest, speed the, 291.  
   is such sweet sorrow, 79.  
   pang, dismissed without a, 248.  
   was well made, 89.  
 Partings, such, break the heart, 471.  
 Partington, Dame, 428.  
 Partition, middle wall of, 615.  
   union in, 35.  
 Partitions, thin, 221, 269.  
 Partly may compute, 386.  
 Parts, all his gracious, 53.  
   allure thee, if, 272.

- Parts of one stupendous whole, 269.  
   one man plays many, 44.  
 Party, gave up to, 342.  
   in a parlour, is it a, 409.  
   is the madness of many, 290.  
 Pass by me as the idle wind, 88.  
   for a man, let him, 37.  
   into nothingness, 502.  
   my imperfections by, 394.  
 Passage, each dark, shun, 267.  
   of an angel's tear, 503.  
   to fret a, 213.  
 Passages that lead to nothing, 331.  
 Passed in music out of sight, 548.  
   when she had, 533.  
 Passeth show, that which, 102.  
 Passing fair, is she not, 21.  
   rich with forty pounds, 340.  
   strange 't was, 126.  
   sweet is solitude, 358.  
   the love of women, 588.  
   thought, like a, 388.  
   through nature to eternity, 102.  
   tribute of a sigh, 329.  
   well, which he loved, 109.  
 Passion dies, till our, 166.  
   driven by, 388.  
   govern my, 234.  
   haunted me like a, 406.  
   is the gale, 270.  
   leads, where, 304.  
   light the fires of, 540.  
   places which pale, loves, 151.  
   ruling, 274, 275.  
   something with, clasp, 540.  
   spent its novel force, 548.  
   to tatters, tear a, 112.  
   towering, put me into a, 120.  
   vows with so much, 238.  
   waves, heart's wild, 501.  
   we feel, happier in the, 575.  
   whirlwind of, 112.  
   women love in their first, 575.  
 Passion's slave, man that is not, 113.  
 Passionate intuition, 422.  
 Passions, all, all delights, 434.  
   never let such angry, rise, 254.  
   are likened best to floods, 13.  
   fly with life, all other, 424.  
   noblest, to inspire, 321.  
 Passiveness, wise, 416.  
 Past all surgery, 128.  
   and to come seems best, 63.  
   anticipate the, 378.  
   at least is secure, 466.  
   dead, bury its dead, 535.  
   heaven has not power upon the,  
   227.  
   help should be past grief, 51.  
   indemnity for the, 319.  
   our dancing days, 78.  
 Past, repent what 's, 116.  
   shadowy, sunnon from the, 537.  
   the bounds of freakish youth, 360.  
   the size of dreaming, 134.  
   unsighed for, 408.  
 Paste and cover to our bones, 56.  
 Pastime and our happiness, 417.  
 Pastors, as some ungracious, 104.  
 Pasture shall prepare. Lord my, 252.  
 Pastures and fresh woods, 204.  
   lie down in green, 592.  
 Patch grief with proverbs, 30.  
   up his fame, 353.  
 Patches, king of shreds and, 116.  
 Pate, you beat your, 290.  
 Paternal acres, a few, 288.  
 Path, light unto my, 594.  
   motive guide, 314.  
   no other royal, 633.  
   of dalliance treads, 104.  
   of Milton, round the, 410.  
   of sorrow and that alone, 359.  
   of the just, 595  
   to heaven, journey like the, 200.  
 Pathless groves, 151.  
   woods, pleasure in the, 477.  
 Paths are peace, all her, 595.  
   ask for the old, 605.  
   of glory lead to the grave, 328.  
   of joy and woe, checkered, 310.  
   to woman's love, 153.  
 Patience and shuffle the cards, 573.  
   and sorrow strove, 123.  
   by your gracious, 125.  
   flour of wifly, 3.  
   God's, abusing of, 22.  
   men's office to speak, 30.  
   on a monument, sat like, 50.  
   preacheth, 160.  
   sovereign o'er transmuted ill, 312.  
   stubborn, 183.  
   with, He stands waiting, 574.  
 Patient humble spirit, 166.  
   man, fury of a, 222.  
   man in loss, 134.  
   merit of the unworthy, 111.  
   must minister to himself, 99.  
   of toil, 366  
   search and vigil long, 485.  
   though sorely tried, 540.  
   when favours are denied, 309.  
 Patines of bright gold, 40.  
 Patriarch, venerable, 347.  
 Patrick Spence, ballad of, 436.  
 Patriot truth, 469.  
 Patriot's boast, such is the, 338.  
   fate, cowards mock the, 526.  
 Patriotism is the last refuge of a  
   scoundrel, 317.  
   whose, would not gain force on the  
   plain of Marathon, 315.



- Patriots all, true, 391.  
     worthy, dear to God, 210.  
 Patron and the jail, 311.  
     one who looks with unconcern, 316.  
 Pattern to imitate, not as a, 588.  
     thou cunning'st, 131.  
 Paul, by robbing Peter he paid, 572.  
     by the apostle, 72.  
     now by Saint, 247.  
 Pauper, he's only a, 543.  
 Pause, an awful, 262.  
     and look back, 528.  
     for a reply, 86.  
     I stand in, 115.  
     must give us, 110.  
     nature made a, 262.  
 Pavement, riches of heaven's, 180.  
     stars, dust is gold and, 192.  
 Pawing to get free, lion, 192.  
 Pay, if I can't, why I can owe, 141.  
     more due than more than all can,  
     90.  
 Paying through the nose, 631.  
 Pays all debts, he that dies, 20.  
     base is the slave that, 65.  
 Peace, a charge in, 227.  
     above all earthly dignities, 73.  
     all her paths are, 595.  
     anchor of our, 370.  
     and competence, 272.  
     and health, best treasures, 331.  
     and quiet, 206.  
     and rest can never dwell, 178.  
     be within thy walls, 595.  
     brooded o'er the hushed domain,  
     557.  
     cankers of a long, 61.  
     carry gentle, 74.  
     deep dream of, 491.  
     first in war first in, 396.  
     fool when he holdeth his, 597.  
     forever hold his, 618.  
     hath her victories, 208.  
     have kissed each other, 593.  
     in thy right hand, 74.  
     inglorious arts of, 232.  
     is its companion, 427.  
     its ten thousand slays, 347.  
     lay me down in, to sleep, 497.  
     live in, adieu, 287.  
     makes solitude and calls it, 480.  
     man of, and war, 219.  
     means of preserving, 368.  
     never a good war or bad, 311.  
     no, unto the wicked, 604.  
     nor ease of heart, 323.  
     nothing so becomes a man in, as  
     modest stillness, 65.  
     on earth good will, 610.  
     only a breathing time, 348.  
     slept in, 74.  
 Peace so sweet, life so dear or, 371.  
     soft phrase of, 125.  
     star of, return, 443.  
     the empire it is, 633.  
     thousand years of, 553.  
     to be found in the world, 461.  
     unjust, before a just war, 311.  
     uproar the universal, 98.  
     was slain, thrice my, 262.  
     we to gain our, 96.  
     weak piping time of, 70.  
     when there is no peace, 605.  
     your valor won, enjoyed, 401.  
 Peaceably if we can, 398.  
 Peaceful evening, 362.  
     hours I once enjoyed, 364.  
 Peacemaker, If is the only, 46.  
 Peak and pine, dwindle, 89.  
     in Darien, upon a, 503.  
     to peak, far along from, 475.  
 Pealing anthem, 328.  
 Pearl and gold, barbaric, 181.  
     chain of all virtues, 146.  
     double row of orient, 142, 190.  
     for carnal swine, too rich a, 218.  
     heaps of, 71.  
     if all their sand were, 21.  
     many a fair, laid up, 146.  
     no radiant, 372.  
     of great price, 608.  
     quarelets of, 164.  
     threw a, away, 131.  
 Pearls at random strung, 373.  
     before swine, 608.  
     did grow, asked how, 164.  
     that were his eyes, 19.  
     who would search for, 228.  
 Peasant, belated, 181.  
     toe of the, 119.  
 Peasantry, country's pride, 340.  
 Pebbles, children gathering, 197.  
 Peculiar, grand gloomy and, 501.  
 Pedigree, lass wi' a lang, 395.  
 Peep and botanize, 416.  
     into glory, 214.  
     of day, 165.  
     wizards that, 603.  
 Peer, King Stephen was a worthy, 127.  
     rhyming, 280.  
 Pegasus, turn and wind a fiery, 61.  
 Pellucid streams, 408.  
 Pelops' line, Thebes or, 206.  
 Pelting of this pitiless storm, 122.  
 Pembroke's mother Sidney's sister,  
     148.  
 Pen and ink, never saw, 51.  
     becomes a torpedo, 315.  
     devise wit write, 31.  
     glorious by my, 214.  
     mightier than the sword, 525.  
     nose sharp as a, 65.

- Pen of a ready writer, 592.  
 poet's, turns them to shapes, 35.  
 product of a scoffer's, 421.  
 was shaped, 415.
- Penalties of idleness, 285.
- Penance, call us to, 181.
- Pence, take care of the, 298.
- Pendent world, 25, 185.
- Pendulum betwixt a smile and tear,  
 476.
- Penetrable stuff, made of, 115.
- Penned it down, so I, 213.
- Penniless lass, 395.
- Penning bows, 't is, 332.
- Penny in the urn of poverty, 507.  
 of observation, by my, 32.  
 seven halfpenny loaves for a, 68.
- Pens a stanza, who, 280.  
 quirks of blazoning, 127.
- Pension, or lose his, 245.
- Pensioner, a miser's, 419.  
 of an hour, 262.
- Pensive beauty, like, 441.  
 discontent, waste nights in, 13.  
 poets painful vigils keep, 284.  
 through a happy place, 407.
- Pent, here in the body, 440.  
 long in populous city, 194.
- Pentameter, in the, 434.
- Penthouse lid, hang upon his, 89.
- Pent-up Utica, 429.
- Penury and imprisonment, 26.  
 chill, 329.
- People, all sorts of, 92.  
 are good, the, 375.  
 arose as one man, 587.  
 at leaving unpleasant, 487.  
 government of the, 543.  
 in the gristle, 348.  
 inurned, weep a, 521.  
 last, I should choose, 378.  
 made for the, by the, 466.  
 marry ancient, 212.  
 never give up their liberties, 352.  
 of the skies, common, 143.  
 pleurisy of, 153.  
 the sunbeams, motes that, 205.  
 thy people shall be my, 587.
- People's government, 466.  
 prayer, 222.  
 right maintain, 469.
- Peopled, the world must be, 28.
- Peor and Baalim, 207.
- Peppercorn, I am a, 60.
- Peppered the highest, who, 343.  
 two of them, I have, 59.
- Perch, where eagles dare not, 70.
- Perchance the dead, 475.  
 to dream, to sleep, 110.
- Perched and sat, 556.
- Percy and Douglas, song of, 16.
- Perdition catch my soul, 128.
- Peregrinations, labours and, 140.
- Perfect day, unto the, 595.  
 days, then if ever come, 563.  
 love casteth out fear, 617.  
 ways of honour, 75.  
 woman nobly planned, 405.
- Perfected, a woman, 564.
- Perfection of reason, 9.  
 pink of, 346.  
 true, seasoned to their, 41.
- Perfections, his sweete, 9.
- Perfume and suppliance of a minute,  
 104.  
 on the violet, to throw a, 54.  
 puss-gentleman that's all, 357.
- Perfumed like a milliner, 57.
- Perfumes of Arabia, 99.
- Perhaps, a great, 506.
- Peri at the gate of Eden, 455.
- Peril in thine eye, 79.
- Perilous edge of battle, 179.  
 shot out of an elder gun, 66.  
 stuff which weighs upon the heart,  
 99.
- Perils do environ, what, 217.  
 do enfold, how many, 11.
- Periods of time, in, 184.
- Perish, all of genius which can, 482.  
 in its fall, 392.  
 that thought, 248.
- Periwig-pated fellow, 112.
- Perjuria ridet amantum Jupiter, 79.
- Perjuries, lovers', 79.
- Perjury, lovers', 226.
- Perked up in a glistening grief, 72.
- Permanent, forward not, 104.
- Permit to heaven, 196.
- Pernicious weed, 357.
- Perpetual benediction, 420.  
 priesthood, 596.
- Perplex and dash maturest counsels,  
 182.
- Perplexed in the extreme, 131.
- Perplexes monarchs, 180.
- Persian's heaven is easily made, 462.
- Persians, law of the Medes and, 605.
- Person, freedom of, 370.  
 oblong, square, triangular, 428.
- Personage, genteel in, 244.  
 less imposing, 497.  
 this goodly, 414.
- Persons are so often torn asunder, 318.  
 happy in each other's society, 318.  
 no respect of, 612.  
 two distinct, 481.
- Persuaded in his own mind, 613.
- Persuading, fair-spoken and, 75.
- Persuasion of whatever state or, 369.  
 ripened into faith, 422.
- Persuasive sound, 257.

- Pertains to feats of broil, 125.  
 Perturbed spirit, rest, 108.  
 Peru, from China to, 311.  
 Perverts the prophets, 470.  
 Pestilence and war, 184.  
   like a desolating, 492.  
   seals that close the, 500.  
   that walketh in darkness, 594.  
 Petar, hoist with his own, 117.  
 Peter, by robbing, he paid Paul, 572.  
   denied his Lord, 585.  
   feared full twenty times, 409.  
   I'll call him, 52.  
   Turph, 47.  
 Peter's dome, that rounded, 532.  
   keys, 285.  
 Peterkin, quoth little, 425.  
 Petition me no petitions, 307, 652.  
 Petrifies the feeling, 386.  
 Petticoat, her feet beneath her, 162.  
   tempestuous, 165.  
 Petty pace, creeps in this, 100.  
 Phalaux, in perfect, 180.  
 Phantasma, like a, 85.  
 Phantom of delight, she was a, 404.  
 Phantoms of hope, 314.  
 Phials hermetically sealed, 246.  
 Phidias, his awful Jove young, 532.  
 Philip and Mary on a shilling, 220.  
   drunk, appeal from, 622.  
 Philippi, I will see thee at, 89.  
 Philips whose touch harmonious, 313.  
 Philistines be upon thee, 587.  
 Phillis, neat-handed, 205.  
 Philologists who chase a panting syl-  
   lable, 358.  
 Philosopher and friend, 273.  
   can scorn, scarce the firm, 302.  
   never yet, that could endure the  
   toothache, 30.  
 Philosophers have judged, as wise, 219.  
   sayings of, 217.  
 Philosophic mind, 421.  
 Philosophie, Aristotle and his, 1.  
 Philosopre, he was a, 1.  
 Philosophy adversity's sweet milk, 81.  
   bringeth about to religion, 138.  
   dreamt of in your, 108.  
   for fear divine, 552.  
   hast any, in thee shepherd, 45.  
   how charming is divine, 201.  
   I ask not proud, 444.  
   inclineth to atheism, 138.  
   is a good horse, 343.  
   lights of mild, 249.  
   makes men deep, 138.  
   searched of deep, 173.  
   teaching by examples, 259.  
   that no, can lift, 408.  
   triumphis easily, 575.  
   vain wisdom and false, 183.  
 Philosophy will clip an angel's wings,  
   502  
 Phœbus 'gins arise, 134.  
   what a name, 470.  
 Phœbus' wain, wheels of, 199.  
 Phosphor, sweet, bring the day, 159.  
 Phrase, a fico for the, 22.  
   measured, 406.  
   of peace, the soft, 125.  
   proverb'd with a grandsire, 77.  
   would be more german, 120.  
 Phrases, mint of, in his brain, 31.  
 Phrygian Turk, 22.  
 Physic, gold in, is a cordial, 2.  
   pomp, take, 122.  
   throw, to the dogs, 99.  
 Physically impossible, 379.  
 Physician heal thyself, 610.  
   is there no, there, 605.  
 Physicians, use three, 581.  
 Physics pain, labour we delight in, 94.  
 Pia mater, womb of, 32.  
 Pick a pocket, not scruple to, 240.  
 Picked, age is grown so, 119.  
   up his crumbs, 646.  
 Picking and stealing, 618.  
 Picks yer pocket, smiles while it, 305.  
 Pickwickian sense, in a, 558.  
 Picture, look here upon this, 115.  
   placed the busts between, 260.  
   who looks at an American, 428.  
 Pictured urn, from her, 326.  
 Pictures, eyes make, 437.  
   in Afric maps, 245.  
   of silver, 598.  
 Piece, faultless, to see, 277.  
   of British manhood, sounder, 506.  
   of work is a man, what a, 109.  
 Piecemeal on the rock, 479.  
 Piercing the night's duil ear, 66.  
 Pierian spring, taste not the, 276.  
 Piety whose soul sincere, 335.  
   would not grow warmer, 315.  
 Pig in a poke, buying or selling of, 6.  
 Pigs squeak, naturally as, 215.  
 Pike-staff, plain as a, 646.  
 Pilfers wretched plans, 353.  
 Pilgrim gray, honour comes a, 336.  
   of eternity, 493.  
   shrines, graves are, 500.  
   steps in amice gray, 197.  
 Pilgrimage, overtaketh in his, 21.  
 Pilgrimages, folk to gon on, 1.  
 Pillar of fire by night, 586.  
   of state, 182.  
 Pillared firmament, 201.  
   shade high overarched, 195.  
 Pillory, each window like a, 219.  
 Pillow hard, finds the down, 134.  
 Pilot in extremity, a daring, 221.  
   'tis a fearful night, 508.

- Pilot of my proper woe, 482.  
of the Galilean lake, 203.  
that weathered the storm, 399.
- Pin, bores with a little, 56.
- Pin's fee, do not set my life at a, 106.
- Pincers tear, where the, 267.
- Pinch, a lean-faced villain, 27.  
necessity's sharp, 122.
- Pinches, where the shoe, 634.
- Pindarus, house of, 208.
- Pine, dwindle peak and, 89.  
for thee, then most I, 525.  
immovable infix'd, 184.  
to equal which the tallest, 179.  
with fear and sorrow, 13.
- Pine-apple of politeness, 378.
- Pined and wanted food, 402.  
in thought, 50.
- Pines, silent sea of, 435.  
thunder-harp of, 569.  
tops of the eastern, 56.
- Pink and the pansy, 204.  
of courtesy, the very, 80.  
of perfection, 346.
- Pinks that grow, the, 151.
- Pinnace, sail like my, 22.
- Pins it with a star, 519.
- Pinto, Ferdinand Mendez, 257.
- Piny mountain, 437.
- Pious action we do sugar o'er, 110.  
frauds and holy shifts, 217.  
thoughts, 212
- Pipe but as the linnets sing, 552.  
easier to be played on than a, 114.  
for fortune's finger, 113.  
glorious in a, 485.  
to smoke in cold weather, 375.  
to the spirit ditties, 503.
- Pipes and whistles in his sound, 44.  
soft, play on, 503.
- Piping time of peace, 70.
- Pippins, old, toothsomest, 118.
- Pit, monster of the, 283.  
they'll fill a, as well as better, 61.  
whoso diggeth a, 599.
- Pitch, dark as, 638.  
he that toucheth, 607.  
my moving tent, nightly, 440.  
which flies the higher, 67.
- Pitched, as the mind is, 363.
- Pitcher broken at the fountain, 602.
- Pith and moment, enterprises of, 111.  
seven years', these arms had, 125.
- Pitiful 't was wondrous pitiful, 126.
- Pitiless storm, pelting of this, 122.
- Pity, challenge double, 14.  
drops of sacred, 43.  
gave ere charity began, 340.  
he hath a tear for, 64.  
I learn to, them, 343.  
is akin to love, 243.
- Pity is the straightest path to love, 153.  
leaf of, writ, 83.  
like a new-born babe, 92.  
melts the mind to love, 225.  
nor wit shall lure it back, 571.  
of it ligo the pity of it, 130.  
swells the tide of love, 264.  
'tis 'tis true, 108.  
that it was great, so it was, 58.  
the man who can travel, 322.  
the sorrows of a poor old man, 377.  
then embrace, endure then, 271.  
upon the poor, he that hath, 597.  
what a, is it, 250.
- Pixes and rosaries, 220.
- Place and time, bounds of, 326.  
and wealth, get, 283.  
as a nail in a sure, 604.  
change the, 256.  
did then adhere, nor time nor, 92.  
dignified by the doer's deed, 48.  
everywhere his, 173.  
expectants, gratitude of, 253.  
in childhood, there was a, 524.  
in many a solitary, 409.  
in thy memory dearest, 528.  
jolly, in times of old, 406.  
kiss the, to make it well, 446.  
know him any more, 589.  
many a secret, ear in, 405.  
mind is its own, 179.  
no, like home, 503.  
of my birth, came to the, 480.  
of rest, where to choose, 196.  
or time, not to be changed by, 179.  
pensive though a happy, 407.  
pride of, 95.  
right man in the right, 562.  
stands upon a slippery, 53.  
sunshine in the shady, 10.  
that has known him, 589.  
thereof shall know it no more, 594.  
towering in her pride of, 95.  
where he is not known, 317.  
where honour's lodged, 219.  
where man can die, 559.  
where the tree falleth, 601.
- Places, fill up their proper, 297.  
follow in their proper, 234.  
lines in pleasant, 511.  
shall be hell, all, 18.  
strange, crammed, 43.  
the eye of heaven visits, 55.  
which pale passion loves, 151.
- Plagiare among authors, 209.
- Plague of all cowards, 58.  
of both your houses, 81.  
of sighing and grief, 59.  
the inventor, return to, 92.  
upon such backing, 59.  
us, instruments to, 124.

- Plagues, but of all, 399.  
     that haunt the rich, 336.  
 Plain as a pike-staff, 646.  
 as way to parish church, 43.  
 blunt man, 87.  
 Camilla scours the, 278.  
 in dress, 293.  
 knight pricking on the, 10.  
 living and high thinking, 413.  
 loveliest village of the, 339.  
 nodding o'er the yellow, 302.  
 of Marathon, 315.  
     stretched upon the, 470.  
 Plainness of speech, use great, 614.  
 Plains, silver-mantled, 556.  
 Plaited cunning hides, what, 121.  
 Plan, not without a, 258.  
     the simple, sufficeth them, 411.  
 Planet, born under a rhyming, 30.  
 Planets, guides the, 400.  
     in their turn, all the, 251.  
     then no, strike, 101.  
 Plans, pilfers wretched, 353.  
 Plant, earth bears a, 464.  
     fame is no, 203.  
     fixed like a, 270.  
     of slow growth, confidence is a, 319.  
     rare old, is the ivy green, 558.  
     that grows on mortal soil, 203.  
 Planted a garden, God Almighty, 138.  
     I have, 613.  
 Planting, wheat for this, 533  
 Plants, aromatic, 344.  
     children like olive, 595.  
     suck in the earth, 173.  
 Platform, upon the, 103.  
 Plato thou reasonest well, 250.  
 Plato's retirement, 197.  
 Play and make good cheer, 6.  
     better at a, 462.  
     false, wouldst not, 91.  
     good as a, 627.  
     healthful, 255.  
     holdeth children from, 16.  
     in the plighted clouds, 200.  
     is the thing, 110.  
     life's poor, is o'er, 271.  
     me no plays, 652.  
     out the play, 59.  
     pleased not the million, 109.  
     pleasure when I, not, 13.  
     the devil, seem a saint and, 70.  
     the fools with the time, 63.  
     the man, 580.  
     the woman with mine eyes, 98.  
     to you is death to us, 236.  
     who goes to an American, 428.  
     with similes, 404  
 Playbill of Hamlet, 454.  
 Played at bo-peep, 164.  
     familiar with hoary locks, 507.  
 Played upon a stage, if this were, 51.  
 Player, life's a poor, 100.  
 Players, men and women merely, 44.  
 Playing holidays, all the year were, 57.  
 Playmates, I have had, 430.  
 Plays many parts, one man, 44.  
     round the head, 272  
     such fantastic tricks, 25.  
 Plaything, some livelier, 271.  
 Plea, necessity the tyrant's, 188.  
     so tainted, in law what, 39.  
 Plead lament and sue, 449.  
     like angels, his virtues will, 92.  
     their cause I, 332.  
 Pleasant and cloudy weather, 374.  
     country's earth, 56.  
     fellow, touchy testy, 252.  
     in man, all that was, 342.  
     in their lives, 583.  
     in thy morning, life how, 385.  
     places, lines in, 591.  
     scents salute the noses, 562.  
     sights salute the eyes, 562.  
     thought, like a, 404.  
     thoughts bring sad thoughts, 416.  
     to behold the sun, 601.  
     to see one's name in print, 470.  
     to severe, grave to light, 227.  
     to think on, 163.  
     vices, our, 124.  
 Pleasantness, ways of, 595.  
 Please, certainty to, 400.  
     coy and hard to, 450.  
     natural in him to, 221.  
     surest to, 343.  
     to live, live to please, 312.  
 Pleased, I would do what I, 573.  
     not the million, 109.  
     to the last, 268  
     with a rattle, 271.  
     with novelty, 359.  
     with the danger, 221.  
     with this bauble, 271.  
 Pleasing anxious being, 330.  
     dreadful thought, 250.  
     dreams and slumbers, 450.  
     less, when possess, 325.  
     memory of all he stole, 284.  
     of a lute, the lascivious, 69.  
     punishment that women bear, 27.  
     shade, happy hills, 325.  
     shape, power to assume a, 110.  
 Pleasure after pain, sweet is, 225.  
     all hope, 229.  
     at the helm, 327.  
     by myself a lonely, 404.  
     dissipation without, 355.  
     drowns in, 303.  
     ease content, 272.  
     friend of, 336.  
     full of, void of strife, 158.

- Pleasure howe'er disguised by art, 311.  
 immense, to come, 320.  
 in poetic pains, 361.  
 in the pathless woods, 477.  
 in trim gardens, 206.  
 like the midnight flower, 457.  
 little, in the house, 367.  
 live in, when I live to thee, 307.  
 man of, is a man of pains, 265.  
 mixed reason with, 342.  
 never to blend our, 406.  
 no, is comparable, 137.  
 no profit grows where is no, 47.  
 of being cheated, 219  
 of love is in loving, 575.  
 of the game, 241.  
 of the time, spoils the, 96.  
 praise all his, 258.  
 reason's whole, 272.  
 she was bent, much on, 359.  
 shock of, 507.  
 smile in pain frown at, 265  
 stock of harmless, 315.  
 sure in being mad, 230.  
 sweet the, 225.  
 take, some to, 274.  
 to be drunk, it is our, 307.  
 to the spectators, 522.  
 treads upon the heels of, 257.  
 vibrate sweetest, 387.  
 well-spring of, 555.  
 when I play not, 13.
- Pleasure-dome, stately, 435.  
 Pleasure-house, lordly, 547.  
 Pleasures and palaces, 503.  
 are like poppies, 384.  
 banish pain, 256.  
 calm, 303.  
 doubling his, 400.  
 in the vale of pain, 452.  
 of the Mahometans, 331.  
 of the present day, 307.  
 pretty, might me move, 13.  
 prove, all the, 17.  
 soothed his soul to, 225.  
 Pledge, never signed no, 565.  
 our sacred honour, 369.  
 Pleiades, sweet influences of, 591.  
 Pleading as blackberries, 59.  
 lack of wit, 108.  
 Plenty o'er a smiling land, 329.  
 Pleurisy of people, 153.  
 Plighted clouds, play in the, 200.  
 Plodders, continual, 31.  
 Plods his weary way, 328.  
 Plot me no plots, 652.  
 of state to make a bank, 232.  
 this blessed, this earth, 55.  
 Plough deep while sluggards sleep, 310.  
 following his, 405.  
 the watery deep, 290.
- Ploughman homeward plods, 328.  
 Ploughshare o'er creation, 265.  
 stern Ruin's, 386.  
 unwilling, 415.  
 Ploughshares, swords into, 603.  
 Plover, muskets aimed at, 383.  
 Pluck bright honour from the moon, 58.  
 from memory a rooted sorrow, 99.  
 out the heart of my mystery, 114.  
 this flower safety, 58.  
 up drowned honour, 58.  
 your berries, I come to, 203.  
 Plucked his gown, 341.  
 Plumage, strip him of his, 584.  
 Plume of amber snuff-box, 279.  
 Plumed like estridges, 60.  
 Plumes her feathers, 200.  
 Plummet, deeper than e'er, 20.  
 Plump Jack, banish, 59.  
 Plumpy Bacchus, 132.  
 Plunder, power of public, 625.  
 Plunge, Festus I, 557.  
 Plunged in accoutred as I was, 83.  
 Pluto's cheek, tears down, 206.  
 Po, or wandering, 338.  
 Pocket, not scruple to pick a, 240.  
 stole and put it in his, 116.  
 Poem, himself to be a true, 210.  
 life of a man a, of its sort, 506.  
 rhymed or unrhymed, 506.  
 round and perfect as a star, 569.  
 Poesy, heavenly gift of, 224.  
 some participation of divineness, 140.  
 Poet is made as well as born, 148.  
 naturalist and historian, 313.  
 once loved, 289.  
 soaring, 209.  
 speak to men with power, 506.  
 still more a man than men, 506.  
 the lover and the lunatic, 35.  
 they had no, and they died, 284.  
 was ever, so trusted before, 317.  
 without love, 506.  
 Poet's brain, should possess a, 146.  
 darling, 404.  
 dream, consecration and the, 419.  
 ear, flattery lost on, 447.  
 eye in a fine frenzy rolling, 35.  
 eye, muse with a, 441.  
 lines, where go the, 545.  
 pen turns them to shapes, 35.  
 Poetess, maudlin, 280.  
 Poetic child, meet nurse for a, 448.  
 fields encompass me, 251.  
 justice with lifted scale, 284.  
 nook, seat in some, 491.  
 pains, pleasure in, 361.  
 prose, warbler of, 362.  
 Poetical, gods had made thee, 45.

- Poetry, angling is somewhat like, 157.  
 cradled into, 493.  
 melancholy madness of, 352.  
 not, but prose run mad, 280.  
 of earth is never dead, 503.  
 of speech, 476.  
 old-fashioned, 157.  
 tender charm of, 415.  
 wit eloquence and, 173.
- Poets are all who love, 561.  
 are sultans, 171.  
 are the hierophants, 404.  
 by their sufferings grow, 493.  
 feign of bliss and joy, 68.  
 forms of ancient, 437.  
 in their misery dead, 406.  
 in three distant ages, 224.  
 lose half the praise, 176.  
 pensive, painful vigils keep, 284.  
 sing, all that, 525.  
 styled, love is a boy by, 218.  
 we, in our youth, 405.  
 who made us heirs, 418.  
 youthful, 205, 258.
- Point a moral or adorn a tale, 311.  
 armed at, exactly cap-a-pe, 103.  
 don't put too fine a, 574.  
 his slow unmoving finger at, 131.  
 of all my greatness, 73.  
 swim to yonder, 83.  
 thus I bore my, 59.
- Points, armed at all, 103.  
 out an hereafter, 250.  
 possession is eleven, 248.  
 the meeting, 279.  
 to yonder glade, 288.  
 true to the kindred, 407.
- Poison for the age's tooth, 52.  
 of misused wine, 199.  
 one man's, another's meat, 153.  
 ounce of, in one pocket, 522.
- Poisoned chalice, 92.  
 rat in a hole, 247.
- Poisoning of a dart, 174.
- Poke, drew a dial from his, 43.  
 pig in a, buying or selling of, 6.
- Pole, from Indus to the, 285.  
 soldier's, is fallen, 133.  
 to pole, beloved from, 432.  
 to pole, truth from, 251.  
 true as the needle to the, 292.  
 were I so tall to reach the, 256.
- Policy, honesty is the best, 642.  
 kings will be tyrants from, 350.  
 turn him to any cause of, 65.
- Polished idleness, 395.  
 manners, 334
- Politeness, pine-apple of, 378.
- Political bands, dissolve the, 369.  
 fault, it is a, 576.
- Politician, coffee makes the, 279.  
 Politician would circumvent God, 118.  
 Politicians, whole race of, 243.  
 Politics, conscience with, 389.  
 Poll, all flaxen was his, 118.  
 Pollutes whate'er it touches, 492.  
 Pollutions, through, 140.  
 Pomp all his, without his force, 352.  
 and circumstance, 130.  
 and glory of this world, 73.  
 candied tongue lick absurd, 113.  
 give lettered, 541.  
 of age, monumental, 414.  
 of power, 328.  
 sepulchred in such, 208.  
 take physic, 122.  
 to flight, puts all the, 286.  
 without his force, 352.  
 worthless, of homage, 505.
- Pompous in the grave, 177.
- Pomps and vanity, 618.
- Pond, mantle like a standing, 36.
- Ponderous and marble jaws, 105.  
 axes rung, no, 463.  
 woe, though a, 243.
- Pool, mantle of the standing, 122.
- Peep was beaten gold, 132.
- Poor always ye have with you, 612.  
 and content is rich, 129.  
 annals of the, 328.  
 but honest, my friends were, 48.  
 considereth the, 592.  
 creature small beer, 63.  
 destruction of the, 596.  
 exchequer of the, 55.  
 give the rest to the, 572.  
 grind the faces of the, 003.  
 have cried Cæsar wept, 87.  
 he that hath pity upon the, 597.  
 heaven-directed to the, 274.  
 how many, I see, 254.  
 in thanks, I am even, 109.  
 infirm weak and despised, 122.  
 laws grind the, 339.  
 love their country and be, 290.  
 make no new friends, 541.  
 makes me, indeed, 128.  
 man laughs loudest of all, 545.  
 naked wretches, 122.  
 old man, sorrows of a, 377.  
 pensioner, 232.  
 rich gifts wax, 111.  
 scandalous and, 235.  
 that found'st me, 342.  
 the offering be, though, 461.  
 to do him reverence, 87.  
 Tom's a-cold, 123.  
 too, for a bribe, 331.  
 wants that pinch the, 366.  
 weak palsy-stricken, 502.  
 without Thee we are, 333.
- Poorest man in his cottage, 320.

- Pope of Rome, more than the, 217.  
 Popery, inclines a man to, 212.  
 Popish liturgy, 320.  
 Poplar pale, edged with, 207.  
 Poppies, pleasures are like, 384.  
 Poppy nor mandragora, 129.  
 Populous city pent, long in, 194.  
 Porcelain clay of humankind, 231.  
   of human clay, 488.  
 Porcupine, upon the fretful, 106.  
 Porpentine, upon the fretful, 106.  
 Port as meke as is a mayde, 1.  
   for men, 317.  
   of all men's labours, 140.  
   pride in their, 339.  
   to imperial Tokay, 320.  
 Portal we call death, whose, 539.  
 Portance in my travels' history, 125.  
 Portion, he wales a, 389.  
   in this life, my, 209.  
   of that around me, 474.  
   of uncertain paper, 487.  
   that best, of a good man's life, 406.  
 Portions of eternity, 564.  
   of the soul of man, 564.  
 Portius, thy steady temper, 249.  
 Ports and happy havens, 55.  
 Posies, thousand fragrant, 17.  
 Possess a poet's brain, 146.  
   but one idea, 316.  
   to see to feel and to, 472.  
 Possessed, first I have, 479.  
   with inward light, 438.  
 Possessing all things, 434.  
 Possession, bliss in, 439.  
   fie on, 3.  
   is eleven points in the law, 248.  
   would not show, virtue that, 29.  
 Possess, less pleasing when, 325.  
 Possibilities, pounds and, 22.  
 Post o'er land and ocean, 208.  
   of honour a private station, 250.  
 Posteriors of this day, 33.  
 Posterity, contemporaneous, 621.  
   done for us, what has, 383.  
   intimately known to, 520.  
   obligation to, 383.  
 Postern of a needle's eye, 56.  
 Posy of a ring, prologue or the, 113.  
 Pot, boil like a, 591.  
   death in the, 589.  
   thorns under a, 600.  
   three-hooped, 68.  
 Potations, banish strong, 383.  
   pottle deep, 127.  
 Potent grave and reverend, 125.  
   over sun and star, 407.  
 Potentially of growing rich, 318.  
 Pots of ale, size of, 215.  
 Pouch, tester I'll have in, 22.  
 Pouncet-box 'twixt his finger, 57.  
 Pounds, rich with forty, 340.  
   seven hundred, and possibilities, 22.  
   six hundred, a year, 245.  
   take care of themselves, 298.  
   three hundred, a year, 23.  
   two hundred, a year, 220.  
 Poverty come, so shall thy, 596.  
   depressed, worth by, 312.  
   distressed by, 313.  
   evil that wealth excludes, 317.  
   I pay thy, not thy will, 82.  
   nor riches, neither, 599.  
   not my will consents, 82.  
   rustic life and, 442.  
   steeped me in, 130.  
   the destruction of the poor, 596.  
   urn of, penny in the, 507.  
 Powder, food for, 61.  
   keep your, dry, 517.  
 Power, an unwearied, 356.  
   and pelf, 448.  
   balance of, 253.  
   beauty hath strange, 198.  
   behind the eye, 533.  
   behind the throne, 319.  
   dissevering, mutters of, 202.  
   earthly, show likest God's, 40.  
   forty parson, 489.  
   gray flits the shade of, 472.  
   greatest not exempted from her, 13.  
   intellectual, 421.  
   is passing from the earth, 419.  
   knowledge is, 138.  
   like a pestilence, 492.  
   never yet was human, 485.  
   not now in fortune's, 217.  
   o'er true virginity, 200.  
   of beauty, 226.  
   of grace, 441.  
   of public plunder, 625.  
   of thought, 481.  
   pangs of guilty, 313.  
   pomp of, 328.  
   protecting, 396.  
   should take who have the, 411.  
   some novel, 554.  
   taught by that, 343.  
   temporal, force of, 39.  
   that hath made us a nation, 491.  
   the giftie gie us, wad some, 385.  
   to assume a pleasing shape, 110.  
   to charm insanity, 533.  
   to charm, nor witch hath, 101.  
   to say behold, 34.  
   to thunder, flatter Jove for his, 76.  
   to wound, shoe has, 323.  
   upon the past, heaven has not, 227.  
   wad some, 385.  
   which could evade, 485.  
   which erring men call chance, 201.  
   wreck of, 505.



- Powerful grace that lies in herbs, 80.  
 Powers that be, 613.  
   that will work for thee, 412  
   which impress our minds, 416.  
 Practices, long train of these, 319.  
 Practise to deceive, 459.  
 Practised falsehood, 187.  
   what he preached, 398.  
 Prague, old hermit of, 51.  
 Prague's proud arch, 441.  
 Praise, all his pleasure, 253.  
   beat high for, 453.  
   blame love kisses, 494.  
   blessings and eternal, 418.  
   come to bury Cæsar not to, 86.  
   damn with faint, 281.  
   dispraised no small, 196.  
   Father Son and Holy Ghost, 235.  
   from Sir Hubert Stanley, 394.  
   garment of, 605.  
   him all creatures, 235.  
   if there be any, 615.  
   love of, howe'er concealed, 266.  
   muse his, 303.  
   none named thee but to, 501.  
   poets lose half the, 176.  
   pudling against empty, 284.  
   song in thy, 386.  
   sound of woman's, 523.  
   the Frenchman, 358.  
   them most that paint truest, 251.  
   thirst of, 356.  
   undeserved is scandal in disguise,  
   283.  
   whom there were none to, 403.  
 Praising faintly when he must, 281.  
 Praising most dispraises, 281.  
   the rose that all are, 598.  
   what is lost makes the remem-  
   brance dear, 45.  
 Prate of my whereabouts, stones, 93.  
 Prattle to be tedious, thinking his, 56.  
 Pray, doth late and early, 143.  
   goodly please to moderate, 296.  
   love me little, love me long, 165.  
   remained to, 341.  
   the Lord my soul to keep, 585.  
   we do, for mercy, 40.  
   with you, drink with you nor, 37.  
 Prayer all his business, 258.  
   ardent opens heaven, 265.  
   cursed with every granted, 274.  
   doth teach us all, 49.  
   erects a house of, 239.  
   fondest, for others' weal, 470.  
   four hours spend in, 10.  
   homes of silent, 552.  
   imperfect offices of, 421.  
   is of no avail, when, 418.  
   is the soul's sincere desire, 440.  
   making their lives a, 541.  
 Prayer of Ajax was for light, 549.  
   people's, the, 222.  
   swears a, or two, 78.  
 Prayer-books, beads and, 271.  
 Prayers, child of many, 537.  
   which are old age's alms, 142.  
 Prayest best who loveth best, 433.  
   well who loveth well, 433.  
 Preached as never to preach again, 213.  
   practised what he, 398.  
 Preacheth patience, 169.  
 Preaching, a woman, 316.  
 Precedent, codeless myriad of, 555.  
   embalms a principle, 530.  
 Precept upon precept, 604.  
 Precincts of the cheerful day, 330.  
 Precious bane, deserve the, 189.  
   in the sight of the Lord, 594.  
   instance of itself, sends some, 117.  
   jewel in his head, wears a, 42.  
   life-blood of a master-spirit, 211.  
   nose, that's his, 513.  
   odours, virtue is like, 137.  
   ointment, better than, 609.  
   seeing to the eye, it adds a, 32.  
   stone, a gift is as a, 597.  
   to me, things most, 98.  
   treasure of his eyesight, 77.  
 Precipitate down dashed, 293.  
 Precise art is too, 165.  
   in promise-keeping, 24.  
 Predecessor, illustrious, 348.  
 Preferment goes by letter, 124.  
 Pregnant hinges of the knee, 113.  
 Prejudice is strong when the judg-  
   ment's weak, 296.  
 'Prentice han' she tried on man, 385.  
 Preparation, dreadful note of, 96.  
 Presage of his future years, 372.  
 Presbyterian true blue, 216.  
 Presence full of light, 82.  
   lord of thy, and no land beside, 52.  
   maiden, scatter of your, 105.  
   of body, 431.  
   shall my wants supply, 252.  
   whose, civilizes ours, 357.  
 Present fears less than imaginings, 90.  
   joys therein I find, 8.  
   in spirit, absent in body, 613.  
   things seem worst, 63.  
 Presentment, counterfeit, 115.  
 Presents endear absents, 431.  
 Preservative of all arts, 623.  
 Press, freedom of the, 370.  
   not a falling man too far, 73.  
   the people's right maintain, 469.  
   with vigour on, 307.  
 Pressure, his form and, 112.  
   of taxation, 429.  
 Presume not God to scan, 270.  
 Pretender, God bless the, 297.

- Pretty creature drink**, 402.  
 everything that, is, 134.  
 Fanny's way, 258.  
 feet like snails, 164.  
 in amber, 280.  
 Sally, none like, 244.  
 to force together thoughts, 434.  
 to walk with, 163.
- Prevaricate, thou dost**, 216.
- Prey at fortune**, 129.  
 expects his evening, 327.  
 fleas that on him, 245.  
 to dumb forgetfulness, 330.  
 to hastening ills a, 340.  
 was man, his, 287.  
 where eagles dare not perch, 70.
- Priam's curtain**, 62.  
 powers and self shall fall, 290.
- Price, all men have their**, 253.  
 for knowledge, too high the, 293.  
 of chains and slavery, 371.  
 of liberty, 626.  
 of wisdom is above rubies, 590.  
 pearl of great, 608.
- Prick the sides of my intent**, 92.
- Pricking of my thumbs**, 97.  
 on the plaine, 10.
- Prickles on it, leaf had**, 201.  
 tormenting himself with his, 513.
- Pricks, kick against the**, 612.
- Pride aiming at the blest abodes**, 269.  
 and haughtiness of soul, 249.  
 blend our pleasure or, 406.  
 coy submission modest, 188.  
 crueltie and ambition of man, 15.  
 day in its, 469.  
 father's joy mother's, 452.  
 fell with my fortunes, 41.  
 goeth before destruction, 597.  
 high-blown, broke under me, 73.  
 in reasoning pride, 269.  
 in their port, 339.  
 of former days, 456.  
 of kings, 268.  
 of place, towering in her, 95.  
 pomp and circumstance, 130.  
 rank pride, 't is, 249.  
 spite of, 270.  
 that apes humility, 425, 434.  
 that licks the dust, 281.  
 that perished in his, 405.  
 the vice of fools, 276.  
 to relieve the wretched, 340.  
 vain the chief's the sage's, 284.
- Priest, no Italian, shall tithe**, 53.  
 pale-eyed, 207.
- Priesthood, perpetual**, 506.
- Priests altars victims**, 286.  
 by the imposition of a mightier  
 hand 520  
 tapers temples, 286.
- Primal duties shine aloft**, 423.  
 eldest curse upon 't, 114.
- Prime, April of her**, 135.  
 golden, of Alraschid, 547.  
 joyous, 11.  
 wisdom, 193.
- Primer, schoolmaster with his**, 497.
- Primeval, this is the forest**, 537.
- Primrose, bring the rathe**, 204.  
 by a river's brim, 409.  
 first-born child of Ver, 153.  
 path of dalliance treads, 104.  
 peeps beneath the thorn, 342.  
 soft silken, fading timelessly, 209.  
 sweet as the, 342.  
 yellow, was to him, 409.
- Prince make a belted knight**, 388.  
 of darkness, 123, 163.
- Princedom's virtues powers**, 191.
- Princeps copy**, 396.
- Princes and lords may flourish**, 340.  
 are the breath of kings, 389.  
 find few real friends, 321.  
 like to heavenly bodies, 138.  
 privileged to kill, 347.  
 put not your trust in, 595.  
 that sweet aspect of, 73.  
 the death of, 85.  
 whose merchants are, 604.
- Princes' favours, hangs on**, 73.
- Principle of bliss, the vital**, 303.  
 precedent embalsms a, 530.  
 rebels from, 350.
- Principles of human liberty**, 467.  
 of resistance, 349.  
 oftener changed, 267.  
 with times, 274.
- Print it, some said John**, 213.  
 it, 'sdeath I 'll, 280.  
 't is devils must, 462.  
 to see one's name in, 470.  
 transforms old, 361.
- Printers have lost**, 212.
- Printing to be used, caused**, 68.
- Prior, here lies Matthew**, 242.
- Priscian a little scratched**, 33.
- Prison, palace and a**, 475.  
 stone walls do not a, make, 172.
- Prisoner, takes the reason**, 90.
- Prisoner's life, passing on the**, 24.
- Prisoners of hope**, 603.
- Prison-house, secrets of my**, 106.
- Prithee why so pale**, 163.
- Private credit is wealth**, 584.  
 griefs they have, 87.
- Prive and apert**, 3.
- Privilege of putting him to death**, 428.
- Privileged beyond the common walk**,  
 263.  
 to kill, princes were, 347.
- Prize, ever grateful for the**, 401.

- Prize me no prizes, 651.  
 not to the worth whiles we enjoy, 29.  
 o' death in battle, 566.
- Probability keep in view, 295.
- Proceed ad infinitum, 245.
- Process, human thought is the, 465.  
 of the suns, 549.  
 such was the, 126.
- Procrastination thief of time, 262.
- Proctors, prudes for, 550.
- Procreus to the lords of hell, 552.
- Prodigal, chariest maid is, 104.  
 excess, to our own, 419.  
 how like the, 38.  
 the soul lends the tongue vows, 105.  
 within the compass of a guinea, 438.
- Prodigal's favourite, to be a, 419.
- Prodigality of nature, framed in, 70.
- Prodigious ruin, one, 280.
- Product of a scoffer's pen, 421.
- Profane, hence ye, 174.
- Profaned the God-given strength, 448.
- Profanely, not to speak it, 112.
- Profession, debtor to his, 137.
- Professor of our art, 228.
- Profit of their shining nights, 31.  
 no, where is no pleasure, 47.
- Profited, what is a man, 609.
- Progeny of learning, 378.
- Progress, their mazy, 326.
- Progressive virtue, 301.
- Prohibited degrees of kin, 220.
- Project, crossed their, 321.
- Prologue, excuse came, 195.  
 is this a, or the posy of a ring, 113.
- Prologues, happy, 90.  
 like compliments, 382.
- Promethean fire, 32.  
 heat, where is that, 131.
- Promiscuously applied hands, 478.
- Promise hope believe, 481.  
 keep the word of, 100.  
 of celestial worth, 267.  
 of your early day, 463.  
 to his loss, though he, 619.  
 who broke no, 276.
- Promised on a time, 12.
- Promise-keeping, precise in, 24.
- Promises of youth, 314.  
 oft fails where most it, 48.
- Promontory, earth seems a sterile, 109.  
 with trees upon 't, 133.
- Promotion cometh neither from the  
 east nor west, 593.  
 none will sweat but for, 42.
- Prompts the eternal sigh, 272.
- Proof, give me ocular, 130.  
 sweetness yieldeth, 415.  
 't is a common, 84.
- Pronouncing on his bad, before, 506.
- Proofs of holy writ, 129.
- Prop that doth sustain my house, 40.
- Propagate and rot, 270.
- Propensities, ruined by natural, 351.
- Propensity of nature, 209.
- Proper man as one shall see, 34.  
 men as ever trod, 83.  
 study of mankind is man, 270.  
 time of day, no, 514.  
 time to marry, 359.
- Prophet, in the name of the, 426.  
 not without honour, 608.
- Prophet's word, sounds like a, 500.
- Prophetic of her end, 262.
- Prophet, tints to-morrow with, 480.  
 soul, O my, 106.  
 strain, something like, 207.
- Prophets do they live forever, 606.  
 is Saul also among the, 587.  
 of the future, 490.  
 perverts the, 470.
- Proportion, curtailed of fair, 70.  
 in small, we just beauties see, 147.  
 preserving the sweetness of, 147.
- Propose, why don't the men, 508.
- Proposes, man, but God disposes, 5.
- Propriety, frights the isle from her,  
 127.  
 of speech, 140.
- Proprium humani ingenii, 229.
- Prose or rhyme, 178.  
 run mad, not poetry but, 280.  
 verse will seem, 236.  
 warbler of poetic, 362.  
 what others say in, 283.
- Prospect of belief, within the, 90.  
 of his soul, into the eye and, 29.  
 pleasures, though every, 464.  
 Scotchman's noblest, 316.  
 so full of goodly, 210.  
 some have looked on a, 409.
- Prospects brightening, 340.  
 distant, please us, 167.
- Prosper, surer to, 181.  
 treason doth never, 141.
- Prosperite, man that hath been in, 4.
- Prosperity, a jest's, lies in the ear, 33.  
 all sorts of, 575.  
 blessing of the Old Testament, 137.  
 could have assured us, 181.  
 in the day of, 600.  
 within thy palaces, 595.
- Prosperous to be just, 575.
- Prosperum ac felix scelus, 141.
- Prostitute, puff the, away, 227.
- Prostrate the beauteous ruin, 392.
- Protection of habeas corpus, 370.  
 of vultures to lambs, 380.
- Protecting power, 396.
- Protest of the weak, 590.  
 too much, the lady doth, 114.

- Protestantism of the Protestant religion, 349.  
 Protests too much, the lady, 114.  
 Proteus rising from the sea, 410.  
 Protracted life is woe, 311.  
 Proud and mighty have, all the, 269.  
   conceited talking spark, 332.  
   for a wit, too, 342.  
   grief is, 53.  
   his name, 448.  
   instruct my sorrows to be, 53.  
   knowledge is, 364.  
   man, but man, 25.  
   man's contumely, 111.  
   me no prouds, 652.  
   philosophy, I ask not, 444.  
   scene was o'er, 234.  
   science never taught to stray, 269.  
   setter up of kings, 69.  
   shall be, all the, 289.  
   to importune, too, 331.  
   tops of the eastern pines, 56.  
   waves be stayed, 591.  
   world, good by, 532.  
 Prouder than rustling in silk, 134.  
 Proud-pied April, 136.  
 Prove all the pleasures, 17.  
   all things, 615.  
   their doctrine orthodox, 216.  
 Proved true before, 220.  
 Proverb and a by-word, 588.  
 Proverbed with a grandsire phrase, 77.  
 Proverbs, books like, 234.  
   patch grief with, 30.  
 Providence alone secures, 359.  
   assert eternal, 178.  
   behind a frowning, 364.  
   even God's, 514.  
   foreknowledge, 183.  
   in the fall of a sparrow, 120.  
   is with the last reserve, 627.  
   their guide, 196.  
 Provoke a saint, 't would, 274.  
 Provoketh thieves, beauty, 41.  
 Prow, youth on the, 327.  
 Prudence points the way, 304.  
 Prudent man looketh well, 596.  
 Prudes for proctors, 550.  
 Prunello, leather or, 272.  
 Pruning-hooks, spears into, 603.  
 Psalmist of Israel, the sweet, 588.  
 Psalms, purloins the, 470.  
   songs be turned to holy, 142.  
 Public credit, dead corpse of, 466.  
   feasts, wedlock compared to, 145.  
   flame nor private, 286.  
   haunt, exempt from, 42.  
   honour is security, 584.  
   rout, where meet a, 145.  
   show, midnight dances and, 289.  
   stock of harmless pleasure, 315.  
 Public, to speak in, on the stage, 394.  
 Publish it not in the streets, 588.  
 Publishing neighbour's shame, 234.  
 Pudding against empty praise, 284.  
   last piece of, 431.  
 Puff the prostitute away, 227.  
 Puffed and reckless libertine, 104.  
 Pull in resolution, 100.  
 Puller down of kings, 69.  
 Pulpit drum ecclesiastick, 215.  
 Pulse of life stood still, 262.  
 Pulses fly, makes his, 562.  
 Puiteney's toad-eater, 334.  
 Pun, who could make so vile a, 240.  
   provoking thyme, 324.  
 Punch, some sipping, 409.  
 Punctual spot, this, 192.  
 Punishment, back to thy, 184.  
   greater than I can bear, 586.  
   that women bear, 27.  
 Pupil of the human eye, 462.  
 Puppy whelp and hound, 343.  
 Puppy-dogs, as maids talk of, 52.  
 Pure alone are mirrored, 507.  
   and eloquent blood, 144.  
   and holy meek and lowly, 534.  
   as snow chaste as ice, 111.  
   by being shone upon, 455.  
   in thought as angels are, 401.  
   kept thy truth so, 208.  
   real Simon, 252.  
   unto the pure all things are, 616.  
 Purge and leave sack, 62.  
   off the baser fire, 182.  
 Purged with euphrasy, 195.  
 Puritans hated bear-baiting, 522.  
 Purity and truth, 237.  
   of grace, 480.  
 Purloins the psalms, 470.  
 Purple all the ground, 204.  
   and gold, gleaming in, 482.  
   as their wines, 285.  
   light of love, 326.  
   testament of bleeding war, 56.  
   the sails, 132.  
   with love's wound, 34.  
 Purpose, cite Scripture for his, 37.  
   constancy to, 530.  
   firm, is equal to the deed, 263.  
   flighty, never is o'ertook, 98.  
   infirm of, 94.  
   one increasing, 549.  
   shake my fell, 91.  
   speak and, not, 121.  
   time to every, 600.  
 Purposed overthrow, 136.  
 Purposes, execute their airy, 179.  
 Purpureal gleams, 408.  
 Purse, bursting, 387.  
   costly as thy, can buy, 104.  
   put money in thy, 126.

- Purse, who steals my, steals trash, 128.  
 Pursue phantoms of hope, 314.  
     the triumph, 273.  
 Pursuit of happiness, 369.  
     of knowledge, 497.  
 Push on keep moving, 304.  
     us from our stools, 96.  
 Puss-gentleman, a fine, 357.  
 Put a tongue in every wound, 87.  
     not your trust in princes, 595.  
     out the light, 131.  
     too fine a point, 574.  
     you down, a plain tale shall, 59.  
     your trust in God, 517.  
 Puts on his pretty looks, 53.  
 Putteth down one, he, 593.  
 Puzzles the will, 111.  
 Pygmies are pygmies still, 265.  
 Pygmy-body, fretted the, 221.  
 Pyramid, star-y-pointing, 208.  
 Pyramids are pyramids in vales, 265.  
     doting with age, 212.  
     set off his memories, no, 153.  
     virtue alone outbuilds the, 265.  
 Pyrrhic dance, you have the, 488.  
     phalanx, where is the, 488.  
 Pythagoras, opinion of, 51.  
  
 Quadrangular spots, 332.  
 Quæris Alcidae patrem, 304.  
 Quaff immortality and joy, 191.  
 Quaffing laughing drinking, 226.  
 Qualities, see a man's good, 506.  
 Quality of mercy is not strained, 39.  
     taste of your, 109.  
     true-fixed and resting, 86.  
 Quantity of love, with all their, 120.  
 Quanto minus est cum reliquis, 458.  
 Quantum o' the sin, 386.  
 Quarelets of pearl, 164.  
 Quarrel, entrance to a, 104.  
     hath his, just, 68.  
     in a straw, 117.  
     is a very pretty, 378.  
     justice of my, 17.  
     sudden and quick in, 44.  
 Quarrels, who in, interpose, 295.  
     thy head is as full of, 80.  
 Quarrelsome, counter-check, 43.  
 Quarries rocks and hills, 126.  
 Quart of mighty ale, 2.  
 Quarry, sagacious of his, 195.  
 Quarry-slave, like the, 515.  
 Quean, extravagant, 380.  
 Queen apparent, 188.  
     Bess, image of good, 513.  
     Elizabeth, scandal about, 379.  
     hail their, fair regent, 337.  
     looks a, 290.  
     Mab hath been with you, 78.  
     o' the May, I'm to be, 548.  
  
 Queen of land and sea, 557.  
     of the world, 390.  
     shall be as drunk as we, 307.  
     would grace a summer's, 452.  
 Quelle chimère est-ce donc, 270.  
 Question, begging the, 623.  
     marriage an open, 533.  
     of despair, the hurried, 480.  
     of principle, 436.  
     that is the, 110.  
 Questionable shape, in such a, 105.  
 Questionings of sense, 420.  
 Questions, ask me no, 343.  
 Qui desiderat pacem, 398.  
     fugiebat, rursus proclibatur, 345.  
     fruit peut revenir, 346.  
     stultis videri eruditi, 316.  
 Quick bosoms, quiet to, 474.  
     bright things come to confusion, 34.  
     in quarrel, sudden and, 44.  
 Quickly, well it were done, 91.  
 Quickness, with too much, 274.  
 Quicksands, life hath, 537.  
 Quid velit et possit, 349.  
 Quiddity and entity, 215.  
 Quiet and peace, 206.  
     as a nun, the holy time is, 409.  
     be, and go a-angling, 158.  
     breast, truth hath a, 54.  
     conscience, a still and, 73.  
     kiss me and be, 296.  
     life, anything for a, 636.  
     Mery-man and Dyet, Dr., 581.  
     rural and retirement, 301.  
     study to be, 615.  
     to quick bosoms is a hell, 474.  
     us in a death so noble, 198.  
 Quietus make with a bare bodkin, 111.  
 Quill from an angel's wing, 415.  
 Quillets of the law, nice sharp, 67.  
 Quills upon the porcupine, 106.  
     upon the porpentine, 106.  
 Quintilian stare and gasp, 208.  
 Quip modest, 46.  
 Quips and cranks, 204.  
     and sentences, 28.  
 Quire of bad verses, 522.  
 Quirks of blazoning pens, 127.  
 Quit this mortal frame, 288.  
     your books, up my friend and, 416.  
     yourselves like men, 587.  
 Quiver full, man that hath his, 595.  
 Quiver's choice, devil in his, 490.  
 Quos læserunt et oderunt, 229.  
 Quotation, classical, 318.  
 Quoter next to originator, 533.  
 Quoth the raven, 556.  
  
 R. months without an, 629.  
 Rabelais' easy chair, 284.  
     quart d'heure de, 294.

- Race, boast a generous, 300.  
 forget the human, 477.  
 heavenly, demands thy zeal, 307.  
 is not to the swift, 601.  
 is won, the, 566.  
 man's imperial, 279.  
 of man like leaves, 291.  
 of other days, 499.  
 of politicians, 246.  
 rear my dusky, 549.  
 slinks out of the, 211.  
 swiftness in the forward, 515.
- Rachel weeping, 607.
- Rack behind, leave not a, 20.  
 dislims, 133.  
 of a too easy chair, 285.  
 of this tough world, 124.  
 the value, being lost we, 29.
- Radiance of eternity, 493.
- Radiant light, by her own, 200.  
 pearl, no, 372.
- Radish, like a forked, 64.
- Rage for fame, 375.  
 heaven has no, 257.  
 in, deaf as the sea, 54.  
 not die here in a, 247.  
 of the vulture, 480.  
 repressed their noble, 329.  
 strong without, 171.  
 swell the soul to, 225.
- Raggedness, windowed, 122.
- Rags, clothe a man with, 598.  
 man forget not though in, 334.  
 virtue though in, 227.
- Rail on the Lord's anointed, 71.
- Railed on Lady Fortune, 43.
- Railer, blustering, 337.
- Rain a deluge showers, 394.  
 as mist resembles, 537.  
 came in slanting lines, 569.  
 gentle, from heaven, 39.  
 in the air, 12.  
 in thunder lightning or in, 89.  
 influence, bright eyes, 205.  
 into each life some, must fall, 536.  
 is over and gone, 602.  
 it raineth every day, 51.  
 may enter king cannot, 320.  
 sweetest, makes not fresh, 151.  
 thirsty earth soaks up the, 173.  
 upon the mown grass, 593.
- Rainbow, another hue unto the, 54.  
 colours of the, 200.  
 to the storms of life, 480.
- Raineth every day, 51.
- Rainy day, in a very, 599.  
 morrow, windy night a, 136.
- Raise what is low in me, 178.
- Raised a mortal to the skies, 226.
- Rake among scholars, 523.  
 woman is at heart a, 274.
- Raleigh spoke, brave, 284.
- Ralph to Cynthia howls, 285.
- Ram, snow-white, 423.
- Ran on embattled armies, 197.  
 to help me when I fell, 446.
- Rancour of your tongue, 296.
- Random, many a shaft at, sent, 452.  
 many a word at, spoken, 452.  
 pearls at, strung, 373.  
 words at, flung, 373.
- Range with humble livers, 72.
- Rank is but the guinea's stamp, 388.  
 my offence is, 114.  
 pride and haughtiness, 249.  
 thee, how shall we, 456.
- Rankest compound of villanous smell,  
 23.
- Ranks and squadrons, 85.
- Rant and swear, 228.  
 as well as thou, 120.
- Raphaels, talked of their, 343.
- Rapids are near, the, 461.
- Rapt inspired, filled with fury, 336.  
 one of the godlike forehead, 419.  
 soul sitting in thine eyes, 206.
- Rapture on the lonely shore, 477.  
 to the dreary void, 479.
- Raptures, high, do infuse, 175.
- Rapture-smitten frame, 441.
- Rare are solitary woes, 263.  
 as a day in June, what is so, 563.  
 Beaumont, 168.  
 Ben Jonson, 147.  
 neither rich nor, 280.  
 rich and, the gems she wore, 457.
- Rarity of Christian charity, 514.
- Rascal counters, 88.  
 bath given me medicines, 58.
- Rascals, to lash thee, naked, 131.
- Rash, splenitive and, 119.
- Rashly importunate, 514.
- Rasselas, history of, 314.
- Rat, I smell a, 216, 648.  
 in a hole, like a poisoned, 247.
- Rated me in the Rialto, 37.
- Rathe primrose, bring the, 204.
- Rather than be less, 181.  
 than forty shillings, 22.
- Rational hind Costard, 31.
- Rats and such small deer, 122.
- Rattle his bones over the stones, 543.  
 pleased with a, 271.
- Rattling around, down dashed, 299.  
 crags among, 475.
- Ravage all the clime, 366.
- Rave recite and madden, 280.
- Ravelled sleeve of care, 94.
- Raven down of darkness, 199.  
 nevermore, quoth the, 556.
- Ravens feed, he that doth the, 42.
- Ravin up thine own life's means, 95.

- Ravished ears, 224.  
   eyes, turn my, 251.  
   younger hearings are, 82.  
 Ravishment, enchanting, 199.  
 Raw in fields, 227.  
 Ray, beauty's heavenly, 480.  
   beneath her steady, 424.  
   emits a brighter, 345.  
   fancy's meteor, 388.  
   serene, gem of purest, 329.  
   whose unclouded, 274.  
   with prophetic, 480.  
 Rayless majesty, 262.  
 Rays, hide your diminished, 275.  
   ten thousand dewy, 408.  
   young fancy's, 385.  
 Raze out the written troubles, 99.  
 Razor, satire like a polished, 296.  
 Razors cried up and down, 375.  
 Razure of oblivion, 26.  
 Reach of art, beyond the, 276.  
   of ordinary men, 406.  
   the small, cannot, 12.  
 Reaches of our souls, beyond the, 106.  
 Reaction, attack is the, 317.  
 Read and write comes by nature, 28.  
   ought that ever I could, 33.  
   he that runs may, 334.  
   Homer once, 236.  
   in story old, 449.  
   mark and inwardly digest, 618.  
   my title clear, 255.  
   slow, learn to, 234.  
   somewhere or other, 259.  
   to doubt or read to scorn, 453.  
   what do you, 108.  
   what is twice, 315.  
 Reader had you in your mind, 416.  
   last, reads no more, 545.  
   wait a century for a, 154.  
 Readers sleep, to give their, 284.  
 Readeth, he may run that, 606.  
 Readiness is all, 120.  
 Reading as was never read, 285.  
   between the lines, 631.  
   easy writing's curst hard, 380.  
   maketh a full man, 133.  
   what they never wrote, 331.  
 Reads much, he, 84.  
 Ready booted and spurred, 236.  
   ere I called her name, 242.  
   with all your thunderbolts, 88.  
   with every nod to tumble, 71.  
   writer, pen of a, 592.  
 Real Simon Pure, 252.  
 Realm, riding o'er the azure, 327.  
   that mysterious, 515.  
   youth of the, 68.  
 Realms obey, whom three, 279.  
   of shade, the pale, 515.  
   these are our, 481.  
 Realms to see, whatever, 338.  
 Reap, as you sow ye are like to, 219.  
   the whirlwind, 605.  
 Reaped, his chin new, 57.  
 Reaper whose name is death, 533.  
 Reaper's work is done, 496.  
 Reaping, ever, something new, 549.  
   grew the more by, 133.  
 Rear my dusky race, 549.  
   the tender thought, 301.  
 Rearward of a conquered woe, 136.  
 Reason, a woman's, 21.  
   approved my pleaded, 193.  
   but from what we know, 268.  
   capability and godlike, 117.  
   confidence of, 418.  
   discourse of, 103.  
   feast of, and flow of soul, 282.  
   firm the temperate will, 405.  
   for my rhyme, 12.  
   how noble in, 109.  
   in the faith of, 437.  
   indued with sanctity of, 192.  
   is left free to combat it, 369.  
   is staggered, 351.  
   is the life of the law, 9.  
   itself, kills, 210.  
   men have lost their, 87.  
   men that can render a, 599.  
   most absurd to, 102.  
   most sovereign, 112.  
   my pleaded, 193.  
   neither rhyme nor, 12, 45, 647.  
   no sooner knew the, 46.  
   nothing law that is not, 233.  
   now tell me the, 426.  
   of his fancies, 209.  
   of strength, if by, 594.  
   of the case, consider the, 233.  
   on compulsion, 59.  
   panders will, 116.  
   perfection of, 9.  
   prisoner, takes the, 90.  
   ruling passion conquers, 275.  
   smiles from, flow, 194.  
   sons of, valour liberty, 304.  
   stands aghast, 335.  
   the card passion the gale, 270.  
   theirs not to, why, 555.  
   why I cannot tell, 240.  
   with pleasure, mixed, 342.  
   worse appear the better, 182.  
   would despair, where, 321.  
 Reason's whole pleasure, 272.  
 Reasoned high of providence, 183.  
 Reasonest well, Plato thou, 250.  
 Reasons as two grains of wheat, 36.  
   manifold, 437.  
   plentiful as blackberries, 59.  
   why men drink, 571.  
   why we smile and sigh, 505.

- Rebel, use 'em kindly they, 261.  
 Rebellion to tyrants, 631.  
 Rebellious liquors in my blood, 42.  
     hell, 116.  
 Rebels from principle, 350.  
 Rebuke, open, is better, 599.  
 Receive, more blessed to give than to,  
     612.  
 Receives, who much, 333.  
 Reck the rede, 386.  
 Reckless libertine, 104.  
     what I do to spite the world, 95.  
 Reckoning made, no, 107.  
     so comes a, 294.  
     to the end of, 26.  
     trim, 61.  
 Recks not his own rede, 104.  
 Recoil, impetuous, 185.  
 Recoils on itself, revenge, 194.  
 Recollection, when fond, 464.  
 Recommends itself, sweetly, 91.  
 Recompense, heaven sent a, 330.  
 Record, weep to, 442.  
 Recorded time, last syllable of, 100.  
 Recorders, flutes and soft, 180.  
 Recording angel, 322.  
 Records that defy the tooth of time,  
     267.  
     trivial fond, 107.  
 Recreant limbs, a calf's-skin on, 53.  
 Recreation, angling innocent, 158.  
 Red as a rose is she, 432.  
     bokes clothed in black or, 1.  
     black to, began to turn, 218.  
     her lips were, 163.  
     making the green one, 94.  
     men scalped each other, 522.  
     red rose, like a, 388.  
     right hand, 182.  
     roses, and violets blew, 12.  
     spirits and gray, 580.  
 Redbreast, robin, 168.  
 Rede, reckon the, 386.  
     recks not his own, 104.  
     ye tent it, 387.  
 Redeem thy name, 300.  
 Redeemer's name be sung, 255.  
 Redeeming love, triumph in, 390.  
 Redemption, everlasting, 30.  
     thence, spake of my, 125.  
 Reed, broken, 604.  
     bruised, shall he not break, 604.  
 Refined as ever Athens heard, 308.  
 Refining, still went on, 342.  
 Reflect on what they knew, 279.  
 Reflection came, cool, 453.  
     remembrance and, 269.  
 Reform it altogether, 113.  
 Reformation, age of, 370.  
 Refrain to-night, 116.  
 Refreshes in the breeze, 269.  
 Refreshment, draught of cool, 507.  
 Refuge of a scoundrel, last, 317.  
 Refute a sneer, who can, 376.  
 Regain love once possessed, 198.  
 Regard, things without all remedy  
     should be without, 95.  
 Regardless of their doom, 325.  
 Regent of love-rhymes, 32.  
     of the night, fair, 367.  
     of the sky, moon sweet, 367.  
 Region of idle dreams, 211.  
     of thick-ribbed ice, 25.  
 Regret, old age is a, 530.  
     wild with all, 551.  
 Regular as infants' breath, 436.  
     icily, splendidly null, 554.  
 Rehearse as neighe as he can, 2.  
 Reign, here we may, secure, 179.  
     in hell, better to, 179.  
     is worth ambition, to, 179.  
     of Chaos and old Night, 180.  
     to secure their, 171.  
     undisturbed their ancient, 557.  
 Rejoice in thy youth, 601.  
     the desert shall, 604.  
     we in ourselves, 436.  
 Rejoicing with heaven and earth, 210.  
 Related, to whom, 289.  
 Relentless power, 326.  
 Relics of departed worth, 472.  
 Relies, cold and unhonoured, 456.  
     hallowed, 208.  
 Relief, for this, much thanks, 101.  
     give, and heaven will bless, 377.  
     of man's estate, 140.  
     't is a poor, 256.  
 Relieve a brother, exquisite to, 385.  
     the wretched, to, 340  
 Religion, blunderbuss against, 316.  
     blushing veils, 286.  
     breathing household laws, 413.  
     brings him about again to our, 212.  
     distant rewards of, 314.  
     freedom of, 370.  
     his, an anxious wish, 506.  
     humanities of old, 437.  
     in our northern colonies, 349.  
     philosophy bringeth about to, 138.  
     pledged to, 469.  
     rum and true, 487.  
     stands on tiptoe, 161.  
     was intended, as if, 216.  
     writers against, 348.  
 Religious book or friend, with a, 143.  
     light, dim, 207.  
     man, unworthy a, 506.  
 Relish him more in the soldier, 127.  
     of salvation in 't, 115.  
     of the saltness of time, 62  
 Reluctant amorous delay, 188.  
     stalked off, 300.



- Remainder biscuit, dry as the, 43.  
 Remained to pray, 341.  
 Remains, all that, of thee, 479.  
   be kind to my, 223  
 Remark was shrewd, his, 358.  
 Remedies, extreme, 570.  
   oft in ourselves do lie, 48.  
 Remedy, found out the, 24.  
   sought the, 46.  
   things without all, 95.  
   worse than the disease, 647.  
 Remember an apothecary, I do, 82.  
   days of joy, 570.  
   I cannot but, such things were, 98.  
   I remember, 512, 518.  
   Lot's wife, 611.  
   Milo's end, 231.  
   now thy Creator, 601.  
   sweet Alice, don't you, 567.  
   thee, less sweet than to, 458.  
   thee yea, 107.  
   thy swashing blow, 77.  
   whan it passed is, 4.  
 Remembered in flowing cups, 66.  
   joys are never past, 439.  
   kisses after death, 551.  
   sorrows sweeten present joy, 507.  
   tolling a departing friend, 62.  
 Remembering happier things, 549  
 Remembers me of his gracious parts,  
   53.  
 Remembrance and reflection, 269.  
   dear, makes the, 48.  
   how painful the, 390.  
   of the just shall flourish, 619.  
   of things past, 133.  
   rosemary that's for, 118.  
   writ in, 55.  
 Remnant of uneasy light, 412.  
 Remorse, farewell, 187.  
 Remorseful day, 68.  
 Remote from common use, 486.  
   from cities, 295.  
   from man with God, 258.  
   unfriended melancholy, 338.  
 Remove, drags at each, 333.  
 Removes, three, as bad as a fire, 310.  
 Render to all their dues, 613.  
   therefore unto Cæsar, 609.  
   to my God, what shall I, 254.  
 Rends thy constant heart, 343.  
 Renewing of love, 7.  
 Renounce the devil, 618.  
 Renown, forfeit fair, 448.  
   some for, 266.  
 Renowned Spenser, 163.  
   victories no less, 208.  
 Rent is sorrow, her, 159.  
   what a, the envious Casca made, 87.  
 Reparation for our rights, 319.  
 Repast and calm repose, 331.  
 Repast, what neat, shall feast us, 208.  
 Repay, to-morrow will, 229.  
 Repeateth a matter, 597.  
 Repeating, oft, they believe 'em, 242.  
 Repeats his words, 53.  
 Repent at leisure, 257.  
   what's past, 116.  
 Repentance, fierce, rears, 301.  
 Repenting, after no, 208.  
 Reply, churlish, 46.  
   I pause for a, 86.  
   theirs not to make, 555.  
 Report, evil and good, 614.  
   gossip, 38.  
   me and my cause aright, 121.  
   they bore to heaven, 263.  
   things of good, 615.  
   thy words, how he may, 198.  
 Repose, finds but short, 283.  
   hushed in grim, 327.  
   in trembling hope, 330.  
   manners had not that, 547.  
   statue-like, 546.  
   sweet repast and calm, 331.  
   wakes from short, 338.  
 Reprehend anything, if I, 378.  
 Reprising ill, 373.  
 Reproof on her lips, 524.  
   valiant, 46.  
 Reproved each dull delay, 340.  
 Reputation dies at every word, 279.  
   I have lost my, 128.  
   reputation, reputation, 128.  
   seeking the bubble, 44.  
   written out of, 243.  
 Request of friends, 280.  
 Requiem, the master's, 533.  
 Researches deep, 382.  
 Resemblance hold, 171.  
 Resentment glows, one, 291.  
 Reserve, Providence is with the last,  
   627.  
   thy judgment, 104.  
 Residence, a fortified, 26.  
 Resign, few die and none, 370.  
 Resignation gently slopes, 340.  
   vacancies by, none, 370.  
 Resigned when illis betide, 309.  
 Resist the devil, 617.  
 Resistance, principles of, 349.  
 Resisted, know not what's, 386.  
 Resistless eloquence, 197.  
 Resolution, armed with, 247.  
   native hue of, 111.  
   pull in, 100.  
   to fire it off himself, 316  
 Resolve itself into a dew, 102.  
 Resolved, once to be, 129.  
   to ruin or to rule, 221.  
 Resolves the moon into salt tears, 83.  
 Resort, various bustle of, 200.

- Respect, nature's above art in that,  
     123.  
     of persons, no, 612.  
     to the opinions of mankind, 369.  
     upon the world, too much, 36.  
 Resplendent hair, most, 403.  
 Rest can never dwell, 178.  
     dove found no, 586.  
     eternal sabbath of his, 231.  
     gets him to, 66.  
     her soul she is dead, 118.  
     in the grave, 429.  
     is silence, the, 121.  
     keep her from her, 99.  
     nowhere, the, 626.  
     perturbed spirit, 108.  
     so may he, 74.  
     take all the, 175.  
     veneration but no, 188.  
     who sink to, 336.  
 Rested under the drums, 177.  
 Restless ecstasy, to lie in, 96.  
     violence, 25.  
 Restorer, nature's sweet, 262.  
 Restraint, luxurious by, 194.  
 Restreine thy tongue, 4.  
 Resty sloth, 134.  
 Resurrection, hope of the, 619.  
 Retire, sign for him to, 531.  
 Retired leisure, 206.  
 Retirement, Plato's, 197.  
     rural quiet, 301.  
     short, urges sweet return, 194.  
 Retort courteous, 46.  
 Retreat, friend in my, 358.  
     loopholes of, 362.  
 Retreats, dwells in deep, 403.  
 Retrograde, all that is human must,  
     355.  
 Retrospection to the future, 378.  
 Return, I thought she bade me, 324.  
     never must, 203.  
     no more to his house, 589.  
     retirement urges sweet, 194.  
     swift diurnal, 192.  
     to Lochaber no more, 261.  
     to our wethers, 572.  
     vilest sinner may, 255.  
 Returning as tedious as go o'er, 97.  
 Revel and shout, 199.  
     sound of, by night, 473.  
 Revels, midnight, 181.  
     now are ended, 20.  
     the winds their, keep, 560.  
 Revenge at first though sweet, 194.  
     feed my, if nothing else, 38.  
     if not victory, 182.  
     is a kind of civil justice, 137.  
     is profitable, 355.  
     is virtue, with whom, 267.  
     malice couched with, 187.  
 Revenge, study of, 178.  
     sweet is, to women, 486.  
     will most horribly, 67.  
 Revenges, time brings in his, 51.  
 Revenons à nos moutons, 572.  
 Revenue, streams of, 466.  
 Reverberate hills, halloo your name  
     to the, 49.  
 Revered abroad, 389.  
 Reverence, so poor to do him, 87.  
     to God, a due, 141.  
 Reverend head, the wise the, 255.  
 Reveries so airy, 361.  
 Revisit'st glimpses of the moon, 105.  
 Revolts from true birth, 80.  
 Revolution, age of, 370.  
 Revolves the sad vicissitudes, 354.  
 Revolving moon, of one, 222.  
 Reward, sure, though late, 257.  
     virtue is its own, 650.  
 Rewards, fortune's buffets and, 113.  
     of religion, the distant, 314.  
     world its veterans, 274.  
 Re-word, I the matter will, 116.  
 Rhetoric, dazzling fence of, 202.  
     logic and, 138.  
     ope his mouth for, 215.  
     wit and gay, 202.  
 Rhetorician's rules, 215.  
 Rheum, how now foolish, 53.  
 Rhine, the castled, 536.  
     the river, 437.  
     wide and winding, 474.  
 Rhinoceros, armed, 97.  
 Rhone, arrowy, 474.  
 Rhyme, beautiful old, 136.  
     build the lofty, 203.  
     dock the tail of, 545.  
     epic's stately, 541.  
     hitches in a, 282.  
     making legs in, 332.  
     nor reason, 12, 45, 647.  
     one for, one for sense, 218.  
     prose or, 178.  
     reason for my, 12.  
     the rudder is of verses, 216.  
     those that write in, 218.  
 Rhymed or unrhymed, poem, 506.  
 Rhymes, ring out my mournful, 553.  
 Rhyming peer, 280.  
     planet, born under a, 30.  
 Rialto, in the, 37.  
     what news on the, 37.  
     wished him under the, 484.  
 Riband bound, but what this, 175.  
     in the cap of youth, 118.  
 Ribbed sea-sand, 423.  
 Ribs knock at my, 90.  
     of death, under the, 201.  
     over-weathered, 38.  
 Rich and rare were the gems, 457.

- Rich and strange, into something, 19.**  
 beyond the dreams of avarice, 318.  
 from want of wealth, 331.  
 gifts was poor, 111.  
 he that maketh haste to be, 599.  
 in good works, 616.  
 in having such a jewel, 21.  
 in saving common sense, 554.  
 man to enter the kingdom, 609.  
 men rule the law, 339.  
 neither, nor rare, 280.  
 not gaudy, 194.  
 poor and content is, 129.  
 quiet and infamous, 521.  
 soils often to be weeded, 139.  
 the treasure, 225.  
 windows, 331.  
 with forty pounds a year, 340.  
 with the spoils of nature, 177.  
 with the spoils of time, 329.  
 with Thee, 333.
- Richard, awe the soul of, 248.**  
 is himself again, 248.  
 struck terror to the soul of, 72.
- Richer for poorer, 618.**  
 than all his tribe, 132.
- Riches, best, 349.**  
 from every scene of creation, 397.  
 good name better than, 598.  
 heapeth up, 592.  
 infinite, in a little room, 17.  
 make themselves wings, 598.  
 neither poverty nor, 599.  
 of heaven's pavement, 150.  
 that grow in hell, 189.
- Richmonds in the field, six, 72.**
- Rid on 't, mend it or be, 95.**
- Riddle of the world, 270.**
- Ride abroad, next doth, 359.**
- Rider, steed that knows its, 473.**
- Rides in the whirlwind, 251, 285.**  
 post, evil news, 198.  
 upon the storm, 334.
- Ridicule, sacred to, 232.**  
 the test of truth, 631.
- Ridiculous, sublime to the, 370.**  
 excess, wasteful and, 54.
- Riding o'er the azure realm, 327.**
- Rift within the lute, 555.**
- Rigdom Funnidos, 244.**
- Rigged with curses dark, 203.**
- Right, born to set it, 108.**  
 by chance, a fool now and then, 357.  
 divine of kings, 285.  
 firmness in the, 543.  
 hand forget her cunning, 595.  
 hand, his red, 182.  
 hands of fellowship, 615.  
 his life I 'm sure was in the, 173.  
 I see the, and I approve it too, 581.  
 in every cranny but the, 335.
- Right is right, 560.**  
 little tight little island, 494.  
 man in the right place, 562.  
 names, call things by their, 397.  
 of all, duty of some, 398.  
 onward steer, 209.  
 or wrong, our country, 469.  
 the day must win, 560.  
 there is none to dispute, 358.  
 to dissemble your love, 390.  
 whatever is is, 270.  
 whose life is in the, 271.  
 words, how forcible are, 589.
- Righteous are bold as a lion, 599.**  
 forsaken, not seen the, 592.  
 man regardeth the life of his beast,  
 593.  
 overmuch, be not, 600.  
 perils doe enfold the, 11.
- Righteousness and peace, 593.**  
 exalteth a nation, 596.  
 sun of, 606.
- Rightly to be great, 117.**
- Rights, dare maintain, their, 373.**  
 of man, called the, 349.  
 reparation for our, 219.  
 unalienable, 339.
- Rigour of the game, 430.**
- Rill, beside the, 330.**  
 by cool Siloam's shady, 463.  
 sunshine broken in the, 455.
- Rills, thousand, 326.**
- Ring in the Christ, 553.**  
 in the valiant man, 553.  
 on her wand, 457.  
 out my mournful rhymes, 553.  
 out old shapes, 553.  
 out the darkness, 553.  
 out wild bells, 553.  
 posy of a, 113.  
 the fuller minstrel in, 553.  
 with this, I thee wed, 619.
- Ringeth to even-song, 580.**
- Ringed grooves of change, 549.**
- Ringlet, blowing the, 550.**
- Rings, all Europe, 209.**
- Ripe and good one, a scholar and a, 75.**  
 and ripe, hour to hour we, 43.  
 cherry, I cry, 165.
- Ripened in our northern sky, 374.**  
 into faith, persuasion, 422.
- Ripeness, love grown to, 548.**
- Ripening breath, summer's, 79.**  
 his greatness is a, 73.
- Ripest fruit first falls, 55.**
- Ripples break round his heart, 516.**
- Rise by sin, some, 24.**  
 honest muse, 275.  
 let it, till it meet the sun, 465.  
 like feathered Mercury, 61.  
 to business that we love, 123.

- Rise up Xarifa, 501.  
with the lark, 395.
- Risen on mid-noon, 191, 423.
- Rising all at once, their, 183.  
in clouded majesty, 188.  
in his, seemed a pillar of state, 182.
- Rival all but Shakespeare, 441.  
in the light of day, 412.
- River, Alph the sacred, 435.  
at my garden's end, 245.  
Dee, lived on the, 354.  
fair and crystal, 167.  
glideth at his own sweet will, 410.  
in Macedon, there is a, 67.  
like the foam on the, 451.  
of his thoughts, 483, 537.  
snow-fall in the, 384.
- River's brim, primrose by a, 409.
- Rivers, by shallow, 17.  
cannot quench, 69.  
of Egypt, 603.  
run to seas, 228.
- Rivets up, hammers closing, 66, 248.
- Rivulet of text, a neat, 379.
- Rivulets dance, 405.  
myriads of, 551.
- Road, along a rough a weary, 386.  
fringing the dusty, 564.  
life's dark, 499.  
no, no street, 514.  
on a lonesome, 432.  
takes no private, 273.  
taxed horse on a taxed, 428.  
whose dust is gold, 192.
- Roam, soar but never, 407.  
some love to, 559.  
they are fools who, 309.  
where'er I, 338.
- Roamed o'er many lands, 509.
- Roar, a lion in the lobby, 306.  
gently as any sucking dove, 34.  
give a grievous, 306.  
music in its, 477.  
set the table on a, 119.  
you an 't were any nightingale, 34.
- Roaring lion, as a, 617.  
lions, talks as familiarly of, 52.
- Roast an egg, the learned, 284.  
beef of old England, 308.
- Rob a neighbour, 522  
me the exchequer, 60.  
was lord below, 411.
- Robbed, he that is, 129.  
the, that smiles, 126.
- Robbing Peter he paid Paul, 572.
- Robe, azure, of night, 498.  
dew on his thin, 444.  
of clouds, throne of rocks in a, 484.  
the judge's, 24.
- Robes and furred gowns hide all, 124.  
garland and singing, 209.
- Robes loosely flowing hair as free, 147.  
riche or fidel, 1.
- Robin Hood, a famous man is, 411.
- Robin-redbreast, call for the, 168.
- Robinson Crusoe, poor, 337.
- Robs the vast sea, 83.
- Robustious periwig-pated fellow, 112.
- Rock aerial, brotherhood upon, 421.  
dwell on a, or in a cell, 14.  
fly from its firm base, 451.  
moulder piecemeal on the, 479.  
of Ages cleft for me, 371.  
of the national resources, 466.  
pendent, a towered citadel, 133.  
reclined, all on a, 294.  
tall, the mountain, 406.  
the cradle of reposing age, 282.  
weed flung from the, 473.
- Rock-bound coast, 495.
- Rocked in the cradle of the deep, 497.
- Rocket, rose like a, 370.
- Rocks and hills, 126.  
caves lakes fens bogs, 184  
pure gold, water nectar and, 21.  
throne of, robe of clouds, 484.  
to soften, 257.  
whereon greatest men have oft  
wrecked, 196.
- Rod and thy staff, thy, 592.  
he that spareth his, 596.  
of empire might have swayed, 329.  
of iron, rule with a, 617.  
reversed, 202.  
spare the, 218, 648.  
to check the erring, 418.  
wit's a feather, a chief a, 272.
- Rode, full royally he, 7.
- Roderick, art thou a friend to, 451.  
where was, 452.
- Rogue, inch that is not fool is, 223.
- Rogues in buckram, 59.
- Roll darkling down, 312.  
of common men, 59  
on dark blue ocean, 477.
- Rolled two into one, 391  
up the wrong way, 513.
- Rolling deep, home on the, 560.  
his stone up the mountain, 540.  
stone gathers no moss, 5, 647.  
year is full of thee, 302.
- Rolls of Noah's ark, 222.
- Roman fame, above all, 283.  
fashion, after the high, 133.  
holiday, to make a, 477.  
more an antique, than a Dane, 121.  
name, any Greek or, 221.  
noblest, of them all, 89.  
senate long debate, can a, 249.  
than such a, 88.  
urns, fire in antique, 218.
- Romance, shores of old, 403.

- Romances, eternal new, 331.  
 Romans call it stoicism, 249.  
 countrymen and lovers, 83.  
 do as the, 634.  
 last of all the, face blue well, 89.  
 Romantic, folly grow, 274.  
 Rome, sistles of Christian, 532.  
 big with the fate of, 249.  
 but that I loved, more, 81.  
 eternal devil to keep save in, 84.  
 grandeur that was, 556.  
 growing up to might, 557.  
 hook-nosed fellow of, 84.  
 in the height of her glory, 467.  
 more than the Pope of, 217.  
 move the stones of, 87.  
 paining state of, 101.  
 queen of land and sea, 557.  
 than second in, 626.  
 time will doubt of, 489.  
 when at, do as the Romans do, 634.  
 when, falls, 477.  
 Romeo, wherefore art thou, 79.  
 Roof, arched, 207.  
 fretted with golden fire, 109.  
 to shroud his head, 170.  
 under the shady, 207.  
 Room and verge enough, 327.  
 blazed with lights, 82.  
 civet in the, 357.  
 for Shakespeare, 168.  
 for wit, heads so little no, 212.  
 infinite riches in a little, 17.  
 no wit for so much, 212.  
 up of my absent child, grief fills  
 the, 53.  
 who sweeps a, 139.  
 worst inn's worst, 275.  
 Roost, curses come home to, 525.  
 Roosts, perch'd, 195.  
 Root, axe is laid unto the, 619.  
 insane, 99.  
 love that took an early, 518.  
 nips his, and then he falls, 73.  
 of age, worn at the, 335.  
 of all evil, 613.  
 of the matter in me, 599.  
 that low sweet, 432.  
 tree of deepest, 371.  
 Rooted sorrow from the memory, 99.  
 Routs itself in ease, 196.  
 Rosaries and pixes, 220.  
 Rose at Christmas, desire a, 31.  
 blossom as the, 604.  
 budding, above the full blown, 423.  
 by any other name, 79.  
 flung, flung odours, 193.  
 go lovely, 175.  
 happy is the, distilled, 33.  
 in aromatic pain, 269.  
 is fairest when budding, 451.  
 Rose is sweetest, 451.  
 just newly born, 534.  
 last, of summer, 458.  
 like a full blown, 502.  
 like a rocket, 370.  
 like an exhalation, 181.  
 my life is like the summer, 504.  
 my love's like a red red, 388.  
 of the fair state, 112.  
 of youth, he wears the, 133.  
 red as a, is she, 432.  
 should shut and be a bud, 502.  
 that all are prating, 508.  
 that lives its little hour, 513.  
 up he, and donned his clothes, 117.  
 with leaves yet folded, 490.  
 without the thorn, 166, 187.  
 Rosebud set with thorns, 559.  
 Rosebuds, crown ourselves with, 608.  
 filled with snow, 142.  
 gather ye, while ye may, 164.  
 Rosemary for remembrance, 118.  
 Roses and white lilies, 142.  
 bower of by Bendemeer's stream,  
 455.  
 four red, on a stalk, 71.  
 from your cheek, 323.  
 full of sweet days and, 159.  
 in December seek, 470.  
 lilies and violets meet, 508.  
 make thee beds of, 17.  
 month of leaves and, 562.  
 red and violets blew, 12.  
 repentance amid the, 301.  
 scent of the, 458.  
 she wore a wreath of, 508.  
 virgins soft as the, 459.  
 Ross, Man of, 275.  
 Rost, rule the, 170, 647.  
 Rosy red, celestial, 194.  
 sea love, upon the, 499.  
 steps, mourn her, 196.  
 Rot and rot, from hour to four ye,  
 43.  
 to be in cold obstruction and to, 25.  
 Rote, learned and conned by, 83.  
 Rots itself in ease, 196.  
 Rotten apples, small choice in, 47.  
 at the heart, a goodly apple, 37.  
 in Denmark, something is, 106.  
 Rottenness, firmament is, 201.  
 Rough as nutmeg-graters, 261.  
 quarries rocks and hills, 126.  
 rude sea, all the water in the, 56.  
 Rough-hew them how we will, 129.  
 Roughly, life has passed, 365.  
 Round at the top, from the, 522.  
 attains the utmost, 85.  
 fat oily man of God, 303.  
 life's dull, 324.  
 the slight waist, 478.

- Round the square, all, 513.  
     trivial, the common task, 505.  
     unvarnished tale, 125.  
 Roundabout, this great, 365.  
 Rounded with a sleep, life is, 20.  
 Roundelay, my merry merry, 142.  
 Rouse a lion, the blood stirs to, 58.  
 Rousseau, ask Jean Jaques, 359.  
 Rout on rout, ruin upon ruin, 185.  
     where meet a public, 145.  
     world with its motley, 365.  
 Routed all his foes, thrice he, 225.  
 Roving, go no more a, 484.  
 Row brothers row, 461.  
 Rowland for an Oliver, 631.  
 Roy's wife of Alvalloch, 389.  
 Royal train, a, 74.  
 Royally he rode, 7.  
 Ruat coelum fiat voluntas tua, 177.  
 Rub, there's the, 110.  
 Rubente dextera, 182.  
 Rubicon, passed the, 465.  
 Rubies grew, where the, 164.  
     wisdom is above, 590.  
     wisdom is better than, 596.  
 Rudder is of verses, rhyme the, 216.  
 Rude am I in my speech, 125.  
     forefathers of the hamlet, 328.  
     hand deface it, may no, 411.  
     in speech, though I be, 614.  
     militia swarms, 227.  
     multitude call the afternoon, 33.  
     sea grew civil at her song, 34.  
 Rudely, speke he never so, 2.  
     stamped, I that am, 69.  
 Ruddy drops, dear as the, 85, 327.  
 Rue and euphrasy, 195.  
     nought shall make us, 54.  
     with a difference, wear your, 118.  
 Rueful conflict, the heart riven, 411.  
 Ruffled, were all to, 200.  
 Ruffles, sending them, 346.  
     when wanting a shirt, 640.  
 Rug, snug as a bug in a, 311.  
 Rugged line, harsh cadence of a, 223.  
     Russian bear, 97.  
 Ruin, beauteous, lay, 264.  
     drunkenness identical with, 397.  
     final, fiercely drives, 265.  
     majestic though in, 182.  
     man marks the earth with, 477.  
     one prodigious, 290.  
     or to rule the state, 221.  
     prostrate the beauteous, 392.  
     seize thee ruthless king, 327.  
     systems into, hurled, 268.  
     threats of pain and, 329.  
     upon ruin, 185.  
 Ruin's ploughshare, stern, 386.  
 Ruined by natural propensities, 351.  
 Ruins, fame on lesser, built, 171.  
 Ruins, human mind in, 496.  
     of Iona, 315.  
     of St. Paul's, 521.  
     of the noblest man, 86.  
 Rule, absolute, eye declared, 188.  
     all be done by the, 132.  
     Britannia, 304.  
     exceptions prove the, 626.  
     Homer's, 282.  
     little sway, a little, 299.  
     long-levelled, 200.  
     of men, beneath the, 525.  
     the golden, 603.  
     the good old, 411.  
     the great, ill can he, 12.  
     the rost, 170, 647.  
     the state, to ruin or to, 221.  
     the varied year, 302.  
     them with a rod of iron, 617.  
 Ruler of the inverted year, 362.  
 Rules, a few plain, 413.  
     never shows she, 275.  
     o'er freemen, who, 318.  
     the waves, Britannia, 304.  
 Ruling passion, 274, 275.  
 Rum and true religion, 487.  
 Ruminant, as thou dost, 128.  
 Rumination wraps me, my often, 45.  
 Rumour of oppression, 360.  
 Rumours of wars, 610.  
 Run amuck, 282.  
     away and fly, 217.  
     back, time will, 207.  
     before the wind, 367.  
     he may, that readeth it, 606.  
     I can, or I can fly, 202.  
     with the hare, 649.  
 Runneth not to the contrary, 333.  
     over, my cup, 592.  
 Running, sprightly, 229.  
 Runs away, he that fights and, 345.  
     may read, he who, 364.  
     the great circuit, 362.  
 Rupert of debate, 525.  
 Rural quiet, retirement, 301.  
     sights alone, not, 359.  
 Rush into the skies, 269.  
     to glory or the grave, 443.  
 Rushed to meet the insulting foe, 381.  
 Rushing of the arrowy Rhone, 474.  
     of the blast, 516.  
 Russet mantle clad, morn in, 101.  
 Russia, a night in, last out, 24.  
     hurried to the field, 381.  
 Russian bear, the rugged, 97.  
 Rust, better wear out than, 624.  
 Rustic life and poverty, 442.  
     moralist, teach the, 330.  
 Rustics, amazed the gazing, 341.  
 Rustling in the dark, 539.  
     in unpaid-for silk, 134.

- Rusty for want of fighting, 216.  
Ruthless king, 327.
- Sabaoth and port, 149.  
Sabbath appeared, when a, 358.  
day to me, Sunday shines no, 290.  
he who ordained the, 545.  
of his rest, the eternal, 231.  
was made for man, 610.
- Sabbathless Satan, 430.  
Sabeian odours, 187.  
Sable cloud, 199.  
silvered, 103.
- Sabler tints of woe, 331.  
Sables, suit of, 113.  
Sabrina fair, listen, 202.  
Sack, intolerable deal of, 59.  
purge and leave, 62.
- Sacred and inspired divinity, 140.  
burden is this life, 542.  
pity, drops of, 43.  
to ridicule his whole life long, 282.
- Sacrifice, is no vain, 254.  
to the graces, 298.  
turn delight into a, 160.  
unpitted, 348.
- Sacrifices, such, my Cordelia, 124.  
Sacriligious murder, 94.
- Sad as angels, 442.  
because it makes us smile, 490.  
by fits, 't was, 333.  
embroidery, 204.  
experience to make me, 45.  
fancies do we affect, 419.  
heart tires in a mile-a, 51.  
impious in a good man to be, 264.  
music of humanity, 407.  
so, so tender and so true, 324.  
stories of the death of kings, 56.  
vicissitude of things, 322.  
vicissitudes of things, 354.  
votarist in palmer's weeds, 199.  
words of tongue or pen, 541.
- Saddens at the long delay, 311.  
Sadder and a wiser man, 433.  
Saddest of all tales, 400.  
Saddle, things are in the, 533.  
Saddled and bridled, 233.  
Sadness and longing, feeling of, 537.  
wraps me in a most humorous, 45.
- Safe bind safe find, 6.  
Safety, fear is the mother of, 351.  
in multitude of counsellors, 506.  
little temporary, 310.  
pluck this flower, 58.  
to teach thee, 53.  
walks in its steps, 427.
- Sagacious blue-stocking, 522.  
of his quarry from so far, 195
- Sage advices, lengthened, 334.  
by saint by savage and by, 237.
- Sage, experience made him, 295.  
he stood, 182.  
he thought as a, 336.  
just less than, 456.  
thinks like a, 525.  
truths electrify the, 443.
- Sage's pride, vain the, 284.  
Sager, by losing rendered, 484.  
Sages have seen in thy face, 358.  
in all times assert, 141.  
than all the, can, 416.
- Said, little, is soonest mended, 155.  
much, on both sides, 252, 308.
- Sail, bark attendant, 273.  
breath of heaven swell the, 358.  
diversely we, 270.  
is as a noiseless wing, 474.  
like my pinnacle, 22.  
on even keel, 203.  
on O Union, 538.  
set every threabare, 544.  
swan spreads his snowy, 516.  
white and rustling, 446.
- Sailed for sunny isles, 518.
- Sailing like a stately ship, 198.  
on obscene wings, 434.
- Sailor, lives like a drunken, 71.  
Sailors are but men, 37.
- Sails filled and streamers waving, 198.  
over-weathered ribs and ragged, 38.  
purple the, 132.
- St. Augustine, ladder of, 538.  
St. George and the dragon, 52.  
St. John, awake my, 268.  
mingles with my friendly bowl, 282.  
St. Mary's lake, swan on still, 412.  
St. Nicholas soon would be there, 445.  
St. Paul, now by, 247.  
St. Paul's, ruins of, 521.
- Saint in crape and lawn, 273.  
it, sinner it or, 274.  
it would provoke a, 274.  
no true, allows, 220.  
savage and sage, by, 287.  
seem a, when I play the devil, 70.  
sustained it, 289.  
upon his knees, 334.
- Sainted, a thing enskyed and, 24.  
Saintly chastity, so dear is, 201.  
shew, falsehood under, 187.
- Saints above, men below and, 447.  
death of his, 594.  
his soul is with the, 435.  
immortal reign, 256.  
who taught, 293.  
will aid if men will call, 433.
- Saint-seducing gold, 77.  
Saintship of an anchorite, 471.  
Salad days, my, 132.  
Sally, there's none like pretty, 244.  
Salmons in both, there is, 67.

- Salt have lost his savour, 607.  
 of our youth, we have some, 23.  
 of the earth, ye are the, 607.  
 seasoned with, 615.
- Salt-fish on his hook, 132.
- Saltiness of time, 62.
- Saltpetre, this villanous, 58.
- Salutary influence of example, 314.  
 neglect, wise and, 349.
- Salutation to the morn, 72.
- Salvation, no relish of, 115.  
 none of us should see, 40.  
 tools of working our, 220.
- Samarcand, all the gems of, 373.
- Samaritan, acts like a, 525.
- Same, another and the, 423.  
 another yet the, 636.
- Sapphire, one that gathers, 123.
- Sampler, ply the, 202.
- Sanat sanctificat et ditat, 639.
- Sancho Panza am I, 573.
- Sanction of the god, 290.
- Sanctity of reason, indued with, 192.
- Sand and the wild uproar, 532.  
 ribbed sea, 423.  
 roll down their golden, 463.  
 were pearl, if all their, 21.
- Sands, come unto these yellow, 19.  
 o' Dee, across the, 567.  
 of time, footprints on the, 535.  
 small, the mountain, 267.
- Sang, it may turn out a, 386.
- Sange, ful wel she, 1.
- Sans intermission, 43.  
 taste sans everything, 44.  
 teeth sans eyes, 44.
- Sapphire blaze, 326.
- Sapphires, glowed with living, 188.
- Sappho loved and sung, 487.
- Sapping a solemn creed, 475.
- Sardonic smile, 632.
- Sat like a cormorant, 187.
- Satan came also, 589.  
 exalted sat, 181.  
 finds some mischief, 254.  
 get thee behind me, 609.  
 sabbathless, 430.  
 so call him now, 191.  
 stood unterrified, 184.  
 trembles when he sees, 364.  
 was now at hand, 184.
- Satanic school, 425.
- Satchel, schoolboy with his, 44, 300.
- Satire be my song, let, 470.  
 is my weapon, 282.  
 like a polished razor, 296.  
 or sense, 281.  
 pointed, 235.
- Satisfaction as the time requires, 139.
- Satisfied that is well paid, he is, 40.
- Saturday and Monday, betwixt a, 245.
- Satyr, Hyperion to a, 102.
- Sauce, sharpen with cloyless, 132.
- Saucy doubts and fears, 96.
- Saul among the prophets, 537.
- Sauntered Europe round, 285.
- Savage breast, soothe the, 257.  
 saint and sage, by, 287.  
 sits upon the stone, 521.  
 wild in woods the noble, rau, 229.  
 woman, take some, 549.
- Savageness in unreclaimed blood, 108.
- Save in his own country, 608.  
 me from the candid friend, 399.  
 means to live, 20.
- Saviour's birth is celebrated, 101.
- Savour, salt have lost his, 607.  
 stinking, send forth a, 601.
- Saw, no sound of hammer or of, 363.  
 the air too much, do not, 112.  
 who, to wish her stay, 193.
- Saws, full of wise, 44.
- Say I 'm sick, I 'm dead, 280.  
 it that should not, though I, 649.  
 not good night, 374.  
 wills to do or, 194.
- Sayings of philosophers, 217.  
 such odd, 38.
- Says a foolish thing, never, 235.
- Scab of churches, 144.
- Scabbard, glued to my, 149.
- Scabbards, leaped from their, 350.
- Scaffold high, on the, 559.  
 truth forever on the, 564.
- Scale, free-livers on a small, 468.  
 geometric, 215.  
 Justice with lifted, 284.  
 weighing in equal, 102.
- Scaly horror of his folded tail, 207.
- Scan your brother man, 386.
- Scandal about Queen Elizabeth, 379.  
 in disguise, praise undeserved is,  
 283.  
 waits on greatest state, 135.
- Scandalous and poor, 235.
- Scandals, immortal, 234.
- Scanter of your maiden presence, 105.
- 'Scapes, hair-breadth, 125.
- Scarce expect one of my age, 394.
- Scarecrows, no eye seen such, 61.
- Scared out of his seven senses, 453.
- Scarfs garters gold, 271.
- Scars, gashed with honourable, 439.  
 he jests at, that never felt a wound,  
 78.
- Scatter plenty, 329.
- Scene, last, of all, 44.  
 not one fair, 509.  
 o'er this changing, 463.  
 of man, o'er all this, 268.  
 on which they gazed, 409.  
 that memorable, 232.



- Scene, tread again the, 440.  
 was more beautiful far, 469.  
 was o'er, the proud, 284.
- Scenes, gay and festive, 510.  
 gay gilded, 251.  
 like these, from, 389.  
 like this, die in, 459.  
 of my childhood, 464.
- Scent of odorous perfume, 198.  
 of the roses, 458.  
 the fair annoys, 357.  
 the morning air, methinks I, 107.  
 to every flower, 356.
- Scented the grim feature, 195.
- Sceptic could inquire for, 215.
- Sceptre, a barren, in my gripe, 95.  
 all who meet obey, 481.  
 leaden, stretches forth her, 262.  
 shows the force of temporal power, 39.
- Sceptred hermit, a, 501.  
 pall, tragedy in, 206.  
 sovereigns, dead but, 484.  
 sway, mercy is above this, 40.
- Scheld or wandering Po, 338.
- Scheme for her own breakfast, 267.
- Schemes o' mice, best laid, 385.
- Scholar among rakes, 523.  
 and a gentleman, 385.  
 in the soldier more than in the, 127.  
 rake Christian dupe, 332.  
 ripe and good one, 75.
- Scholar's life assail, 311.  
 soldier's eye, 111.
- Scholars, land of, 339.
- School, creeping unwillingly to, 44.  
 days, in my, 36.  
 days, in my joyful, 430.  
 the Satanic, 425.
- Schoolboy, whining, 44.  
 whips his taxed top, 428.  
 with his satchel, 44, 300.
- Schoolboy's tale, 472.
- Schoolboys, frisk away like, 385.
- Schoolmaster is abroad, 497.
- Schools, jargon of the, 241.  
 old maxim in the, 246.  
 sounding jargon of the, 356.
- Science, bright-eyed, 328.  
 eel of, by the tail, 284.  
 falsely so called, 616.  
 frowned not, 330.  
 glare of false, 337.  
 good sense though no, 275.  
 new, that men here, 4.  
 one, will one genius fit, 276.  
 proud, never taught to stray, 269.  
 sort of hocus-pocus, 305.  
 star-eyed, 442.
- Sciences, all the abstruse, 486.
- Sciences, books must follow, 138.
- Scio's rocky isle, old man of, 480.
- Scion of chiefs and monarchs, 477.
- Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore, 477.
- Scoff, fools who came to, 341.
- Scoffer's pen, product of a, 421.
- Scole of Stratford, 1.
- Scope of my opinion, 101.
- Score and tally, no books but the, 68.
- Scorn delights, 203.  
 for the time of, 131.  
 in spite of, 180.  
 laugh a siege to, 99.  
 laugh thee to, 607.  
 laughed his word to, 357.  
 of eyes reflecting gems, 71.  
 of scorn the hate of hate, 547.  
 read to doubt or read to, 453.  
 what a deal of, looks beautiful, 50.
- Scorned, no fury like a woman, 257.  
 slighted, disappointed woman, 248.
- Scornful jest, most bitter is a, 312.
- Scorns of time, whips and, 110.
- Scorpion died of the bite, 344.
- Scotch understanding, 427.
- Scotched the snake, 95.
- Scotchman, left to a beggarly, 316.  
 much may be made of a, 317.
- Scotchman's noblest prospect, 316.
- Scotia's grandeur springs, 389.
- Scotland at the Orcaides, 271.  
 stands, where it did, 98.
- Scoundrel, last refuge of a, 317.  
 maxim, 303.
- Scourge inexorable, 181.  
 of God, him that was the, 505.  
 whose iron, 326.
- Scourged to his dungeon, 515.
- Scours the plain, Canilla, 278.
- Scout, the blabbing eastern, 199.
- Scraps of learning dote, on, 266.  
 stolen the, 33.
- Scratched, a little, 't will serve, 33.
- Screw your courage to the sticking-place, 92.
- Scripture authentic, 265.  
 elder, writ by God, 265.  
 the devil can cite, 37.
- Scruple of her excellence, 23.
- Scutcheon, honour a mere, 62.
- Scylla your father, 39.
- Seyllam, incidis in, 39.
- S'death I'll print it, 280.
- Sea, alone on a wide wide, 432.  
 by the deep, 477.  
 cloud out of the, 588.  
 come o'er the moonlit, 534.  
 compassed by the inviolate, 547.  
 crept into the bosom of the, 68.  
 down to a sunless, 435.

- Sea, down to the, in ships, 594.  
 first gem of the, 459.  
 fishes live in the, 135.  
 footsteps in the, 364.  
 give a thousand furlongs of, 19.  
 glad waters of the dark blue, 481.  
 grew civil at her song, 34.  
 home on the rolling, 560.  
 I'm on the, 509.  
 in rage deaf as the, 54.  
 in the flat, sunk, 200.  
 in the rough rude, 56.  
 into that silent, 432.  
 is a thief, 83.  
 light that never was on, 419.  
 loved the great, more and more, 509.  
 Marathon looks on the, 488.  
 music of the, 438.  
 my bark is on the, 483.  
 now flows between a dreary, 433.  
 of glory, summers in a, 73.  
 of pines, silent, 435.  
 of troubles, arms against a, 110.  
 of upturned faces, 453, 467.  
 one as the, 439.  
 one foot in, and one on shore, 28.  
 one is of the, 412.  
 our heritage the, 446.  
 precious stone set in the silver, 55.  
 Proteus rising from the, 410.  
 robs the vast, 83.  
 rolls its waves, 464.  
 sand, the ribbed, 423.  
 scattered in the bottom of the, 71.  
 ships gone down at, 456.  
 shore, boy playing on the, 239.  
 sight of that immortal, 420.  
 sing the dangers of the, 337.  
 stars look on the, 525.  
 stern god of, 209.  
 swelling of the voiceful, 438.  
 the open sea the blue the fresh, 509.  
 under the deep deep, 512.  
 union with its native, 422.  
 upon the rosy, 460.  
 uttermost parts of the, 595.  
 was roaring, 't was when the, 294.  
 wave o' the, I wish you a, 52.  
 wet sheet and flowing, 446.  
 what thing of, or land, 198.  
 whether in, or fire, 101.
- Sea-born treasures, 532.  
 Sea-change, suffer a, 19.  
 Sea-girt citadel, winged, 472.  
 Seal, seem to set his, 115.  
 Seas of love but sealed in vain, 26.  
 that close the pestilence, 500.  
 Sea-maid's music, to hear the, 34.  
 Seamen have a custom, 246.  
 were not gentlemen, 522.  
 Sear the yellow leaf, the, 99.
- Search not his bottom, 171.  
 not worth the, 36.  
 of deep philosophy, 173.  
 Search, nothing so hard but, will find  
 it, 166.  
 patient, and vigil long, 485.  
 vain my weary, 339.
- Seas, dangers of the, 162.  
 foam of perilous, 502.  
 guard our native, 443.  
 incarnadine, 94.  
 of gore, shedding, 489.  
 rivers run to, 228.  
 such a jewel as twenty, 21.  
 two boundless, 455.
- Season, ever 'gainst that, 101.  
 shock of corn in his, 539.  
 things seasoned by, 41.  
 to everything there is a, 600.  
 word in, spoken, 534.  
 word spoken in due, 597.  
 your admiration for a while, 103.
- Seasoned timber never gives, 160.  
 with a gracious voice, 39.
- Seasons and their change, 189.  
 death thou hast all, 496.  
 return with the year, 186.  
 vernal, of the year, 210.  
 who knew the, 547.
- Seat, his favourite, 407.  
 in some poetic nook, 491.  
 is the bosom of God, 18.  
 nature from her, 195.  
 this castle hath a pleasant, 91.  
 up to our native, 181.  
 while memory holds a, 107.
- Seated heart knock at my ribs, 90.
- Seats beneath the shade, 339.
- Second and sober thoughts, 233.  
 childishness and mere oblivion, 44.  
 Daniel a Daniel Jew, 40.  
 each, stood heir to the first, 124.  
 in Rome, 626.  
 nature, habit is, 628.  
 thoughts are best, 230.
- Secret, bread eaten in, 596.  
 in silence and tears, in, 531.  
 of a weed's plain heart, 564.  
 of success is constancy, 530.  
 sympathy, it is the, 448.  
 things are the Lord's, 587.
- Secrets of my prison-house, 106.
- Sect, slave to no, 273.
- Secure, the past at least is, 466.
- Security for the future, 319.  
 public honour is, 584.
- Sedge, kiss to every, giving a, 21.
- Seduces all mankind, woman, 294.
- See a hand you cannot see, 293.  
 and be seen, 649.  
 and eek for to be seye, 3.

- See ere thou go, 6, 643.  
 her was to love her, 387.  
 how the world wags, 43.  
 how this world goes, 124.  
 in a summer's day, 34.  
 it, I don't, 642.  
 my lips tremble, 286.  
 ourselves as others see us, 385.  
 the conquering hero comes, 233.  
 the right and approve it, 581.  
 thee again, then I shall, 89.  
 thee at Philippi, 89.  
 thee d—d first, I will, 339.  
 those that will not, 223.  
 through a glass darkly, 614.  
 two dull lines, 237.  
 what I see, to have seen what I  
 have seen, 112.  
 what is not to be seen, 333.  
 winter comes, 312.  
 with his half-shut eyes, 279.
- Seed begging bread, nor his, 592.  
 fruit from such a, 475.  
 of the church, 624.  
 sow in the morning, 601.
- Seeds of time, look into the, 89.
- Seeing eye, the hearing ear, 597.  
 eyes were made for, 532.  
 not satisfied with, 600.  
 precious, to the eye, 32.
- Seek and ye shall find, 598.  
 it ere it come to light, 345.  
 thee in vain by the meadow, 510.
- Seeking the bubble reputation, 44.  
 whom he may devour, 617.
- Seeks painted trifles, 334.
- Seem a saint when I play the devil, 70.  
 things are not what they, 335.
- Seeming estranged, 514.  
 evil still educating good, 332.  
 otherwise, 127.
- Seems madam I know not seems, 102.  
 wisest virtuouslest best, 134.
- Seen better days, we have, 83.  
 needs only to be, 223, 271.  
 never was nor never shall be, 146.  
 that day, or ever I had, 103.  
 too early, unknown, 78.  
 what I have seen, 112.
- Sees God in clouds, 239.
- Seigniors, grave and reverend, 125.
- Seldom he smiles, 84.  
 shall she hear a tale, 324.
- Self, dearer than, 472.  
 smote the cord of, 548.  
 true to taine own, 195.
- Self-approving hour, one, 272.
- Self-disparagement, inward, 422.
- Self-dispraise, luxury in, 422.
- Self-evident truths, 339.
- Self-love not so vile a sin, 65.
- Self-neglecting and self-love, 65.
- Self-reproach, feel no, 419.
- Self-sacrifice, spirit of, 418.
- Selfsame flight the selfsame way, 36.  
 heaven that frowns on me, 72.
- Self-slaughter, canon 'gainst, 102.
- Sell with you buy with you, 37.
- Selling of pig in a poke, 6.
- Selves, from our own, our joys must  
 flow, 309.  
 stepping-stones of their dead, 551.
- Semi-Solomon, a kind of, 520.
- Sempronius, we'll do more, 249.
- Senate at his heels, 272.  
 give his little, laws, 281, 289.  
 long debate, can a Roman, 249.
- Senates, listening, 329.
- Senators, green-robed, 502.  
 most grave, 126.
- Senior-junior giant-dwarf, 32.
- Sensations felt in the blood, 406.
- Sense, all the joys of, 272.  
 and nonsense, 223.  
 and outward things, 420.  
 custom who all, doth eat, 116.  
 deviates into, 223.  
 from thought divide, 239.  
 good, gift of heaven, 275.  
 if all want, 169.  
 live within thee, 494.  
 men of, approve, 278.  
 much fruit of, 277.  
 of death is most in apprehension,  
 25.  
 of future favours, 253.  
 of ills to come, 325.  
 of your great merit, 315.  
 one for, one for rhyme, 213.  
 pulls upon the, 249.  
 palter in a double, 100.  
 satire or, 281.  
 song charms the, 183.  
 sound an echo to the, 277.  
 stings and motions of the, 24.  
 sublime of something, 497.  
 want of decency is want of, 261.  
 whose weighty, 222.  
 with his uncommon, 303.
- Senses, entrancing out, 541.  
 seven, out of his, 453.  
 steep my, in forgetfulness, 63.  
 unto our gentle, 91.
- Senseless, most, and fit man, 28.
- Sensibility, wanting, 334.
- Sensible to feeling as to sight, 93.  
 warm motion, 25.
- Sentence, he mouths a, 353.  
 judg's sign the, 273.  
 mortality my, 195.  
 my, is for open war, 181.
- Sentences, quips and, 28.

- Sentiment, nurse of manly, 350.  
 pluck the eyes of, 545.
- Sentimentally disposed to harmony, 430.
- Sentinel and nun. like, 544.  
 stars set their watch, 444.
- Sentinels, fixed, 66.
- Separateth very friends, 597.
- September, thirty days hath, 579.
- Sepulchral urns, 357.
- Sepulchre, quietly inurned in the, 105.  
 soldier's, shall be a, 443.
- Sepulchred in such pomp, 208.
- Sepulchres, whited, 610.
- Sequestered vale, 329, 247.
- Seraph, rapt, that adores, 269.  
 so spake the, Abdiel, 191.
- Seraphs might despair, where, 471.
- Serbonian bog, 183.
- Serene amidst alarms, 366.  
 gem of purest ray, 329.  
 of heaven, breaks the, 424.
- Serenely full, 428.
- Serenity, a never fading, 250.
- Sergeant death, this fell, 121.
- Serious thought, still and, 417.
- Sermon, perhaps turn out a, 386.  
 who flies a, 160.
- Sermons in stones, 42.
- Serpent, Aaron's, like, 270.  
 biteth like a, 598.  
 more of the, than dove, 17.  
 sting thee twice, 39.  
 trail of the, 455.  
 under the innocent flower, 91.
- Serpent's tooth, sharper than a, 121.
- Serpents, be ye wise as, 608.
- Servant a dog, is thy, 589.  
 of God, well done, 191.  
 to the lender, 598.  
 with this clause, 160.
- Servants, few admired by their, 630.
- Serve for table-talk, 39.  
 God and mammon, ye cannot, 607.  
 in heaven, than, 179.  
 they, who stand and wait, 208.
- Served my God, had I but, 74.
- Serves me most who serves his country  
 best, 291.
- Serveth not another's will, 143.
- Servi peregrini, 360.
- Service devine, she sange, 1.  
 done the state some, 131.  
 is no heritage, 48.  
 is perfect freedom, whose, 619.  
 of the antique world, 42.  
 small, is true service, 419.  
 strong for, still, 360.  
 sweat for duty not for meed, 42.  
 't is the curse of, 124.  
 weary and old with, 73.
- Service, yeoman's, it did me, 120.
- Servile opportunity to gold, 413.  
 to skye influences, 25.
- Servitors, nimble and airy, 210.
- Servitude, base laws of, 229.
- Seson priketh every gentil herte, 2.
- Sessions of sweet silent thought, 136.
- Set, here is the whole, 379.  
 my ten commandments, 67, 647.  
 terms, in good, 43.  
 thine house in order, 604.
- Setter up of kings, 69.
- Setteth up another, 593.
- Setting, had elsewhere its, 420.  
 I haste now to my, 73.  
 in his western skies, 222.  
 sun, men shut doors against a, 82.
- Settle's numbers, lived in, 284.
- Seven ages, his acts being, 44.  
 cities warred for Homer, 170.  
 halfpenny loaves, 68.  
 hours to law, 373.  
 hundred pounds and possibilities,  
 22.  
 men that can render a reason, 599.  
 senses, out of his, 453.  
 wealthy towns, 170.  
 women hold of one man, 603.  
 years' pith, these arms had, 125.
- Sever for years, to, 470.
- Severe, grave to gay from lively to, 273.  
 in aught, if, 341.  
 pleasant to 227.
- Severn, Avon to the, runs, 415.  
 to the narrow seas, 414.
- Sewers annoy the air, 194.
- Sex, female of, it seems, 198.  
 Marcia towers above her, 249.  
 spirits can either, assume, 179.  
 stronger than my, 85.  
 to the last, 226.  
 whose presence civilizes ours, 357.
- Sex's earliest latest care, 321.
- Shackles fall in our country, 360.
- Shade, ah pleasing, 325.  
 along the moonlight, 288.  
 Amaryllis in the, 203.  
 boundless contiguity of, 360  
 dancing in the chequered, 205.  
 freedom's hallowed, 398.  
 gentlemen of the, 57.  
 half in sun half in, 459.  
 hunter and the deer a, 381, 442.  
 in sunshine and in, 524.  
 of aristocracy, the cool, 468.  
 of power, gray fits the, 472.  
 of that which once was great, 412.  
 let it sleep in the, 456.  
 no, no shine no butterflies, 514.  
 pale realms of, 515.  
 pillared, high overarched, 135.

- Shade, seats beneath the, 339.  
 sitting in a pleasant, 145.  
 so softening into shade, 302.  
 that follows wealth, 343.  
 thought in a green, 232.  
 through sun and, 550.  
 unperceived, 302.  
 variable as the, 450.  
 welcome, 293.
- Shades, happy walks and, 195.  
 of death, boys dens and, 184.  
 of evening close, ere the, 504.  
 of night, fled the, 190.  
 soon as the evening, prevail, 251.  
 where the Etrurian, 179.
- Shadow both way falls, 196.  
 cloaked from head to foot, 552.  
 float double swan and, 412.  
 hence horrible, 97.  
 in the sun, to spy my, 70.  
 life is but a walking, 100.  
 of a starless night, 492.  
 of death, darkness and the, 539.  
 of the British oak, 351.  
 of thy wings, under the, 591.  
 proves the substance true, 278.  
 seemed, that, 184.  
 soul from out that, 556.  
 swift as a, 34.
- Shadowed livery of the sun, 38.
- Shadows, a thousand, go, 403.  
 beckoning dire, 199.  
 best in this kind are but, 33.  
 come like, so depart, 98.  
 lengthening, 222.  
 mirrors of gigantic, 494.  
 not substantial things, 153.  
 of coming events, 442.  
 our fatal, 150.  
 that walk by us, 150.  
 to-night have struck more terror,  
 72.  
 we are what shadows we pursue,  
 349.  
 wishes lengthen like our, 265.
- Shadowy lie, dream a, 560.  
 past, summion from the, 537.
- Shadwell never deviates into sense,  
 223.
- Shady brows, 198.  
 leaves of destiny, 169.  
 place, sunshine in the, 10.  
 side of Pall-Mall, 383.
- Shaft at random sent, 452.  
 fledge the, 462.  
 flew thrice, 262.  
 of Orient mould, 495.  
 that made him die, 176.  
 when I had lost one, 33.  
 winged the, 470.
- Shafts, thy fatal, 337.
- Shake my fell purpose, 91.  
 our disposition, 106.  
 the saintship of an anchorite, 471.  
 the spheres, seems to, 224.  
 thy gory locks at me, never, 96.  
 why dost thou shiver and, 374.
- Shaken when taken, to be, 392.  
 withered and, 512.
- Shaker of o'er-rank states, 153.
- Shakes his ambrosial curls, 290.  
 pestilence and war, 184.
- Shakespeare and musical glasses, 344.  
 drew, Jew that, 292.  
 fancy's child, sweetest, 205.  
 make room for, 163.  
 my, rise, 143.  
 myriad-minded, 438.  
 the wonder of our stage, 143.  
 tongue that, spake, 413.  
 what needs my, 203.
- Shakespeare's magic, 229.  
 name, rival all but, 441.
- Shaking, fall without, 296.
- Shall I wasting in despair, 155.  
 not when he wolda, 582.
- Shallow brooks and rivers, 204.  
 in himself, versed in books, 197.  
 murmur, the deep are dumb, 13.  
 rivers, 17.  
 spirit of judgment, 67.  
 streams run dimpling, 281.
- Shallows, bound in, 88.
- Shame, avoid, 427.  
 blush of maiden, 516.  
 each deed of, 538.  
 erring sister's, 479.  
 hide her, from every eye, 344.  
 honour and, 272.  
 London's lasting, 327.  
 love taught him, 226.  
 our neighbour's, 234.  
 say what it will, 118.  
 start at, 353.  
 the devil, tell truth and, 60, 648.  
 the fools, print it and, 280.  
 to men, 183.  
 where is thy blush, 116.  
 whose glory is in their, 615.  
 with love at strife, 226.
- Shamed, age thou art, 84.
- Shames, thousand innocent, 29.
- Shank, too wide for his shrunken, 44.
- Shape, assume a pleasing, 110.  
 cast a beam on the outward, 201.  
 execrable, what art thou, 184.  
 had none distinguishable, 184.  
 harmony of, 241.  
 if it might be called, 184.  
 in any, in any mood, 483.  
 of a camel, cloud almost in, 114.  
 of danger can dismay, 418.

- Shape, such a questionable, 105.  
   take any, but that, 97.  
 Shaped for sportive tricks, 69.  
 Shapes, calling, 199.  
   of foul disease, 553.  
   of ill may hover, 507.  
   that come not, 408.  
   the poet's pen turns them to, 35.  
 Shared each other's gladness, 534.  
 Sharp as a pen, his nose was, 65.  
   misery had worn him, 82.  
 Sharpe the conquering, 4.  
 Sharpen with cloyless sauce, 132.  
 Sharpeneth the countenance, 599.  
 Sharper than a serpent's tooth, 121.  
 Sharp-looking wretch, 27.  
 Sharps, unpleasing, 81.  
 Shatter the vase if you will, 458.  
   your leaves, fingers rude, 203.  
 She drew an angel down, 226.  
   fair chaste and unexpressive, 44.  
   for God in him, 188.  
   gave me eyes, 402.  
   I love is far away, 576.  
   is a woman, 67, 77.  
   is all my fancy painted her, 526.  
   is pretty to walk with, 163.  
   is to blame, 150.  
   knows her man, 228.  
   lived unknown, 403.  
   never told her love, 50.  
   that not impossible, 169.  
   was his life, 483.  
   will, if she will, 261.  
   you are the cruell'st, alive, 49.  
 Shear swine, 216.  
 Shears, fury with the abhorred, 203.  
 Sheathed their swords, 65.  
 Sheathes in calm repose, 398.  
 Shed their selectest influence, 193.  
 Sheddeth man's blood, whoso, 586.  
 Shedding seas of gore, 489.  
 Sheep, close shorn, 161.  
   upon the right, 564.  
 Sheer necessity, 379.  
 Sheet, float that standard, 498.  
 Sheeted dead did squeak, 101.  
 Shelf, from a, stole the diadem, 116.  
 Shell, convolutions of a, 422.  
   music slumbers in the, 400.  
   smooth-lipped, 422.  
   take ye each a, 287.  
 Shepe, to his, he yaf, 2.  
 Shepherd, gentle, tell me where, 324.  
   hast any philosophy in thee, 45.  
   star that bids the, fold, 199.  
   tells his tale, 204.  
   with the king, equals the, 573.  
 Shepherd's awe-inspiring god, 422.  
   care. feed me with a, 252.  
   reed, love tunes the, 447.  
 Shepherd's tongue, truth in every, 13.  
 Sheridan, in moulding, 483.  
 Shew, falsehood under saintly, 187.  
 Shews of things, 140.  
 Shield, but left the, 381, 449.  
   each heart is freedom's, 469.  
   soul like an ample, 231.  
 Shift from side to side, 256.  
   thus times do, 166.  
 Shifted his trumpet, 343.  
 Shifts, holy, and pious frauds, 217.  
 Shikspur who wrote it, 320.  
 Shilling, Philip and Mary on a, 220.  
   with the other took a, out, 507.  
 Shillings, rather than forty, 22.  
 Shine, singing as they, 251.  
   with such a lustre, 364.  
 Shines, so, a good deed, 41.  
 Shineth as the gold, 4.  
 Shining light, as the, 595.  
   light, burning and a, 611.  
   morning face, schoolboy with, 44.  
   nights, profit of their, 31.  
   nowhere but in the dark, 214.  
 Ship, in a, is being in a jail, 316.  
   idle as a painted, 432.  
   of state, sail on O, 538.  
   sailing like a stately, 108.  
   that ever scuttled, 487.  
 Ships are but boards, 37.  
   dim-discovered, 301.  
   down to the sea in, 594.  
   hearts of oak our, 332.  
   launched a thousand, 18.  
   like, they steer their courses, 216.  
   sail wherever billows roll, 481.  
   that have gone down, 456.  
   that sailed for sunny isles, 518.  
   were British oak, 332.  
 Shipwrecked kindles false fires, 419.  
 Shirt and a half in all my company, 61.  
   happy man's without a, 141.  
   of fire, martyr in his, 569.  
   of Nessus is upon me, 133.  
   oftener changed their principles  
   than, 267.  
   on his back never a, 346.  
   ruffles when wanting a, 346, 640.  
 Shive of a cut loaf, to steal, 77.  
 Shiver and shake, why dost thou, 374.  
   when thou art named, men, 300.  
 Shoal of time, bank and, 91.  
 Shoals of honour, depths and, 74.  
 Shock of corn, like as a, 589.  
   of men, midst the, 472.  
   of pleasure, give a, 507.  
   sink beneath the, 479.  
 Shocks that flesh is heir to, 110.  
 Shce be Spanish or neat's leather, 218.  
   has power to wound, 323.  
   pincæes, where the, 634.

- Shoes of King James, 156.  
 were on their feet, 426.
- Shoe-string, careless, 165.
- Shone, his coming, 192.  
 like a meteor, 180.
- Shook a dreadful dart, 184.  
 hands and went to 't, 297.  
 his dart, death, 195.  
 the arsenal, 197.
- Shoon, clouted, 201.
- Shoot, young idea how to, 301.
- Shooting-stars attend thee, 164.
- Shop, keep thy, 643.
- Shop-keepers, nation of, 629
- Shore, Afric's burning, 306.  
 buried by the upbraiding, 477.  
 control stops with the, 477.  
 dull tame, never was on the, 509.  
 echoed along the, 306.  
 fades o'er the waters blue, 471.  
 fast by their native, 365.  
 landing on some silent, 256.  
 lash the sounding, 278.  
 left their beauty on the, 532.  
 little boats keep near, 311.  
 my boat is on the, 483.  
 my native, adieu, 471.  
 never came to, ships that, 518.  
 of memory, silent, 423.  
 one foot in sea and one on, 28.  
 rapture on the lonely, 477.  
 so dies a wave along the, 374.  
 unhappy folks on, 431.  
 unknown and silent, 430.  
 wild and willowed, 447.
- Shores of old romance, 403.  
 to these golden, 22.  
 undreamed, unpathed waters, 52.
- Short and far between, 300.  
 and simple annals, 328.  
 and the long of it, this is the, 22.  
 as any dream, 31.  
 as are the nights, 151.  
 be the day, 580.  
 retirement urges sweet return, 194.
- Short-lived pain, 449.
- Shot forth peculiar graces, 190.  
 heard round the world, 532.  
 mine arrow o'er the house, 120.  
 my being through earth, 434.  
 perilous, out of an elder gun, 66.  
 so trim, he that, 78.
- Should auld acquaintance, 387.  
 do when we would, 118.  
 keep who can, they, 411.  
 not say it, say it that, 649.  
 take who have, they, 411.
- Shoulder and elbow, 'twixt, 297.
- Shouldered his crutch, 340.
- Shoulders, Atlantean, 182.  
 dwarf on a giant's, 162.
- Shoulders, heads grow beneath their,  
 128.
- Shout and revelry, midnight, 199.  
 that tore hell's concave, 180.
- Shouted for joy, 590.
- Shovel and tongs, 524.  
 invent a, and be a magistrate, 232.
- Show and gaze o' the time, 100.  
 driveller and a, 312.  
 falsehood under saintly, 187.  
 his eyes and grieve his heart, 98.  
 mercie unto others, 12.  
 of evil, obscures the, 39.  
 of truth, authority and, 29.  
 public, and midnight dances, 289.  
 terrible, judges all ranged a, 294.  
 that within which passeth, 102.  
 us how divine a thing, 408.  
 world is all a fleeting, 461.
- Showed him the gentleman, 385.  
 how fields were won, 340.
- Shower, affliction's heaviest, 410.  
 sleet of arrowy, 330.
- Showers, April with his, 1.  
 fragrance after, 189.  
 honeyed, 204.  
 like those maiden, 165.  
 Sydneian, of sweet discourse, 169.  
 the sweetest, 581.
- Shows, comment on the, 414.  
 of things, 140.  
 what thinks he, 76.
- Shreds and patches, king of, 116.
- Shrewdly, the air bites, 105.
- Shrewsbury clock, hour by, 62.
- Shriek, a solitary, 487.  
 with hollow, 207.
- Shrill trumpet sounds, 248.  
 winds whistle free, 559.
- Shrine of the mighty, 479  
 within this peaceful, 313.
- Shrines to no code, 500.
- Shrub, odours from the spicy, 193.
- Shrunk into insignificancy, 299.  
 shank, too wide for his, 44.
- Shuffle the cards, patience and, 573.
- Shuffled off this mortal coil, 110.
- Shut of evening flowers, 194.  
 shut the door, 280.  
 the gates of mercy, 329.  
 the windows of the sky, 303.  
 up in measureless content, 93.
- Shutters, close the, 332.
- Shuttle, swifter than a weaver's, 589.
- Si Dieu n'existait pas, 232.
- Si vis me flere, 353.
- Sibyl, contortions of the, 352.
- Sick, maketh the heart, 596.  
 not so, as troubled, 99.  
 say I 'm, I 'm dead, 280.  
 that surfeit with too much, 37.

- Sicken, when love begins to, 87.  
 Sickle keen, with his, 536.  
 Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, 111.  
 Sickness and in health, 618.  
   doth infect the life-blood, 60.  
 Sickness-broken body, 212.  
 Side, back and, go bare, 7.  
   down the glowing, 478.  
   ever strong upon the stronger, 53.  
   forgot when by thy, 504.  
   to side, shift from, 256.  
   the sun 's upon, 459.  
 Sidelong looks of love, 339.  
   maid, hasty from the, 302.  
 Sides, much may be said on both, 252.  
   spur to prick the, of my intent, 92.  
   unfed, 122.  
 Sidmouth, great storm at, 428.  
 Sidney warbler of poetic prose, 362.  
 Sidney's sister Pembroke's mother, 148.  
 Siege to scorn, laugh a, 99.  
 Sieges fortunes battles, 125.  
 Sifted a whole nation, God, 171.  
   three kingdoms, God had, 538.  
 Sigh, beadle to a humorous, 32.  
   eternal, 272.  
   from Indus to the Pole, 286.  
   no more ladies, 28.  
   passing tribute of a, 329.  
   perhaps 't will cost a, 374.  
   that rends thy heart, 343.  
   to think he still has found, 324.  
   to those who love me, 484.  
   yet feel no pain, 460.  
 Sighed and looked, 225, 301.  
   at the sound of a knell, 358.  
   for his country he, 444.  
   from all her caves, 185.  
   no sooner, but asked the reason, 46.  
   till woman smiled, man, 441.  
   to many, loved but one, 471.  
   to measure, often have I, 404.  
   to think I read a book, 404.  
   we wept we, 173.  
 Sighing, a plague of, 59.  
   farewell goes out, 75.  
   like furnace, the lover, 44.  
   why thus forever, 566.  
 Sights avail, naught my. 376.  
   bridge of, in Venice on the, 475.  
   sovereign of, 32.  
   to find them in the wood, 516.  
   world of, for my pains, 126.  
 Sight, became a part of, 479.  
   because it is not yet in, 379.  
   charms strike the, 280.  
   faints into dimness, 480.  
   full fayre, 581.  
   goodly, to see, 471.  
 Sight, hideous, a naked human heart, 264.  
   keen discriminating, 399.  
   lose friends out of, 505.  
   lost to, to memory dear, 510.  
   loved not at first, 15, 17.  
   of human ties, 236.  
   of means to do ill deeds, 54.  
   of that immortal sea, 420.  
   of vernal bloom, 186.  
   out of, out of mind, 5, 9.  
   sensible to feeling as to, 93.  
   shameful, 't is a, 254.  
   spare my aching, 328.  
   splendid, to see, 471.  
   swim before my, 286.  
   thousand years in thy, 593.  
   to dream of not to tell, 433.  
   understood her by her, 144.  
   walk by faith not by, 614.  
 Sightless couriers of the air, 92.  
   Milton with his hair, 413.  
 Sights of death, what ugly, 70  
   rural, alone, 359.  
   so full of ugly, of ghastly dreams, 70.  
 Sign, dies and makes no, 68.  
   for him to retire, 531.  
   of gratulation, earth gave, 193.  
   outward and visible, 618.  
   to know gentle blood, 12.  
   without a, 291.  
 Signet sage, pressed its, 450.  
 Significant and budge, 357.  
 Signifies love, 21.  
 Signifying nothing, 100.  
 Signiors, grave and reverend, 125.  
 Signs of the times, 609.  
   of woe, gave, 195.  
 Silence accompanied, 188.  
   all the airs and madrigals, 211.  
   and slow time, 503.  
   and tears, in secret in, 531.  
   and tears, parted in, 470.  
   deep as death, 443.  
   envious tongues, 74.  
   expressive, 303.  
   flashes of, 427.  
   float upon the wings of, 199.  
   foster-child of, 503.  
   gives consent, 647.  
   in love bewrays more woe, 14.  
   is deep as eternity, 506.  
   is divine, speech is human, 648.  
   is golden speech is silvern, 648.  
   is the perfectest herald of joy, 27.  
   let it be tenable in your, 103.  
   majestic, 463.  
   nothing lives 'twixt it and, 491.  
   temple of, 522.  
   that dreadful bell, 127.



- Silence that is in the starry sky, 407.  
 the rest is, 121.  
 there is a, 512.  
 was pleased, 188  
 where no sound may be, 512.  
 wheresoe'er I go, 509  
 ye wolves, 285
- Silent, all, and all damned, 409.  
 as the moon, 197.  
 cataracts, motionless torrents, 435.  
 dew, fall on me like a, 165  
 finger points to heaven, 422.  
 finger, point with, 438.  
 grave, dark and, 14.  
 halls of death, 515.  
 hand, into the, 577.  
 manliness of grief, 342  
 note which Cupid strikes, 177.  
 organ loudest chants, 533.  
 prayer, homes of, 552.  
 sea of pines, 435.  
 shore, landing on some, 256.  
 shore of memory, 423.  
 that you may hear, 86  
 thought, stores of, 415.  
 upon a peak in Darien, 503.
- Silently as a dream, 363  
 steal away, 537.
- Silk, rustling in unpaid for, 134.  
 soft as, 261.
- Silken tie, the silver link the, 448.
- Siloa's brook, 178.
- Siloam's shady rill, 463.
- Silver bowers leave, 11.  
 cord be loosed, 602.  
 fruit-tree tops, 79.  
 light on tower and tree, 389  
 lining on the night, 199.  
 link the silken tie, 448.  
 mantle threw, 188.  
 pictures of, 598
- Silvered by time completely, 360.  
 o'er with age, 295  
 the walls of Cumnor Hall, 367.
- Silver-mantled plains, 556.
- Silver-sweet sound lover's tongues, 79.
- Silver-white, lady-smocks, 33.
- Silvern, speech is, 648.
- Simile that solitary shines, 288.
- Similes, play with, 404.
- Similitudes, used, 605.
- Simoa Pure, real, 252.  
 the cellarer, 406.
- Simple child, a, 402.  
 to be, is to be great, 533.  
 wiles, transient sorrows, 404.
- Simples, compounded of many, 45.
- Simplicity a child, in, 289.  
 a grace that makes, 147.  
 elegant as, 356.  
 of the three per cents, 375, 531.
- Simplicity, resigns her charge to, 186.  
 sublime in his, 554.  
 truth miscalled, 133.
- Sin, a duty not a, 309.  
 and death abound, where, 440.  
 and guilt, each thing of, 201.  
 angels fell by that, 74.  
 blossoms of my, 197.  
 Christ-like is it for, to grieve, 574.  
 could blight, ere, 436.  
 cunning, can cover itself, 29.  
 falter not for, 542.  
 folly can glide into, 452.  
 fools make a mock at, 596.  
 for me to sit and grin, 544.  
 God-like to leave, 574.  
 good man's, 442.  
 his darling, 434.  
 his favourite, is pride, 425.  
 man-like to fall into, 574.  
 no, for a man to labour, 57.  
 not, be ye angry and, 615  
 nothing emboldens, as mercy, 83.  
 of self-neglecting, 65.  
 quantum o' the, 386.  
 self-love is not so vile a, 65.  
 some rise by, 24.  
 they, who tell us, 424.  
 thinking their own kisses, 81.  
 to covet honour, if it be a, 66.  
 to falter would be, 530.  
 wages of, is death, 613.
- Sinament and ginger, 581.
- Since the conquest, 235.
- Sincerity, bashful, 29.  
 wrought in a sad, 592
- Sinews bought and sold, 360.  
 of the new-born babe, 115.  
 of war, 632  
 stiffen the, 65.
- Sing and die, let me, 488.  
 and that they love, 176.  
 because I must, 552.  
 eagle suffers little birds to, 77.  
 for joy, widow's heart to, 590.  
 he knew himself to, 203.  
 heavenly goddess, 230.  
 in a hempen string, 151.  
 it to rest, I cannot, 563  
 sweetly, and brightly smile, 504.  
 though I shall never hear, 504.
- Sing yourself, so hot that it, 72.
- Singed the Spanish king's beard, 540.
- Singers with vocal voices, 244.
- Singeth a quiet tune, 432.
- Singing as they shine, 251.  
 of anthems, 63.  
 of birds is come, 602.  
 robes, garland and, 209.  
 singers with vocal voices, 244.
- Single blessedness, dies in, 83.

- Single gentlemen, like two, 391.  
   hour of that Dundee, 412.  
   life, careless of the, 553.  
   talent well employed, 313.
- Singularity, trick of, 50.
- Sink beneath the shock, 479.  
   or soar, alike unfit to, 484.  
   or swim live or die, 465.
- Sinking, a kind of alacrity in, 23.  
   in thy last long sleep, 373.
- Sinks or swims or wades, 185.  
   the day-star, so, 204.
- Sinned against, more, 122.  
   all in Adam's fall, 585.
- Sinner it or saint it, 274.  
   of his memory, made such a, 19.  
   vilest, may return, 255.
- Sinners, miserable, 618.
- Sinning, more sinned against than,  
   122.
- Sins, compound for, 216.  
   multitude of, 617.  
   oldest, the newest kind of ways, 64.  
   our compelled, 25.  
   remembered in thy orisons, 111.
- Sion hill delight thee more, 178.
- Sipped brandy and water, 392.
- Sir Oracle, I am, 36.  
   Plume of amber snuff-box, 279.
- Sirens sang, what song the, 177.
- Sires, green graves of your, 500.  
   most disgrace their, 291.  
   sons of great, 291.
- Sirups, lucent, 502.
- Sisera, stars fought against, 587.
- Sister, as a brother to his, 29.  
   shall be a ministering angel, 119.  
   spirit come away, 288.
- Sister's, erring, shame, 479.
- Sisters, all the, virtuous, 622.  
   three and such branches of learn-  
   ing, 38.  
   weird, 98.
- Sisyphus rolling his stone, 540.
- Sit attentive to his own applause, 281.  
   here we will, 40.  
   studious let me, 302.  
   thee down sorrow, 31.  
   upon the ground, let us, 56.  
   where I will, let me, 573.
- Site, to change their, 217.
- Sitting in a pleasant shade, 145.  
   on the ground, 11.  
   on the stile, I 'm, 541.
- Sits in a foggy cloud, 97.  
   on his horseback, 52.  
   the wind in that corner, 28.  
   upon mine arm, 149.
- Situation, beautiful for, 592.
- Six and seven, at, 636.  
   hours in sleep, 10.
- Six hundred pounds a year, 245.  
   Richmonds in the field, 72.
- Sixpence all too dear, 127.  
   I give thee, 399.
- Size of dreaming, past the, 134.  
   of pots of ale, 215.
- Skeleton clothed with life, 466.
- Skies, all who dwell below the, 255.  
   altar reach the, 401.  
   baldric of the, 498.  
   child of the, 390.  
   commercing with the, 206.  
   common people of the, 143.  
   illumed the eastern, 546.  
   parents passed into the, 365.  
   pointing at the, 275.  
   raised a mortal to the, 226.  
   rush into the, 269.  
   setting in his western, 222.  
   stars are in the quiet, 525.  
   sunny as her, 485.  
   to mansions in the, 255.  
   watcher of the, 503.  
   were clear, morn was fair, the, 534.
- Skill, by force or, 253.  
   in antiquity, 212.  
   in arguing, 341.  
   in surgery, honour hath no, 61.  
   is but a barbarous, 174.  
   simple truth his utmost, 143.
- Skilled in gestic lore, 339.
- Skimble-skamble stuff, a deal of, 60.
- Skin and bone, 297.  
   Ethiopian change his, 605.  
   of an innocent lamb, 68.  
   of my teeth, 590.
- Skirmish of wit between them, 27.
- Skirt the eternal frost, 435.
- Skirts of happy chance, 553.
- Skulls, dead men's, 71.
- Sky, admitted to that equal, 269.  
   banner in the, 544.  
   banners flout the, 89.  
   blue, and living air, 407.  
   blue, bends over all, 433.  
   blue ethereal, 251.  
   canopied by the blue, 483.  
   close against the, 512.  
   darkness of the, 7.  
   earth to highest, 12.  
   fit it for the, 305.  
   flushing round a summer, 303.  
   forehead of the morning, 204.  
   girdled with the, 424.  
   go forth under the open, 515.  
   howls along the, 337.  
   in our northern, 374.  
   is changed, 475.  
   is red, for the, 609.  
   keep one parent from the, 282.  
   milky way i' the, 163.

- Sky, opens to the morning, 504.  
 regent of the, 337.  
 silence in the starry, 407.  
 soft blue, did never melt, 409.  
 splendour through the, 439.  
 stars set their watch in the, 444.  
 stepped to the, 562.  
 sunshine shall light the, 559.  
 tears of the, 299.  
 they die in yon rich, 550.  
 waft thy name beyond the, 470.  
 whatever, is above me, 484.  
 windows of the, 303.  
 witchery of the soft blue, 409.  
 woods against a stormy, 495.
- Skeye influences, servile to the, 25.  
 Sky-robcs, these my, 199.
- Slain, he can never do that 's, 220.  
 he who is in battle, 345.  
 thrice he slew the, 225.
- Slander sharper than sword, 134.  
 Slanderous tongues, done to death by,  
 30.
- Slaughter, arrayed for mutual, 413.  
 as a lamb to the, 604.  
 as an ox goeth to the, 596.  
 to a throne, wade through, 329.
- Slave, base is the, that pays, 65.  
 born to be a, 556.  
 of circumstance and impulse, 484.  
 passion's, man that is not, 113.  
 subject not a, 403.  
 thou wretch thou coward, 53.  
 to no sect, 273.  
 to thousands, has been, 128.  
 to till my ground, 330.  
 tongue to curse the, 455.  
 trade, sum of all villanies, 379.  
 whatever day makes man a, 291.
- Slavery a bitter draught, 322.  
 or death, 249.  
 price of chains and, 371.
- Slaves as they are, 431.  
 Britons never shall be, 304.  
 cannot breathe in England, 330.  
 corrupted freemen worst of, 332.  
 in mockery over, 431.  
 necessity is the creed of, 392.  
 with greasy aprons, 131.
- Slave of care, ravelled, 94.
- Sleek-headed men, 81.
- Sleep and a forgetting, 420.  
 blessings on him who invented,  
 573.  
 charm that lulls to, 343.  
 dark house and long, 520.  
 death and his brother, 492.  
 end the heartache, by a, 110.  
 exposition of, I have an, 85.  
 falleth on men, when deep, 589.  
 fan me while I, 360.
- Sleep, folding of the hands to, 596.  
 he giveth his beloved, 595.  
 hour friendliest to, 191.  
 how, the brave, 333.  
 in Abraham's bosom, 71.  
 in dull cold marble, 74.  
 is a death, 177.  
 it is a gentle thing, 432.  
 life is rounded with a, 20.  
 Macbeth does murder, 94.  
 medicine thee to that sweet, 129.  
 nature's soft nurse, 63.  
 neither night nor day, 89.  
 no more, I heard a voice cry, 94.  
 no more, to die to, 110.  
 now I lay me down to take my, 585.  
 O gentle sleep, 63.  
 of a labouring man, 600.  
 of death, in that, 110.  
 out of his, to sterte, 2.  
 sinking in thy last long, 373.  
 six hours in, 10.  
 sleepless to give their readers, 284.  
 some must, some must watch, 114.  
 sweet restorer balmy, 262.  
 that knows not breaking, 451.  
 the friend of woe, 424.  
 the innocent, 94.  
 timely dew of, 189.  
 to mine eyes, I will not give, 595.  
 to, perchance to dream, 110.  
 undisturbed, 313.  
 was airy-light, 190.  
 will never lie where care lodges, 80.  
 winding up nights with, 66.  
 yet a little, 596.
- Sleeping but never dead, 564.  
 growing when ye 're, 454.  
 when she died, 512.  
 within my orchard, 107.
- Sleepless nights, three, 402.  
 soul that perished, 405.  
 to give their readers sleep, 284.
- Sleeps at wisdom's gate, suspicion, 186.  
 in dust, flourish when he, 619.  
 on her soft axle, 193.  
 on his own heart, 417.  
 the pride of former days, 456.  
 till tired he, 271.  
 upon this bank, the moonlight, 40.
- Sleet of arrow shower, 330.
- Sleeve, heart upon my, 124.  
 of care, ravelled, 94.
- Sleeveless errand, 647.
- Sleeves, herald's coat without, 61.
- Slenderly and meanly, 607.
- Sleepen alle night with open eye, 1.
- Slept and dreamed, 560.  
 dying when she, 512.  
 in peace, 74.
- Slew the slain, thrice he, 225.

- Slide, let the world, 47, 161, 643.  
 not stand, loves to, 221.
- Slides into verse, 232.
- Slings and arrows of fortune, 110.
- Slinks out of the race, 211.
- Slipped pantaloons, lean and, 44.
- Slippery place, stands upon a, 53.
- Slips, greyhounds in the, 65.
- Slits the thin-spun life, 203.
- Slogardie a-night, may wol have no, 2.
- Slope through darkness, 553.
- Sloping into brooks, 491.
- Sloth, resty, 134.
- Slough was Despond, 213.
- Slovenly unhandsome corse, 57.
- Slow rises worth, 312.  
 too swift arrives as tardy as too, 80.  
 unmoving finger, 131.
- Slowly and sadly we laid him, 504.  
 silence all, ever widening, 555.
- Sluggard, go to the ant thou, 595.  
 't is the voice of the, 255.
- Sluggards sleep, while, 310.
- Slumber, a little, 516.  
 lie still and, 255.  
 seven hours to, 373  
 to mine eyelids, 593.
- Slumber's chain, 460.
- Slumbering ages, wakens the, 528.
- Slumbers in the shell, 400.  
 light, dreams and, 450.
- Sly, tough and devilish, 558.
- Smack of age, 62.  
 of observation, 52.
- Smacked of noyance, 303.
- Small beer, poor creature, 63.  
 cannot reach the, 12.  
 cheer and great welcome, 27.  
 choice in rotten apples, 47.  
 great vulgar and the, 174.  
 habits well pursued, 376.  
 have continual pladders won, 31.  
 Latin and less Greek, 148.  
 of all that human hearts endure,  
 313.  
 one a strong nation, 605.  
 rare volume, 396.  
 sands the mountain, 267.  
 service is true service, 419.  
 things, day of, 606.  
 things with great, 638.  
 to greater matters, 132.  
 vices do appear, 124.
- Smallest worm will turn, 69.
- Small-knowing soul, 31.
- Smart for it, 30, 596.  
 of all the girls that are so, 244.
- Smarts so little as a fool, 280.  
 this dog, 308.
- Smell a rat, 216, 648.  
 ancient and fish-like, 20.
- Smell as sweet, a rose by any other  
 name would, 79.  
 flower of sweetest, 410.  
 of bread and butter, 485.  
 of the lamp, 632.  
 rankest compound of villanous, 23.  
 the blood of British man, 123.  
 to a turf of fresh earth, 212.
- Smelleth the battle afar off, 591.
- Smells sweete al around, 11.  
 to heaven, 114.  
 woingly, heaven's breath, 91.
- Smile again, affliction may, 31.  
 and be a villain, 107.  
 and sigh, reasons why we, 505.  
 and tear, betwixt a, 476.  
 because it makes us, 490.  
 brightly, and sweetly sing, 504.  
 calm thou mayst, 373.  
 could be moved to, 84.  
 from partial beauty won, 441.  
 good man's, to share the, 341.  
 grinned horrible a ghastly, 185.  
 hear with a disdainful, 328.  
 if we do meet again, 89.  
 in her eye, 524.  
 in pain, frown at pleasure, 265.  
 look backwards with a, 263.  
 make languor, 282.  
 make the learned, 277.  
 no more, men, 294.  
 on her lips, 449.  
 one vast substantial, 558.  
 sardonic, 632.  
 social, the sympathetic tear, 331.  
 tear followed by a, 359.  
 that glowed celestial rosy, 194.  
 that was childlike, 568.  
 though I shall not be near, 504.  
 to those who hate, 484.  
 vain tribute of a, 447.  
 we would aspire to, 73.  
 wept with delight at your, 567.
- Smiled, all around thee, 373.  
 hermit sighed till woman, 441.  
 when a sabbath appeared, 358.
- Smiles at the drawn dagger, 250.  
 becks and wreathed, 204.  
 daggers in men's, 45.  
 from reason flow, 194.  
 his emptiness betray, 281.  
 in yer face while it picks yer pocket,  
 305.  
 Jupiter on Juno, 188.  
 of joy the tears of woe, 461.  
 of other maidens, 498.  
 seldom he, 84.  
 the clouds away, 480.  
 the robbed that, steals something  
 from the thief, 126.  
 to-day to-morrow will be dying, 164.

- Smiles, welcome ever, 75.  
 Smiling at grief, patience on a monument, 50.  
   in her tears, pensive beauty, 441.  
   with a never-fading serenity, 250.  
 Smite once, stands ready to, 204.  
 Smith stand with his hammer, 54.  
 Smoke and flame, awful guide in, 453.  
   and stir of this dim spot, 198.  
   that so gracefully curled, 461.  
 Smokes, the man who, 525.  
 Smoking flax, 604.  
 Smooth as monumental alabaster, 131.  
   at a distance, doth stand, 167.  
   course of true love never did run, 33.  
   runs the water, 67.  
   stream in smoother numbers, 278.  
   the bed of death, 282.  
   the ice, 54.  
   Waller was, 283  
 Smoother than butter, 593  
 Smoothing the raven-down, 199.  
 Smooth-lipped shell, 422.  
 Smoothly done, my task is, 202.  
 Smoothness, temperance that may give, 112.  
   torrent's, ere it dash below, 444.  
 Smote him thus, 132.  
   the chord of self, 548.  
   them hip and thigh, 587.  
 Snail, creeping like, 44.  
 Snails, feet like, 164.  
 Snake, like a wounded, 277.  
   scotched the, not killed it, 95.  
 Snapper-up of unconsidered trifles, 51.  
 Snare, mockery and a, 454.  
 Snares, life hath, 537.  
 Snatch a fearful joy, 325.  
   a grace, 276.  
   we must, not take, 273.  
 Sneaking off, my valour is, 378.  
 Sneeer, laughing devil in his, 481.  
   teach the rest to, 281.  
   who can refute a, 376.  
   with solemn, 475.  
 Snore upon the flint, 134.  
 Snow, beard was white as, 118.  
   chaste as ice as pure as, 111.  
   chaste as ununsunned, 134.  
   diadem of, 484.  
   hide those hills of, 26, 151.  
   in May's new-fangled mirth, 31.  
   mockery king of, 56.  
   rosebuds filled with, 142.  
   their winding sheet, 443.  
   wallow naked in December, 55.  
   whiter than the driven, 324.  
 Snow-broth, whose blood is, 24.  
 Snow-fall in the river, 384.  
 Snow-flakes, as still as, 511.  
 Snow-white ram, 423.  
 Snuff, only took, 343.  
   rather than live in, 14.  
 Snuff-box, amber, 279.  
 Snuffed out by an article, 490.  
 Snug as a bug in a rug, 311.  
   little island, 494.  
 So dies a wave, 374.  
   fades a summer cloud, 374.  
   much to do, 553.  
   sad so tender and so true, 324.  
   soon that I am done for, 584.  
   spake the seraph Abdiel, 191.  
   sweetly she bade me adieu, 324.  
   wise so young never live long, 71.  
 Soaks up the rain, thirsty earth, 173.  
 Soap, invisible, 513.  
 Soar, alike unfit to sink or, 484.  
   but never roam, 407.  
 Sober as a judge, 648.  
   be vigilant, be, 617.  
   certainty of waking bliss, 200.  
   goes to bed, 150.  
   in your diet, be, 296.  
   second thoughts, 233.  
   will to bed go, 150.  
 Soberness, truth and, 612.  
 Sobers us, drinking largely, 276.  
 Social friend I love thee well, 499.  
   smile, 331.  
 Society, happy in each other's, 318.  
   is one polished horde, 490.  
   my glittering bride, 421.  
   ornament to, 431.  
   solder of, 300.  
   solitude sometimes is best, 194.  
   where none intrudes, 477.  
 Society's chief joys, 357.  
 Sock, Jonson's learned 205.  
 Socket, burn to the, 421.  
 Socrates wisest of men, 197.  
 Sofa, wheel round the, 332.  
 Soft answer turneth away wrath, 597.  
   as her clime, 485.  
   as young and gay as soft, 264.  
   bastard Latin, 485.  
   eyes looked love, 473.  
   her voice was ever, 124.  
   impeachment, own the, 378.  
   is the music, 410.  
   is the strain, 278.  
   moves the dipping oar, 397.  
   stillness and the night, 40.  
   the music of those village bells, 363.  
   the zephyr blows, 327.  
 Softening into shade, 302.  
 Softly bodied forth, 477.  
   sweet, 225.  
 Softness, madrigals that whisper, 211.  
   she and sweet attractive grace, 188.  
 Soil, grows on mortal, 203.  
   nor yet within the common, 505.

- Soil, not in this, 201.  
 paint the laughing, 463.  
 thus leave thee native, 195.  
 where first they trod, 495.
- Soiled by any outward touch, 209.  
 with all ignoble use, 554.
- Soils, rich, to be weeded, 139.
- Solar walk or milky way, 269.
- Sold him a bargain, 32.
- Soldat heureux, 454.
- Solder of society, 300.
- Soldier among sovereigns, 454.  
 and afeard, 99.  
 armed with resolution, 247.
- ask the brave, 457.  
 blasphemy in the, 25.  
 elder, not a better, 88.  
 full of strange oaths, 44.  
 himself have been a, 58.  
 let-the, be abroad, 497.  
 mourned her, slain, 372.  
 relish him more in the, 127.  
 successful, 454  
 thou more than, 456.
- Soldier's neck, driveth o'er a, 78.  
 pole is fallen, 133  
 scholar's eye, 111.  
 sepulchre, shall be a, 443.  
 virtue, ambition the, 133.
- Soldiers bore dead bodies by, 57.  
 old, sweetheart are surest, 168.  
 substance of ten thousand, 72.
- Sole daughter of his voice, 195.  
 daughter of my house, 473.  
 judge of truth, 270.  
 sitting by the shores, 403.
- Solemn creed, sapping a, 475.  
 fop, 357.  
 midnight, in the, 557.  
 sneer, 475.  
 temples, 20.  
 way, in such a, 544.
- Solid flesh would melt, too, 102.  
 happiness we prize, 309.  
 men of Boston, 383.  
 pudding against empty praise, 284.
- Solitary shriek, a, 487.  
 woes, rare are, 263.
- Solitude, bird in the, 482.  
 bliss of, inward eye, 405.  
 he makes a, 480.  
 how passing sweet is, 358.  
 least alone in, 474.  
 midst of a vast, 521.  
 of his own originality, 501.  
 shrinks from the dismaying, 521.  
 sometimes is best society, 194.  
 sweet retired, 200.  
 where are the charms, 358.
- Solitudinem faciunt, 480.
- Solvuntur tardosque trahit, 277.
- Some are born great, 50.  
 asked how pearls grow, 164.  
 asked where rubies grew, 164.  
 books to be tasted, 138.  
 Cupid kills with arrows, 28.  
 days must be dark, 536.  
 love to roam, 559.  
 must watch, some must sleep, 114.  
 natural tears they shed, 196.  
 of us will smart for it, 30.  
 rain must fall, 536.  
 rise by sin, 24.  
 said John print it, 213.  
 say no evil thing, 200.  
 three ages since, 31  
 to church repair, 277.  
 undone widow, 149.  
 we've left behind us, 459.
- Somebody to hew and hack, 216.
- Something after death, dread of, 111.  
 ails it now, 406.  
 better than his dog, 548.  
 between a hindrance and help, 403.  
 dangerous in me, 119.  
 I'll lend you, 51.  
 in a flying horse, 409.  
 in a huge balloon, 409.  
 is rotten in Denmark, 106.  
 nothing, 't is, 128.  
 rich and strange, 19.  
 the heart must have, 540.  
 too much of this, 113.  
 wicked this way comes, 97.
- Sometimes counsel take, 279.
- Son, a wise, maketh a glad father, 596.  
 and foe, grim death my, 185.  
 booby father craves a booby, 266.  
 every wise man's, 49.  
 happy for that, 69.  
 hateth his, 596.  
 my, be good, 382  
 of Adam and Eve, 242.  
 of his own works, 573.  
 of memory, 208.  
 of mine succeeding, no, 95.  
 of parents passed in to the skies, 365.  
 of the morning, 604.  
 two-legged thing a, 221.
- Song, burden of some merry, 282.  
 burthen of his, 354.  
 careless, now and then, 334.  
 charms the sense, 183.  
 for our banner, 527.  
 in thy praise, I'll sing, 386.  
 it may turn out a, 386.  
 labour is but a sorrowful, 560.  
 lightnings of his, 493.  
 low lone, 561.  
 metre of an antique, 135.  
 mighty orb of, 421.  
 moralize my, 10.

- Song, moralized his, 281.  
 needless Alexandrine ends the, 277.  
 no sorrow in thy, 377.  
 of Percy and Douglas, 16.  
 one immortal, 221.  
 satire be my, 470.  
 sea grew civil at her, 34.  
 still govern thou my, 192.  
 swallow-flights of, 552.  
 swear to the truth of a, 241.  
 the sirens sang, 177.  
 to the oak, 568.  
 unlike my subject, 299.  
 wanted many an idle, 280.  
 what they teach in, 493.
- Songes make and wel endite, 1.  
 Songs be turned to holy psalms, 142.  
 had my book of, and sonnets, 22.
- Sonne, up rose the, 2.
- Sonnets, book of songs and, 22.
- Sonorous metal, 180.
- Sons of Belial, 179.  
 of Columbia, 464.  
 of Edward, 71.  
 of France awake to glory, 578.  
 of God shouted for joy, 590.  
 of heaven, things are the, 314.  
 of night, bloom for, 457.  
 of reason valour liberty, 304.  
 of the morning, 463.  
 of their great sires, 291.
- Soon that I am done for, so, 584.
- Sooner lost and worn, 49.
- Soothe or wound, may, 452.  
 the savage breast, 257.
- Soothed his soul to pleasures, 225.  
 with the sound, 225.
- Soothing slumber, 373.
- Sophisters, age of, 350.
- Sophistry, his fib or, 280.
- Sophocles, not mad if I am, 522.
- Sophonisba, O, 304.
- Soprano basso, 484.
- Sore labour's bath, 94
- Sorrow ate, bread in, 539.  
 but more closely tied, 456.  
 calls no time that's gone, 151.  
 couch in, steep, 338.  
 down thy climbing, 121.  
 earth has no, 461.  
 fade, sin could blight or, 436.  
 fail not for, 542.  
 give, words, 98.  
 hang, care will kill a cat, 155.  
 hath scaped this, 136.  
 her rent is, 159.  
 in thy song, thou hast no, 377.  
 is held intrusive, 528.  
 is in vain, 581.  
 is unknown, where, 359.  
 knowledge increaseth, 600.
- Sorrow, labour and, is their strength,  
 594.  
 literature consoles, 520.  
 long has washed them, 323.  
 more in, than in anger, 103.  
 must love joy and, learn, 540.  
 nae, there John, 395.  
 never comes too late, 325.  
 night of, from a fore-spent, 169.  
 now melt into, 480.  
 of the meanest thing, 406.  
 parting is such sweet, 79.  
 path of, and that alone, 359.  
 patience and, strove, 123.  
 pine with feare and, 13.  
 resembles, only as the mist, 537.  
 returned with the morn, 444.  
 rooted from the memory, 99.  
 sit thee down, 31.  
 some natural loss or pain, 411.  
 sphere of our, from the, 494.  
 tales of, 340.  
 to the grave, 586.  
 under the load of, wring, 30.  
 wear a golden, 72.  
 why should, 504.
- Sorrow's crown of sorrow, 549.  
 dark array, 576.  
 keenest wind, 410.  
 spy, knowledge is but, 170.
- Sorrowful song, but a, 560.
- Sorrowing, goeth a, 6.
- Sorrows and darkness, 463.  
 at my bier, waste their, 505.  
 come not single spies, 117.  
 flow, as thy, 462.  
 here I and, sit, 53.  
 of a poor old man, 377.  
 of death compassed me, 591.  
 remembered, 507.  
 to be proud, I will instruct my, 53.  
 transient, simple wiles, 404.
- Sort, hurt of a deadlier, 217.  
 smiles in such a, 84.
- Sorts of people, all, 92.  
 of prosperity, all, 576.
- Sots, what can ennoble, 272.
- Sought, love, is good, 50.  
 the world, I never have, 318.
- Soul above buttons, 392.  
 awake my, 307.  
 blind his, with clay, 551.  
 body form doth take of the, 12.  
 bruised with adversity, 27.  
 catch my flying, 236.  
 cement of the, 300.  
 cold waters to a thirsty, 598.  
 competent to gain heights, 422.  
 cordial to the, 212.  
 crowd not on my, 328.  
 darkness o'er the parting, 442.

- Soul, eager, biting for anger, 213.  
eloquence charms the, 183.  
every hair a, doth bind, 228.  
eye was in itself a, 480.  
fiery, working out its way, 221.  
flow of, feast of reason and, 282.  
freed his, the nearest way, 313.  
fret thy, with crosses, 13.  
from out that shadow, 556.  
genial current of the, 329.  
grapple them to thy, 104.  
happy, that all the way, 169.  
harrow up thy, 106.  
has gone aloft, 381.  
haughtiness of, 249.  
hides a dark, 200.  
his father's, to cross, 280.  
human, take wing, 483.  
I think nobly of the, 51.  
iron entered into his, 619.  
is dead that slumbers, 535.  
is form and doth the bodie make, 12.  
is found sincerely so, 201.  
is his own, the subject's, 66.  
's in arms and eager for the fray,  
248.  
is wanting there, 479.  
is with the saints, 435.  
lends the tongue vows, 105.  
like an ample shield, 231.  
like seasoned timber, 160.  
limed, struggling to be free, 115.  
listened intently, his very, 422.  
look down from heaven, 231.  
lose his own, 609.  
measured by my, 256.  
medicine for the, 629.  
meeting, may pierce, 205.  
merit wins the, 280.  
most offending, alive, 66.  
mouse of any, 289.  
never dying, to save, 305.  
of business, despatch is the, 298.  
of goodness in things evil, 66.  
of harmony, the hidden, 205.  
of man, portions of the, 564.  
of music shed, 456.  
of music slumbers, 400.  
of Orpheus sing, 206.  
of our grandam, 51.  
of Richard, 72, 248.  
of the age, 148.  
of wit, brevity is the, 108.  
offends me to the, 112.  
palace of the, 175, 472.  
perdition catch my, 128.  
prophetic, my uncle, 106.  
prospect of his eye and, 29.  
rapt, sitting in thine eyes, 206.  
saw a glimpse of happiness, 212.  
secret, to show, 481.
- Soul secured in her existence, 250.  
sincere, 276, 330.  
sleepless, that perished, 405.  
small-knowing, 31.  
so dead, man with, 448.  
soothed his, to pleasures, 225.  
stream which overflowed the, 423.  
suck forth my, her lips, 18.  
sweet and virtuous, 160.  
swell the, to rage, 225.  
take the prisoned, 199.  
tell me my, can this be death, 288.  
that can be honest, 150.  
that perished in his pride, 405.  
that rises with us, 420.  
the body's guest, go, 14.  
thou hast much goods, 611.  
through my lips, 548.  
to dare the will to do, 450.  
to keep, pray the Lord my, 585.  
to soul, intercourse from, 286.  
to stray, never taught his, 269.  
tocsin of the, 489.  
tumult of the, 407.  
unction to your, 116.  
under the ribs of death, 201.  
uneasy and confined, 268.  
unlettered small-knowing, 31.  
unto his captain Christ, 56.  
unto the lines accords, 161.  
was like a star, 413.  
white as heaven, 152.  
whiteness of his, 474.  
who would force the, 415.  
why shrinks the, 250.  
within her eyes, 485.
- Soul's calm sunshine, 272.  
dark cottage, 175.  
sincere desire, prayer is the, 440.
- Soul-animating strains, 410.
- Souls are ripened, 374.  
as free, thoughts as boundless, 481.  
assembled, 170.  
beyond the reaches of our, 106.  
corporations have no, 10.  
flight of common, 367.  
great, are portions, 564.  
immediate jewel of their, 128.  
made of fire, 267.  
of fearful adversaries, 69.  
sit close and silently, 228.  
such harmony in immortal, 41.  
sympathy with sounds in, 363.  
that were forfeit once, 24.  
times that try men's, 370.  
to souls can never teach, 563.  
two, with a single thought, 578.  
we loved, to see the, 554.  
whose sudden visitations, 528.
- Sound an echo to the sense, 277.  
and fury, full of, 100.



- Sound born of murmuring, 405.  
   dirge-like, 408  
   divine, may kill a, 358.  
   doleful, hark from the tombs a, 255.  
   guards with solemn, 569.  
   harmonious, 192.  
   harsh in, 76.  
   however rude the, 354.  
   jarring, 185.  
   like the sweet, 48.  
   most melodious, they heard a, 11.  
   no, of clashing wars, 557.  
   of a knell, sighed at the, 358.  
   of a voice that is still, 550.  
   of hammer or of saw, 333.  
   of my name, hearest the, 528.  
   of revelry by night, 473.  
   of the church-going bell, 358.  
   of thunder heard remote, 183.  
   of woman's praise, 523.  
   out-vociferize even, itself, 244.  
   persuasive, 257.  
   pipes and whistles in his, 44.  
   same, is in my ears, 417.  
   silence where no, may be, 512.  
   so fine, 491.  
   soothed with the, 225.  
   stuns with thundering, 339.  
   sweet is every, 551.  
   the clarion fill the fife, 453.  
   the loud timbrel, 460.  
   the trumpet beat the drums, 233.  
   uncertain, trumpet give an, 614.  
   which makes us linger, 478.  
   winter loves a dirge-like, 408.  
   words of thundering, 341.
- Sounded all the depths, 74.  
 Sounder piece of British manhood, 506.  
 Sounding brass, 614.  
   cataract haunted me, 406.  
   on, went, 421.
- Sounds as a sullen bell, 62.  
   blowing martial, 180.  
   concord of sweet, 41.  
   melodious, on every side, 210.  
   of music creep in our ears, 40.  
   rural, not rural sights alone, 359.  
   sympathy with, 363.
- Sour, every sweet its, 582.  
   grapes, have eaten, 605.  
   lofty and, 75.  
   misfortune's book, 82.
- Source of all my bliss, 342.  
   of human offspring, 189.  
   of sympathetic tears, 323.
- Sour-complexioned man, 157.  
 South and southwest side, 215.  
   full of the warm, 502.
- Sovereign among soldiers, 454.  
   heaven's, 264.  
   here lies our, 235.
- Sovereign law sits empress, 373.  
   Magna Charta will have no, 10.  
   o'er transmuted ill, 312.  
   of sighs and groans, 32.  
   reason, noble and most, 112.  
   sway and masterdom, 91.  
   when I forget my, 393.
- Sovereignest thing on earth, 58.  
 Sovereigns, dead but sceptred, 484.  
   name ourselves its, 484.
- Sow for him build for him, 405.  
   thy seed in the morning, 601.  
   wrong, by the ear, 651.  
   ye are like to reap, as you, 219.
- Soweth here with toil and care, 424.  
   whatsoever a man, 615.
- Space and time, annihilate but, 284.  
 Spacious firmament on high, 251.  
 Spade a spade, call a, 624.  
 Spades emblems of untimely graves,  
   332.
- Spain's chivalry, 490.  
 Spake as a child, 614.  
   ful fayre and fetisly, 1.  
   the seraph Abdiel, 191.
- Span, dwindled to the shortest, 377.  
   less than a, 141.  
   life is but a, 585.
- Spangled heavens, 251.  
 Spangling the wave, 452.  
 Spaniel, hound or, 123.
- Spanish blades, ambuscadoes, 78.  
   fleet thou canst not see, 379.  
   or neat's leather, 218.
- Spanking Jack was so comely, 381.
- Spare Fast, 206.  
   my aching sight, 328.  
   that tree, woodman, 527.  
   the beechen tree, 445.  
   the rod, 218, 648.
- Spared a better man, better, 62.
- Spareth his rod, he that, 596.
- Spark, human, is left, 286.  
   illustrious, 358.  
   instinct with music, 404.  
   of beauty's heavenly ray, 480.  
   of heavenly flame, 288.  
   of that immortal fire, 479.  
   proud conceited talking, 332.
- Sparkled was exhaled, 264.
- Sparkling and bright, 542.  
   with a brook, 491.
- Sparks fly upward, as the, 589.  
   of fire, glow like the, 164.  
   of fury, why flash those, 296.
- Sparrow, caters for the, 42.  
   fall or hero perish, 268.  
   providence in the fall of a, 120.
- Speak after the manner of men, 612.  
   and purpose not, 121.  
   by the card, 118.

- Speak comfort to that grief, 30.  
   daggers to her, 114.  
   from your folded papers, 545.  
   gently 't is a little thing, 569.  
   grief that does not, 98.  
   he never so rudely, 2.  
   if any, for him have I offended, 86.  
   in public on the stage, 394.  
   it profanely, not to, 112.  
   it was my hint to, 126.  
   labour what to, 139.  
   let him now, 618.  
   lips are now forbid to, 508.  
   low if you speak love, 27.  
   me fair in death, 40.  
   more in a minute, 80.  
   of me as I am, 131.  
   patience, all men's office to, 30.  
   right on, I only, 87.  
   something good, the worst, 160.  
   to me as to thy thinkings, 128.  
   too coldly, thou think'st I, 459.  
   which no one can, 425.  
   with most miraculous organ, 110  
 Speaker, Mr., shall we shut the door,  
   306.  
   no other, of my living actions, 75.  
 Speaking things they ought not, 616.  
   thought him still, 192.  
 Speaks an infinite deal of nothing, 36.  
   angels listen when she, 235.  
   to my spirit of thee, 482.  
 Spear, Ithuriel with his, 190.  
   snatched the, 381, 449.  
   to equal the tallest pine, 179.  
 Spears into pruning-hooks, 603.  
 Special, loved gold in, 2.  
   providence, 120  
   wonder, without our, 97.  
 Spectacle of human happiness, 428.  
   so ridiculous, no, 520.  
 Spectacles of books, 231.  
   on nose and pouch on side, 44.  
 Spectators, pleasure to the, 522.  
 Spectatum veniunt, 3.  
 Spectre-doubts, dispel ye, 442.  
 Speculation in those eyes, 96.  
 Speech be always with grace, 615.  
   day unto day uttereth, 591.  
   is human silence is divine, 648.  
   is like cloth of Arras, 648.  
   is shallow as time, 506  
   is silvern silence is golden, 648.  
   is truth, 449.  
   made to open man to man, 266.  
   mend your, a little, 121.  
   plainness of, 614.  
   poetry of, 476.  
   rude am I in my, 125.  
   rude in, though I be, 614.  
   thought deeper than, 563.  
 Speech to conceal thoughts, 632.  
   true use of, 346.  
   was given to ordinary men, 266.  
   wed itself with, 552.  
   when thought is, 449.  
 Speeches, men's charitable, 141.  
 Speed, add wings to thy, 184.  
   be wise with, 266.  
   the going guest, 282.  
   the parting guest, 291.  
   the soft intercourse, 286.  
   to-day put back to-morrow, 13.  
 Spell, trance or breathed, 207.  
 Spells, lime-twigs of his, 202.  
   talismans and, 364.  
 Spence, Sir Patrick, ballad of, 436.  
 Spend another such a night, 70.  
   or lend or give, 285.  
   to, to give to want, 13.  
 Spending, getting and, 410.  
 Spenser, lie a little nearer, 168.  
 Spent dayes that might be better, 13.  
   them not in toys, 173.  
   under the devil's belly, 576.  
   what we, we had, 582.  
 Spirit, never drink no, 565.  
 Sphere, all quit their, 269.  
   of our sorrow, 494.  
   she just began to move in, 350.  
   two stars in one, 62.  
 Sphere-descended maid, 336.  
 Spheres, shake the, 224.  
   music of the, 645.  
   stars shot madly from their, 34.  
   start from their, 106.  
 Spice of life, variety is the, 361.  
 Spices grow, hills where, 255.  
 Spick and span new, 648.  
 Spicy shore of Arabia the blest, 187.  
   nut-brown ale, 205.  
 Spider and the fly, 529.  
   much like a subtle, 145.  
 Spider's touch, 269.  
 Spider-like we feel, 228  
 Spiders, half-starved, 353.  
   lately had two, 247.  
 Spies, sorrows come not single, 117.  
 Spigot wield, wilt thou the, 22.  
 Spills itself in fearing to be spilt, 117.  
 Spin, toil not neither do they, 608  
 Spinning sleeps on her soft axle, 193.  
 Spins, Lord Fanny, 282.  
 Spinsters and knitters in the sun, 50.  
 Spires, watch the three tall, 550.  
   whose silent finger, 422.  
   ye distant, 325.  
 Spirit, Brutus will start a, 84.  
   chased, are with more, 38.  
   clear, doth raise, 203.  
   Creator drew his, 224.  
   ditties of no tone, 503.

- Spirit, ere my fainting, fell, 484.  
   exhilarate the, 359.  
   extravagant and erring, 101.  
   fair, rest thee now, 496.  
   fairer, or more welcome shade, 293.  
   full of, as the month of May, 60.  
   giveth life the letter killeth, 614.  
   haughty, before a fall, 597.  
   hies to his confine, 101.  
   holiday-rejoicing, 430.  
   humble tranquil, 166.  
   ill, have so fair a house, 20.  
   indeed is willing, 610.  
   independence, 337.  
   meek and quiet, 617.  
   motions of his, are dull as night, 41.  
   no, dares stir abroad, 101.  
   not of the letter but the, 614.  
   of a youth, morning like the, 133.  
   of health or goblin damned, 105.  
   of heaviness, 605.  
   of judgment, some shallow, 67.  
   of liberty, pardon something to the,  
   349.  
   of man is divine, all save the, 480.  
   of mortal be proud, 429.  
   of my dream, change o'er the, 483.  
   of self-sacrifice, 418.  
   of wine, O thou invisible, 123.  
   of youth in everything, 136.  
   one of the, 564.  
   or more welcome shade, 293.  
   pard-like, 493.  
   present in, 613.  
   rest perturbed, 108.  
   shall return unto God, 602.  
   sister, come away, 288.  
   sits in a foggy cloud, 97.  
   so profound, he felt with, 417.  
   speaks to my, of thee, 482.  
   strongest and fiercest, 181.  
   that could be moved to smile, 84.  
   that fought in heaven, 181.  
   that loved thee, wounded the, 531.  
   the accusing, 322.  
   the least erected, 180.  
   thy father's, 106.  
   to bathe in fiery floods, 25.  
   unwearied, best conditioned and,  
   39.  
   vanity and vexation of, 600.  
   walks of every day, 263.  
   which is able to raise mortals, 466.  
   which would drag angels down,  
   466.  
   with one fair, 477.  
   wounded, who can bear, 597.  
 Spiritalis enim virtus, 140.  
 Spiriting, do my, gently, 19.  
 Spirits are not finely touched, 23.  
   can either sex assume, 179.  
 Spirits, choice and master, 86.  
   defied by our own, 405.  
   from the vasty deep, 60.  
   light, wins from toil, 331.  
   love in heavenly, 11.  
   of great events, 437.  
   of just men made perfect, 616.  
   of the wise sit in the clouds, 63.  
   our actors were all, 20.  
   twain have crossed, 578.  
 Spirit-stirring drum, 130.  
 Spiritual creatures, millions of, 189.  
   grace, inward and, 618.  
 Spit in my face, 59.  
   they will, when they are out, 46.  
   upon my Jewish gaberdine, 37.  
 Spite, in erring reason's, 270.  
   in learned doctors', 499.  
   O cursed, 108.  
   of all my grief revealing, 584.  
   of criticising elves, 353.  
   of my teeth, 642.  
   of nature and their stars, 216.  
   of pride, 270.  
   of scorn, 130.  
   the world, reckless what I do to, 95.  
 Spleen about thee, mirth and, 252.  
   meditative, 422.  
 Splendid in ashes, 177.  
   sight to see, 471.  
 Splendidly null, 554.  
 Splendour through the sky, 439.  
 Splenitive and rash, 119.  
 Split the ears of groundings, 112.  
 Spoil of me, villainous company the, 60.  
   the child, 218, 648.  
 Spoils and stratagems, is fit for, 41.  
   of nature, rich with the, 177.  
   of time, rich with the, 329.  
   the pleasure of the time, 96.  
   to the victors belong the, 494.  
 Sponge, drink no more than a, 572.  
 Spoon, must be a, 513.  
   must have a long, 642.  
 Spoons, count our, 316.  
 Sport an hour with beauty's chain,  
   460.  
   not worth the candle, 161.  
   of bearbaiting gave offence, 522.  
   that wrinkled care derides, 204.  
   to have the engineer, 117.  
   with Amaryllis in the shade, 203.  
   would be as tedious as to work, 57.  
 Sports, joy of youthful, 478.  
   like these, 338.  
   of children, 338.  
 Sporus feel, can, 281.  
 Spot is cursed, the, 406.  
   leave this barren, 445.  
   out damned, 98.  
   plant on his peculiar, 270.

- Spot, stir of this dim, 198.  
 which men call earth, 198.
- Spots, leopard change his, 605.  
 of sunny openings, 491.  
 quadrangular, 362.
- Spread his sweet leaves, 77.  
 the thin oar, 271.  
 the truth from pole to pole, 251.  
 yourselves, masters, 34.
- Spreading himself, 592.
- Spreads his light wings, 286.  
 his orient beams, 189.
- Spring, come gentle, 301.  
 comes slowly up this way, 433.  
 companions of the, 377.  
 from haunted, 207.  
 full of sweet days, 160.  
 in the, a livelier iris, 548.  
 infants of the, 104.  
 of love, 21, 432.  
 of woes unnumbered, 290.  
 Pierian, taste not the, 276.  
 slow stream or pebbly, 437.  
 supplies another race, 291.  
 unlocks the flowers, 463.  
 visit the mouldering urn, 367.
- Springs to catch woodcocks, 105.
- Springs, joy's delicious, 471  
 Helicon's harmonious, 326.  
 steeds to water at those, 134.
- Spring-time's harbinger, 153.
- Spur, fame is the, 203.  
 to prick the sides of my intent, 92.
- Spurned by the young, 513.
- Spurns that patient merit takes, 111.
- Spurs the lated traveller, 96.
- Spy, knowledge is sorrow's, 170.
- Squadron in the field, 124.
- Squander time, do not, 310.
- Square, all round the, 513.  
 grows a glimmering, 551.  
 I have not kept, 132.
- Squat like a toad, 189.
- Squeak and gibber, 101.  
 as naturally as pigs, 215.
- Squeaking of the vry-necked fife, 38.
- Squeezing of a lemon, in the, 346.
- Squirrel joiner or old grub, 78.
- Stabbed with a white wench's black  
 eye, 80.
- Stable, good horse in the, 346.
- Staff of life, 233, 246.  
 of my age my very prop, 38.  
 of this broken reed, 604.  
 stay and the, 603.  
 thy rod and thy, 592.
- Stage, agree on the, 379.  
 after a well-graced actor leaves the,  
 56.  
 all the world's a, 44.  
 amused his riper, 271.
- Stage, found only on the, 488.  
 frets his hour upon the, 100.  
 natural on the, 343.  
 played upon a, if this were, 51.  
 poor degraded, 499.  
 speak in public on the, 394.  
 the earth is a, 170.  
 the wonder of our, 148.  
 veteran on the, 312.  
 well-trod, then to the, 205.  
 where every man must play a part,  
 36.
- Stagers, old cunning, 218.
- Stages, in our latter, 371.  
 where'er his, 324.
- Stagirite, that stout, 430.
- Stain, incapable of, 182.  
 like a wound, felt a, 350.  
 my man's cheeks, 122.
- Stains the white radiance, 493.
- Stairs, I came up, into the world, 257.  
 kick me down, 390.
- Stake, honour's at the, 117.  
 I am tied to the, 123.
- Stakes were thrones, 485.
- Stale flat and unprofitable, 102.
- Stalk, four red roses on a, 71.  
 withering on the, 417.
- Stalked off reluctant, 300.
- Stalled ox and hatred, 597.
- Stamford fair, bullocks at, 64.
- Stamp and esteem of ages, 234.  
 not the king's, 388.  
 of fate, 290.  
 of nature, use can almost change  
 the, 116.
- Stamped, I that am rudely, 69.
- Stand and wait, they serve who, 208.  
 before mean men, shall not, 598.  
 by uniting we, 368.  
 how if a' will not, 28.  
 in pause, 115.  
 like greyhounds in the slips, 65.  
 more for number, 25.  
 not upon the order of your going,  
 97.  
 still my steed, 537.  
 the hazard of the die, 72.  
 to doubt, never, 166.  
 to your glasses steady, 569.  
 united we, 527.
- Standard of the man, 256.  
 unfurled her, 498.
- Standeth, thinketh he, 614.
- Standing on this pleasant lea, 410.  
 pond, mantle like a, 36.  
 pool, green mantle of the, 122.  
 upon the vantage ground, 137.  
 with reluctant feet, 537.
- Stands as never it stood, wind, 6.  
 not within the prospect of belief, 70.

- Stands on tiptoe, religion, 161.  
   ready to smite once, 204.  
   Scotland where it did, 98.  
   so, the statue, 302  
   tiptoe, jocund day, 81.  
   upon a slippery place, 53.  
 Stanhope's pencil writ, 267.  
 Stanley. on, 450.  
   Sir Hubert, 304.  
 Stanza, who pens a, 280.  
 Staple of his argument, 33.  
 Star, a bright particular, 47.  
   a single diamond, 519.  
   constant as the northern, 86.  
   desire of the moth for the, 494.  
   dropped like a falling, 181.  
   every fixed, give a name to, 31.  
   fair as a, 403.  
   for every state, 523.  
   heart that lurks behind a, 282.  
   in bigness as a, 185.  
   in its embrace, had caught a, 567.  
   light of the Mæonian, 278.  
   lovers love the western, 447.  
   man is his own, 150.  
   of dawn, a later, 404.  
   of empire, westward the, 260.  
   of life's tremulous ocean, 469.  
   of peace return, 443.  
   of smallest magnitude, 185.  
   of the unconquered will, 536.  
   our life's, 420.  
   pins it with a, 519.  
   round and perfect as a, 569.  
   stay the morning, 435.  
   that bids the shepherd, 199.  
   that ushers in the even, 136.  
   thy soul was like a, 413.  
   twinkling of a, 219.  
   whose beam so oft, 460.  
 Star-chamber matter of it, 21.  
 Stargers, stupid, 272.  
 Star-eyed science, 442.  
 Starlight, glittering, 189.  
 Star-like eyes, 154.  
 Starry cope of heaven, 190.  
   Galileo with his woes, 476.  
   girdle of the year, 441.  
   host, that led the, 188.  
   skies and cloudless climes, 482.  
   sky, silence in the, 407.  
 Stars are in the quiet skies, 525.  
   battlements bore, 421.  
   beauty of a thousand, 18.  
   blesses his, 249.  
   blossomed the lovely, 538.  
   branch-charmed by the earnest,  
   502.  
   build beneath the, 265.  
   cut him out in little, 81.  
   doubt thou the, are fire, 108.  
 Stars, fairest of, 190.  
   fault is not in our, 84.  
   fell like, 439.  
   fought against Sisera, 587.  
   glows in the, 269.  
   have lit the welkin dome, 498.  
   have their time to set, 496.  
   hide their diminished heads, 187.  
   hide your diminished rays, 275.  
   in earth's firmament, 536.  
   in empty night, sink those, 439.  
   in spite of their, 216.  
   in their courses, 587.  
   innumerable as the, 191.  
   kings are like, 492.  
   look on the sea, 525.  
   morning, sang together, 590.  
   of glory there, set the, 498.  
   of midnight shall be dear, 405.  
   of morning dewdrops, 191.  
   powdered with, 192.  
   repairing, other, 192.  
   seen in the galaxy, 192.  
   sentinel, set their watch, 414.  
   shall fade away, 250.  
   shine aloft like, 423.  
   shooting, attend thee, 164.  
   shot madly from their spheres, 34.  
   start from their spheres, 106.  
   that round her burn, 251.  
   two, keep not their motion, 62.  
   unutterably bright, 492.  
   were more in fault than they, 241.  
   which night's blue arch adorn, 372.  
 Star-spangled banner, 491.  
 Start of the majestic world, 83.  
   straining upon the, 65.  
 Started like a guilty thing, 101.  
 Startles at destruction, 250.  
 Starts, by, 't was wild, 336.  
   everything by, 222.  
 Starve in ice, 184.  
   with nothing, 37.  
 Star-y-pointing pyramid, 208.  
 State, broken with the storms of, 74.  
   eruption to our, 101.  
   expectancy and rose of the, 112.  
   falling with a falling, 289.  
   for every star, 523.  
   great plot of, 232.  
   hides from himself his, 311.  
   high and palmy, of Rome, 101.  
   in Rome, devil to keep, 84.  
   in sober, 347.  
   in whatsoever, I am, 615.  
   man at his best, 592.  
   my business in this, 26.  
   of life, duty in that, 618.  
   of man like a little kingdom, 85.  
   of man, this is the, 73.  
   of nature, war was the, 348.

- State of war by nature, 245.  
 pillar of, seemed a, 182.  
 ruin or rule the, 221.  
 scandal waits on greatest, 135.  
 some service, done the, 131.  
 thousand years to form a, 472.  
 what constitutes a, 373.  
 without king or nobles, 517.
- State's collected will, 373.  
 decrees, mould a mighty, 553.
- Stately and tall he moves, 530.  
 homes of England, 495.
- States dissevered discordant, 466.  
 indestructible, 524.  
 move slowly, 141.  
 saved without the sword, 525.  
 shaker of o'er-rank, 153.  
 walls do not make, 373.
- Statesman and buffoon, 222.  
 too nice for a, 342.  
 yet friend to truth, 276.
- Statesmen at her council, 547.  
 minds of some of our, 462.
- Station, like the herald Mercury, 115.  
 post of honour is a private, 250.
- Statists hold it baseness to write fair,  
 120.
- Statuaries loved to copy, 520.
- Statue by his touch grew into youth,  
 466.  
 grows, more the, 570.  
 that enchants the world, 302.
- Statue-like repose, 546.
- Stature, each man makes his own, 265.  
 undepressed in size, 414.
- Stay and the staff, 603.  
 I ask not to, 468.  
 of bread, the whole, 603.  
 O stay, 457.  
 who saw to wish her, 193.
- Steadfast as the scene, 409.
- Steady temper, 249.
- Steal a few hours from the night, 458.  
 a shive of a cut loaf, 77.  
 as gypsies do, 379.  
 away, give little warning, 374.  
 away their brains, 128.  
 away your hearts, 87.  
 convey the wise it call, 22.  
 from the world, 288.  
 immortal blessing from her lips, 81.  
 my thunder, 240.  
 us from ourselves away, 284.
- Stealing and giving odour, 48.  
 hands from picking and, 618.  
 still so gently o'er me, 584.
- Steals from the thief, 126.  
 my purse steals trash, who, 128.
- Stealth, do good by, 282.
- Steam, unconquered, 372.
- Steam-engine in trousers, 427.
- Steed, farewell the neighing, 130.  
 mounts the warrior's, 447.  
 stand still my, 537.  
 that knows his rider, 473.  
 threatens steed, 66.
- Steeds, mounting barbed, 69.  
 to water at those springs, 134.
- Steel, as with triple, 183.  
 couch of war, flinty and, 126.  
 foemen worthy of their, 451.  
 grapple with hooks of, 104.  
 grapple with hoops of, 104.  
 heart is true as, 35.  
 heart with strings of, 115.  
 in complete, 17, 105, 200.  
 locked up in, naked though, 68.  
 my man is true as, 80.  
 no workman, 463.
- Steep and thorny way, 104.  
 my senses in forgetfulness, 63.  
 of Delphos, 207.  
 o'er bog or, 185.  
 where fame's proud temple shines,  
 366.
- Steeped me in poverty, 130.  
 to the lips in misery, 540.
- Steeple, looking at the, 487.
- Steeple point to the sky, 438.
- Steepy mountains, 17.
- Steer from grave to light, 227.  
 happily to, 273.  
 my bark and sail, 293.  
 right onward, 209.
- Stem, moulded on one, 85.
- Stenches, two-and-seventy, 436.
- Step above the sublime, 370.  
 aside is human, 386.  
 more true, foot more light, 450.  
 to the music of the Union, 517.
- Stephen Sly, 47.
- Stepped so far in blood, 97.
- Stepping o'er the bounds, 82.
- Stepping-stones, may rise on, 551.
- Steps, beware of desperate, 364.  
 brushing with hasty, 330.  
 echo of the sad, 422.  
 grace was in all her, 193.  
 hear not my, 93.  
 I follow with bosom bare, 337.  
 Lord directeth his, 597.  
 morn her rosy, advancing, 190.  
 of glory, who track the, 482.  
 pilgrim, in amice gray, 197.  
 to support uneasy, 179.  
 tread with cautious, 310.  
 were higher that they took, 223.  
 what ghost invites my, 288.  
 with fainting, 342.  
 with wandering, and slow, 196.
- Sterile promontory, earth seems a, 109.
- Stern and rock-bound coast, 495.

- Stern god of sea, 209.  
     ruin's ploughshare, 386.  
 Stern'st good-night, gives the, 93.  
 Sterte out of his slepe to, 2.  
 Sterten to, but on hole for to, 3.  
 Stick, fell like the, 370.  
     fist instead of a, 215  
     on conversation's burrs, 545.  
 Sticking-place, screw your courage to  
     the, 92.  
 Stiff in opinions, 222.  
     thwack, with many a, 216.  
 Stiffen the sinews, 65.  
 Stile, I'm sitting on the, 541.  
 Still achieving still pursuing, 535.  
     an angel appear, 258.  
     and quiet conscience, 73  
     and serious thought, 417.  
     as night, attention, 183.  
     beginning never ending, 225.  
     destroying fighting still, 225.  
     govern thou my song, 192.  
     harping on my daughter, 103.  
     in thy right hand, 74.  
     sad music of humanity, 407.  
     small voice, 323, 588.  
     so gently o'er me stealing, 584.  
     soliciting eye, 121.  
     the wonder grew, 341.  
     to be neat still to be drest, 147.  
     waters, beside the, 592.  
 Stillness and the night, 40.  
     modest, and humility, 65.  
 Still-vexed Bermoothes, 19.  
 Stilly night, oft in the, 460  
     sounds, the hum of either army, 66.  
 Sting, death where is thy, 288, 614.  
     thee twice, have a serpent, 39.  
 Stinger, that is a, 648.  
 Stingeth like an adder, 598.  
 Stings, never feels the wanton, 24.  
     you for your pains, 261.  
 Stinks, well defined, 433.  
 Stir as life were in 't, 100.  
     fretful, unprofitable, 406.  
     it, the more thou, 573  
     of the great Babel, 332.  
     of this dim spot, smoke and, 198.  
     the fire, 332.  
     without great argument, 117.  
 Stirring, man fond of, 513.  
 Stirs the blood, for it, 562.  
 Stithy, foul as Vulcan's, 113.  
 Stoic fur, doctors of the, 202.  
     of the wools, 444.  
 Stoicism, the Romans call it, 249.  
 Stock of harmless pleasure, 315.  
 Stockings hung by the chimney, 445.  
 Stocks and stones, worshipped, 208.  
 Stolen, not wanting what is, 129.  
     sweets are best, 248.  
 Stolen the heart of a maiden, 458.  
     waters are sweet, 596.  
 Stomach, goes against my, 45.  
     my, is not good, 7.  
     of unbounded, 74.  
 Stomach's sake, wine for thy, 616.  
 Stone to beauty grew, 532.  
     a gift is as a precious, 597.  
     fling but a, the giant dies, 293.  
     leave no, unturned, 628.  
     lucky escape for the, 375.  
     many a rich, laid up, 146.  
     of the corner, head, 594.  
     raised not a, 504.  
     rolling, gathers no moss, 5, 647.  
     rolling his, up the mountain, 540.  
     set in the silver sea, 55.  
     tell where I lie, not a, 288.  
     underneath this, doth lie, 147.  
     unhewn and cold, 570.  
     violet by a mossy, 403.  
     walls do not a prison make, 172.  
     which the builders refused, 594.  
 Stones, inestimable, 71.  
     labour of an age in piled, 208.  
     music with the enamelled, 21.  
     nor wood make a state, 373.  
     of Rome to rise, 87.  
     of worth, like, 135.  
     prate of my whereabouts, 93.  
     sermons in, 42.  
     stocks and, worshipped, 208.  
 Stony limits cannot hold love out, 79.  
 Stood against my fire, 124.  
     among them but not of them, 475.  
     beside a cottage lone, 518.  
     fixed to hear, 192.  
     in Venice, 475.  
     sufficient to have, 186.  
     upon Achilles' tomb, 439.  
 Stools, between two, 637.  
     push us from our, 93.  
 Stoop, grief makes his owner, 53.  
     nearer when we, 421.  
 Stooped to truth, 281.  
 Stoops to folly, woman, 344.  
 Stop a hole, might, 119.  
     to sound what, she please, 113.  
 Stopping a bunghole, 119.  
 Store, basket and, 587.  
     heaven will bless your, 377.  
     in Paradise grows our, 505.  
     to increase his, 335.  
     unguarded, 274  
 Stored up in books, 211.  
 Stores as silent thought can bring, 416.  
 Storied urn, can, 328.  
     windows richly dight, 207.  
 Stories, great lords', 391.  
     long dull and old, 391.  
     of the death of kings, 56.

- Storm, directs the, 251, 285.  
   like gathering, 384.  
   midway leaves the, 341.  
   of war was gone, 401.  
   pelting of this pitiless, 122.  
   pilot that weathered the, 399.  
   rides upon the, 364.  
   sublime and terrible, 428.  
   that howls along the sky, 387.  
   that stood the, 456.
- Storms annoy, no loud, 313.  
   god of, give her to the, 544.  
   he sought the, 221.  
   of fate, struggling in the, 289.  
   of life, rainbow to the, 480.  
   of state, broken with the, 74.  
   may enter, the king cannot, 320.
- Stormy March has come, 516.  
   North, hills of the, 496.  
   winds do blow, 162, 443.
- Story being done, my, 126.  
   God bless you, 399.  
   honour is the subject of my, 83.  
   I have none to tell, 399.  
   locks in the golden, 77.  
   ne'er had been read in, 449.  
   of Cambuscan bold, 206.  
   of her birth, repeats the, 251.  
   of my life, questioned me the, 125.  
   of our days, shuts up the, 14.  
   some pretty, tell, 446.  
   teach him how to tell my, 126.  
   will not go down, 649.
- Stout Cortez with eagle eyes, 503.  
   courage will be put out, 14.  
   miles, twelve, 402.  
   not alive so, a gentleman, 62.  
   once a month, 227.
- Straight down the crooked lane, 513.
- Strain at a gnat, 609.  
   continuous and unbroken, 467.  
   governed by a, 408.  
   prophetic, something like, 207.  
   soft is the, 278.  
   that, again it had a dying fall, 48.
- Strained from that fair use, 80.  
   quality of mercy is not, 39.
- Straining harsh discords, 81.  
   his throat, 342.  
   upon the start, 65.
- Strains, heaven's melodious, 556.  
   soul-animating, 410.  
   that might create a soul, 201.
- Strand, American, 161.  
   India's coral, 463.  
   maypole in the, 306.  
   Naiad of the, 450.  
   on the Chian, 438.  
   wandering on a foreign, 448.
- Strange all this difference, 297.  
   bedfellows, 20.
- Strange but true, 490.  
   coincidence, 489.  
   cozenage, 229.  
   eruptions, breaks forth in, 59.  
   eventful history, that ends this, 44.  
   fellows, nature hath framed, 36.  
   it was passing strange, 126.  
   matters, men may read, 91.  
   something rich and, 19.  
   that men should fear, 86.  
   this is wondrous, 108.  
   truth is always, 490.
- Stranger in a strange land, 586.  
   surety for a, 596.  
   than fiction, truth is, 490.  
   yet to pain, 325.
- Strangers honoured by, 288.  
   I desire we may be better, 45.  
   mourned, by, 288.  
   to entertain, 616.
- Stratagem, nor take tea without a, 267.
- Stratagems and spoils, is fit for, 41.  
   which errors seem, 276.
- Stratford atte bowe, scole of, 1.
- Straw, quarrel in a, 117.  
   tickled with a, 271.  
   tilts with a, 415.  
   to see which way the wind is, 156.
- Strawberries, what Dr. Boteler said of, 157.  
   doubtless God could have made a better berry, 157.
- Straws, errors like, 228.  
   forms of hairs or, 280.
- Streakings of the morning light, 498.
- Stream at eve, by living, 303.  
   in smother numbers, 278.  
   left to the mercy of a rude, 73.  
   runs fast, 461.  
   summer eyes by haunted, 205.  
   thy, my great example, 171.  
   which overflowed the soul, 423.
- Streamed like a meteor, 327.
- Streamers waving, 198.
- Streaming splendour, 439.  
   to the wind, like a meteor, 180.
- Streams from little fountains, 394.  
   gratulations flow in, 244.  
   liquid lapse of murmuring, 193.  
   more pellucid, 408.  
   no resemblance with those, 171.  
   of dotage flow, 312.  
   of revenue gushed forth, 466.  
   passions are likened to floods and, 13.  
   run dimpling all the way, 281.
- Street, uttereth her voice in the, 595.
- Streets, a lion is in the, 599.  
   mourners go about the, 602.  
   when night darkens the, 179.
- Strength, all below is, 228.



- Strength be, as thy days so shall thy,  
587.  
excellent to have a giant's, 24.  
giant's unchained, 515.  
God-given, profaned the, 448.  
its ancient and natural, 353.  
king's name a tower of, 71.  
knowledge increaseth, 598.  
labour and sorrow is their, 594.  
lovely in your, 475.  
of nerve or sinew, 407.  
our castle's, will laugh a siege, 99.  
perfect in weakness, 614.  
to strength, they go from, 593.  
to the thought, adds, 260.  
tower of, 555.  
wears away, as my, 231.
- Strengthens our nerves, 351.  
with his strength, 270.
- Stretch every nerve, 307.  
out to the crack of doom, 98.
- Stretched metre of an antique song,  
135.  
on the rack, 285.  
upon the plain, 470.
- Strewed thy grave, 119.
- Striding the blast, 92
- Stricken deer go weep, let the, 114.
- Strife, clubs typical of, 362.  
dare the elements to, 481.  
madding crowd's ignoble, 329.  
no, to heal, 408.  
of tongues, 592.  
of truth with falsehood, 564.
- Strike, afraid to, 281.  
but hear, 633.  
delayed to, 195.  
for your altars, 500.  
mine eyes but not my heart, 147.  
no planets, 101.  
the blow, themselves must, 472.  
while the iron is hot, 648.
- Striking the electric chain, 475.
- String attuned to mirth, 512.  
moderation is the silken, 146.  
warbled to the, 206
- Strings, harp of thousand, 255.  
of steel, heart with, 115.  
two, to his bow, 650.
- Stripes, forty, save one, 614.
- Strive here for mastery, 185.  
mightily, 47.
- Striving to better, oft we mar, 121.
- Stroke a nettle, 261  
feel the friendly, 256.  
some distressful, 126.
- Strokes, calumnious, 104.  
many, with a little axe, 69.
- Strong as death, love is, 602.  
as flesh and blood, 417.  
battle not to the, 601.
- Strong drink is raging, 597.  
for service still, 360.  
in death, ruling passion, 274.  
in honesty, I am armed so, 88.  
men, not two, 290.  
nor'wester's blowing, 431.  
only to destroy, 363.  
suffer and be, 533.  
things bad begun make themselves,  
96.  
upon the stronger side, 53.  
without rage, 171.  
ye are wondrous, 475.
- Stronger by weakness, 175.  
than my sex, 85.
- Strongest works in weakest bodies,  
116.
- Strongly it bears us along, 434.
- Struck eagle, so the, 470.
- Struggle, in a contemptible, 348.  
manhood is a, 530.  
of discordant powers, 349.
- Struggling in the storms, 289.
- Strumpet wind, 38.
- Strung with his hair, Apollo's lute, 32.
- Struts and frets his hour, 100.
- Stubble, built on, 201.  
land at harvest home, 57.
- Stubborn gift, 403.  
patience, 183.  
things, facts are, 337, 639.  
unlaid ghost, 200.
- Studded with stars, 492
- Student pale, turns no, 284.
- Studie was but litel, 2.
- Studied in his death, 90.
- Studies, still air of delightful, 210.
- Studious let me sit, 302.  
of change, desultory man, 359.  
of ease, 253.
- Study, a brown, 635.  
is a weariness of flesh, 602.  
labour and intent, 209.  
law's grave, 10.  
of a prince, war the only, 348.  
of imagination, creep into his, 29.  
of learning, enflamed with the, 210.  
of mankind is man, 270.  
of revenge immortal hate, 178.  
to be quiet, 615.  
what you most affect, 47.
- Stuff as dreams are made on, 20.  
disposer of other men's, 143.  
life is made of, 310.  
made of penetrable, 115.  
perilous, which weighs upon the  
heart, 99.  
should be made of sterner, 87.  
skimble-skamble, 60.  
the head with reading, 285.
- Stuffs out his vacant garments, 53.

- Stumbling on abuse, 80.  
 Stuns, Niagara, 339.  
 Stupendous manner, awfully, 335.  
     whole, one, 269.  
 Stupid starers, 272.  
 Sty, fattest hog in Epicurus', 390.  
 Style is a man's own, 633.  
     is the dress of thoughts, 298.  
     of man, highest, 264.  
     refines, how the, 278.  
 Subdue, disease that must, 270.  
     what will not time, 292.  
 Subdued by time, 292.  
     to what it works in, 136.  
 Subdues mankind, surpasses or, 474.  
 Subject not a slave, 403.  
     of all verse, 148.  
     of my story, honour is the, 83.  
     such duty as the, owes, 47.  
     unlike my, 269.  
     we know a, 317.  
 Subject's duty is the king's, 66.  
     soul is his own, 66.  
 Subjection, implied, 188.  
 Subjects wise, were their, 363.  
 Sublime a thing to suffer, 536.  
     and the ridiculous, 370.  
     in his simplicity, 554.  
     tobacco, 485.  
 Sublimely bad, 280.  
 Submission, yielded with coy, 188.  
 Substance might be called, 184.  
     of his greatness, 153.  
     of ten thousand soldiers, 72.  
     of things hoped for, 616.  
     true, proves the, 278.  
 Substantial honours, in more, 582.  
     smile, one vast, 558.  
     world, books are a, 417.  
 Suburb of the life elysian, 539.  
 Success, not in mortals to command,  
     249.  
     nothing succeeds like, 629.  
     secret of, is constancy, 530.  
     things ill got had ever bad, 69.  
     with his surcease, 91.  
 Successful soldier, 454.  
 Successive rise and fall, 291.  
     title long and dark, 222.  
 Successors gone before him, 21.  
 Succour dawns from heaven, 452.  
     us that succour want, 11.  
 Such a questionable shape, 105.  
     and so various, 334.  
     apt and gracious words, 32.  
     as sleep o' nights, 84.  
     master such man, 6.  
     mistress such Nan, 6.  
     things to be, 553.  
 Suck forth my soul, 18.  
     my last breath, 236.  
 Sucking dove, gently as any, 34.  
 Suckle fools and chronicle small beer,  
     127.  
 Suckled in a creed outworn, 410.  
 Sucklings, babes and, 591.  
 Sucks, where the bee, 21.  
 Sudden a thought came, 502.  
     and quick in quarrel, 44.  
     commendations, good at, 75.  
     thought strikes me, 399.  
 Suffer a sea change, 19.  
     and be strong, 536.  
     hell I, seems a heaven, 187.  
     hope of all who, 541.  
     those who inflict must, 493.  
     wet damnation, 149.  
     who breathes must, 243.  
 Sufferance, corporal, 25.  
     is the badge of all our tribe, 37.  
 Sufferer, best of men was a, 166.  
 Suffering, child of, 545.  
     doing or, 178.  
     ended with the day, 546.  
     sad humanity, 540.  
     tears to human, 408.  
     they learn in, 493.  
 Sufferings, to each his, 325.  
 Sufficiency, an elegant, 301.  
     to be so moral, no man's, 30.  
 Sufficient to have stood, 186.  
     unto the day, 608.  
 Suffusion from that light, 436.  
 Sugar o'er the devil himself, 110.  
 Suing long to bide, hell it is in, 13.  
 Suit lightly won, 449.  
     of sables, 113.  
     the action to the word, 112.  
 Suits of solemn black, 102.  
     of woe, trappings and the, 102.  
 Sulky sullen dame, 384.  
 Sullein mind, musing in his, 11.  
 Sullen dame, our sulky, 384.  
 Sullenness against nature, 210.  
 Sultans, poets are, 171.  
 Sum of all villainies, 309.  
     of earthly bliss, 193.  
     of human things, 376.  
     of more, giving thy, 42.  
 Summer, eternal, gilds them, 488.  
     eyes by haunted stream, 205.  
     friends, like, 160.  
     last rose of, 458.  
     life's a short, 312.  
     made glorious, 69.  
     nights, dews of, 367.  
     of her age, in the, 230.  
     of your youth, 323.  
     sweet as, 75.  
     thy eternal, shall not fade, 135.  
 Summer's cloud, like a, 97.  
     day, as one shall see in a, 34.

- Summer's day, hath a, 169.  
   heat, fantastic, 55.  
   morn, like a, 436.  
   noontide air, 183.  
   ripening breath, 79.  
 Summers raw inclement, 246.  
   this many, 73.  
 Summit, from the eastern, 389.  
   linger and play on its, 465.  
 Summon from the past, 537.  
   up remembrance, 136.  
   up the blood, 65.  
 Summons, when thy, comes, 515.  
   thee to heaven or hell, 93.  
   upon a fearful, 101.  
 Summum nec metuas diem, 196.  
 Sun, all except their, is set, 488.  
   and shade, through, 550.  
   awearry of the, 'gin to be, 100.  
   bales unopened to the, 263.  
   behold for the last time the, 466.  
   benighted under the midday, 200.  
   candle to the, 267, 637.  
   children of the, 267.  
   common, the air the skies, 331.  
   declines, our wishes lengthen as  
   our, 295.  
   dedicate his beauty to the, 77.  
   dewdrop from the, 419.  
   doubt the, doth move, 108.  
   dry, dry wind, 6.  
   early rising, 165.  
   fruit I bore was the, 628.  
   go down upon your wrath, 615.  
   goes round, take all the rest the,  
   175.  
   grow dim with age, 250.  
   hail the rising, 332.  
   half in, half in shade, 459.  
   hills ancient as the, 515.  
   hooting at the glorious, 434.  
   impearls on every leaf, 191.  
   in all his state, 546.  
   in his coming, meet the, 465.  
   in my dominions never sets, 467.  
   in the lap of Thetis, 218.  
   is a thief, 83.  
   Juliet is the, 78.  
   knitters in the, 50.  
   livery of the burnished, 38.  
   loss of the, 299.  
   low descending, 583.  
   magic potent over, 407.  
   more worshipped the rising, 332.  
   myself in Huncamunca's eyes, 307.  
   never sets in Spanish dominions,  
   437.  
   never sets on the empire, 454.  
   no new thing under the, 600.  
   no, no moon no morn, 514.  
   of heaven shall shine, 75.  
 Sun of righteousness, 606.  
   of York, 69.  
   passes through dirty places, 140.  
   pay no worship to the garish, 81.  
   pleasant the, 189.  
   pleasant to behold the, 601.  
   reflecting upon the mud, 140.  
   round the setting, 421.  
   setting, and music at the close, 55.  
   shadow in the, to spy my, 70.  
   shall not smite thee by day, 594.  
   shine sweetly on my grave, 566.  
   shineth upon the dunghill, 140.  
   shut doors against a setting, 82.  
   snatches from the, 83.  
   tapers to the, 332.  
   that side the, is upon, 459.  
   the worshipped, 77.  
   tinged by the rising, 509.  
   to me is dark, 197.  
   to-morrow's, may never rise, 257.  
   true as the dial to the, 220, 292.  
   unpolluted, 140.  
   upon an Easter-day, 162.  
   upon the upland lawn, 330.  
   walks under the midday, 200.  
   warms in the, 299.  
   which passeth through pollutions,  
   140.  
   whitens in the, 455.  
   with the setting, 181.  
   world without a, 441.  
 Sun's last rays are fading, 558.  
 Sunbeam in a winter's day, 299.  
   soiled by outward touch, 209.  
 Sunbeams, notes that people the, 205.  
   out of cucumbers, 246.  
 Sunday from the week divide, 101.  
   shines no Sabbath day, 280.  
 Sundays observe, 160.  
 Sundry contemplation of my travels,  
   45.  
 Sunflower turns on her god, 457.  
 Sung ballads from a cart, 228.  
   from morn till night, 354.  
 Sunium's marble steep, 488.  
 Sunless land, sunshine to the, 420.  
   sea, down to a, 435.  
 Sunlight drinketh dew, as, 548.  
 Sunneshine, flies of estate and, 160.  
 Sunny as her skies, 485.  
   openings, spots of, 491.  
   years, life formed of, 546.  
 Suns, light of setting, 407.  
   process of the, 549.  
   that gild the vernal morn, 372.  
 Sunset of life, 't is the, 442.  
   tree, come to the, 493.  
 Sunshine and in shade, in, 524.  
   aye shall light the sky, 559.  
   broken in the rill, 455.

- Sunshine in the shady place, 10.  
 makes 'em all sweet-scented, 566.  
 of the breast, 325.  
 settles on its head, 341.  
 soul's calm, 272.  
 to the sunless land, 420.
- Superfluity comes sooner by white  
 hairs, 37.
- Superfluous lags the veteran, 312.
- Supinely stay, fools, 382.
- Supped full with horrors, 100.
- Supper, man made after, 64.  
 nourishment called, 31.  
 what say you to such a, 490.
- Suppliance of a minute, 104.
- Supply, last and best, 275.
- Support and raise what is low, 178.  
 of the state governments, 369.
- Surcease, success with his, 91.
- Sure and certain hope, 619.  
 and firm-set earth, 93.  
 as a gun, 230.  
 assurance double, 98.  
 card, he 's a, 230.  
 card, this is a, 648.
- Surely you 'll grow double, 416.
- Surer to prosper, 181.
- Surety for a stranger, 596.
- Surface flow, straws upon the, 228.
- Surfeit reigns, crude, 201.  
 with too much, 37.
- Surfeiting the appetite may sicken, 48
- Surge may sweep, where'er the, 473.  
 whose liquid, resolves, 83.
- Surgery, honour no skill in, 61.  
 hurt past all, 128.
- Surges lash the shore, 278.
- Surrenders, dies but never, 633.
- Surpass, nothing earthly could, 486.
- Surpasses or subdues, 474.
- Surprise, that testified, 226.
- Surprises, millions of, 160.
- Survey, monarch of all I, 358.  
 our empire, 481.
- Survive or perish, live or die, 465.
- Suspects yet strongly loves, 129.
- Suspended oar, drip of the, 474.
- Suspicion, Cæsar's wife above, 624.  
 haunts the guilty mind, 69.  
 sleeps at wisdom's gate, 186.
- Swain, dull, treads on it daily, 201.  
 frugal, 335.  
 remote from cities lived a, 295.
- Swallow a camel, 609.  
 by flying, as the, 598.  
 that come before the, 52.
- Swallow's wings, flies with, 71.
- Swallow-flights of song, 552.
- Swam before my sight, 286.  
 in a gondola, 45.
- Swamps, Oswego spreads her, 339.
- Swan and shadow, float double, 412.  
 Mantuan, 356.  
 of Avon, sweet, 148.  
 on still St. Mary's lake, 412.  
 spreads his snowy sail, 516.
- Swan-like end fading in music, 39.  
 let me sing and die, 488.
- Swashing and martial outside, 41.  
 blow, remember thy, 77.
- Sway, above this sceptred, 40.  
 give sovereign, 91.  
 impious men bear, 250.  
 little rule a little, 299.  
 no limit to their, 481.  
 of magic potent, 407.  
 prevailed with double, 341.  
 required with gentle, 188.  
 sweeping whirlwind's, 327.  
 with absolute, 234.
- Swear an eternal friendship, 399.  
 by yonder blessed moon, 79.  
 I eat and eat, I, 67.  
 not by the moon, 79.  
 rant and, 228.  
 to the truth of a song, 241.
- Swearth to his own hurt, 591.
- Swears a prayer or two, 78.  
 with so much grace, 238.
- Sweat but for promotion, 42.  
 for duty not for meed, 42.  
 of thy face, in the, 586.  
 under a weary life, 111.
- Sweats to death. Falstaff, 58.
- Sweaty haste, 101.
- Sweep on you greasy citizens, 42.
- Sweeping whirlwind's sway, 327.
- Sweeps a room, who, 160.
- Sweet Afton, flow gently, 386.  
 Alice whose hair was so brown, 567.  
 all that 's, made to be lost, 459.  
 and bitter fancy, food of, 46.  
 and cunning hand, 49.  
 and fair she seems to be, 175.  
 and fair, so wondrous, 175.  
 and musical as Apollo's lute, 32.  
 and twenty, kiss me, 49.  
 and virtuous soul, 160.  
 and voluble is his discourse, 32.  
 are the uses of adversity, 42.  
 as English air could make her, 550.  
 as summer, 75.  
 as the primrose, 342.  
 as year by year, 505.  
 attractive grace, 188.  
 attractive kinde of grace, 8.  
 Auburn loveliest village, 339.  
 beautiful as, 264.  
 bells jangled out of tune, 112.  
 bitter past more welcome the, 48.  
 by distance made more, 336, 417.  
 childish days, 402.

- Sweet civilities of life, 226.  
 communion, 191.  
 counsel together, we took, 593.  
 cruelly, are the echoes, 563.  
 day so cool so calm, 160.  
 days and roses, 160.  
 discourse, Sydneian showers of, 169.  
 disorder in the dress, 165.  
 every, its sour, 582  
 far less, to live with them, 458.  
 food of knowledge, 16.  
 girl-graduates, 550.  
 in cadence, upon the ear, 333.  
 in discourse more, 183.  
 in his mouth, wickedness, 590.  
 influences of Pleiades, 591.  
 is every sound, 551.  
 is pleasure after pain, 225.  
 is revenge to women, 486.  
 is solitude, how passing, 358.  
 is the breath of morn, 189.  
 land of liberty, 546.  
 little cherub sits up aloft, 381.  
 milk of concord, 98.  
 mood, in that, 416.  
 morsel under his tongue, 233  
 musk-roses and with eglantine, 35.  
 not lasting, 194.  
 nothing half so, in life, 458.  
 Phosphor bring the day, 159.  
 poison for the age's tooth, 52.  
 poison of misused wine, 199.  
 reluctant amorous delay, 188.  
 repast and calm repose, 331.  
 revenge at first thought, 194.  
 shady side of Pall Mall, 333.  
 silent thought, sessions of, 136.  
 simplicity of the three per cents,  
 531.  
 smells al around, 11.  
 so coldly, so deadly fair, 479.  
 softly, in Lydian measures, 225.  
 sorrow, parting is such, 79.  
 sound, o'er my ear like the, 48.  
 south, o'er my ear like the, 48.  
 spring full of sweet days, 160.  
 stolen waters are, 596.  
 swan of Avon, 148.  
 the lily grows, how, 463.  
 the moonlight sleeps, 40.  
 their memory still, 364  
 to hear the watch-dog's bark, 486.  
 to make the end most, 54.  
 to wear a crown, 68  
 truly the light is, 601.  
 understanding, 31.  
 will, at his own, 410.  
 Sweeten my imagination, 123.  
 present joy, 507  
 this little hand, 99.  
 Sweetened every musk-rose, 201.  
 Sweetener of life, 300.  
 Sweeter for thee despairing, 388.  
 pains of love be, 230.  
 than the lids of Juno's eyes, 52.  
 thy voice, 551.  
 Sweetest eyes were ever seen, 557.  
 flowres in the Forrest, 12.  
 garland to the sweetest maid, 293.  
 melodies are those, 417.  
 Shakespeare, 205.  
 thing that ever grew, 402.  
 Sweetly, ful, in hire nose, 1.  
 played in tune, 388.  
 she bade me adieu, 324.  
 sing, brightly smile, 504.  
 uttered knowledge, 16.  
 Sweetness and light, 247.  
 in the desert air, 353.  
 instil a wanton, 303.  
 linked, long drawn out, 205.  
 loathe the taste of, 60.  
 of proportion, preserving the, 147.  
 on the desert air, 329.  
 Sweets compacted lie, where, 160.  
 diffuse their balmy, 344  
 feast of nectared, 201.  
 last taste of, is sweetest, 55.  
 lost in the, 294.  
 of Burn-mill meadow, 412.  
 of forgetfulness, 366.  
 stolen, are best, 248.  
 to the sweet, 119.  
 wilderness of, 191.  
 Swell bosom with thy fraught, 130.  
 music's voluptuous, 473.  
 the soul to rage, 225  
 Swelling and limitless billows, 434.  
 of the voiceful sea, 435.  
 Swells from the vale, 341.  
 the gale, note that, 331.  
 the note of praise, 328.  
 Swift as a shadow, 34.  
 expires 'a driveller, 312.  
 race is not to the, 601  
 too, arrives as tardy as too slow, 80.  
 true hope is, 71.  
 Swifter than weaver's shuttle, 589.  
 Swiftly glides the bonnie boat, 397.  
 Swiftness, curb his, 515.  
 never ceasing, 0, 142.  
 Swift-winged arrows of light, 358.  
 Swim before my sight, 286.  
 in, naughty night to, 122.  
 sink or, live or die, 465.  
 to yonder point, 83.  
 Swimmer in his agony, 487.  
 Swims or sinks or wades, 185.  
 Swine, pearls before, 608.  
 shear, all cry and no wool, 216.  
 too rich a pearl for carnal, 218.  
 Swinish gluttony, 202.

- Swinish multitude, 350.  
 Swoop, at one fell, 98.  
 Sword against nation, 603.  
   chase brave employment with a  
   naked sword, 160.  
   edge sharper than the, 134.  
   famous by my, 214.  
   fleshed thy maiden, 62.  
   glued to my scabbard, 149.  
   good, rust, 435.  
   has laid him low, another's, 442.  
   I with, will open, 22.  
   pen mightier than the, 525.  
   take away the, 525.  
   the avenging, unsheathe, 578.  
   the deputed, 24.  
 Swords into ploughshares, 603.  
   sheathed their, for lack of argu-  
   ment, 65.  
   ten thousand, 350.  
   twenty of their, 79.  
 Sworn twelve, 24.  
 Sydneian showers, 169.  
 Syene Meroe Nilotic isle, 196.  
 Syllable, chase a panting, 358.  
   men's names, 199.  
   of recorded time, to the last, 100.  
 Syllables govern the world, 156.  
   these equal, alone require, 277.  
 Sylvia in the night, except I be by, 21.  
 Sympathetic tear, 331.  
   tears, source of, 326.  
 Sympathy cold to distant misery, 355.  
   secret, the silver link, 448  
   with sounds in souls, 363.  
 Syrups, drowsy, of the world, 129.  
   lucent, 502.  
 System, faithful to their, 395.  
 Systems into ruin hurled, 268.  
  
 Table earth, whose, 485.  
   fall from their masters', 609.  
   head of the, 573.  
   of my memory, 107.  
   on a roar, set the, 119.  
   write it before them in a, 604.  
 Tables my tables, 107.  
   make it plain upon the, 606.  
   near a thousand, 402.  
   the marriage, 103.  
 Table-talk, serve for, 39.  
 Tackle trim, 198.  
 Tail, eel of science by the, 284.  
   horror of his folded, 207.  
   monstrous, our cat has got, 244.  
   of rhyme, dock the, 545.  
 Tailor lown, he called the, 127.  
 Tailor's news, swallowing a, 54.  
 Tails of both hung down behind, 426.  
 Tainted wether of the flock, 39.  
 Take all the rest, 175.  
  
 Take any shape but that, 97.  
   away the sword, 525.  
   care of the pence, 298.  
   each man's censure, 104.  
   heed lest he fall, 614.  
   her up tenderly, 514.  
   him for all in all, 103.  
   mine ease in mine inn, 60.  
   note take note, 130.  
   O boatman thrice thy fee, 578.  
   O take those lips away, 26.  
   physic pomp, 122.  
   snatch not, 273.  
   some savage woman, 549.  
   the current when it serves, 88.  
   the good the gods provide thee, 225.  
   the prisoned soul, 199.  
   thine ease eat drink, 611.  
   time enough, 297.  
   what Thou wilt away, 363.  
   who have the power, 411.  
   ye each a shell, 287.  
   you a button-hole lower, 33.  
 Taken, that which he hath shall be,  
   610.  
   to be well shaken, 392.  
 Takin' notes, a chiel's amang ye, 387.  
 Taking, what a, was he in, 23.  
 Taking-off, damnation of his, 92.  
 Tale, a plain, shall put you down, 59.  
   adorn a, or point a moral, 311.  
   an honest, speeds best, 71.  
   as 't was said to me, 447.  
   every, condemns me, 72.  
   every shepherd tells his, 204.  
   hope tells a flattering, 376.  
   in everything, find a, 416.  
   lest men suspect your, 295.  
   makes up life's, 435.  
   moon takes up the wondrous, 251.  
   must be told by moonlight, 529.  
   of Troy divine, 206.  
   old, and often told, 449.  
   or history, ever hear by, 33.  
   round unvarnished, 125.  
   schoolboy's, 472.  
   so sad so tender, 324.  
   tellen his, untrew, 2.  
   that I relate, 359.  
   that is told as a, 593.  
   their music tells, 459.  
   thereby hangs a, 43, 47.  
   't is an old, 449.  
   told by an idiot, 100.  
   told his soft, 247.  
   twice-told, tedious as a, 53.  
   unfold, I could a, 106.  
   which holdeth children, 16.  
   whoso shall telle a, 2.  
 Talent, his single, well employed, 313.  
 Tales, aged ears play truant at his, 32.

- Tales, if ancient, say true, 471.  
   of sorrow done, 340.  
   saddest of all, 490.  
   that to me were so dear, 508.
- Talismans and spells, 364.
- Talk, greatly wise to, 263.  
   how he will, 238.  
   is of bullocks, 607.  
   loves to hear himself, 80.  
   night is crept upon our, 88.  
   of dreams, true I, 78.  
   of graves of worms, 56.  
   of nothing but business, 633.  
   of nothing but high life, 344.  
   only to conceal the mind, 266.  
   spent an hour's, withal, 31.  
   too much, think too little and, 222.  
   who never think, they always, 241.  
   with our past hours, 263.  
   with, witty to, 163.  
   with you walk with you, 37.
- Talked, Lord how it, 152.  
   of me, I believe they, 259.
- Talking age, for, 339.  
   he will be, a good old man, 29.  
   spark, a conceited, 332.
- Talks of roaring lions, 52.
- Tall fellow, many a good, 53.  
   men had empty heads, 139.  
   oaks from little acorns, 394.  
   to reach the pole, so, 256.
- Tally, score and, no books but, 68.
- Tam was glorious, 384.
- Tame, no charm can, 234.  
   villatic fowl, 198.
- Tamer of the human breast, 326.
- Tangled web we weave, 450.
- Tangles of Neera's hair, 203.
- Taper glows, while yet the, 577.
- Taper's light, hope like the, 345.
- Tapers, answer ye evening, 545.  
   swim before my sight, 286.  
   to the sun, glimmering, 382.
- Tar water is of a nature so mild, 260.
- Tar's labour, cheers the, 485.
- Tara's halls, harp through, 456.
- Tardy as too slow, too swift as, 80.
- Tarnished gold, black with, 396.
- Tarry at Jericho, 588.
- Task, common, trivial round, 505.  
   delightful, 301.  
   is smoothly done, now my, 202.  
   whose sore, 101.
- Task-master's eye, 208.
- Tasks, most difficult of, 422.
- Tassels, larch has hung his, 496.
- Taste, choice of Attie, 203.  
   last, of sweets is sweetest last, 55.  
   never, who always drink, 241.  
   not handle not, 615.  
   of death but once, the valiant, 86.
- Taste of sweetness, loathe the, 60.  
   of your quality, give us a, 109.  
   sans, sans everything, 44.  
   with a little more, 576.  
   whose mortal, brought death, 178.
- Tasted, some books to be, 138.
- Tastes of men, various are the, 334.
- Tattered clothes, through, 124.  
   ensign down, tear her, 544.
- Tatters, tear a passion to, 112.
- Taught, afterward he, 2.  
   being, return to plague, 92.  
   but first he folwed it, 2.  
   by that power, 343.  
   by time, 292.  
   her dazzling fence, 202.  
   highly fed and lowly, 48.  
   me at last to forget thee, 531.  
   men must be, 278.  
   mind what I am, 446.  
   saints who, 293.  
   the wheedling arts, 294.  
   too much quickness to be, 274.  
   us how to die, 293.  
   us how to live, 293.
- Tavern or inn, a good, 317.
- Tawny lion, half appeared the, 192.
- Tax for being eminent, 247.  
   not you you elements, 122.
- Taxation, pressure of, 429.
- Taxed top, whips his, 428.
- Tea, some sipping, 409.  
   sometimes take, 279.  
   without a stratagem, 267.
- Teach bloody instructions, 92.  
   him how to live, 347.  
   in song, what they, 493.  
   me to feel another's woe, 288.  
   me to forget, 508.  
   souls to souls can never, 563.  
   the rest to sneer, 281.  
   the young idea, 301.  
   thee safety, ladyship is by to, 53.  
   us to number our days, 594.
- Teacher, let nature be your, 416.
- Teacher's doctrine sanctified, 414.
- Teaching by examples, 259.
- Teachings, list to nature's, 515.
- Team of little atomies, 78.
- Teapot, tempest in a, 633.
- Tear a passion to tatters, 112.  
   betwixt a smile and, 476.  
   drop a, 172, 305.  
   drying up a single, 489.  
   each others' eyes, 254.  
   every woe can claim a, 479.  
   for pity, he hath a, 64.  
   forgot as soon as shed, 325.  
   her tattered ensign down, 544.  
   in her eye, 449.  
   law which moulds a, 400.

- Tear, man without a, 444.  
 meed of some melodious, 203.  
 one particular, 136.  
 passage of an angel's, 503.  
 perhaps 't will cost a sigh a, 374.  
 recording angel dropped a, 322.  
 stain it with hypocritic, 505.  
 that flows for others' woes, 372.  
 sympathetic, 331.  
 gave to misery all he had a, 330.  
 that is wiped, 359.  
 that we shed, 456.  
 the groan the knell, 500.
- Tears, all her sorrow all her, 424.  
 all in vain, 568.  
 baptized in, child of misery, 372.  
 beauty smiling in her, 441.  
 beguile her of her, 126.  
 behold their, 578.  
 big round, in piteous chase, 42.  
 dim with childish, 417.  
 dip their wings in, 552.  
 down Pluto's cheek, 206.  
 due to human suffering, 408.  
 flattered to, 502.  
 fountain of sweet, 402.  
 from some divine despair, 551.  
 her humblest mirth and, 409.  
 her income, 159.  
 idle tears, 551.  
 if you have, prepare to shed them  
 now, 87.  
 leaves millions in, 562.  
 like Niobe all, 103.  
 love embalmed in, 451.  
 moon into salt, 83.  
 must stop for every drop, 514.  
 no, dim the sweet look, 536.  
 nor all your, wash out a word, 571.  
 nothing is here for, 198.  
 of bearded men, 449.  
 of boyhood's years, 460.  
 of the sky for loss of the sun, 299.  
 of woe, smiles of joy, 461.  
 parted in silence and, 470.  
 shall drown the wind, 92.  
 some natural, they shed, 196.  
 source of sympathetic, 326.  
 such as angels weep, 180.  
 that speak, 174.  
 thoughts too deep for, 421.  
 vale of, beyond this, 440.  
 wept away in transient, 546.  
 wept each other's, 534.  
 wet with unseen, 440.  
 wronged orphans', 149.
- Teche, and gladly, 2.  
 Techstone, war's red, 563.
- Tedious as a king, 29.  
 as a twice-told tale, 53.  
 as go o'er, returning as, 97.
- Tedious as to work, to sport as, 57.  
 Teeth are set on edge, 605.  
 drunkard clasp his, 149.  
 of time, 541.  
 sans eyes sans taste sans, 44.  
 skin of my, 590.  
 spite of my, 642.
- Tell a hundred, might, 103.  
 all my bones, 592.  
 how the truth may be, 447.  
 it not in Gath, 588.  
 me not in mournful numbers, 535.  
 me the tales, 508.  
 me where, gentle shepherd, 324.  
 them they are men, 325.  
 who can, save he, 481.
- Tellen his tale untrew, 2.  
 Tell-tale women, 71.
- Temper, blest with, 274.  
 justice with mercy, 195.  
 man of such a feeble, 83.  
 thy steady, 249.  
 touch of celestial, 190.  
 which bears the better, 67.  
 whose unclouded ray, 274.
- Temperance that may give smooth-  
 ness, 112.
- Temperate and furious in a moment,  
 94.  
 will, the reason firm the, 405.
- Tempers the wind, God, 322.
- Tempest in a teapot, 633.  
 itself lags behind, 358.  
 such calms after every, 127.  
 tracts of calm from, 554.
- Tempest's breath prevail, 473.
- Tempests, glasses itself in, 478.  
 roar, billows never break nor, 256.
- Tempestuous petticoat, 165.
- Temple built to God, 161, 650.  
 can dwell in such a, 20.  
 Fame's proud, 366.  
 hangs on Dian's, 76.  
 Lord's anointed, 94.  
 of Diana, burnt the, 177.  
 of silence, 522.
- Temples bare, my, 434.  
 dedicated to God, 465.  
 groves were God's first, 515.  
 of his gods, 523.  
 solemn, the great globe itself, 20.  
 swim before my sight, 286.
- Tempora mutantur, 274.
- Temporary safety, 310.
- Temptation, that endureth, 616.
- Tempted her with word too large, 29.
- Tempter, so glozed the, 194.
- Ten commandments, my, 67, 647.  
 hours to the world, 373.  
 low words in one dull line, 277.  
 upper, thousand, 511, 562.



- Ten winters more, ran he on, 230.  
 years' war, 237.
- Tenable in your silence, 103
- Tenantless, graves stood, 101.  
 save to the wind, 474.
- Tend to thee, we, 314.
- Tendance, spend in so long, 13.  
 touched by her fair, 193.
- Tender and so true, 324.  
 and true, Douglas, 16.  
 for another's pain, 325.
- Tenderest touch, we feel the, 228.
- Tenderly, take her up, 514.
- Tendrils strong, 417.
- Tenement of clay, 221.
- Teneriff or Atlas unremoved, 190.
- Tenets, his faith in some nice, 173.  
 with books, 274.
- Tenez voilà, dit-elle, 287.
- Tenor of his way, 347.  
 of their way, noiseless, 329.
- Tent, pitch my moving, 440.
- Tented field, action in the, 125.
- Tenth transmitter of a foolish face,  
 300.
- Tents, fold their, like Arabs, 537.  
 of wickedness, 593.  
 their silent, are spread, 569.
- Tenui Musam meditamur avena, 427.
- Termagant, o'er-doing, 112.
- Terms, good set, 43.  
 litigious, 210.
- Terrible as an army with banners, 602.  
 as hell, fierce as ten furies, 184.  
 he rode alone, 580.  
 man with a terrible name, 425.
- Terror, death armed with a new, 497.  
 in your threats, there is no, 88.  
 shadows have struck more, 72.  
 so spake the grisly, 184.
- Terrors, king of, 59).
- Test, bring me to the, 116.  
 of truth, ridicule the, 631.
- Testament as worldings, a, 42.  
 no furdur than my, 565.  
 of bleeding war, open the purple, 56.
- Tester I'll have in pouch, 22.
- Testimony, law and the, 603.
- Tetchy and wayward, 71.
- Tether time or tide, 384.
- Text, God takes a, 160.  
 many a holy, she strews, 330.  
 neat rivulet of, 379.
- Thais sits beside thee, lovely, 225.
- Thames, with no allaying, 172.
- Than I to Hercules, 103.
- Thane, your face my, 91.
- Thank God I am as honest as any  
 man, 29.  
 God you are rid of a knave, 28.  
 heaven fasting, 45.
- Thank me no thanks, 652.  
 the Eternal Power, 333.
- thee Jew for teaching me that  
 word, 40.  
 whom none can, 333.  
 you for your voices, 76.  
 you I owe you one, 332.
- Thanked, when I'm not, 337.
- Thankless arrant, 14.  
 child, to have a, 121.  
 inconsistent man, 263.  
 muse, meditate the, 203.
- Thanks and use, both, 23.  
 even poor in, 109.  
 for this relief much, 101.  
 of millions yet to be, 500.  
 the exchequer of the poor, 55.  
 words are but empty, 248.
- That ever I was born, 193.  
 has been and may be, 411.  
 's flat, 32, 61.  
 it should come to this, 102.  
 that is is, 51.  
 without or this or, 275.
- Theatre, as in a, 56.  
 world's a, the earth a stage, 170.
- Theban, this same learned, 123.
- Thebes or Pelops' line, 206.
- Thebes's streets, walked about in, 426.
- Thee, no living with, 252.
- Theirs but to do and die, 555.  
 not to make reply, 555.  
 not to reason why, 555.
- Theme, example as it is my, 171.  
 fools are my, 470.  
 glad diviner's, 222.  
 if on my, I rightly think, 571.  
 imperial, of the, 90.
- Themes, our wonted, 214.
- Theoric, bookish, 124.
- There is no death, 539.  
 is a reaper, 536.  
 is a silence, 512.  
 is nae sorrow there John, 395.  
 's the rub, 110.  
 neither here nor, 131.
- Thereby hangs a tale, 43, 47.
- These are thy glorious works, 190.
- Thespis professor of our art, 228.
- Thetis, in the lap of, 218.
- They conquer love that run away, 154.
- Thick and thin, through, 11, 223, 649.  
 as autumnal leaves, 179.
- Thick-coming fancies, 99
- Thick-ribbed ice, region of, 25.
- Thick-warbled notes, 197.
- Thief, apparel fits your, 26.  
 doth fear each bush an officer, 69.  
 each thing's a, 83.  
 earth's a, 83.  
 in the sworn twelve, 24.

- Thief**, moon 's an arrant, 83.  
 of time, procrastination the, 262.  
 steals something from the, 126.  
 sun 's a, the sea 's a, 83.  
 to the gallows, 218.  
 which the justice which the, 124.  
 yond justice rails upon yond, 124.
- Thievery**, I 'll example you with, 83.
- Thieves**, beauty provoketh, 41.  
 by the gusty, 514.
- Thigh**, smote them hip and, 587.
- Thighs**, cuisses on his, 61.
- Thin air**, melted into, 20.  
 and bare to hide offences, 75.  
 spun life, slits the, 203.  
 through thick and, 11, 223, 649.
- Thine enemy** hunger, if, 613.
- Thing**, acting of a dreadful, 85.  
 any good, out of Nazareth, 611.  
 as steadfast as the scene, 409.  
 became a trumpet, 410.  
 beguile the, I am, 127.  
 but one, is needful, 611.  
 churchyard, 502.  
 dares think one, 291.  
 dearest, he owed, 90.  
 devised by the enemy, 72.  
 each, his turn doth hold, 166.  
 each, is a thief, 83.  
 earth's noblest, 564.  
 enskyed and sainted, 24.  
 evil, that walks by night, 200.  
 excellent, in woman, 124.  
 explain a, 285.  
 fearful, to see, 483.  
 free and fetterless, 561.  
 highest, is truth, 3.  
 holiest, alive, 435.  
 how bitter a, it is, 46.  
 how divine a, 408.  
 how sublime a, it is, 536.  
 how sweet a, to wear a crown, 68.  
 if they have a good, 63.  
 ill-favoured, but mine own, 46.  
 in awe of such a, 83.  
 laugh at any mortal, 488.  
 little, a cup of water, 507.  
 little learning is a dangerous, 276.  
 lion among ladies is a dreadful, 35.  
 lovely and a fearful, 487.  
 meanest, that feels, 406.  
 never says a foolish, 235.  
 no new, under the sun, 600.  
 of beauty is a joy forever, 502.  
 of custom, 96.  
 of fortune, most dejected, 123.  
 of life, like a, 481.  
 of sea or land, 198.  
 of sin and guilt, 201.  
 order gave each, view, 72.  
 play 's the, 110.
- Thing**, so frail a, is man, 585.  
 sovereign'st, on earth, 58.  
 started like a guilty, 101.  
 sweetest, that ever grew, 402.  
 that 's quite another, 297.  
 the genteel, 346.  
 there 's no such, in nature, 236.  
 to one, constant never, 28.  
 too much of a good, 46, 572.  
 tremble like a guilty, 420.  
 two-legged, a son, 221.  
 undisputed, say'st an, 544.  
 was not done in a corner, 612.  
 we like, we figure the, 528.  
 what a charming, is a battle, 354.  
 which that shineth, 4.
- Things**, feinen, 2.
- Things**, all, in heaven and earth, 18.  
 all other, give place, 295.  
 all, that are, 38.  
 all thinking, 407.  
 all, to all men, 613  
 all, work together for good, 613.  
 are great to little man, 338.  
 are in the saddle, 533.  
 are not what they seem, 535.  
 are the sons of heaven, 314.  
 bad begun make strong themselves,  
 96.  
 beyond all use, 85.  
 bitterness of, from out the, 419.  
 by their right names, call, 397.  
 can such, be, 97.  
 cannot but remember such, 98.  
 compare great, with small, 638.  
 constant in all other, 27.  
 contests from trivial, 279.  
 day of small, 606.  
 done at the Mermaid, 152.  
 done decently and in order, 614.  
 else about her drawn, 404.  
 equal to all, 342.  
 evil, there is some goodness in, 66.  
 facts are stubborn, 337, 639.  
 feast of fat, 604.  
 fond of humble, 253.  
 former, grow old, 166.  
 God's sons are, 314.  
 good, will strive to dwell, 20.  
 great lord of all, 270.  
 hid, wherefore are these, 49.  
 hoped for, substance of, 616.  
 I ought, to do the, 446.  
 ill got had ever bad success, 69.  
 into the light of, 416.  
 laudable, write well in, 210.  
 leave all meaner, 268.  
 left undone those, 618.  
 less on exterior, 356.  
 looked unutterable, 301.  
 loose types of, 404.

- Things, loveliest of lovely, 516.  
 man's best, are nearest, 526.  
 mighty above all, 606.  
 more, in heaven and earth, 108.  
 not seen, evidence of, 616.  
 of good report, 615.  
 past, remembrance of, 136.  
 present seem worst, 63.  
 prove all, 615.  
 remembering happier, 549.  
 rolls through all, 407.  
 sad vicissitude of, 322.  
 sad vicissitudes of, 354.  
 seasoned by season, 41.  
 secret, belong unto the Lord, 587.  
 sense and outward, 420.  
 shews of, 140.  
 sum of human, 376.  
 that are and have been, 628.  
 that are made for our general uses,  
 150.  
 that ne'er were, 163.  
 that no gross ear can hear, 201.  
 that were, dream of, 472.  
 they ought not, speaking, 613.  
 think on these, 615.  
 though all, differ, 287.  
 through words and, 402.  
 time ordains for other, 209.  
 to come, giant mass of, 75.  
 two noblest, sweetness and light,  
 247.  
 unattempted, 178.  
 unfit for all, 342.  
 unhappy far-off, 411.  
 unknown forms of, 35.  
 unknown proposed, 278.  
 we ought to have done, 618.  
 when virtuous, proceed, 48.  
 which are Cæsar's, 609.  
 without all remedy, 95.  
 words are, 488.  
 Think him so because I think, 21.  
 how Bacon shined, 272.  
 it worth enjoying, 225.  
 may sigh to, 324.  
 naught a trifle, 267.  
 nobly of the soul, 51.  
 of that Master Brook, 23.  
 on, pleasant to, 163.  
 on these things, 615.  
 one thing, who dares, 291.  
 that day lost, 583.  
 the great unhappy, none, 266.  
 they talk who never, 241.  
 those that, must govern, 330.  
 to-morrow will repay, 229.  
 too little and talk too much, 222.  
 what you and other men, 83.  
 Thinketh in his heart, as he, 598.  
 let him that, he standeth, 614.  
 Thinking, idle waste of thought, 426.  
 makes it so, 109.  
 of the days that are no more, 551.  
 on fantastic summer's heat, 55.  
 on the frosty Caucasus, 55.  
 plain living and high, 413.  
 their own kisses sin, 81.  
 things, impels all, 407.  
 with too much, 274.  
 Thinkings, speak to me as to thy, 128.  
 Thinks like a sage, 525.  
 most lives most, who, 561.  
 shows what he, 76.  
 too much, he, 84.  
 what ne'er was, 277.  
 who, must mourn, 243.  
 Thin-spun life, slits the, 203.  
 Thirst, if he, give him drink, 613.  
 of praise, 356.  
 Thirsty fly, busy curious, 305.  
 soul, waters to a, 598.  
 Thirty days hath September, 579.  
 man a fool at, 262.  
 This above all, 105.  
 is a cock, 573.  
 was a man, 89.  
 Tomb of gold parde, had a, 2.  
 Thorn, beneath the milk-white, 389.  
 in the flesh, 614.  
 primrose peeps beneath the, 342.  
 rose without the, 166, 187.  
 why choose the ranking, 577.  
 withering on the virgin, 33.  
 Thorns, little wilful, 550.  
 that in her bosom lodge, 107.  
 touched by the, 457.  
 under a pot, crackling of, 600.  
 which I have reaped, 475.  
 Those dreadful urs, 545.  
 evening bells, 459.  
 graceful acts, 194.  
 that run away and fly, 217.  
 that think must govern, 339.  
 who inflict must suffer, 493.  
 who know thee not, 376.  
 Thou art all beauty, 256.  
 art gone from my gaze, 510.  
 art gone to the grave, 463.  
 art the man, 588.  
 canst not say I did it, 96.  
 ever strong upon the stronger side,  
 53.  
 great First Cause, 287.  
 little valiant great in villany, 53.  
 slave thou wretch thou coward, 53.  
 troublest me I am not in the vein,  
 71.  
 Though deep yet clear, 171.  
 I am native here, 105.  
 I say it that should not, 649.  
 last not least in love, 86.

- Though lost to sight, 510.  
 Thought, adds strength to the, 260.  
   all objects of all, 407.  
   almost say her body, 144.  
   as a sage, 366.  
   but ne'er so well expressed, 277.  
   came like a full-blown rose, 502.  
   chaos of, and passion, 270.  
   could wed itself, ere, 552.  
   deeper than all speech, 563.  
   destroyed by, 353.  
   dome of, 472.  
   eyes and eares and ev'ry, 9.  
   evil is wrought by want of, 513.  
   explore the, 282.  
   feeling deeper than all, 563.  
   for the morrow, take no, 608.  
   green, in a green shade, 232.  
   her dying when she slept, 512.  
   him still speaking, 192.  
   human, is the process, 465.  
   hushed be every, 419.  
   is speech, when, 449.  
   is the property of him who can  
     entertain it, 533.  
   is tired of wandering, 528.  
   leaped out, 552.  
   like a passing, 388.  
   like a pleasant, 404.  
   like dew upon a, 488.  
   loftiness of, 224.  
   more nigh, lie a, 168.  
   noon of, 374.  
   not one immoral, 321.  
   of convincing, 342.  
   of dining, 342.  
   of our past years, 420.  
   of tender happiness, 418.  
   of thee, one, 286.  
   pale cast of, 111.  
   perish that, 248.  
   pined in, 50.  
   pleasing dreadful, 250.  
   power of, 481.  
   pure in, as angels are, 401.  
   rear the tender, 301.  
   sense from, divide, 269.  
   so, go near to be, 30.  
   so once but now I know it, 295.  
   sober second, 233.  
   still and serious, 417.  
   such stores as silent, 416.  
   sudden, strikes me, 399.  
   sweet silent, 135.  
   thinking waste of, 426.  
   thou couldst have died, if I, 504.  
   thou wert a beautiful, 477.  
   t'hy wish was father to that, 64.  
   tides that followed, 554.  
   to have common, 274.  
   two souls with a single, 578.  
   Thought, vain or shallow, 532.  
     what oft was, 277.  
     whistled for want of, 226.  
     who would have, 99.  
     whose armour is his honest, 143.  
     would destroy their paradise, 326.  
 Thoughtless thankless man, 263.  
 Thoughts, all, all passions, 434.  
   alone with noble, 16.  
   as boundless, our, 481.  
   as harbingers, most pious, 212.  
   beyond the reaches of our souls,  
     106.  
   calm, love light and, 436.  
   dark soul and foul, 200.  
   give thy worst of, 128.  
   great feelings great, 526.  
   high erected, 16.  
   images and precious, 423.  
   mantle that covers human, 573.  
   more elevate, 183.  
   no tongue, give thy, 104.  
   of love, turns to, 548.  
   of men are widened, 549.  
   of mortality, 212.  
   on hospitable, intent, 191.  
   pansies for, there is, 118.  
   pleasant, bring sad thoughts, 416.  
   pretty to force together, 434.  
   regular as infants' breath, 436.  
   river of his, 483, 537.  
   second and sober, 233.  
   second, are the wisest, 230.  
   second, they say, are best, 230.  
   serve your best, 379.  
   shut up want air, 263.  
   speech given to conceal his, 632.  
   strange, transcend, 214.  
   style is the dress of, 298.  
   that breathe, 326.  
   that shall not die, 423.  
   that voluntary move, 186.  
   that wander through eternity, 182.  
   too deep for tears, 421.  
   unrighteous man his, 604.  
   were always downward bent, 180.  
   whose very sweetness, 415.  
 Thousand blushing apparitions, 29.  
   chief of a, for grace, 530.  
   crimes, one virtue and a, 481.  
   deaths in fearing one, 264.  
   decencies, 194.  
   fearful wrecks, 70.  
   fragrant posies, 17.  
   furlongs of sea, 19.  
   hearts beat happily, 473.  
   hills, cattle upon a, 593.  
   homes, near a, 402.  
   innocent shames, 29.  
   lines, dry desert of a, 283.  
   little one shall become a, 605.

- Thousand liveried angels, 201.  
   melodies unheard before, 400.  
   men that fishes gnawed, 71.  
   one man among a, 600.  
   stars, beauty of a, 18.  
   tongues, conscience hath a, 72.  
   voices, earth with her, 435.  
   years in thy sight, 593.  
   years of peace, 553.  
   years scarce serve, 472.
- Thousands at His bidding speed, 208.  
   countless, mourn, 385.  
   die without or this, 275.  
   has been slave to, 128.  
   to murder, 267.  
   war slays, 347.
- Thread, feels at each, 269.  
   of his verbosity, the, 33.  
   weave, with bones, 50.
- Threadbare sail, set every, 544.
- Threatening eye, looks with a, 53.
- Threats, no terror in your, 88.  
   of a halter, 377.  
   of pain and ruin, 329.
- Three, chief among the blessed, 594.  
   corners of the world, 54.  
   firm friends, 433.  
   gentlemen at once, 378.  
   good friends, 45.  
   good men unchanged, live not, 53.  
   hundred pounds a year, 23.  
   insides, carrying, 399.  
   kingdoms, had sited, 538.  
   merry boys are we, 151.  
   misbegotten knaves, 59.  
   per cents, simplicity of the, 375, 531.  
   poets in three ages, 224.  
   removes bad as a fire, 310.  
   stories high long dull and old, 391.  
   treasures love light and thoughts,  
     433.  
   when shall we, meet again, 89.  
   words, joys of sense lie in, 272.  
   years' child, listens like a, 423.
- Three-cornered hat, 544.
- Threefold cord, 600.
- fourfold tomb, 168.
- Three-hooped pot, 68.
- Three-man beetle, 63.
- Threescore, bachelor of, 27.  
   burden of, 339.  
   years and ten, 594.
- Thrice flew thy shaft, 262.  
   he assayed, 180.  
   he routed all his foes, 225.  
   he slew the slain, 225.  
   is he armed, 68.  
   my peace was slain, 262.  
   their weight in gold, 396.
- Thrice-driven bed of down, 123.
- Thrift may follow fawning, 113.
- Thrift thrift Horatio, 103.
- Thriftless ambition, 95.
- Thrill, glory's, is o'er, 456.  
   of a happy voice, 562.  
   the deepest notes of woe, 387.
- Throat, amen stuck in my, 93.  
   of war, brazen, 196.  
   scuttled ship or cut a, 487.  
   straining his, 342.
- Throats, cutting foreign, 78.  
   engines whose rude, 130.
- Throbs of fiery pain, 313.
- Throne, here is my, bid kings come  
   bow to it, 53.  
   like a burnished, 132.  
   light which beats upon a, 555.  
   living, sapphire blaze, 326.  
   my bosom's lord sits lightly in his,  
     82.  
   night from her ebon, 262.  
   no brother near the, 281.  
   of rocks in a robe of clouds, 484.  
   of royal state, high on a, 181.  
   power behind the, 319.  
   shake hands with a king upon his,  
     501.  
   shape the whisper of the, 553.  
   through slaughter to a, 329.  
   two kings of Brentford on one, 359.  
   wrong forever on the, 564.
- Throned on her hundred isles, 475.
- Thrones and globes elate, 373.  
   dominations princedom's, 191.  
   whose stakes were, 485.
- Throng into my memory, 109.  
   lowest of your, 190.
- Through thick and thin, 11, 223, 649.
- Throw physic to the dogs, 99.
- Throwing a tub to the whale, 246.
- Thumb, miller's golden, 2.
- Thumbs, pricking of my, 97.
- Thumping on your back, 365.
- Thumps upon the back, 267.
- Thunder harp of pines, 569.  
   heard remote, 183.  
   hinges grate harsh, 185.  
   in his lifted hand, 221.  
   Jove's power to, 76.  
   leaps the live, 475.  
   lightning or in rain, 89.  
   loud roared the dreadful, 394.  
   steal my, 240.
- Thunderbolts, with all your, 88.
- Thundering sound, 339, 341.  
   to the moon, 290.
- Thunders in the index, 115.
- Thunder-storm against the wind, 476.
- Thus let me live, 288.
- Thwack, with many a stiff, 216.
- Thyme, pun-provoking, 324.  
   where the wild, blows, 35.

- Thyself and thy belongings, 23.  
 Tiber, not a drop of alaying, 76.  
 Tickle your cat-trophe, 53.  
 Tickled with a straw, 271.  
 Tide in the affairs of men, 83.  
   of love, pity swells the, 264.  
   of the years, 568.  
   of times, lived in the, 86.  
   tether time or, 334.  
   without a breeze without a, 432.  
 Tides that followed thought, 554.  
 Tidings as they roll, confirm the, 251.  
   when he frowned, 341.  
 Tie, in whose, a wild civility, 165.  
   love endures no, 226.  
   silver link the silken, 448.  
   up the knocker, 280.  
 Tied to the stake, I am, 123.  
 Ties, sight of human, 286.  
 Tiger, Hyrcan, 97.  
   in war imitate the, 65.  
 Tight little island, 494.  
 Tiles and chimney-pots, 431.  
 Till angels wake thee, 313.  
   death us do part, 618.  
 Tilt at all I meet, 282.  
 Tilts with a straw, 415.  
 Timber, like seasoned, 160.  
   wedged in that, 231.  
 Timbrel, sound the loud, 490.  
 Time, age and body of the, 112.  
   already of old, 600.  
   ambles withal, 45.  
   and space, through, 358.  
   and the hour runs, 90.  
   annihilate but space and, 284.  
   backward and abysm of, 19.  
   bank and shoal of, 91.  
   bastard to the, 52.  
   bid, return, 56.  
   bounds of place and, 326.  
   break the legs of, 545.  
   breathing, of day with me, 120.  
   brief chronicles of the, 109.  
   brings increase, 323.  
   by, subdued, 202.  
   chinks that, has made, 175, 400.  
   choose thine own, 374.  
   coming, there 's a good, 453, 559.  
   count, by heart-throbs, 561.  
   curious, requires, 139.  
   do not squander, 310.  
   elaborately thrown away, 267.  
   enough, take, 297.  
   even such is, 14.  
   every man master of his, 95.  
   flies death urges, 263.  
   fools with the, 63.  
   footprints on the sands of, 535.  
   forefinger of all, 550.  
   foremost files of, 549.  
 Time, frozen round periods of, 184.  
   gallops withal, 45.  
   has laid his hand gently, 537.  
   has not cropt the roses, 323.  
   hath to silver turned, 142.  
   he that lacks, 528.  
   his, is forever, 173.  
   history hath triumphed over, 15.  
   how small a part of, they share, 175.  
   is fleeting, art is long and, 535.  
   is out of joint, 108.  
   is quiet as a nun, 409.  
   is still a-flying, 164.  
   last syllable of recorded, 100.  
   leaves have their, to fall, 496.  
   look into the seeds of, 89.  
   look like the, 91.  
   makes these decay, 154.  
   many a, and oft, 37.  
   moving, had been, 409.  
   nae man can tether, 384.  
   new hatched to the woful, 94.  
   nick of, 163.  
   no delight to pass away the, 70.  
   noiseless falls the foot of, 438.  
   noiseless foot of, 48.  
   nor place adhere, 92.  
   not of an age but for all, 148.  
   now is the accepted, 614.  
   of peace, this weak piping, 70.  
   of scorn, figure for the, 131.  
   of the singing of birds, 602.  
   offends at some unlucky, 282.  
   ordains, mild Heaven a, 209.  
   out of mind, 78.  
   panting, toiled after him, 312.  
   procrastination thief of, 262.  
   promised on a, 12.  
   rich with the spoils of, 329.  
   robs us of our joys, 582.  
   rolls his ceaseless course, 451.  
   saltness of, relish of the, 62.  
   sent before my, 70.  
   shall throw a dart at thee, 148.  
   shall unfold, 121.  
   show and gaze of the, 100.  
   silence and slow, 503.  
   silvered o'er by, 360.  
   so gracious is the, 101.  
   so hallowed is the, 101.  
   speech is shallow as, 506.  
   spoils the pleasure of the, 96.  
   stand still withal, 45.  
   still as he flies, 323.  
   subdue, what will not, 292.  
   take no note of, 262.  
   taught by, 292.  
   teeth of, lettered pomp to, 541.  
   tell her that wastes her, 175.  
   to beguile the, 91.  
   to come, sweet discourses in, 81.

- Time to every purpose under heaven, 600.  
 to grow old, always find, 60.  
 to marry, choose a proper, 359.  
 to mourn, lacks, 528.  
 too swift, O, 142.  
 tooth of, 26, 267.  
 touch us gently, 509.  
 transported, with envy, 582.  
 travels in divers paces, 45.  
 tries the troth, in everything, 5.  
 trots withal, 45.  
 turn backward O, 568.  
 unthinking, quaffing and, 226.  
 whereof the memory of man, 333.  
 which was before us, 600.  
 whips and scorns of, 110.  
 whilrig of, brings in his revenges, 51.  
 will doubt of Rome, 489.  
 will run back, 207.  
 will teach thee, 536.  
 witching, of night, 114.  
 with falling ears they kept the, 232.  
 with reckless hand, 540.  
 with thee conversing I forget all, 189.  
 worn out with eating, 230.  
 writes no wrinkle, 478.
- Time's devouring hand, 306.  
 furrows on another's brow, 264.  
 iron feet can print, 478.  
 noblest offspring is the last, 260.
- Time-honoured Lancaster, 54.  
 Timelessly primrose fading, 209.  
 Timely dew of sleep, 189.
- Times, brisk and giddy-paced, 49.  
 corrector of enormous, 153.  
 do shift, thus, 186.  
 fashion of these, 42.  
 glory of the, they were the, 607.  
 good or evil, 183.  
 have been, 93.  
 later more aged, 140.  
 lived in the tide of, 86.  
 make former, shake hands, 217.  
 morning of the, 550.  
 of need, ever but in, 227.  
 of old, jolly place in, 406.  
 principles with, turn, 274.  
 signs of the, 609.  
 that try men's souls, 370.  
 up to the, 650.  
 when the world is ancient, 139.  
 wherein we now live, 139.
- Timoleon's arms, 334.  
 Timothy learnt sin to fly, 585.  
 Tinct with cinnamon, 502.  
 Tinged by the rising sun, 509.  
 Tints of woe, sabler, 331.  
 Tipple in the deep, fishes that, 172.
- Tips with silver, 79.  
 Tipsy dance and jollity, 199.  
 Tiptoe, jocund day stands, 81.  
 religion stands on, 161.  
 stand, when this day is named, 66.  
 Tired he sleeps, till, 271.  
 nature's sweet restorer, 262.
- Tithe of mint and anise, 609.  
 or toll, no Italian priest shall, 53.
- Title, knave that wears a, 266.  
 long and dark, 222.  
 please thine ear, whatever, 284.  
 weigh the man not his, 388.  
 when I can read my, clear, 255.  
 who gained no, 276.
- Titles are marks of honest men, 266.  
 decider of dusty and old, 153.  
 high though his, 448.
- Titus with uncommon sense, 306.
- To all to each a fair good night, 450.  
 be a well-favoured man, 28.  
 be of no church, 314.  
 be or not to be, 110.  
 be undone, 13.  
 horse away, 248.  
 see her was to love her, 387.
- Toad, squat like a, 189.  
 ugly and venomous, 42.
- Toad-eater, Pulteney's, 334.
- Toast pass, let the, 380.
- Tobacco, sublime, 485.
- Toesin of the soul, 489.
- To-day, already walks in, 437.  
 be wise, 262.  
 his own, who can call, 227.  
 I have lived, 227.  
 nor care beyond, 325.  
 pleasure to be drunk, 307.  
 speed, to be put back to-morrow, 13.  
 youth we can have but, 260.
- Toe, light fantastic, 204.  
 of frog eye of newt, 97.  
 of the peasant, 119.
- Toil and care, fond of, 577.  
 and of tears, weary of, 568.  
 and trouble, 97, 225.  
 and trouble, why all this, 416.  
 envy want the jail, 311.  
 from, he wins his spirits, 331.  
 govern those that, 339.  
 is lost, or all the, 358.  
 morn of, night of waking, 451.  
 not neither do they spin, 608.  
 o'er books, 295.  
 of dropping buckets, 361.  
 on poor heart, 560.  
 patient of, 366.  
 verse sweetens, 354.  
 waste their, for a smile, 447.  
 winding up days with, 86.  
 without recompense, 568.

- Toiled after him in vain, 312.  
 forgot for which he, 135.
- Toiling upward in the night, 538.
- Toils despair to reach, 242.
- Tokay, imperial, 320.
- Toledo trusty, blade, 216.
- Tolerable and not to be endured, 28.
- Toll for the brave, 365.  
 or tithe, no Italian priest shall, 53.
- Tolling a departing friend, 62.
- Tom Birch is as brisk as a bee, 315.  
 he that calls me, 170.  
 or Jack, hails you, 365.  
 's a-cold, poor, 123.
- Tom's food seven long year, 122.
- Tomb, awakes from the, 367.  
 darkness encompass the, 463.  
 kings for such a, 208.  
 more than royal, 139.  
 nature cries from the, 330.  
 no inscription on my, 440.  
 of him who would have made glad  
 the world, 518.  
 of the Capulets, 352.  
 rock us nearer to the, 265.  
 stood upon Achilles', 489.  
 threefold fourfold, 168.
- Tombs, hark from the, 255.
- Tommy Townshend, 342.
- To-morrow, already walks, 437.  
 and to-morrow, 100.  
 boast not thyself of, 599.  
 cheerful as to-day, 274.  
 defer not till, 257.  
 do thy worst, 227.  
 is falser than the former day, 229.  
 never leave that till, 310.  
 the darkest day live till, 364.  
 tints with prophetic ray, 480.  
 to be put back, speed to-day, 13.  
 to fresh woods, 204.  
 we shall die, 604.  
 will be dying, 164  
 will be the happiest time, 548.  
 will repay, think, 229.
- To-morrow's sun may never rise, 257.
- To-morrows, confident, 423.
- Tone of languid nature, 359.  
 voice of sweetest, 524.
- Tones, in its hollow, 500.
- Tongs, shovel and, 524.
- Tongue an unruly member, 616.  
 braggart with my, 98.  
 brings in a several tale, 72.  
 came mended from that, 286.  
 can no man tame, 616.  
 denied him with unholy, 409.  
 dropped manna, 182.  
 give it understanding but no, 103.  
 give thy thoughts no, 104.  
 hide it under his, 590.
- Tongue in every wound of Caesar, 87.  
 in the, of him that makes it, 33.  
 is known in every clime, 529.  
 is the pen of a ready writer, 592.  
 let the candied, 113.  
 man that hath a, 21.  
 moderate the rancour of your, 296.  
 murder though it have no, 110.  
 music's golden, 502.  
 never eare did heare that, 9.  
 no, to wound us, 459.  
 nor heart cannot conceive, 94.  
 of dog, wool of bat and, 97.  
 of midnight, hath told twelve, 36.  
 outvenoms all the worms, 134.  
 ran on, still his, 220.  
 restreine and kepen wel thy, 4.  
 soul lends the, vows, 105.  
 sounds as a sullen bell, 62.  
 stopped his tuneful, 289.  
 such a, glad I have not, 121.  
 sweet morsel under his, 233.  
 that Shakespeare spake, 413.  
 through every land by every, 255.  
 to curse the slave, 455.  
 to persuade, 168.  
 truth in every shepherd's, 13.  
 use of my oracular, 378.  
 win a woman with his, 21.
- Tongues, airy, 199.  
 aspic's, for 'tis of, 130.  
 evil days and evil, 192.  
 in trees books in the running  
 brooks, 42.  
 lovers', by night, 79.  
 of dying men, 55.  
 silence envious, 74.  
 slanderous, done to death by, 30.  
 strife of, 592.  
 that syllable men's names, 199.  
 thousand several, 72.  
 use their own, 27.  
 whispering, 433.
- Tongue-tied by authority, 136.
- Too civil by half, 378  
 divine to love, 498.  
 early seen unknown, 78.  
 fair to worship, 498.  
 fine a point to your wit, 574.  
 late I stayed, 438.  
 low they build, 265.  
 much of a good thing, 46, 572.  
 much quickness, 274.  
 much thinking, 274.  
 nice for a statesman, 342.  
 poor for a bribe, 331.  
 proud for a wit, 342.  
 solid flesh would melt, 102.  
 swift as tardy as too slow, 80.
- Took sweet counsel together, 593.  
 their solitary way, 196.



- Tool of iron, nor any, 588.  
 Tools, nothing but to name his, 215.  
     of working our salvation, 220.  
 Tooth for tooth, eye for eye, 587.  
     of time, 26, 267  
     poison for the age's, 52.  
     sharper than a serpent's, 121.  
 Tooth-ache, endure the, 30.  
 Top, die at the, 247.  
     of judgment, 24.  
     of my bent, fool me to the, 114.  
     whips his taxed, 428.  
 Topless towers of Ilium, 18.  
 Topples round the west, 552.  
 Tops of the eastern pines, 56.  
 Torches, as we do with, 23.  
 Tormenting himself, 513.  
 Torments our elements, 182.  
 Torn from their destined page, 396.  
 Torpedo, pen becomes a, 315.  
 Torrent and whirlwind's roar, 339.  
     is heard on the hill, 336.  
     of a downward age, 302.  
     of a woman's will, 261.  
     of his fate, 312.  
     so the loud, 333.  
 Torrent's smoothness, 444.  
 Torrents, motionless, 435.  
 Torrid tracks, through, 342.  
 Torture his invention, 245  
     hum of human cities is, 474.  
     of the mind, 93.  
     one poor word, 223.  
 Torturing hour, 181, 326.  
 Toss him to my breast, 161.  
 Touch, beautiful beneath his, 442.  
     dares not put it to life, 214.  
     harmonious, 313.  
     not taste not, 615.  
     of a vanished hand, 550.  
     of celestial temper, 190.  
     of joy or woe, 323.  
     of Liberty's war, 461  
     of nature, one, makes the whole  
         world kin, 76.  
     soiled by any outward, 209.  
     sprang up forever at a, 554.  
     that's scarcely felt, 296.  
     the best, fear not to, 14.  
     them but rightly, 400.  
     us gently Time, 509  
     we feel the tenderest, 228.  
     with chiselled, 570.  
     wound with a, 296.  
 Touched by her fair tendance, 193.  
     nothing that he did not adorn, 313.  
     spirits are not finely, 23.  
     the highest point, I have, 73.  
 Touches of sweet harmony, 40.  
 Toucheth pitch, he that, 607.  
 Touchstone, man's true, 152.  
 Touchy testy pleasant fellow, 252.  
 Tough is J. B., 558.  
     world, rack of this, 124.  
 Tower and tree, light on, 389.  
     Athena's, age shakes, 473.  
     of strength, that, 555.  
     of strength, king's name is a, 71.  
 Towered cities please us then, 205.  
 Towering passion, put me into a, 120.  
 Towers above her sex, Marcia, 249.  
     along the steep, 443  
     and battlements, 205.  
     disparting, trembling, 299.  
     elephants endorsed with, 196.  
     of Ilium, burnt the topless, 18.  
     of Julius, 327.  
     the cloud-capped, 20.  
     trembling all precipitate, 299.  
     ye antique, 325.  
 Town, callen daisies in our, 4.  
     gaze with all the, 501.  
     man made the, 330.  
 Towns, elephants for want of, 245.  
 Toys, fantastic, 334.  
     of age, beads and prayer-books, 271.  
     to the great children, 303.  
     we spent them not in, 173.  
 Tracks, through torrid, 342  
 Tract behind, leaving no, 82.  
 Tracts of calm from tempest, 554.  
 Trade, two of a, seldom agree, 650.  
 Trade's proud empire, 314.  
 Tragedies, Attic, 210.  
 Tragedy, gorgeous, 206.  
     of Hamlet, 454.  
     to those who feel, 334.  
 Trail of the serpent, 455.  
 Trailing clouds of glory, 420.  
 Train, a melancholy, 339.  
     a royal, believe me, 74.  
     every motion of his starry, 408.  
     fear and bloodshed miserable, 418.  
     of night, last in the, 190.  
     of thy amber-dropping hair, 202.  
     starry, heaven her, 189.  
     up a child, 598.  
     waited for the, 550.  
     woes love a, 263.  
 Traitor, arrant as any, 67.  
 Traitorous kiss, 499.  
 Traitors, fears do make us, 98.  
     our doubts are, 24.  
 Trammel up the consequence, 91.  
 Trample on my days, 214.  
 Trampings of three conquests, 177.  
 Trance, no nightly, 207.  
     unimaginable, stood in, 437  
 Tranquillity, heaven was all, 456.  
 Transcend our wonted themes, 214.  
 Transcribed, what is, 315.  
 Transfigures its golden hair, 564.

- Transforms old print, 361.  
 Transgressors, way of, 596.  
 Transient chaste, early bright, 264.  
   hour, catch the, 312.  
   sorrows simple wiles, 404.  
 Transition, what seems so is, 539.  
 Transitory, action is, 402.  
 Translated, thou art, 35.  
 Translucent wave, glassy cool, 202.  
 Transmitter of a foolish face, 300.  
 Transmuted ill, sovereign o'er, 312.  
 Transmutes, subdues, 418.  
 Transport know, can ne'er a, 321.  
 Trappings and suits of woe, 102.  
   of a monarchy, 315.  
 Traps, with arrows some with, 28.  
 Trash, who steals my purse steals, 128.  
 Travail, labour for my, 75.  
 Travel from Dan to Beersheba, 322.  
   on life's common way, 413.  
   thought the, long, 9.  
   twelve stout miles, 402.  
 Travelled life's dull round, 324.  
 Traveller from Lima, 521.  
   from New Zealand, 521.  
   from the Zuyder Zee, 521.  
   lamp that lighted the, 458.  
   now spurs the lated, 96.  
   returns, bourne whence no, 111.  
 Travellers must be content, 42.  
 Travelleth, one that, 596.  
 Travels, contemplation of my, 45.  
   in divers paces, time, 45.  
 Travels' history, in my, 125.  
 Tray Blanch and Sweetheart, 123.  
 Treacle, fly that sips, 294.  
 Tread a measure with you, 33.  
   again the scene, 440.  
   each other's heel, 263.  
   on classic ground, 251.  
   where'er we, 473.  
 Treads on it daily, 201.  
 Treason can but peep, 117.  
   doth never prosper, 141.  
   flourished over us, bloody, 87.  
   has done his worst, 96.  
   if this be, make the most of it,  
   371.  
   like a deadly blight, 455.  
 Treasons, is fit for, 41.  
 Treasure is, where your, 607.  
   of his eyesight, 77.  
   rich the, 225.  
   unsunned heaps of miser's, 200.  
   what a, hadst thou, 109.  
 Treasures hath he not always, 436.  
   heaven's best, 331.  
   love light and calm thoughts, 436.  
   sea-born, fetched my, 532.  
   up a wrong, 485.  
 Treatise, rouse at a dismal, 100.  
 Treble, turning again toward childish,  
   44.  
 Tree, aye sticking in a, 454.  
   die like that, 247.  
   falleth, where the, 601.  
   friendship is a sheltering, 436.  
   fruit of that forbidden, 178.  
   garden of Liberty's, 444.  
   give me again my hollow, 282.  
   green leaves on a thick, 291.  
   hale green, 568.  
   I planted, thorns of the, 475.  
   in the wide waste, 482.  
   is inclined, 273.  
   is known by his fruit, 608.  
   light on tower and, 389.  
   like a green bay, 592.  
   near his favorite, 330.  
   'neath yon crimson, 516.  
   of deepest root is found, 371.  
   of liberty, 577.  
   of life, the middle tree, 187.  
   things done in a green, 611.  
   under the greenwood, 42.  
   woodman spare that, 527.  
 Trees, blossoms in the, 269.  
   bosomed high in tufted, 205.  
   brotherhood of venerable, 411.  
   drop tears as Arabian, 132.  
   just hid with, 491.  
   like leaves on, 291.  
   tall ancestral, 495.  
   tongues in, 42.  
   unto the root of the, 610.  
 Tremble like a guilty thing, 420.  
   thou wretch, 122.  
   when I wake, 360.  
   while they gaze. angels, 326.  
 Tremblers, boding, 341.  
 Trembles, Satan, 364.  
   too, turning, 323.  
 Trenchant blade, 216.  
 Trencherman, a very valiant, 27.  
 Tresses fair, insnare, 279.  
   like the morn, 202.  
 Trial by juries, 370.  
 Tribe increase, may his, 491.  
   richer than all his, 132.  
   is the badge of all our, 37.  
   were God Almighty's gentlemen,  
   222.  
 Tribes, formed of two mighty, 490.  
   that slumber in its bosom, 515.  
 Tribute, nature under, 397.  
   not one cent for, 392.  
   of a sigh, the passing, 329.  
   vain, of a smile, 447.  
 Trick of our English nation, 63.  
   of singularity, 50.  
   when in doubt win the, 634.  
   worth two of that, I know a, 58.

- Tricks, plays such fantastic, 25.  
 in plain and simple faith, 87.  
 shaped for sportive, 69.  
 such, hath strong imagination, 35.  
 that are vain, 568.
- Trident, flatter Neptune for his, 76.
- Tried each art, 340.  
 patient though sorely, 540.  
 save he whose heart hath, 481.  
 thou that hast not, 13.  
 to blame that has been, 296.  
 to live without him, 143.  
 without consent bin only, 150.
- Trifle, as 't were a careless, 90.  
 think naught a, 267.
- Trifles light as air, 129.  
 make life, 267.  
 make the sum of human things,  
 376.  
 seeks painted, 334.  
 snapper-up of unconsidered, 51.  
 win us with honest, 90.
- Trim, dressed in all his, 136.  
 he that shot so, 78.  
 in gallant, gilded vessel, 327.  
 reckoning, 61.
- Triton blow his wreathed horn, 410.  
 of the minnows, hear you this, 76.
- Triumph in redeeming love, 390.  
 pursue the, 273.
- Triumphal arch, 444.
- Triumphant death, 195.  
 faith, o'er our fears, 539.
- Triumphed over time, 15.
- Trivial fond records, 107.  
 round the common task, 505.
- Trodden out, little fire is quickly, 69.  
 the wine-press alone, 605.
- Trojans, distant, 290.
- Troop, farewell the plumed, 130.
- Troops of error, charged the, 177.  
 of friends, love obedience, 99.
- Trope, out there flew a, 215.
- Trophies, need not raise, 171.  
 remain as, 177.
- Tropic, under the, 175.
- Troth, not break my, 30.  
 time tries the, in everything, 5.
- Troubadour, gayly the, 508.
- Trouble, double toil and, 97.  
 man is born unto, 589.  
 of few days and full of, 590.  
 our days begin with, 585.  
 toil and, war is, 225.  
 why all this toil and, 416.
- Troubled waters, fish in, 233.  
 with thick-coming fancies, 99.
- Troubles, against a sea of, 110.  
 of the brain, the written, 99.
- Troublesome disguises, 189.
- Troublest me, thou, 71.
- Troubling, wicked cease from, 589.
- Trousers, steam-engine in, 427.
- Trowel, laid on with a, 41.
- Troy, Astyanax hope of, 291.  
 divine, tale of, 206.  
 fired another, 225.  
 half his, was burnt, 62.  
 heard, doubted, 489.  
 laid in ashes, 237.  
 where is, 306.
- Troy's proud glories, 290.
- Truant, aged ears play, at his tales, 32.  
 husband should return, 486.
- Truckle-bed, honour's, 217.
- Trudged along unknowing, 226.
- True Amphitryon, 231.  
 and honourable wife, 85.  
 are you good men and, 28.  
 as steel, 35, 80.  
 as the dial to the sun, 220.  
 as the needle to the pole, 292.  
 battled for the, 553.  
 blue, Presbyterian, 216.  
 dare to be, 160.  
 easy to be, 237.  
 hearts lie withered, 458.  
 hope is swift, 71.  
 I have married her, 125.  
 if England to itself rest, 54.  
 like the needle, 323.  
 love, course of, run smooth, 33.  
 man's apparel, every, 23.  
 nothing, but heaven, 461.  
 patriots all, 391.  
 perfection, praise and, 41.  
 so tender and so, 324.  
 strange but, 490.  
 't is pity, 108.  
 tender and, Douglas, 13.  
 to the kindred points, 407.  
 to thine own self be, 105.  
 use of speech, 343.
- True-fixed and resting quality, 86.
- Truepenny, art thou there, 103.
- Truly loved never forgets, 457.
- Trump, shrill, 130.
- Trumpety, with all their, 186.
- Trumpet, became a, 410.  
 give an uncertain sound, 614.  
 moved more than with a, 16.  
 shifted his, 343.  
 sound the, beat the drums, 238.  
 sounds to horse, 243.
- Trumpet-tongued, angels, 92.
- Trumps, if dirt was, 431.
- Truncheon, the marshal's, 24.
- Trundle-tail, tike or, 123.
- Trust all and be deceived, better, 542.  
 in all things high, 551.  
 in God is our, 491.  
 in God, put your, 517.

- Trust in princes, put not your, 595.  
 no agent, 27.  
 no future howe'er pleasant, 535.  
 somehow good will be, 552.  
 soothed by an unflinching, 515.  
 takes in, our youth, 14.  
 woman's faith and, 453.
- Trusted, let no such man be, 41.
- Trusty drouthy crony, 384
- Truth and daylight meet, 211.  
 and noonday light to thee, 560.  
 and purity, 237.  
 and shame the devil, 60, 648.  
 and soberness, words of, 612.  
 be in the field, so, 211.  
 beauty is, 503.  
 bright countenance of, 210.  
 crushed to earth, 516.  
 denies all eloquence, 481.  
 doubt, to be a liar, 108.  
 enemies of, 177.  
 fiction lags after, 348.  
 forever on the scaffold, 564.  
 friend to, statesman yet, 276.  
 from his lips prevailed, 341.  
 from pole to pole, spread the, 251.  
 great is, and mighty, 606.  
 has such a face, 223.  
 hath a quiet breast, 54.  
 heirs of, and pure delight, 418.  
 his utmost skill, 143.  
 impossible to be soiled, 209.  
 in every shepherd's tongue, 13.  
 in masquerade, 489.  
 in the light of, 418.  
 increase to her, 323.  
 is always strange, 490.  
 is beauty, 503.  
 is its handmaid, 427.  
 is precious and divine, 218.  
 is the highest thing, 3.  
 is truth, 26.  
 lend her noblest fires, 471.  
 lies like, 100.  
 makes free, whom the, 363.  
 may be, tell how the, 447.  
 may bear all lights, 631.  
 mercy and, are met together, 593.  
 miscalled simplicity, 136.  
 mournful, 312.  
 ocean of, all undiscovered, 239.  
 of a song, swear to the, 241.  
 of truths is love, 561.  
 one, is clear, 270.  
 patriot, 439.  
 put to the worse, 211.  
 quenched the open, 450.  
 ridicule the test of, 631.  
 sanctified by, 414.  
 severe by fairy fiction drest, 328.  
 shall be thy warrant, 14.
- Truth shall ever come uppermost, 559.  
 shall make you free, 611.  
 show of, authority and, 29.  
 simple, his utmost skill, 143.  
 so pure of old, kept thy, 208.  
 sole judge of, 270.  
 speech is, 449.  
 stooped to, 281.  
 stranger than fiction, 490.  
 strife of, with falsehood, 564.  
 tell how the, may be, 447.  
 the brilliant Frenchman never  
 knew, 356.  
 the poet sings, this is, 549.  
 there is no, in him, 612.  
 time will teach the, 536.  
 to side with, is noble, 565.  
 vantage ground of, 137.  
 well known to most, 365.  
 whispering tongues can poison,  
 433.  
 who having unto, 19.  
 with gold she weighs, 284.  
 with him who sings, 551.
- Truth's, thy country's thy God's  
 and, 74.
- Truths as refined, 308.  
 discovery of divine, 273.  
 divine came mended, 286.  
 electrify the sage, whose, 443.  
 great, are portions, 564.  
 I tell, believe the, 336.  
 instruments of darkness tell, 90.  
 that wake to perish never, 420.  
 to be self-evident, 369.  
 two, are told, 90.  
 who feel great, 561.
- Try men's souls, times that, 370.
- Tub to the whale, fling a, 246.  
 upon its own bottom, every, 639.
- Tubal Cain was a man of might, 559.
- Tufted crow toe, 204.  
 trees, bosomed high in, 205.
- Tug of war, then was the, 238.
- Tugged with fortune, 95.
- Tully's curule chair, 334.
- Tumble, another, 513.
- Tumult of the soul, 407.
- Tune, bells jangled out of, 112.  
 incapable of a, 430.  
 memory plays an old, 563.  
 singeth a quiet, 432.
- Turbans, white silken, 196.
- Turbulence eludes the eye, 411.
- Turf beneath their feet, 443.  
 dappled, on the, 404.  
 green be the, above thee, 501.  
 green grassy, 366.  
 of fresh earth, smell to a, 212.  
 that wraps their clay, 336.
- Turk, base Phrygian, 22.

- Turk, bear like the, 281.  
   out-paramoured the, 122.  
 Turkman's rest, cheers the, 485.  
 Turn and fight another day, 345.  
   backward O Time, 568.  
   each thing his, does hold, 166.  
   over a new leaf, 650.  
   the smallest worm will, 69.  
 Turning trembles too, 323.  
 Turnips, man who, cries, 318.  
 Turns at the touch of joy, 323.  
 Turph, Peter, 47.  
 Turrets of the land, 544.  
 Turtle, love of the, 480.  
   voice of the, is heard, 602.  
 Twal, short hour ayont the, 385.  
 Tweed, at York 't is on the, 271.  
 Tweedledum and Tweedledee, 297.  
 Twelve good men in a box, 497.  
   his apostles, Cristes lore and, 2.  
   honest men have decided, 299.  
   in the sworn, 24.  
   stout miles, might travel, 402.  
   tongue of midnight hath told, 36.  
   years ago I was a boy, 518.  
 Twenty bokes clothed in black, 1.  
   days are now, long as, 402.  
   more such names, 47.  
   mortal murders, 96.  
   worlds, should conquer, 166.  
 Twenty-one, minor pants for, 282.  
 Twice read, what is, 315.  
   sting thee, have a serpent, 39.  
 Twice-told tale, life is tedious as a, 53.  
 Twig is bent, just as the, 273.  
 Twilight dews are falling, 460.  
   disastrous, 180.  
   gray in sober livery, 188.  
   lets her curtain down, 519.  
   of the heart, an evening, 501.  
   soft and dim, 558.  
 Twilight's curtain, 519.  
 Twin, happiness was born a, 487.  
 Twinkling of a bed-post, 650.  
   of a star, but the, 219.  
   of an eye, in the, 614.  
 'Twixt two boundless seas, 455.  
 Two clouds at morning, I saw, 509.  
   eternities, past and future, 455.  
   hands upon the breast, 566.  
   hearts that beat as one, 578.  
   know a trick worth, of that, 58.  
   lovely berries on one stem, 35.  
   narrow words hic jacet, 15.  
   of a trade seldom agree, 650.  
   pale feet crossed in rest, 566.  
   single gentlemen, 391.  
   souls with a single thought, 578.  
   strings to his bow, 650.  
   truths are told, 90.  
   voices are there, 412.  
 Twofold image, we saw a, 423.  
 Two-handed engine, 204.  
 Two-headed Janus, 36.  
 Two-legged animal, man is a, 629.  
   thing a son, 221.  
 Type, careful of the, 553.  
   of the wise who soar, 407.  
   of thee, was but a, 257.  
 Types of things, loose, 404.  
 Tyrannous to use it, 24.  
 Tyranny begins, 319.  
 Tyrant, beautiful, 81.  
   custom, 126.  
   of his fields, 329.  
 Tyrant's plea, necessity the, 188.  
 Tyrants, argument of, 392.  
   be wasted for, 461.  
   blood of, 577.  
   ever sworn the foe to, 398.  
   from policy, kings will be, 350.  
   rebellion to, 631.  
 Ugly and venomous, the toad, 42.  
 Umbered face, sees the other's, 66.  
 Una with her lamb, 417.  
 Unadorned, when, adorned the most  
   302.  
 Unalienable rights, 369.  
 Unam virtutem mille vitia, 481.  
 Unealed, disappointed, 107.  
 Unanimity is wonderful, 379.  
 Unassuming commonplace, 404.  
 Unattempted yet in prose, 178.  
 Unawed by influence, 469.  
 Unblemished let me live, 287.  
 Unblessed, every cup is, 128.  
 Unborn ages, ye, 328.  
 Unborrowed from the eye, 406.  
 Unbought grace of life, 350.  
   health, 223.  
 Unbounded courage, 251.  
   stomach, man of an, 74.  
 Unbribed by gain, 469.  
 Uncertain coy and hard to please, 450.  
   glory of an April day, 21.  
 Uncertainty, glorious, 305.  
 Unchanging law of God, 543.  
 Uncharitableness, all, 618.  
 Uncheered by hope, 468.  
 Uncle me no uncle, 652.  
 Unclean lips, man of, 603.  
 Unclouded ray, 274.  
 Unclubable man, a very, 316.  
 Unconquerable mind, 326.  
   will and study of revenge, 178.  
 Unconquered steam, 372.  
   will, star of the, 536.  
 Unconsidered trifles, snapper-up of, 51.  
 Uncreated night, 182.  
 Unction, flattering, 116.  
 Undeified, well of English, 12.

- Under the canopy, 76.  
   the gallows tree, 151.  
   the glassy wave, 202.  
   the greenwood tree, 42.  
   the hawthorn in the dale, 204.  
   the open sky, 515.  
   the Rialto, wished him, 484.  
   the yaller pines, 566.  
   which king Bezonian, 64.  
 Underlings, we are, 84.  
 Underneath his feet, 7.  
   this sable hearse, 148.  
   this stone doth lie, 147.  
 Understanding, candle of, 606.  
   for thy more sweet, 31.  
   give it an, but no tongue, 103.  
   joke into a Scotch, 427.  
   not obliged to find you an, 318.  
   to direct, 583.  
   with all thy getting get, 595.  
 Understood her by her sight, 144.  
 Undervalue me, if she, 14.  
 Undescribable, describe the, 476.  
 Undeserved praise, 283.  
 Undevout astronomer is mad, 266.  
 Undiscovered country, 111.  
 Undisputed thing, 544.  
 Undivulged crimes, 122.  
 Undone, to want to be, 13.  
   widow, some, 149.  
 Undreamed shores, 52.  
 Undress, fair, best dress, 303.  
   her gentle limbs did she, 433.  
 Uneasy lies the head, 63.  
 Uneffectual fire, 'gins to pale his, 107.  
 Unexercised, virtue, 211.  
 Unexpressive she, fair chaste and, 44.  
 Unfaltering trust, 515.  
 Unfashionable, lamely and, 70.  
 Unfathomed caves of ocean, 329.  
 Unfeathered two-legged thing, 221.  
 Unfeeling for his own, 325.  
 Unfed sides, 122.  
 Unfit, for all things, 342.  
   for ladies' love, 226.  
   to sink or soar, 484.  
 Unfolds both heaven and earth, 34.  
 Unforgiving eye, 380.  
 Unfortunate Miss Bailey, 392.  
   one more, 514.  
 Unfriended melancholy slow, 338.  
 Unfurnished, head to be let, 216.  
 Ungalled play, the hart, 114.  
 Ungracious pastors, 104.  
 Unhabitable downs, 245.  
 Unhand me gentlemen, 106.  
 Unhandsome corse, a slovenly, 57.  
 Unhanged, not three good men, 58.  
 Unhappy folks on shore, 431.  
   never so, as we suppose, 575.  
   none but the great, 258.  
 Unhappy none think the great, 266.  
 Unheeded flew the hours, 438.  
 Unholy blue, eyes of, 458.  
 Unhonoured and unsung, 448.  
   relics, cold and, 456.  
   years, laden with, 387.  
 Unhousel'd disappointed, 107.  
 Un-idea'd girls, 315.  
 Unimaginable trance, 437.  
 Unintelligible world, 406.  
 Union, flag of our, 527.  
   fragments of a once glorious, 466.  
   here of hearts, 439.  
   in partition, 35.  
   indestructible, 524.  
   liberty and, now and forever, 466.  
   music of the, keep step to the, 517.  
   must be preserved, 398.  
   of hearts union of hands, 527.  
   of lakes union of lands, 527.  
   of states none can sever, 527.  
   our Federal, 398.  
   sail on O, strong and great, 538.  
   with its native sea, 422.  
 Unison, some chord in, 363.  
 United we stand, 527.  
   yet divided, 359.  
 Uniting we stand, 368.  
 Unity on earth, confound all, 98.  
   to dwell together in, 595.  
 Universal blank, 186.  
   darkness buries all, 286.  
   grin, nature wears one, 307.  
   world, in the, 67.  
 Universe, born for the, 342.  
   harmony of the, 349.  
 Unjust peace, 311.  
   to nature and himself, 263.  
 Unkind as man's ingratitude, 44.  
 Unkindest cut of all, the most, 87.  
 Unkindness, I tax not you with, 122.  
 Unknelled unconfined, 478.  
 Unknowing what he sought, 226.  
 Unknown and like esteemed, 201.  
   and silent shore, 430.  
   argues yourselves, 190.  
   forms of things, 35.  
   good to love the, 430.  
   she lived, 403.  
   thus let me live, 288.  
   to fortune and to fame, 330.  
   too early seen, 78.  
 Unlamented let me die, 288.  
 Unlearned, amaze the, 277.  
   men of books, 266.  
   their wants may view, 279.  
 Unless above himself he can erect him-  
   self, 146.  
 Unlettered small-knowing soul, 31.  
 Unlineal hand, with an, 95.  
 Unlooked for, she comes, 287.

- Unmannerly untaught knaves, 57.  
 Unmask her beauty to the moon, 104.  
 Unmeasured by flight of years, 440.  
 Unmusical to the Volscians' ears, 76.  
 Unnatural, nothing is, 379.  
 Unnumbered woes, 290.  
 Unpack my heart with words, 110.  
 Unpaid-for silk, rustling in, 134.  
 Unpathed waters undreamed shores,  
   52.  
 Unperceived decay, melts in, 311.  
   shade softening in shade, 302.  
 Unpitied sacrifice, 348.  
   unrespited, unreprieved, 182.  
 Unpleasant body, moist, 558.  
 Unpleasing sharps, 81.  
 Unpolluted flesh, fair and, 119.  
 Unpremeditated verse, 194.  
 Unpresumptuous eye, 363.  
 Unprofitable, stale flat and, 102.  
   fretful stir, 406.  
 Unpurchased hand, with, 544.  
 Unreal mockery hence, 97.  
 Unreclaimed blood, 108.  
 Unreflected light, 528.  
 Unrelenting foe to love, 304.  
   hate, Juno's, 228.  
 Unremembered acts, 406.  
 Unrespited unpitied unreprieved, 182.  
 Unrest or noyance, 303.  
 Unreturning brave, 473.  
 Unrighteous man his thoughts, 604.  
 Unripened beauties, 249.  
 Unruly member, 616.  
 Unseen, born to blush, 329.  
   walk the earth, 189.  
 Unskilful laugh, make the, 112.  
 Unsought be won, 193.  
   is better, love given, 50.  
 Unspoken, what to leave, 139.  
 Unspotted life is old age, 606.  
   lily, a most, 75.  
 Unstable as water, 586.  
 Unsuccessful or successful war, 360.  
 Unsung, unwept unhonoured, 448.  
 Unsunned heaps of miser's treasure,  
   200.  
   snow, chaste as, 134.  
 Untainted, heart, 68.  
 Untaught knaves, he called them, 57.  
 Unthinking idle wild, 445.  
   time, laughing, 226.  
 Untimely death, 289.  
   grave, 154, 619.  
   graves, emblems of, 362.  
 Unto dying eyes, 551.  
   the pure all things are pure, 616.  
 Untravelled, my heart, 338.  
 Untrewe, tellen his tale, 2.  
 Untrodden ways, 403.  
 Untutored mind, 269.  
 Untwisting all the chains, 205.  
 Unused, fust in us, 117.  
   to the melting mood, 132.  
 Unutterable things, 301.  
 Unvalued jewels, 71.  
 Unvarnished tale, a round, 125.  
 Unveiled her peerless light, 188.  
 Unwashed artificer, another lean, 54.  
 Unwearied spirit, 39.  
 Unwept unhonoured and unsung, 448.  
 Unwhipped of justice, 122.  
 Unwilling ploughshare, 415.  
 Unwillingly convinced me, 319.  
   to school, creeping, 44.  
 Unworthy a religious man, 506.  
 Up and doing, let us be, 535.  
   and quit your books, 416  
   game is, 134.  
   in my bed now, 513.  
   my friend, quit your books, 416.  
   rose Emilie, 2.  
   rose the sonne, 2.  
   stairs and down stairs, 556.  
   stairs into the world, 257.  
   to the times, 650.  
 Upbraiding shore, buried by the, 477.  
 Upmost round, attains the, 85.  
 Upon this hint I spake, 126.  
 Upper ten thousand, 511, 562.  
 Upper-crust, they are all, 511.  
 Upright, God hath made man, 601.  
   man, behold the, 592.  
 Uproar, sand and wild, 532.  
 Upturned faces, sea of, 453, 467.  
 Urania govern thou my song, 192.  
 Urges sweet return, 194.  
 Urn, bubbling and loud-hissing, 362.  
   can storied, 328.  
   from her pictured, 326.  
   from its mysterious, 507.  
   mouldering, 367.  
   of poverty, penny in the, 507.  
 Urns, in antique Roman, 218.  
   in their golden, draw light, 192.  
   rule from their, 484.  
   sepulchral, lamps in old, 357.  
 Urs, those dreadful, 545.  
 Use almost can change the stamp of  
   nature, 116.  
   both thanks and, 23.  
   doth breed a habit in a man, 21.  
   him as though you loved him, 153.  
   of nature, against the, 90.  
   of speech, the true, 346.  
   remote from common, 486.  
   soiled with all ignoble, 554.  
   strained from that fair, 80.  
   them kindly they rebel, 261.  
   things beyond all, 85.  
 Useless if it goes as if it stands, 357.  
   to excel where none admire, 321.

- Uses of adversity, sweet are the, 42.  
 of this world, 102.  
 to what base, we may return, 119.
- Ushers in the even, full star, 136.
- Utica, no pent-up, 429.
- Utterance, give them voice and, 362.  
 of the early gods, 502.
- Uttered or unexpressed, 440.
- Uttermost parts of the sea, 595.
- Vacancies by death are few, 370.  
 by resignation none, 370.
- Vacancy, bend your eye on, 116.
- Vacant interlunar cave, 197.  
 mind a mind distressed, 357.  
 mind and body filled, 66.  
 mind, that spoke the, 340.
- Vacation, conscience have, 219.
- Vagrom men, comprehend all, 28.
- Vain as the leaf upon the stream, 451.  
 call it not, 447.  
 is the help of man, 593.  
 loved in, I only know we, 470.  
 my weary search, 339.  
 pomp and glory of this world, 73.  
 to tell thee all I feel, 529.  
 seals of love but sealed in, 26.  
 was the chief's pride, 284.  
 wisdom all, 183.  
 wishes stilled, be my, 396.
- Vale in whose bosom, 457.  
 meanest floweret of the, 331.  
 of life, sequestered, 329, 347.  
 of pain, pleasures in the, 452.  
 of tears, beyond this, 440.  
 of years, declined into the, 129.  
 swells from the, 341.
- Vales, pyramids in, 265.  
 the Delphian, 500.
- Valet, no one a hero to his, 630.
- Valiant and cunning in fence, 51.  
 man and free, 553.  
 taste death but once, 86.  
 the reproof, 46.  
 thou little, great in villany, 53.  
 trencher-man, a very, 27.
- Valley of decision, 606.  
 so sweet, 457.
- Valleys and rocks never heard, 358.  
 hills and, dales and fields, 17.
- Vallombrosa, brooks in, 179.
- Valour formed, he and, 188.  
 is certainly going, 378.  
 is oozing out, 378.  
 is sneaking off, 378.  
 the better part of, 62, 638.
- Valuable, what is, is not new, 522.
- Value, being lost we rack the, 29.  
 for its intrinsic, 298.
- Vandunck, Mynheer, 392.
- Vanish like lightning, 528.
- Vanished hand, touch of a, 550.
- Vanities of earth, fuming, 414.  
 of life forego, 452.
- Vanity, all is, 599, 600.  
 all others are but, 424.  
 and vexation of spirit, 600.  
 Fair, beareth the name of, 213.  
 man is altogether, 592.  
 of this wicked world, 618.  
 of vanities, 599.
- Vanquished, e'en though, 341.
- Vantage best have took, 24.  
 coign of, 91.
- Vantage-ground of truth, 137.
- Vapour sometime like a bear, 133.
- Vapours, congregation of, 109.
- Variable as the shade, 450.  
 lest thy love prove, 79.  
 year, rule the, 302.
- Varied God, are but the, 302.
- Variety is the spice of life, 361.  
 nor custom stale her infinite, 132.  
 order in, 287.
- Various, a man so, 222.  
 are the tastes of men, 334.  
 bustle of resort, 200.  
 earth was made so, 359.  
 his employments, 361.
- Varying verse, 283.
- Vase, you may shatter the, 458.
- Vassal tides, 554
- Vast and middle of the night, 103.  
 antres, and deserts idle, 125.  
 is art, so, 276.
- Vasty deep, 60.
- Vault, deep damp, 264.  
 fretted, 328.  
 heaven's ebon, 492.  
 makes this, a feasting presence, 82.  
 mere lees is left this, 94.
- Vaulted with such ease, 61.
- Vaulting ambition, 92.
- Vaward of our youth, 63.
- Vehemence of youth, fiery, 450.
- Veil is unremoved, whose, 403.
- Veils her sacred fires, 286.
- Vein, Cambyses', 59.  
 I am not in the, 71.  
 it checks no, 303.  
 this is Eracles', 34.
- Veneration, have much, 138.
- Vengeance, big with, 308.
- Vengeful blade, 398.
- Veni vidi vici, 628.
- Venice, I stood in, 475.  
 sate in state, 475.
- Venom, bubbling, 471.  
 himself, all, 344.
- Venomous, toad ugly and, 42.
- Ventered life an' love an' youth, 566.
- Ventricle of memory, begot in the, 32.



- Vents in mangled forms, 43.  
 Venture, naught, naught have, 6.  
 Ventures, lose our, 88.  
 Venus sets ere Mercury can rise, 289.  
   the Grecian, 323.  
 Ver, primrose first-born child of, 153.  
 Verbosity, thread of his, 33.  
 Verdure, spreads the fresh, 356.  
 Vere de Vere, caste of, 547.  
 Verge enough, ample room and, 327.  
   enough for more, 231.  
   of heaven, quite in the, 263.  
   of her confine, 122.  
   of the churchyard mould, 513.  
 Vermeil-tinctured lip, 202.  
 Vernal bloom, sight of, 186.  
   seasons of the year, 210.  
 Verse, accomplishment of, 421.  
   cheered with ends of, 217.  
   cursed be the, 281.  
   happy who in his, 227.  
   herself inspires, decorate the, 471.  
   hoarse rough, 278.  
   married to immortal, 205, 423.  
   may find him, a, 160.  
   one, for sense, 218.  
   one, for the other's sake, 218.  
   slides into, hitches in a rhyme, 232.  
   sweetens toil, 354.  
   the subject of all, 148.  
   unpremeditated, 194.  
   varying, 283.  
   who says in, 283.  
   will seem prose, 236.  
 Versed in books, deep, 197.  
 Verses, rhyme the rudder is of, 216.  
   quire of bad, 522.  
 Very good orators, 46.  
   like a whale, 114.  
 Vessel, wife the weaker, 617.  
   the gilded, goes, 327.  
 Vessels large may venture more, 311.  
 Vestal modesty, pure and, 81.  
 Vestal's lot, blameless, 286.  
 Vesture of decay, this muddy, 41.  
 Veteran, superfluous lags the, 312.  
 Veterans rewards, the world its, 274.  
 Vex not his ghost, 124.  
   the brain, researches, 382.  
 Vexation of spirit, 600.  
 Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man,  
   53  
 Vibrates in the memory, 494.  
 Vibrations, to deaden its, 537.  
 Vicar of the Almighty Lord, 4.  
 Vice by action dignified, 80.  
   distinction between virtue and,  
   316.  
   gathered every, 285.  
   good old-gentlemanly, 487.  
   is a monster, 271.  
 Vice itself lost half its evil, 350.  
   of fools, never-failing, 276.  
   pays to virtue, the homage, 575.  
   prevails, when, 250.  
   virtue itself turns, 80.  
 Vices, ladder of our, 538.  
   many, mighty virtues, 481.  
   our pleasant, 124.  
   small, do appear, 124.  
 Vicious and virtuous, 271.  
 Vicissitude of things, the sad, 322.  
 Vicissitudes of fortune, 355.  
   of things, revolves the sad, 354.  
 Victims play, the little, 325.  
   priests altars, 286.  
 Victories, after a thousand, 135.  
   peace hath her, 208.  
 Victorious, o'er a' the ills o' life, 384.  
 Victors belong the spoils, to the, 494.  
 Victory, a Cadmean, 621.  
   follows in its train, 427.  
   grave where is thy, 288, 614.  
   if not, is yet revenge, 182.  
   it was a famous, 425.  
   of endurance born, 516.  
   or death, resolved on, 578.  
 Vienna, looker-on here in, 26.  
 View, landscape tire the, 299.  
   me with a critic's eye, 304.  
   order gave each thing, 72.  
   that mocks me with the, 338.  
   with extensive, 311.  
 Viewless winds, imprisoned in, 25.  
 Views of themselves, interested, 253.  
 Vigil long, patient search and, 485.  
   on the green, keep their, 544.  
 Vigilance, eternal, 626.  
 Vigilant, be sober be, 617.  
 Vigils keep, poets painful, 284.  
 Vigour from the limb, 473.  
 Vile, durance, 388.  
   guns, but for these, 58.  
   ill-favoured faults, 23.  
   man that mourns, 269.  
   naught so, that on the earth doth  
   live, 80.  
   only man is, 464.  
   squeaking of the fife, 88.  
 Vildest sinner may return, 255.  
 Village bells, music of those, 363.  
   first in a, 626.  
   Hampden, 329.  
   less than Islington, 174.  
   maiden sings, 354.  
   sweet Auburn loveliest, 339.  
 Villain and he be miles asunder, 82.  
   condemns me for a, 72.  
   hungry lean-faced, 27.  
   ne'er a, in all Denmark, 107.  
   one murder made a, 347.  
   smile and be a, 107.

- Villain, smiling damned, 107.  
 Villains by necessity, 121.  
   march wide, the, 61.  
 Villanies, sum of all, 309.  
 Villanous company, 60.  
   low, foreheads, 20.  
   saltpetre, 58.  
   smell, rankest compound of, 23.  
 Villany, clothe my naked, 70.  
   great in, thou little valiant, 53.  
   you teach me I will execute, 38.  
 Villatic fowl, 198.  
 Vindicate the ways of God, 268.  
 Vine, gadding, 203.  
   thou monarch of the, 132.  
   under his, and fig-tree, 606.  
 Vines, bosomed deep in, 285.  
   foxes that spoil the, 602.  
 Vintage of Abi-ezer, 587.  
 Violence, blown with restless, 25.  
 Violent delights have violent ends, 80.  
 Violently if they must, 398.  
 Violet and ox-lips, 35.  
   by a mossy stone, 403.  
   glowing, 204.  
   here and there a, 366.  
   in the youth of primy nature, 104.  
   of his native land, 552.  
   throw a perfume on the, 54.  
   where the nodding, grows, 35.  
 Violets blew, roses red and, 12.  
   blue, daisies pied and, 33.  
   breathes upon a bank of, 48.  
   dim but sweeter than the lids of  
   Juno's eyes, 52.  
   Europe's, faintly sweet, 495.  
   plucked, 151, 581.  
   sicken, when sweet, 494.  
   spring from her fair flesh, 119.  
   would give you some, 118.  
 Virgin me no virgins, 652.  
   thorn, withering on the, 33.  
 Virgin's sidelong looks, bashful, 339.  
 Virginity, power o'er true, 200.  
 Virgins are soft as the roses, 480.  
 Virtue, all that are lovers of, 158.  
   alone is happiness, 273.  
   admiration of, 210.  
   ambition the soldier's, 133.  
   as wax to flaming youth, 116.  
   assume a, if you have it not, 116.  
   ceases to be a, 348.  
   could see to do what virtue would,  
   200.  
   distinction between vice and, 316.  
   feeble were, if, 202.  
   for which all, now is sold, 147.  
   fugitive and cloistered, 211.  
   grace and, are within, 220.  
   heaven but tries our, 333.  
   homage vice pays to, 575.  
 Virtue, humility is a, all preach, 156.  
   if there be any, 615.  
   in her shape how lovely, 190.  
   is bold goodness never fearful, 26.  
   is her own reward, 650.  
   is like precious odours, 137.  
   itself 'scapes not, 104.  
   itself turns vice, 80.  
   linked with one, 481.  
   lovers of, all that are, 158.  
   makes the bliss, 336.  
   more, than doth live, 147.  
   most renowned, men of, 211.  
   much, in If, 46.  
   no man's, nor sufficiency, 30.  
   of necessity, maken, 2.  
   of necessity, to make a, 649.  
   only makes our bliss below, 273.  
   outbuilds the pyramids, 265.  
   progressive, approving heaven, 301.  
   she finds too painful, 274.  
   some fall by, 24.  
   the first, if thou wilt lere, 4.  
   then we find the, 29.  
   though in rags, 227.  
   under heaven, every, 282.  
   wars that make ambition, 130.  
   with whom revenge is, 267.  
 Virtue's ferme land, 221.  
   guide, be my, 296.  
   manly cheek, 372.  
   side, failings leaned to, 340.  
 Virtues, all heavenly, shoot, 462.  
   be to her, very kind, 241.  
   curse all his, 249.  
   did not go forth of us, 23.  
   friend to her, 323.  
   is it a world to hide, in, 49.  
   mighty, many vices, 481.  
   pearl chain of all, 146.  
   powers dominations, 191.  
   waste thyself upon thy, 23.  
   we write in water, 74.  
   will plead like angels, 92.  
 Virtuous actions, 234.  
   and vicious every man, 271.  
   because thou art, 49.  
   deeds, blessings wait on, 257.  
   if a man be, withal, 3.  
   Marcia towers above her sex, 249.  
   outrageously, 252.  
   who that is most, 3.  
 Virtuousest discreetest best, 194.  
 Virtus sua gloria, 583.  
 Visage, devotion's, 110.  
   in his mind, saw Othello's, 126.  
   lean body and, 213.  
   on his bold, 450.  
 Visages do cream and mantle, 36.  
 Visible, no light but darkness, 178.  
 Vision, a more delightful, 350.

- Vision and the faculty divine, 421.  
   baseless fabric of this, 20.  
   beatific, enjoyed in, 180.  
   clear dream and solemn, 201.  
   I took it for a faery, 200.  
   never dazzle the feminine, 528.  
   sensible to feeling, 93.  
   write the, make it plain, 606.  
   young men's, 222.  
 Visions, multiplied, 605.  
   of glory, 328.  
   young men shall see, 606.  
 Visit her face too roughly, 102.  
   o'er the globe, our annual, 377.  
 Visitations daze the world, 528.  
 Visiting acquaintance, 378.  
 Visitings, compunctious, 91.  
 Visits like those of angels, 238, 300.  
 Vital in every part, 192.  
   spark of heavenly flame, 288.  
 Vixere fortes ante Agamemnoona, 486.  
 Vocal spark, instinct with music, 404.  
   voices, singers with, 244.  
 Vocation, 't is my, 57.  
 Vociferation, sweet, 244.  
 Vociferous, voices most, 244.  
 Voice and utterance, give them, 362.  
   ascending high, 255.  
   big manly, 44.  
   bird shall carry the, 601.  
   cry sleep no more, 94.  
   each a mighty, 412.  
   give few thy, 104.  
   I sing with mortal, 192.  
   in every wind, 325.  
   in my dreaming ear, 444.  
   in the street, uttereth her, 595.  
   is still for war, 249.  
   lost with singing of anthems, 63.  
   more safe I sing with mortal, 192.  
   my spirit can cheer, 510.  
   of all the gods, 32.  
   of charmers, 593.  
   of God, daughter of the, 418.  
   of gratitude, still small, 328.  
   of nature cries, 330.  
   of sweetest tone, 524.  
   of that wild horn, 450.  
   of the sluggard, 255.  
   of the turtle is heard, 602.  
   or hideous hum, 207.  
   seasoned with a gracious, 39.  
   so charming left his, 192.  
   sole daughter of his, 195.  
   sounds like a prophet's, 500.  
   still small, 588.  
   sweeter thy, 551.  
   that is still, sound of a, 550.  
   the harmony of the world, 18.  
   thrill of a happy, 592.  
   wandering, 404.  
 Voice was ever soft gentle and low, 124.  
   watch-dog's, 340.  
   you cannot hear, I hear a, 293.  
 Voices, ancestral, 435.  
   earth with her thousand, 435.  
   keep tune and oars keep time, 461.  
   most vociferous, 244.  
   music when soft, die, 494.  
   thank you for your, 76.  
   two, are there, 412.  
   your most sweet, 76.  
 Voicelal sea, swelling of the, 438.  
 Void, left an aching, 394.  
   rapture to the dreary, 479.  
 Volcano, dancing on a, 634.  
 Volscians in Corioi, I fluttered your,  
   77.  
 Volscians' ears, unmusical to, 76.  
 Voluble is his discourse, sweet and, 32.  
 Volume of my brain, book and, 107.  
   small rare, 396.  
   within that awful, 453.  
 Volumes in folio, I am for whole, 31.  
 Voluptuous swell, music with its, 478.  
 Vomit, dog is turned to his, 617.  
 Votaress, imperial, passed on, 34.  
 Votarist, like a sad, 139.  
 Vote, hand and heart to this, 465.  
   that shakes the turrets, 544.  
 Vow and not pay, 600.  
   better thou shouldst not, 600.  
   me no vows, 652.  
 Vowels, open, tire the ear, 277.  
 Vows, lovers', seem sweet, 482.  
   soul lends the tongue, 105.  
   with so much passion, 238.  
 Voyage, dry as the biscuit after a, 43.  
   of their life, 88.  
 Vulcan's stithy, foul as, 113.  
 Vulgar boil an egg, 234.  
   familiar but by no means, 104.  
   flight of common souls, 357.  
   the great, and the small, 174.  
 Vulture, rage of the, 480.  
 Vultures, protection of, to lambs, 380.  
 Wad some power, O, 385.  
 Wade through slaughter, 329.  
 Wades or creeps or flies, 185.  
 Waft a feather or to drown a fly, 262.  
   me from distraction, 474.  
   thy name beyond the sky, 470.  
 Wafture of your hand, angry, 85.  
 Wag all, in hall where beards, 6.  
 Wager, opinions backed by a, 484.  
 Wagers, fools use arguments for, 218.  
 Wages of sin is death, 613.  
 Wags, see how the world, 43.  
 Wall, nothing to, 138.  
 Walling winds and naked woods, 516.  
 Wain, wheels of Phoebus', 199.

- Waist, round the slight, 478.  
 Wait a century for a reader, 154.  
   who only stand and, 208.  
 Waited for the train, 550.  
 Wake and call me early, 548.  
   dream of those that, 242.  
   thee, till angels, 313.  
   to perish never, 420.  
   tremble when I, 360.  
 Waked by the circling hours, 191.  
   me too soon, you have, 255.  
 Wakeful nightingale, 188.  
 Wakefulness, fail with, 520.  
 Wakens the slumbering ages, 528.  
 Wakes, at country, 228.  
   the bitter memory, 186.  
 Waking bliss, certainty of, 200.  
   night of, morn of toil, 451.  
 Wales a portion, 389.  
 Walk beneath it steadfastly, 542.  
   beyond the common, 263.  
   by faith not by sight, 614.  
   by moon or glittering starlight, 189.  
   far as the solar, 269.  
   in fear and dread, 432.  
   of art, every, 397.  
   of virtuous life, 263.  
   the earth unseen, 189.  
   while ye have the light, 612.  
   with, pretty to, 163.  
   with stretched forth necks, 603.  
   with you talk with you, 37.  
 Walked in glory, him who, 405.  
   in paradise, 546.  
   in Thebes's streets, 426.  
 Walketh in darkness, 594.  
 Walking and mincing as they go, 603.  
   in an air of glory, 214.  
   shadow, life's but a, 100.  
 Walks abroad, take my, 254.  
   benighted under midday sun, 200.  
   echoing, between, 195.  
   eye nature's, 268.  
   happy, and shades, 195.  
   in beauty like the night, 482.  
   o'er the dew, 101.  
   the waters like a thing of life, 481.  
   to-morrow, already, 437.  
   up and down with me, 53.  
 Wall, close the, up with our English  
   dead, 65.  
   feather bed betwixt a, 216.  
   in the office of a, 55.  
   of partition, middle, 615.  
   weakest goes to the, 77.  
   whitewashed, 341.  
 Waller was smooth, 283.  
 Walls, banners on the outward, 99.  
   peace be within thy, 595.  
   stone, do not a prison make, 172.  
   theatres porches, 373.
- Walnuts and the wine, 547.  
 Walton's heavenly memory, 415.  
 Wand, bright gold ring on her, 457.  
   he walked with, 179.  
 Wander through eternity, 182.  
   with me, come, 534.  
 Wandered by the brook-side, 526.  
   east I've wandered west, 511.  
   long in fancy's maze, 281.  
 Wanderers o'er eternity, 474.  
 Wandering mazes lost, 183.  
   moon riding near, 206.  
   on a foreign strand, 448.  
   on as loth to die, 415.  
   steps and slow, 196.  
   voice, but a, 404.  
 Wanders heaven-directed, 274.  
 Want as an armed man, 596.  
   lonely, retired to die, 312.  
   not what we wish but what we, 332.  
   of decency is want of sense, 231.  
   of heart, as well as, 513.  
   of thought, evil wrought by, 513.  
   of thought, whistled for, 226.  
   of towns, elephants for, 245.  
   of wealth, rich from very, 331.  
   though much I, 8.  
   to, to be undone, 13.  
 Wanted a good word, never, 345.  
   many an idle song, 280.  
   one immortal song, 221.  
 Wanting, art found, 605.  
   not, what is stolen, 129.  
   the accomplishment of verse, 421.  
 Wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
   73.  
   stings and motions of the sense, 24.  
   sweetness, witchingly instil a, 303.  
   wiles, quips and cranks and, 204.  
 Wantoned with thy breakers, 478.  
 Wantonness in clothes, 165.  
 Wants but little, man, 264, 343.  
   money means and content, 45.  
   supply, his presence shall my, 252.  
   that pinch the poor, 366.  
 War, aid after the, 161.  
   blast of, blows in our ears, 65.  
   brazen throat of, 196.  
   Christ went agin, 565.  
   circumstance of glorious, 130.  
   even to the knife, 472.  
   ez fer, I call it murder, 565.  
   first in, first in peace, 396.  
   first touch of liberty's, 461.  
   flinty and steel couch of, 126.  
   garland of the, 133.  
   grim-visaged, 69.  
   hand of, infection and the, 55.  
   he sung is toil and trouble, 225.  
   is a game, 363.  
   is still the cry, 472.

- War its thousands slays, 347.  
   let slip the dogs of, 86.  
   my sentence is for open, 181.  
   my voice is still for, 249.  
   neither learn, any more, 603.  
   never was a good, 311.  
   no discharge in that, 601.  
   of elements, amidst the, 250.  
   or battle's sound, 207.  
   right form of, squadrons and, 85.  
   sinews of, 632.  
   state of, by nature, 245.  
   storm of, was gone, 401.  
   ten years', 237.  
   testament of bleeding, 56.  
   the state of nature, 348.  
   the study of a prince, 348.  
   to be prepared for, 368.  
   tug of, then was the, 233.  
   unjust peace before a just, 311.  
   unsuccessful or successful, 360.  
   voices prophesying, 435.  
   was in his heart, 593.  
   weak defence in, 227.  
 War's glorious art, 267.  
   red techstone, 566.  
 Warble his native wood-notes, 205.  
 Warbled to the string, 206.  
 Warbler of poetic prose, 362.  
 Ward, thou knowest my old, 59.  
 Warder of the brain, 93.  
 Ware, great bed at, 259.  
 Warm as ecstasy, 356.  
   heart within, 364.  
   without heating, 260.  
 Warmest welcome at an inn, 324.  
 Warm in the sun, 269.  
 Warmth, dear as the vital, 237.  
   lack of kindly, 82.  
   of its July, 518.  
   soft ethereal, 184.  
 Warn comfort and command, 405.  
 Warning, at th' expected, 385.  
   come without, 559.  
   for a thoughtless man, 422.  
   give little, 374.  
 Warp, weave the, 327.  
 Warrant, truth shall be thy, 14.  
 Warrior famed for fight, 135.  
   taking his rest, like a, 504.  
 Warriors, fierce fiery, 85.  
 Wars and rumours of wars, 610.  
   and the big, 130.  
   fierce, and faithful loves, 10.  
   more pangs and fears than, 73.  
   no sound of clashing, 557.  
   noise of endless, 185.  
   thousand, of old, 553.  
   who does in the, 133.  
 Warsaw, order reigns in, 630.  
 Was I deceived, 199.  
 Wash her guilt away, 344.  
 Washed with morning dew, 451.  
 Washing his hands, 513.  
 Washington's awful memory, 425.  
 Waste, affections run to, 477.  
   in the wide, is a tree, 482.  
   its sweetness on the desert air, 329.  
   long nights, 13.  
   music on the savage race, 266.  
   ocean's melancholy, 515.  
   of feelings unemployed, 479.  
   of hopes laid, 525.  
   of thought, thinking is idle, 426.  
   their sorrows at my bier, 505.  
   thysself upon thy virtues, 23.  
 Wasted for tyrants, 461.  
 Wasteful and ridiculous excess, 54.  
 Wasteth at noonday, 594.  
 Wasting in despair, 155.  
 Wat ye how she cheated me, 389.  
 Watch, an idler is, 357.  
   authentic, is shown, 163.  
   call the rest of the, 23.  
   care keeps his, 80.  
   in every old man's eye, 80.  
   no eye to, no tongue to wound, 459.  
   o'er man's mortality, 421.  
   some must, while some sleep, 114.  
   stars set their, in the sky, 444.  
   the hour, do but, 485.  
   whispers of each other's, 66.  
 Watch-dog's honest bark, 486.  
   voice that bayed, 340.  
 Watched her breathing, 512.  
 Watcher of the skies, 503.  
 Watches, judgments as our, 276.  
 Watchful night, 424.  
 Watching thee from hour to hour, 554.  
 Watchman what of the night, 604.  
 Water brooks, hart panteth after, 592.  
   business will never hold, 248.  
   but the desert, 477.  
   conscious, saw its God, 169.  
   drink no longer, 616.  
   drops, women's weapons, 122.  
   imperceptible, 513.  
   in the rough rude sea, 56.  
   in water, indistinct as, 133.  
   milk and, 485.  
   more, glideth by the mill, 77.  
   much, goeth by the mill, 645.  
   name was writ in, 502.  
   nectar and rocks pure gold, 21.  
   rats and land rats, 37.  
   smooth runs the, 67.  
   spilt on the ground, 588.  
   thieves and land thieves, 37.  
   to give a cup of, 507.  
   unstable as, 586.  
   virtues we write in, 74.  
   water everywhere, 432.

- Water, whole stay of, 603.  
 Waters, beside the still, 592.  
   blood-dyed, 441.  
   blue, fades o'er the, 471.  
   bread upon the, cast thy, 601.  
   bright, meet, 457.  
   cannot quench love, 602.  
   do business in great, 594.  
   dreadful noise of, in mine ears, 70.  
   fish in troubled, 233.  
   hell of, 476.  
   noise of many, 594.  
   once more upon the, 473.  
   o'er the glad, 481.  
   rave, where the scattered, 560.  
   rising world of, 186.  
   she walks the, 481.  
   stolen, are sweet, 596.  
   to a thirsty soul, 598.  
   unpathed, undreamed shores, 52.  
   wide as the, be, 415.  
 Watery deep, plough the, 290.  
 Wave, all sunk beneath the, 365.  
   break of the, 429.  
   cool translucent, 202.  
   fountain's murmuring, 366.  
   life on the ocean, 560.  
   long may it, 491.  
   Munich all thy banners, 443.  
   of life kept heaving, 512.  
   of the ocean, 561.  
   o' the sea, I wish you a, 52.  
   so dies a, along the shore, 374.  
   spangling the, 452.  
   succeeds a wave, 165.  
   winning, deserving note, 165.  
   with dimpled face, 567.  
 Waved her lily hand, 294.  
 Waves are brightly glowing, 534.  
   bound beneath me, 473.  
   Britannia rules the, 304.  
   come as the, come, 452.  
   dashed high, the breaking, 495.  
   nothing save the, and I, 488.  
   o'er the mountain, 443.  
   proud, be stayed, 591.  
   sea rolls its, 464.  
   what are the wild, saying, 561.  
   whist, the wild, 19.  
 Waving wings, on wide, 372.  
 Wax, my heart is, to be moulded, 574.  
   to flaming youth, virtue be as, 116.  
   to receive marble to retain, 485.  
 Way, adorns and cheers the, 345.  
   dances such a, 162.  
   dim and perilous, 402, 421.  
   effest, 30.  
   glory leads the, 238.  
   glory shows the, 238.  
   heaven's wide pathless, 206.  
   home, the next, 159.  
 Way, homeward plods his weary, 328.  
   life's common, 413.  
   lion in the, there is a, 599.  
   long is the, 183.  
   madness lies that, 122.  
   man's heart deviseth his, 597.  
   marshall'st me the, 93.  
   milky, face is like the, 163.  
   milky, solar walk or, 269.  
   mind my compass and, 293.  
   moves in a mysterious, 364.  
   no t'other side the, 514.  
   noiseless tenor of their, 329.  
   of all the earth, 587.  
   of bargain, in the, 60.  
   of kindness, save in the, 393.  
   of life, my, 99.  
   of transgressors, 596.  
   on their winding, 464.  
   out of hell, hard is the, 183.  
   out of his wreck, 74.  
   pretty Fanny's, 258.  
   sordid, he wends, 499.  
   steep and thorny, to heaven, 104.  
   tenor of his, 347.  
   that milky, which nightly, 192.  
   through Eden took their, 196.  
   through many a weary, 511.  
   through the world, 298.  
   to dusty death, lighted fools the,  
   100.  
   to heaven, all the, 169.  
   to heaven led the, 293.  
   to parish church, plain as, 43.  
   where is the good, 605.  
   where prudence points the, 304.  
   which, shall I fly, 187.  
   which, the wind is, 156.  
   which, they walk, 93.  
   wicked forsake his, 604.  
   wisdom finds a, 382.  
 Wayfaring men, 605.  
 Ways, amend your, 605.  
   among the untrodden, 403.  
   cheerful, of men, 186.  
   hundred and fifty, 46.  
   newest kind of, 64.  
   of glory, trod the, 74.  
   of God, just are the, 197.  
   of God to man, vindicate the, 268.  
   of God to men, justify the, 178.  
   of honour, the perfect, 75.  
   of men, far from the, 291.  
   of pleasantness, 595.  
   ten thousand, 223.  
   that are dark, 568.  
   to lengthen our days, 458.  
   wandered all our, 14.  
 Wayward and tetchy, 71.  
 We are men my liege, 95.  
   are ne'er like angels, 166.

- We grieved we sighed, 173.  
   have been friends together, 524.  
   have been long together, 374.  
   have lived and loved, 534.  
   'll go no more a roving, 484.  
   met 't was in a crowd, 508.  
   must be free or die, 413.
- We never blushed before, 173.  
   never mention her, 508.  
   spent them not in toys, 173.  
   watched her breathing, 512.
- Weak and beggarly elements, 615.  
   and despised old man, 122.  
   fine by defect and delicately, 274.  
   minds led captive, 196.  
   protest of the, 560.  
   to be, is miserable, 178.  
   women went astray, if, 241.
- Weaker vessel, as unto the, 617.
- Weakest bodies, strongest works in,  
   116.  
   goes to the wall, 77.
- Weakness, amiable, 308, 380.  
   strength perfect in, 614.  
   stronger by, 175.
- Weaknesses, amiable, 355.
- Weal, prayer for others', 470.
- Wealth accumulates, where, 340.  
   and commerce, 347.  
   and freedom reign, 338.  
   and place, get, 283.  
   boundless his, 448.  
   by any means get, 283.  
   e'er gave, all that, 328.  
   excess of, is cause of covetousness,  
   17.  
   excludes but one evil, 317.  
   genuine and less guilty, 171.  
   ignorance of, his best riches, 340.  
   loss of, is loss of dirt, 141.  
   of Ormus and of Ind, 181.  
   private credit is, 584.  
   rich from want of, 331.  
   shade that follows, 343.  
   that sinews bought, 360.
- Wealthy curled darlings, 125.
- Weans in their bed, are the, 556.
- Weapon, satire 's my, 282.  
   still as snowflakes, 511.
- Weapons, women's, water-drops, 122.
- Wear a crown, sweet to, 68.  
   a face of joy, 417.  
   a golden sorrow, 72.  
   a lion's hide, 53.  
   motley 's the only, 43.  
   not much the worse for, 359.  
   out than rust out, better, 624.
- Weariest worldly life, 26.
- Weariness can snore, 134.  
   may toss him, 161.  
   of the flesh, 602.
- Wearisome condition, 9.
- Wears a hood, drink with him that, 7.  
   out more apparel, 28.  
   the rose of youth, 133.  
   yet a precious jewel in his head, 42.
- Weary and old with service, 73.  
   and worn, with fingers, 514.  
   be at rest, there the, 589.  
   bones, come to lay his, 74.  
   of breath, one more unfortunate,  
   514.  
   of conjectures, 250.  
   of the sun, 'gin to be a, 100.  
   of toil and of tears, 568.  
   stale flit and unprofitable, 102.  
   with disasters, 95.
- Weasel, it is like a, 114.
- Weather, fair, out of the north, 590.  
   through pleasant and cloudy, 374.  
   will be fair for the sky is red, 609.  
   wind or, nought cared for, 436.
- Weathered the storm, 399.
- Weave the warp, 327.
- Weaver's shuttle, swifter than a, 589.
- Web from their own entrails spin, 228.  
   in middle of her, 145.  
   like the stained, 455.  
   of our life is of mingled yarn, 48.  
   tangled, we weave, 450.
- Wed at leisure, wooed in haste, 47.  
   December when they, 46.  
   with this ring I thee, 619.  
   with thought, 552.
- Wedded love, hail 189.  
   maid and widowed wife, 453.
- Wedged in that timber, 231.
- Wedges of gold, 71
- Wedlock compared to public feasts,  
   145.
- Wee short hour, some, 385.  
   Willie Winkie, 556.
- Weed flung from the rock, 473.  
   in palmer's, 199.  
   on Lethe wharf, 106.  
   pernicious, 357.
- Weed's plain heart, 564.
- Weeds, dank and dropping, 209.  
   of glorious feature, 12.  
   who in widow, appears, 387.  
   wiped away the, 532.
- Week, argument for a, 58.  
   divide the Sunday from the, 101.  
   of all the days that 's in the, 245.
- Weep a people inurned, 521.  
   away the life of care, 493  
   in our darkness, let us, 562.  
   laugh that I may not, 488.  
   make the angels, such tricks as, 25.  
   might not, for thee, 504.  
   night is the time to, 440.  
   no more lady, 581.

- Weep no more nor sigh, 151.  
   not for him, 562.  
   that trust and that deceiving, 542.  
   the more because in vain, 331.  
   to record, 442.  
   wake and, here must I, 388.  
   while all around thee, 373.  
   who would not, 281.  
   words that, 174.  
   yet scarce know why, 460.  
 Weeks thegither, fou for, 384.  
 Weeping thou sat'st, 373.  
   upon his bed has sate, 539.  
 Weigh my eyelids down, 63.  
   the man not his title, 388.  
 Weighed in the balances, 605.  
 Weighs upon the heart, 99.  
 Weight, heavy and the weary, 406.  
   in gold, thrice their, 396.  
   less of, with greater ease, 220.  
   mind were, clay could think and,  
   413.  
   of mightiest monarchies, 182.  
   of seventy years, 414.  
   of woe, bowed down by, 527.  
 Weighty sense flows in fit words, 222.  
 Weird sisters, 98.  
 Welcome at an inn, warmest, 324.  
   deep-mouthed, 486.  
   ever smiles, 75.  
   friend, when it comes say, 169.  
   in your eye your hand, 91.  
   peaceful evening in, 362.  
   pure-eyed faith, 199.  
   shade, more, 293.  
   small cheer and great, 27.  
   the coming guest, 282, 291.  
 Welkin dome, lit the, 498.  
 Well, heart's deep, 569.  
   last drop in the, 484.  
   live, what thou livest, 196.  
   not so deep as a, 81.  
   not wisely but too, 131.  
   of English undefyled, 12.  
   paid that is well satisfied, 40.  
   said again, 72.  
   shaken, to be, 392.  
   to know her own, 194.  
   to say, is a kind of good deed, 72.  
   worth doing, 298.  
 Well-bred man, sensible and, 357.  
   whisper close the scene, 361.  
 Well-favoured man, to be a, 28.  
 Well-graced actor, after a, 56.  
 Wells, buckets into empty, 361.  
 Well-spring of pleasure, 555.  
 Well-trod stage, then to the, 205.  
 Weltering in his blood, 225.  
 Wench's black eye, white, 80.  
 Wept away in transient tears, 546.  
   each other's tears, 534.  
 Wept o'er his wounds, 340.  
   we grieved we sighed we, 173.  
   with delight at your smile, 567.  
 Wert thou all that I wish, 459.  
 West, blue eyes sought the, 447.  
   round the dreary, 552.  
 Western dome, him of the, 222.  
   flower, a little, 34.  
   star, lovers love the, 447.  
 Westminster, we thrive at, 287.  
 Westward the course of empire, 260.  
   the star of empire, 260.  
 West-wind purr contented, 566.  
 Wet damnation, 149.  
   sheet and flowing sea, 446.  
   with unseen tears, 440.  
 Wether, tainted, of the flock, 39.  
 Wethers, return to our, 572.  
 Whale, bobbed for, 583.  
   throw a tub to the, 246.  
   very like a, 114.  
 Wharf, fat weed on Lethe, 106.  
 What a fall was there, 87.  
   a falling off was there, 107.  
   a monstrous tail our cat has, 244.  
   a piece of work is man, 109.  
   a taking was he in, 23.  
   and where they be, 554.  
   are the wild waves saying, 561.  
   are these so withered, 89.  
   authority and show of truth, 29.  
   boots it at one gate, 197.  
   can an old man do, 512.  
   can ennoble sots, 272.  
   care I how chaste she be, 15.  
   care I how fair she be, 14, 155.  
   constitutes a state, 373.  
   dire effects from civil discord, 250.  
   do you read my lord, 108.  
   God hath joined together, 609.  
   has been has been, 227.  
   has posterity done for us, 383.  
   he has he gives, 76.  
   he knew what 's, 215, 641.  
   is a lie, after all, 489.  
   is a man profited, 609.  
   is and what must be, 186.  
   is done is done, 95.  
   's done we may compute, 386.  
   is friendship but a name, 343.  
   's gone and what 's past help, 51.  
   is got over the devil's back, 576.  
   's Hecuba to him, 110.  
   's her history, 50.  
   is impossible can't be, 391.  
   's in a name, 79.  
   's one man's poison, 153.  
   's what, he knew, 215, 641.  
   is worth in anything, 218.  
   is writ is writ, 478.  
   is yours is mine, 27.



- What makes all doctrines plain, 220.  
   man dare I dare, 97.  
   may man within him hide, 26.  
   men daily do not knowing, 29.  
   men dare do what men may do, 29.  
   mighty contests rise, 279.  
   mighty ills have not been done, 237.  
   more felicitie can fall, 12.  
   ne'er was nor is, 277.  
   news on the Rialto, 37.  
   none hath dared thou hast, 15.  
   perils do environ, 217.  
   seest thou else, 19.  
   so rare as a day in June, 563.  
   stronger breastplate, 68.  
   the dickens, 23, 651.  
   thou liv'st live well, 196.  
   thou wouldst highly, 91.  
   though the field be lost, 178.  
   we gave we have, 582.  
   we have we prize not, 29.  
   we left we lost, 582.  
   we spent we had, 582.  
   we wish, not, 332.  
   will Mrs. Grundy say, 394.  
 Whatever is best administered, 271.  
   is in its causes just, 230.  
   is is right, 270.  
   is worth doing at all, 298.  
   smacked of noyance, 303.  
   stirs this mortal frame, 434.  
 Whatsoever a man soweth, 615.  
   state I am, in, 615.  
   thing is lost, 365.  
   things are just pure lovely, 615.  
   things are of good report, 615.  
   things are true, 615.  
   thy hand findeth to do, 601.  
   ye would that men should do, 608.  
 Wheat, as two grains of, 33.  
   for this planting, 538.  
 Wheedling arts, 294.  
 Wheel, as she turns the giddy, 354.  
   broken at the cistern, 602.  
   butterfly upon a, 281.  
   in the midst of a wheel, 605.  
   noisy, was still, 526.  
   the sofa round, 362.  
 Wheels of brazen chariots, 191.  
   of Phœbus' wain, 199.  
   of weary life stood still, 230.  
 When Adam dolve, 582.  
   found make a note of, 558.  
   I ope my lips, 36.  
   in doubt win the trick, 634.  
   Israel of the Lord, 453.  
   love speaks, 32.  
   lovely woman stoops to folly, 344.  
   shall we three meet again, 89.  
   taken to be well shaken, 392.  
   the age is in the wit is out, 29.  
 When the sea was roaring, 't was, 294.  
   two dogs are fighting, 308.  
   we two parted, 470.  
 Whence and what art thou, 184.  
   can comfort spring, 418.  
   is thy learning, 295.  
 Where dwellest thou, 76.  
   echo answers, 480.  
   go the poet's lines, 545.  
   I would ever be, I am, 509.  
   ignorance is bliss, 326.  
   is my child, an echo answers, 480.  
   law ends tyranny begins, 319.  
   lives the man that has not tried, 452.  
   Macgregor sits, 573.  
   my Julia's lips do smile, 165.  
   none admire, useless to excel, 321.  
   the bee sucks there suck I, 21.  
   the Lord knows, 271.  
   the shoe pinches, 634.  
   the tree falleth, 601.  
   thou lodgest I will lodge, 587.  
   to lay his head, 608.  
   was Roderick then, 452.  
   your treasure is, 607.  
 Whereabout, prate of my, 93.  
 Where'er I roam, 338.  
   she lie locked up, 169.  
 Wherefore are these things hid, 49.  
   art thou Romeo, 79.  
   for every why a, 27, 215, 639.  
   in all things, why and, 67.  
 Wheresoever whensoever, 377.  
 Whether in sea or fire, 101.  
 While I was musing, 592.  
   stands the Coliseum, 477.  
   thee I seek protecting Power, 396.  
   there is life there 's hope, 295.  
 Whining school-boy, 44.  
 Whip, a hangman's, 386.  
   in every honest hand a, 131.  
   me such honest knaves, 124.  
 Whipped for o'erdoing termagant, 112.  
   the offending Adam, 65.  
 Whipping, who should 'scape, 109.  
 Whips and scorns of time, 110.  
 Whirligig of time, 51.  
 Whirlwind of passion, 112.  
   reap the, 605.  
   rides in the, 251, 285.  
 Whirlwind's roar, 339.  
   sway, sweeping, 327.  
 Whisper, full well the busy, 341.  
   hark they, 288.  
   of the throne, 553.  
   softness in chambers, 211.  
   well-bred, close the scene, 361.  
 Whispered in heaven, 't was, 393.  
   it to the woods, 193.  
   word, sweet in every, 482.  
 Whispering humbleness, 37.

- Whispering I will ne'er consent, 486.  
   lovers made, for, 339.  
   tongues can poison truth, 433.  
   wind, bayed the, 340.  
   with white lips, 473.
- Whispers of each other's watch, 66.  
   of fancy, 314.  
   the o'erfraught heart, 98.
- Whist, the wild waves, 19.
- Whistle and she will come to you, 651.  
   and sing, still he'd, 381.  
   than to a blackbird 't is to, 215.  
   clear as a, 297.  
   free, the shrill winds, 559.  
   her off and let her down, 129.  
   paid dear for his, 311.  
   them back, when he pleased, 343.  
   wel ywette, 3.
- Whistled for want of thought, 226.
- Whistles in his sound, pipes and, 44.
- Whistling aloud, 300.  
   of a name, 174, 272.  
   to keep from being afraid, 231.
- White a moment, then melts, 384.  
   as heaven, soul as, 152.  
   as snow, beard was as, 118.  
   black and gray, 186.  
   radiance of eternity, 493.  
   so very white, nor, 399.  
   wench's black eye, 80.  
   whose red and, 49.  
   will have its black, 582.  
   wonder of Juliet's hand, 81.
- Whitened sepulchres, 610.
- White-handed hope, 199.
- Whiteness, angel, 29.  
   of his soul, 474.
- Whiter than driven snow, 324.
- Whitewashed wall, 341.
- Whither thou goest I will go, 587.
- Who a sermon flies, 160.  
   as they sung, 199.  
   breaks a butterfly, 281.  
   breathes must suffer, 243.  
   builds a church to God, 275.  
   but must laugh, 281.  
   can be wise amazed temperate, 94.  
   can hold a fire in his hand, 55.  
   can paint like nature, 301.  
   can refute a sneer, 376.  
   dares do more, 92.  
   dares think one thing, 291.  
   does the best, 263.  
   drives fat oxen, 318.  
   fears to speak of ninety-eight, 526.  
   goeth a borrowing, 6.  
   love too much, 291.  
   loves a garden, 362.  
   ne'er knew joy, 289.  
   never mentions hell, 276.  
   overcomes by force, 180.
- Who ran to help me when I fell, 446.  
   reads an American book, 428.  
   shall decide, 275.  
   steals my purse steals trash, 128.  
   sweeps a room, 160.  
   that hath ever been, 440.  
   think not God at all, 197.  
   think too little, 222.  
   thinks must mourn, 243.  
   would fardels bear, 111.  
   would not be a boy, 472.  
   would not weep, 281.
- Whoe'er she be, 169.  
   has travelled, 324.  
   was edified, 361.
- Whole duty of man, 602.  
   half is more than the, 628.  
   head is sick, 603.  
   heart is faint, 603.  
   of life to live, 't is not the, 439.  
   one stupendous, 269.  
   stay of bread, 603.  
   world, if he shall gain the, 609.  
   world kin, makes the, 76.
- Wholesome, nights are, 101.
- Whom begot, by, 289.  
   the Gods love, 488.  
   the Lord loveth, 616.
- Whores were burnt alive, 241.
- Whose dog are you, 287.
- Whoso sheddeth man's blood, 586.
- Why a wherefore, every, 27, 215, 639.  
   all this toil and trouble, 416.  
   and wherefore in all things, 67.  
   ar' n't they all contented, 584.  
   are we fond of toil and care, 577.  
   choose the rankling thorn, 577.  
   don't the men propose, 508.  
   dost thou shiver and shake, 374.  
   is plain as way to parish church, 43.  
   man of morals, 173.  
   should every creature drink, 173.  
   so pale and wan fond lover, 163.  
   thus longing, 566.
- Wicked cease from troubling, 589.  
   flee when no man pursueth, 599.  
   forsake his way, 604.  
   little better than one of the, 57.  
   mercies of the, are cruel, 596.  
   no peace unto the, 604.  
   or charitable, intents, 105.  
   something, this way comes, 97.  
   world, this, 618.
- Wickedness, method in man's, 152.  
   sweet in his mouth, 590.  
   tents of, dwell in the, 593.
- Wickliffe's dust shall spread, 415.
- Wide, a world too, 44.  
   as a church door, 't is not so, 81.  
   as the waters be, 415.  
   enough for thee and me, 322.

- Wide, the villains march, 61.  
 was his parish, 2.
- Widening, ever, slowly silence all, 555.
- Widow of fifty, here's to the, 379.  
 some undone, 149.  
 weeds appears, in, 387.
- Widow's heart to sing, 590.
- Widowed wife and wedded maid, 453.
- Wielded at will, 197.
- Wife and children impediments to  
 great enterprises, 137.  
 Cæsar's, above suspicion, 624.  
 dearer than the bride, 321.  
 giving honour unto the, 617.  
 honest, can see her beauty in, 393.  
 love your neighbour's, 520.  
 of thy bosom, 587.  
 the weaker vessel, 617.  
 true and honourable, 85.  
 widowed, and wedded maid, 453.  
 with nine small children, 585.
- Wifly patience, flour of, 3.
- Wight, if ever such, were, 127.  
 O base Hungarian, 22.
- Wild and willowed shore, 447.  
 by starts 't was, 333.  
 in their attire, 89.  
 in woods, when, 229.  
 passion-waves lulled to rest, 501.  
 thyme blows, bank where the, 35.  
 waves saying, what are the, 561.  
 with all regret, 551.
- Wilderness a lodging-place, 605.  
 choice grain into this, 171.  
 lodge in some vast, 330.  
 love in such a, 444.  
 of single instances, 555.  
 of sweets, 191.
- Wild-fowl, concerning, 51.
- Wile, children with endearing, 341.
- Wiles, simple, praise blame, 404.  
 wanton, cranks and, 204.
- Will, be the e a, 382.  
 complies against his, 220.  
 current of a woman's, 253.  
 executes a freeman's, 511.  
 for if she, she will, 261.  
 for the deed, 651.  
 free, fixed fate, 183.  
 glideth at his own sweet, 410.  
 Honeycomb, 252.  
 I should have my, 573.  
 left free the human, 287.  
 my poverty but not my, 82.  
 not when he may, 582.  
 one man's, to live by, 18.  
 or won't, a woman, 261.  
 pay thy poverty not thy, 82.  
 puzzles the, 111.  
 reason panders, 116.  
 serveth not another's, 143.
- Will, star of the unconquered, 536.  
 state's collected, 373.  
 temperate, reason firm, 405.  
 to do the soul to dare, 450.  
 torrent of a woman's, 261.  
 unconquerable, 178.  
 wielded at, 197.
- William, you are old Father, 426.
- Willie Winkie, wee, 556.
- Willing, the spirit indeed is, 610.  
 to wound, 281.
- Willingly let it die, 210.
- Willow, lake where drooped the, 527.
- Willowed shore, wild and, 447.
- Willows, harps upon the, 595.
- Willowy brook, 401.
- Wills and fates so contrary run, 113.  
 to do or say, 194.
- Win a woman with his tongue, 21.  
 the good we oft might, 24.  
 the trick, when in doubt, 634.  
 they laugh that, 130, 649.  
 us to our harm, 90.  
 us with honest trifles, 90.  
 wouldst wrongly, 91.
- Wince, let the galled jade, 114.
- Wind and his nobility, betwixt the, 57.  
 bayed the whispering, 340.  
 blow, come wrack, 100.  
 blow thou winter, 44.  
 bloweth where it listeth, 611.  
 blows, tell which way the, 156.  
 breathing of the common, 412.  
 crannying, save to the, 474.  
 dances in the, when she, 227.  
 dry, dry sun, 6.  
 estridges that with the, 60.  
 fly upon the wings of the, 591.  
 God gives, by measure, 161.  
 God tempers the, 322.  
 he that observeth the, 601.  
 hears him in the, 259.  
 hollow blasts of, 294.  
 hope constancy in, 470.  
 idle as the, 88.  
 ill blows the, 642.  
 ill, turns none to good, 6.  
 ill, which blows no man good, 642.  
 large a charter as the, 43.  
 let her down the, 129.  
 may the east, never blow when he  
 goes a fishing, 157.  
 or weather, 433.  
 passeth over it, 594.  
 run before the, 337.  
 sits the, in that corner, 28.  
 sorrow's keenest, 410.  
 stands as never it stood, 6.  
 streaming to the, 180.  
 strumpet, beggared by the, 38.  
 tears shall drown the, 92.

- Wind that follows fast, 446.  
 that grand old harper, 569.  
 they have sown the, 605.  
 thunder-storm against the, 476.  
 to keep the, away, 119.  
 voice in every, 325.
- Wind-beaten hill, 444.
- Winding bout, with many a, 205.  
 Rhine, wide and, 474.  
 up days with toil, 66.  
 way, see them on their, 464.
- Winding-sheet of Edward's race, 327.  
 snow shall be their, 443.
- Window like a pillory, each, 219.  
 light through yonder, 78.  
 of the east, the golden, 77.  
 tirlin' at the, cryin' at the lock, 556.
- Windowed raggedness, 122.
- Windows of the sky, 303.  
 storied, richly dight, 207.  
 that exclude the light, 331.
- Winds and waves on the side of the  
 ablest navigators, 355.  
 blew great guns, though, 381.  
 blow, crack your cheeks, 122.  
 blow till they have wakened death,  
 127.  
 come, come as the, 452.  
 courted by all the, 198.  
 four-square to all the, 555.  
 happy, upon her played, 550.  
 imprisoned in the viewless, 25.  
 of doctrine were let loose, 211.  
 of heaven visit her face, 102.  
 of March with beauty, take the, 52.  
 stormy, do blow, 162, 443.  
 their revels keep, 560.  
 wailing, naked woods, 516.  
 were love-sick, 132.  
 whistle free, the shrill, 559.  
 wings of all the, 7, 281.
- Windy side of the law, keep on the, 51.
- Wine, a cup of hot, 76.  
 a new friend is as new, 606.  
 and I'll not look for, 147.  
 flown with insolence and, 179.  
 for thy stomach's sake, 616.  
 good, needs no bush, 46.  
 invisible spirit of, 128.  
 is a good familiar creature, 128.  
 is a mocker, 597.  
 like the best, 602.  
 look not thou upon the, 598.  
 of life is drawn, 94.  
 old, to drink, 630.  
 old, wholesomest, 168.  
 our goblets gleam in, 542.  
 our sudden friendship springs from,  
 295.  
 sweet poison of misused, 199.  
 that maketh glad the heart, 594.
- Wine, walnuts and the, 547.
- Wine-press alone, trodden the, 605.
- Wines, purple as their, 285.
- Wing, as a noiseless, 474.  
 bird on the, 561.  
 conquest's crimson, 327.  
 damp my intended, 194.  
 dropped from an angel's, 415.  
 human soul take, 483.  
 the dart, plucked to, 462.
- Winged Cupid is painted blind, 34.  
 hours of bliss, 442.  
 sea-girt citadel, 472.  
 the shaft, 470.
- Wings, add speed to thy, 184.  
 chickens under her, 610.  
 clip an angel's, 502.  
 flies with swallow's, 71.  
 girt with golden, 199.  
 healing in his, 606.  
 in tears, dip their, 552.  
 lend your, 288.  
 lends corruption lighter, 275.  
 lets grow her, 200.  
 like a dove, oh that I had, 593.  
 love without his, 490.  
 of all the winds, 7.  
 of borrowed wit, 155.  
 of night, falls from the, 537.  
 of silence, float upon the, 199.  
 of the morning, 595.  
 of the wind, fly upon the, 591.  
 of winds came flying, on, 281.  
 on wide waving, 372.  
 riches make themselves, 598.  
 sailing on obscure, 434.  
 shadow of thy, 591.  
 shall tell the matter, 601.  
 spreads his light, 286.  
 that which hath, 601.
- Winning, world worth the, 225.
- Winking Mary-buds, 134.
- Wins not more than honesty, 74.
- Winter comes to rule, 302.  
 in his bounty, no, 133.  
 in thy year, no, 377.  
 is past, for lo the, 602.  
 lingering chills the lap, 338.  
 loves a dirge-like sound, 408.  
 my age is as a lusty, 42.  
 of our discontent, 69.  
 ruler of the inverted year, 362.  
 when the dismal rain, 569.  
 wind, blow blow thou, 44.
- Winter's fury, withstood the, 292.  
 day, sunbeam in a, 299.  
 head, crown old, 169.
- Wipe a bloody nose, 295.  
 my weeping eyes, 255.
- Wiped away the weeds, 532.  
 our eyes of drops, 43.

- Wiped with a little address, 359.
- Wisdom, all men's, 634.  
 and false philosophy, 183.  
 and wit are born with a man, 156.  
 and wit are little seen, 260.  
 apply our hearts unto, 594.  
 at one entrance, 186.  
 crieth without, 595.  
 finds a way, 332.  
 is better than rubies, 596.  
 is humble, 354.  
 is justified of her children, 608.  
 is the gray hair unto men, 606.  
 is the principal thing, 595.  
 man of, the man of years, 265.  
 married to immortal verse, 423.  
 mounts her zenith, 374.  
 nearer when we stoop, 421.  
 of many, wit of one, 634.  
 of our ancestors, 352.  
 price of, is above rubies, 590.  
 shall die with you, 590.  
 the prime, 193.  
 therefore get, 595.  
 vain, all and false philosophy, 183.  
 wake, though, 186.  
 will not enter, 528.  
 with mirth, who mixed, 342.  
 world is governed with little, 156.
- Wisdom's aid, friend of pleasure, 336.  
 gate, suspicion sleeps at, 186.  
 part, this is, 309.  
 self oft seeks solitude, 200.
- Wise above that which is written, 613.  
 all that men held, 170.  
 amazed temperate and furious, 94.  
 and masterly inactivity, 395.  
 as serpents, 608.  
 as the frogs, 306.  
 Bacon or brave Raleigh, 284.  
 be not worldly, 159.  
 coffee makes the politician, 279.  
 convey the, it call, 22.  
 do never live long, 71.  
 exceeding, fair-spoken, 75.  
 father knows his own child, 38.  
 follies of the, 312.  
 folly to be, 326.  
 for cure on exercise depend, 223.  
 good to be merry and, 641.  
 great men are not always, 590.  
 histories make men, 138.  
 in his own conceit, 599.  
 in show, 209.  
 in their own craftiness, 589.  
 in your own conceits, 613.  
 little, the best fools be, 144.  
 made lowly, 418.  
 man is strong, 598.  
 man's son, every, 49.  
 men's counters, words are, 155.
- Wise passiveness, 416.  
 saws and modern instances, 44.  
 son maketh a glad father, 596.  
 spirits of the, sit in the clouds, 63.  
 the only wretched are the, 241.  
 the reverend head, 255.  
 to talk with past hours, 263.  
 to-day, be, 262.  
 type of the, 407.  
 with speed, be, 266.  
 words of the, 602.
- Wisely, one that loved not, 131.  
 tell what hour o' the day, 215.  
 worldly, be, 159.
- Wiser and better grow, 234.  
 for his learning, no man is, 156.  
 in his own conceit, 599.  
 in their generation, 611.  
 than a daw, no, 67.
- Wisest brightest meanest, 272.  
 censure, mouths of, 127.  
 man who is not wise, 404.  
 men, relished by the, 334.  
 of men, Socrates the, 197.  
 second thoughts are, 230.  
 virtuousest best, 194.
- Wish and care, man whose, 288.  
 her stay, who saw to, 193  
 his religion an anxious, 506.  
 not what we, 332.  
 was father to that thought, 64.
- Wished she had not heard it, 126.  
 that I had clear for life, 245.
- Wishes. all their country's, 336.  
 in idle, fools supinely stay, 382.  
 lengthen like our shadows, 265.  
 sober, never learned to stray, 329.  
 soon as granted fly, 448.  
 stilled, be my vain, 396.
- Wishing, content myself with, 319.  
 of all employments, 264.
- Wit, a man in, 289.  
 although he had much, 215.  
 among lords, 315.  
 and wisdom are little seen, 260.  
 and wisdom born with a man, 156  
 brevity is the soul of, 108.  
 brightens, how the, 278.  
 cause that, is in other men, 62.  
 devise, write pen, 31.  
 eloquence and poetry, 173.  
 enjoy your dear, 202.  
 hast so much, 252.  
 her, was more than man, 224.  
 high as metaphysic, 215.  
 in his little finger, 644.  
 in the combat, 462.  
 in the very first line, 342.  
 invites you, his, 357.  
 is a feather, 272.  
 is out when age is in, 29.

- Wit, men of, will condescend, 246.  
   miracle instead of, 267.  
   mouses, not worth a leke, 3.  
   no, for so much room, 212.  
   no room for, heads so little, 212.  
   of one, wisdom of many, 634.  
   one man's, all men's wisdom, 634.  
   pity nor, shall lure it back, 571.  
   plentiful lack of, 108.  
   put his whole, in a jest, 152.  
   skirmish of, there's a, 27.  
   so narrow human, 276.  
   that can creep, 281.  
   to mortify a, 288.  
   too fine a point to your, 574.  
   too proud for a, 342.  
   true, is nature, 277.  
   whole nation void of, 394.  
   will come, and fancy, 290.  
   will shine, 223.  
   wings of borrowed, 155.  
   with dunees, 285.
- Wit's end, at their, 594.
- Witch hath power to charm, 101.  
   the world with noble horseman-  
   ship, 61.
- Witchcraft, hell of, 136.  
   this only is the, I have used, 126.
- Witchery of soft blue sky, 409.
- Witching time of night, 114.
- Witchingly instil a sweetness, 303.
- With thee conversing, 189.  
   thee, no living, 252.  
   too much quickness, 274.
- Wither, leaf also shall not, 591.
- Withered and shaken, 512  
   and so wild in their attire, 89.  
   when true hearts lie, 458.
- Withering fled, hope, 481.  
   on the ground, 291.  
   on the stalk, maidens, 417.  
   on the virgin thorn, 33.
- Withers are unwrung, 114.
- Within, I have that, 102.  
   is good and fair, 437.  
   one of her, 651.  
   that awful volume, 453.  
   they that are, would fain go out,  
   145.
- Without thee I cannot live, 505.  
   Thee we are poor, 363.  
   they that are, would fain go in, 145.
- Witnesses, cloud of, 616.
- Wits, dunce with, 285.  
   encounter of our, 70.  
   great, will jump, 641  
   home-keeping youth have homely,  
   21.  
   lord among, 315.  
   to madness near allied, 221.
- Witty in myself, I am not only, 62.
- Witty it shall be, 299.  
   to talk with, 163.  
   words though ne'er so, 14.
- Wizards that peep, 603.
- Woe, Altama murmurs to their, 342.  
   amid severest, 325.  
   awaits a country, 449.  
   checkered paths of joy and, 310.  
   day of, the watchful night, 424.  
   deepest notes of, 387.  
   doth tread upon another's heel, 118.  
   eloquence to, 481.  
   every, a tear can claim, 479.  
   feel another's, 288.  
   fig for, a fig for care, 141.  
   gave signs of, 195.  
   heritage of, 482.  
   is life protracted, 311.  
   is me to have seen what I have, 112.  
   luxury of, 462.  
   man of, not always a, 447.  
   melt at others', 288, 292.  
   mockery of, 289.  
   pilot of my proper, 482.  
   ponderous, 243.  
   rearward of a conquered, 136.  
   sabler tints of, 331.  
   silence in love bewrays more, 14.  
   sleep the friend of, 424.  
   some degree of, 321.  
   source of my bliss and, 342.  
   succeeds a woe, 165.  
   tears of, smiles of joy, 461.  
   touch of joy or, 323.  
   trappings and suits of, 102.  
   weight of, bowed down by, 527.
- Woe-begone, so, so dead in look, 62.
- Woes cluster, 263.  
   Galileo with his, 476.  
   rare are solitary, 263.  
   shall serve for sweet discourses, 81.  
   tear that flows for others', 372.  
   unnumbered, 290.
- Would not when he might, 582.
- Wolf dwell with the lamb, 603.  
   on the fold, like the, 482.
- Wolves, silence ye, 285.
- Woman a contradiction at best, 275.  
   among all those, not found a, 600.  
   and may be wooed, 77.  
   believe a, or an epitaph, 470.  
   born of, 590.  
   brawling, in a house, 597.  
   contentious, 599.  
   could play the, with mine eyes, 98.  
   dark eye in, 475.  
   destructive damnable deceitful, 237.  
   died, saint sustained it, 289.  
   don't become a young, 378.  
   excellent thing in, 124.  
   frailty thy name is, 103.

- Woman, fury of a disappointed,** 248.  
 good name in man and, 128.  
 how divine a thing, may be made, 408.  
 I hate a dumpy, 486.  
 in her first passion, 487.  
 in our hours of ease, 450.  
 in this humour wooed, 70.  
 is at heart a rake, 274.  
 laborin' man and laborin', 503.  
 laid old Troy in ashes, 237.  
 lays his hand upon a, 303.  
 lost Mark Antony the world, 237.  
 lovely woman, O, 237.  
 loves her lover, 487.  
 man delights not me no nor, 100.  
 man that is born of, 590.  
 moved, a fountain troubled, 47.  
 nature made thee to temper man, 237.  
 of her word, honest, 38.  
 one that was a, 118.  
 perfect, nobly planned, 405.  
 perfected, earth's noblest thing, 534.  
 preaching, 316.  
 scorned, no fury like a, 257.  
 she is a, 67, 77.  
 smiled, till, 441.  
 still be a, to you, 258.  
 stoops to folly, when lovely, 344.  
 such duty, oweth to her husband, 47.  
 supper with such a, 296.  
 take an elder, let the, 49.  
 take some savage, 549.  
 that deliberates is lost, 249.  
 that seduces all mankind, 204.  
 therefore may be won, 77.  
 therefore may be wooed, 77.  
 therefore to be won, 67.  
 what mighty ills done by, 237.  
 will or won't depend on 't, 261.  
 win with his tongue, 21.  
**Woman's breast his favourite seat,** 407.  
 eye, such beauty as a, 32.  
 eyes, light that lies in, 450.  
 faith and woman's trust, 453.  
 looks, my only books were, 450.  
 love, brief my lord as, 113.  
 mood, fantastic as a, 451.  
 nay stands for naught, 135.  
 praise, sweeter sound of, 523.  
 reason, none but a, 21.  
 whole existence, love is, 487.  
 will, current of a, 253.  
 work is never done, 584.  
**Womanhood and childhood,** 537.  
**Womankind, faith in,** 531.  
**Womb of morning dew,** 11.  
 of nature, wild abyss the, 155.  
**Womb of pia mater, in the,** 32.  
 of the morning, 619.  
 of uncreated night, 182.  
**Women, alas the love of,** 487.  
 and brave men, 473.  
 bevy of fair, 196.  
 find few real friends, 321.  
 framed to make, false, 127.  
 hear these tell-tale, 71.  
 in their first passion, 575.  
 like princes, 321.  
 men and, merely players, 44.  
 pardoned all, the, 489.  
 passing the love of, 588.  
 pleasing punishment of, 27.  
 seven, take hold of one man, 603.  
 sweet is revenge to, 486.  
 weak, went astray, 241.  
 when Achilles hid himself among, 177.  
 wish to be who love their lords, 335.  
 words are, deeds are men, 162.  
**Women's eyes are books,** 32.  
 weapons water-drops, 122.  
**Won, grace that,** 193.  
 nor lost, neither, 321.  
 not unsought, 193.  
 she is a woman therefore to be, 67.  
 showed how fields were, 340.  
 though baffled oft is ever, 479.  
 was ever woman in this humour, 70.  
**Wonder, all mankind's,** 235.  
 grew, still the, 341.  
 how the devil they got there, 280.  
 nine days', 645.  
 of an hour, 472.  
 of Juliet's hand, white, 81.  
 of our stage, the, 148.  
 what I was begun for, 584.  
 where you stole 'em, 245.  
 without our special, 97.  
**Wonderful is death,** 492.  
 most wonderful, 45.  
 yet again, 45.  
**Wonderfully and fearfully made,** 595.  
**Wondering for his bread,** 362.  
**Wonders, hair on end at his own,** 362.  
 that I yet have heard, 86.  
 to perform, his, 304.  
**Wondrous kind, makes one,** 332.  
 pitiful, 't was, 126.  
 strange, this is, 198.  
 strong, ye are, 475.  
 sweet and fair, so, 175.  
**Won't, if she, she won't,** 261.  
**Wonted fires, e'en in our ashes,** 330.  
**Woo, men are April when they,** 46.  
 her, and that would, 126.  
**Wood, deep and gloomy,** 406.  
 desk's dead, 430.

- Wood, not stones nor, make a state, 373.  
 old, burns brightest, 168.  
 old, to burn, 630.  
 one impulse from a vernal, 416.  
 sighs to find them in the, 516.  
 what, a cudgel 's by the blow, 218.
- Woodbine, luscious, 35.  
 well-attired, 204.
- Woodcocks, springs to catch, 105.
- Wooden walls of England, 634.
- Woodman spare that tree, 527.  
 spare the beechen, 445.
- Woodman's axe lies free, 496.
- Wood-notes wild, native, 205.
- Wood-pigeons breed, where the, 324.
- Woods against a stormy sky, 495.  
 and pastures new, fresh, 204.  
 naked, wailing winds, 516.  
 or steepy mountains, 17.  
 pleasure in the pathless, 477.  
 senators of mighty, 502.  
 stoic of the, 444.  
 the sleeping, 432.  
 when wild in, 229.  
 whispered it to the, 193.
- Woed in haste to wed at leisure, 47.  
 would be, not unsought be won, 193.  
 a woman therefore to be, 67.  
 woman in this humour, 70.
- Woer, was a thriving, 247.
- Woof, spun out of Iris', 199.  
 weave the, 327.
- Woing in my boys, I 'll go, 582.  
 the caress, 485.
- Woingly, heaven's breath smells, 91.
- Wool, all cry and no, 216.  
 great cry and little, 641.  
 of bat and tongue of dog, 97.  
 tease the huswife's, 202.
- Woollen, odious in, 274.
- Worcestershire orchard, 531.
- Word Alone, knells in that, 525.  
 Alone that worn-out, 525.  
 and a blow, 81, 231, 651.  
 and measured phrase, 406.  
 as fail, no such, 525.  
 at random spoken, 452.  
 character dead at every, 379.  
 choleric, in the captain, 25.  
 damned use that, in hell, 81.  
 dropped a tear upon the, 322.  
 everich, he most herse, 2.  
 every whispered, 482.  
 farewell a, that must be, 478.  
 farewell that fatal, 481.  
 fitly spoken, 598.  
 flirtation that significant, 299.  
 for teaching me that, 40.  
 God in his works and, 273.  
 He was the, that spake it, 144.
- Word, honest woman of her, 38.  
 in season spoken, 534.  
 it was bilbow, 297.  
 never wanted a good, 345.  
 no man relies on, 235.  
 of Cæsar might have stood, 87.  
 of onset gave, 412.  
 of promise to our ear, 100.  
 once familiar, 508.  
 reputation dies at every, 279.  
 so idly spoken, 525.  
 spoken in due season, 597.  
 suit the action to the, 112.  
 to the action, suit the, 112.  
 to throw at a dog, 41  
 too large, tempted her with, 29.  
 torture one poor, 223.  
 uncreating, dies before thy, 286.  
 upon the, accounted as I was, 83.  
 wash out a, of it, 571.  
 whose lightest, 106.  
 with this learned Theban, 123.
- Words all ears took captive, whose, 48.  
 and actions, from all her, 194.  
 apt and gracious, delivers in, 32.  
 are but empty thanks, 248.  
 are faint, all, 376.  
 are like leaves, 277.  
 are men's daughters, 314.  
 are no deeds, 72.  
 are the daughters of earth, 314.  
 are things, 488.  
 are wise men's counters, 155.  
 are women deeds are men, 162.  
 as in fashions, 277.  
 at random flung, 373.  
 be few, let thy, 600.  
 bethumped with, 52.  
 brave Raleigh spoke, 284.  
 charm agony with, 30.  
 deceiving, in, 207.  
 deeds not, 638.  
 familiar as household, 66.  
 finden, newe, 2.  
 fine, wonder where you stole 'em, 245.  
 forcible are right, 589.  
 fury in your, I understand a, 130.  
 give sorrow, 98.  
 immodest, admit of no defence, 231.  
 in osity and ation, 399.  
 joys of sense lie in three, 272.  
 like airy servitors, 210.  
 long-tailed, in osity, 399.  
 men of few, are the best men, 65.  
 move slow, 278.  
 no, can paint, 376.  
 no, suffice, 481.  
 of all sad, of tongue or pen, 541.  
 of learned length, 341.  
 of love then spoken, 460.



- Words of Marmion, the last, 450.  
   of the wise as goads, 602.  
   of tongue or pen, 541.  
   of truth and soberness, 612.  
   report thy, how he may, 198.  
   smoother than butter, 593.  
   spareth his, 597.  
   ten low, in one dull line, 277.  
   that Bacon or Raleigh spoke, 284.  
   that burn, 326.  
   that weep and tears that speak, 174.  
   thou hast spoken, 490.  
   though ne'er so witty, 14.  
   to them, wut's, 566.  
   two narrow, hic jacet, 15.  
   unpack my heart with, 110.  
   weighty sense flows in fit, 222.  
   were few, looks were fond, 446.  
   with these dark, 418.  
   without knowledge, 590.  
   words words, 108.  
   worst of thoughts the worst of, 128.
- Wore** a wreath of roses, 508.
- Work**, books or, or healthful play, 255.  
   creature's at his dirty, again, 280.  
   for man to mend, 223.  
   goes bravely on, 247.  
   huddle up their, 331.  
   made manifest, 613.  
   man goeth forth unto his, 594.  
   night cometh when no man can,  
     612.  
   noblest, of God, 272, 389.  
   noblest, she classes O, 385.  
   of polished idleness, 395.  
   of their own hearts, 493.  
   to sport as tedious as to, 57.  
   together for good, 613.  
   under our labour grows, 194.  
   what a piece of, is a man, 109.  
   who first invented, 430.  
   woman's, is never done, 584.
- Workers**, men the, 549.
- Working** our salvation, tools of, 220.  
   out a pure intent, 413.  
   out its way, fiery soul, 221.
- Working-day** world, full of briers, 41.
- Workings**, hum of mighty, 503.
- Workman** not to be ashamed, 616.
- Works**, follows God in his, 273.  
   most authors steal their, 278.  
   nature sighing through all her, 195.  
   of nature, lord of all, 12.  
   rich in good, 616.  
   son of his own, 573.  
   these are thy glorious, 190.
- World** an idler too, busy, 361.  
   and its dread laugh, 302.  
   and worldlings base, 64.  
   another and a better, 577.  
   any author in the, 32.
- World**, as good be out of the, 248.  
   assassination has never changed  
     the history of the, 530.  
   bade the, farewell, 441.  
   balance of the old, 399.  
   banish all the, 59.  
   bank-note, this, 501.  
   bestride the narrow, 84.  
   blows and buffets of the, 95.  
   breathes out contagion to this, 114.  
   brought death into the, 178.  
   called the new, into existence, 399.  
   calls idle, whom the, 331.  
   came up stairs into the, 257.  
   can give, not a joy the, 483.  
   can never fill, void the, 364.  
   cankers of a calm, 61.  
   cast out of the, and despised, 15.  
   children of this, 611.  
   creation's heir the, 338.  
   daffed the, aside, 60.  
   dissolves, when all the, 18.  
   doth but two nations bear, 232.  
   dreams books are each a, 417.  
   drowsy syrups of the, 129.  
   ere the, be past, 340.  
   falls when Rome falls, 477.  
   fashion of this, passeth away, 613.  
   fever of the, 406.  
   for all the, he was, 64.  
   foremost man of all this, 88.  
   forgetting by the world forgot, 286.  
   gain the whole, 609.  
   give the, the lie, 14.  
   good deed in a naughty, 41.  
   governed by little wisdom, 156.  
   grew pale, name at which the, 311.  
   had wanted an idle song, 280.  
   half of the, knoweth not how the  
     other half liveth, 572.  
   harmoniously confused, 287.  
   harmony of the, 18.  
   has nothing to bestow, 309.  
   hath flattered all the, 15.  
   he gave his honours to the, 74.  
   him who bore the, 413.  
   how little wisdom governs the, 156.  
   how this, goes with no eyes, 124.  
   how wags the, 43.  
   I have not loved the, 475.  
   I hold the, but as the world, 35.  
   I never have sought the, 318.  
   if all the, were young, 13.  
   in arms, against a, 522.  
   in love with night, 81.  
   in the universal, or in France, 67.  
   in this canting, 322.  
   in which I moved alone, 492.  
   inhabit this bleak, alone, 458.  
   into this breathing, 70.  
   's a bubble, 141.

- World is a comedy, 334.  
 's a stage, all the, 44.  
 's a theatre the earth a stage, 170.  
 is a tragedy to those who feel, 334.  
 is a world of lies, 569.  
 is all a fleeting show, 461.  
 is ancient, when the, 139.  
 is given to lying, how this, 62.  
 is good and the people are good, 375.  
 is grown so bad, 70.  
 is mine oyster, 22.  
 is not thy friend, 82.  
 is too much with us, 410.  
 its veterans rewards, 274.  
 jest and riddle of the, 270.  
 knows nothing of its greatest men, 528.  
 light of the, ye are the, 607.  
 little foolery governs the, 156.  
 little of this great, can I speak, 125.  
 look round the habitable, 228.  
 man is one, and hath another, 161.  
 man of the, amongst men, 523.  
 must be peopled, 28.  
 naked through the, 131.  
 natural and political, 349.  
 ne'er saw, monster the, 236.  
 no copy, leave the, 49.  
 now a bubble burst and now a, 268.  
 of death, back to a, 433.  
 of happy days, to buy a, 70.  
 of sighs, for my pains a, 126.  
 of vile ill-favoured faults, 23.  
 of waters, the rising, 186.  
 peace to be found in the, 461.  
 pendant, hanging in a golden chain, 195.  
 pendent, round about the, 25.  
 pomp and glory of this, 73.  
 prevailed and its dread laugh, 302.  
 proclaim, to all the sensual, 453.  
 proud, good by, 532.  
 queen of the, 300.  
 rack of this tough, 124.  
 reckless what I do to spite the, 95.  
 service of the antique, 42.  
 shall mourn her, all the, 75.  
 shot heard round the, 532.  
 sink, let the, 161.  
 slide, let the, 47, 141, 643.  
 slumbering, o'er a, 262.  
 smooth its way through the, 298.  
 so fair, God hath made this, 440.  
 so runs the, away, 114.  
 spin forever, let the great, 549.  
 stand up and say to all the, 89.  
 start of the majestic, 83.  
 statue that enchants the, 302.  
 steal from the, 288.  
 stood against the, 87.  
 syllables govern the, 156.
- World, ten hours to the, 373.  
 that nourish all the, 32.  
 the flesh and the devil, 618.  
 the whole, kin, 76.  
 there is not in the wide, 457.  
 this great roundabout, 365.  
 this little, 55.  
 this tough, 124.  
 three corners of the, 54.  
 to curtain her sleeping, 492.  
 to darkness, leaves the, 328.  
 to hide virtues in, 49.  
 to live in, very good, 235.  
 to peep at such a, 362.  
 too glad and free, 518.  
 too much respect upon the, 86.  
 too noble for the, 76.  
 too wide for his shrunk shank, 44.  
 unintelligible, 406.  
 unknown, into a, 538.  
 up stairs into the, I came, 257.  
 uses of this, all the, 102.  
 vanity of this wicked, 618.  
 visitations daze the, 528.  
 was all before them, 196.  
 was guilty of a ballad, 31.  
 was heard the, around, 207.  
 was not to seek me, 318.  
 was not worthy, of whom the, 616.  
 was sad till woman smiled, 441.  
 what I may appear to the, 239.  
 when all the, dissolves, 18.  
 wide enough for thee and me, 322.  
 will disagree in faith and hope, 271.  
 witch the, with noble horsemanship, 61.  
 with all its motley rout, 365.  
 without a sun, 441.  
 working-day, full of briers, 41.  
 worship of the, but no repose, 492.  
 worst, that ever was known, 235.  
 worth the winning, 225.
- World's altar-stairs, 553.  
 creation, most ancient since the, 140.  
 dread laugh, 302.  
 new fashion planted, 31.  
 tired denizen, 472.
- Worldlings do, testament as, 42  
 Worldly ends, thus neglecting, 19.  
 goods, with all my, 619.  
 life, the weariest, 26.  
 wise, be not, 159.
- Worlds, allured to brighter, 340.  
 best of all possible, 623.  
 crush of wrecks of matter and, 250.  
 exhausted, imagined new, 312.  
 not realized, in, 420.  
 should conquer twenty, 166.  
 so many, so much to do, 553.  
 whose course is equable, 408.

- World-wide fluctuation, 554.
- Worm, bit with an envious, 77.  
darkness and the, 264.  
dieh not, where their, 619.  
in the bud, concealment like a, 50.  
is in the bud of youth, 395.  
needlessly sets foot upon a, 364.  
that hath eat of a king, 117.  
the canker and the grief, 483.  
the smallest, will turn, 69.
- Worms and epitaphs, let 's talk of, 56.  
have eaten men, 46.  
of Nile, outvenoms all the, 134.
- Worn out with euring time, 230.  
sooner lost and, than women's, 49.
- Worn-out word Alone, 525.
- Worse appear the better, 182.  
change for, pray God they, 142.  
deed, better day the, 637.  
for better for, 618.  
for wear, not much the, 359.  
greater feeling to the, 55.  
remains behind, 117.  
than a crime, it is, 576.  
truth put to the, 211.
- Worship God he says, 389.  
of the great of old, silent, 484.  
of the world, they have the, 492.  
stated calls to, 314.  
to the garish sun, pay no, 81.  
too divine to love too fair to, 493.
- Worshipped stocks and stones, 298.  
sun, hour before the, 77.  
the rising than the setting sun, 332.
- Worshipper, nature mourns her, 447.
- Worst inn's worst room, 275.  
of slaves, corrupted freemen, 332.  
of thoughts the worst of words, 128.  
speak something good, the, 139.  
things present seem, 63.  
this is the, 123.  
to-morrow do thy, 227.  
treason has done his, 95.  
world that ever was known, 235.
- Worst-natured muse, 235.
- Worth a thousand men, 452.  
a whole eternity, 249.  
by poverty depressed, 312.  
conscience of her, 193.  
doing well, 298.  
in anything, what is, 218.  
makes the man, 272.  
prize not to the, that what we have  
we, 29.  
promise of celestial, 257.  
sacred relic of departed, 472.  
slow rises, 312.  
stones of, like, 133.  
the candle, not, 151.  
this coil that 's made for me, 52.  
two of that, I know a trick, 55.
- Worthier, would it were, 478.
- Worthless pomp of homage, 505.
- Worthy of your love, 417.  
world was that of, whom the, 618.  
Woe not what they are, 31.
- Would I, fain, but I dare not, 13.  
I had met my dearest foe, 103.  
I were a boy again, 546.  
I were dead now, 513.  
it were bedtime, 61.  
letting I dare not wait upon I, 92.  
not if I could be gay, 491.  
not live alway, 468, 589.  
not when he migat, 582.  
should do when we, 118.  
that I were low laid in my grave,  
52.
- Wouldst highly, what thou, 91.  
not play false, 91.  
thou holdly, that, 91.  
wrongly win, 91.
- Wound, earth felt the, 195.  
felt a stain like a, 359.  
grief of a, take away the, 61.  
purple with love's, 94.  
shoe has power to, her very, 323.  
that never felt a, 78.  
tongue in every, 87.  
us, no tongue to, 459.  
willing to, 281.  
with a touch, 296.
- Wounded hearts, here bring your, 461.  
in the house of my friends, 606.  
spirit who can bear, 597.  
the spirit that loved thee, 531.
- Wounds, bind up my, 71.  
of a friend, faithful are the, 599.  
wept o'er his, 349.
- Wrack, blow wind come, 100.
- Wranglers, imprisoned, 332.
- Wraps the present hour, 333.  
their clay, turf that, 333.
- Wrath, Achilles', 209.  
can send, plagues thy, 399.  
infinite, and infinite despair, 187.  
measure of my, not within the, 21.  
nursing her, 334.  
soft answer turneth away, 597.  
sun go down upon you, 615.
- Wreath of roses, she wore a, 508.
- Wreathed smiles, beck and, 204.
- Wreaths, bound with victorious, 69.  
that endure affliction's heaviest  
shower, 416.
- Wreck of power, lay down the, 505.  
way out of his, 74.
- Wrecks of matter, 250.  
I saw a thousand fearful, 79.
- Wrens make prey, 79.
- Wrestles with us, he that, 351.
- Wretch concentrated all in self, 448.

- Wretch condemned with life to part,  
 344.  
 excellent, 128.  
 hollow-eyed sharp-looking, 27.  
 in order, to haud the, 386.  
 leaves the, to weep, 343.  
 thou slave thou coward, 53.  
 tremble thou, 122.
- Wretched are the wise, 241.  
 soul bruised with adversity, 27.  
 to relieve the, was his pride, 340.  
 unidea'd girls, 315.
- Wretches feel, feel what, 122.  
 hang that jurymen may dine, 279.  
 poor naked, 122.  
 such as I, weary road to, 386.
- Wring his bosom, 344.  
 under the load of sorrow, 30.  
 your heart, let me, 115.
- Wrinkle, time writes no, 478.
- Wrinkled care derides, 204.  
 front of war, 69.
- Wrinkles won't flatter, 489.
- Writ by God's own hand, 265.  
 in remembrance, 55.  
 in water, whose name was, 502.  
 proofs of holy, 129.  
 stolen out of holy, 70.  
 what is, is writ, 478.  
 your annals true, 77.
- Write about it goddess, 285.  
 and read comes by nature, 28.  
 as funny as I can, 545.  
 at any time, a man may, 317.  
 fair, hold it baseness to, 120.  
 finely upon a broomstick, 247.  
 force them to, 216.  
 in rhyme, those that, 218.  
 in water, their virtues we, 74.  
 it before them in a table, 604.  
 look in thy heart and, 16.  
 me down an ass, 30.  
 pen devise wit, 31.  
 the characters in dust, 453.  
 the vision and make it plain, 606.  
 well hereafter, hope to, 210.  
 with a goose pen, 50.  
 with ease, you, 380.
- Writer, one, excels at a plan, 346.  
 pen of a ready, 592
- Writers against religion, 348
- Writing, easy, is curst hard reading,  
 380.  
 maketh an exact man, 138.  
 scarcely any style of, 313.  
 true ease in, 277.  
 well, nature's masterpiece is, 233
- Written out of reputation, 243.  
 to after times, 210.  
 wise above that which is, 613.
- Wrong, always in the, 222.
- Wrong box, in the, 649.  
 condemn the, yet pursue it, 581.  
 day of, I have seen the, 33.  
 dread of all who, 541.  
 forever on the throne, 564.  
 him who treasures up a, 485.  
 his can't be, whose life is right, 271.  
 multitude is always in the, 231.  
 one, but one idea and that a, 316.  
 oppressor's, 111.  
 sow by the ear, 651.  
 these holy men, 471.  
 they may gang a kennin', 386.  
 they ne'er pardon who have done  
 the, 229.  
 to dally with, 434.  
 we are both in the, 294.
- Wronged orphans' tears, 149.
- Wrongly win, wouldst, 91.
- Wrongs of night, 159.  
 undressed, 421.
- Wrote with ease, who, 283.
- Wroth with one we love, 433.
- Wrought and afterwards he taught, 2.  
 in a sad sincerity, 532.
- Wry-necked fife, squeaking of the, 38.
- Wut's words to them, 566.
- Xarifa, rise up, 501.
- Xerxes did die and so must I, 585.
- Yaller pines, under the, 566.
- Yarn, is of a mingled, 48.
- Yawn confess, everlasting, 285.  
 when churchyards, 114.
- Ye distant spires, 325.  
 gentlemen of England, 162.  
 gods it doth amaze me, 83.  
 mariners of England, 443.
- Year, almanacs of the last, 171.  
 by year we lose, sweet as, 505.  
 Christmas comes but once a, 6.  
 heaven's eternal, is thine, 224.  
 mellowing, 203.  
 memory outlive life half a, 113.  
 moments make the, 267.  
 no winter in thy, 377.  
 rich with forty pounds a, 340.  
 rolling, is full of Thee, 320.  
 ruler of the inverted, 362.  
 saddest of the, 516.  
 starry girdle of the, 441.  
 three hundred pounds a, 23.  
 two hundred pounds a, 220.  
 were playing holidays, 57.  
 winter comes to rule the varied,  
 302.  
 winter ruler of the inverted, 362.
- Years, ah happy, 472.  
 days of our, 594.  
 declined into the vale of, 129.

- Years, dim with the mist of, 472.  
 eternal, of God are hers, 516.  
 fate seemed to wind him up for  
 fourscore, 230.  
 flight of, unmeasured by the, 440.  
 following years, 284.  
 fourteen hundred, ago, 57.  
 full of honor and, 562.  
 if by reason of strength they be  
 fourscore, 594.  
 laden with unhonoured, 387.  
 love of life increased with, 371.  
 man of wisdom is the man of, 265.  
 measured by deeds not, 380.  
 nature sink in, 250.  
 none would live past, again, 229.  
 O tide of the, 568.  
 sad presage of his future, 372.  
 steal fire from the mind, 473.  
 tears of boyhood's, 430.  
 thought of our past, 420.  
 thousand, in thy sight, 593  
 thousand, scarce serve, 472.  
 three thousand, ago, 426.  
 threescore, and ten, 594.  
 through many changing, 534.  
 we live in deeds not, 561.  
 we spend our, as a tale, 593.  
 weight of seventy, 414.  
 whole, outweighs, 272.  
 with all the hopes of future, 538.
- Yellow melancholy, green and, 50.  
 primrose was to him, 409.  
 sands, come unto these, 19.  
 to the jaundiced eye, 278.
- Yemen sword, with his, 580.
- Yeoman's service, it did me, 120.
- Yesterday, families of, 230.  
 O call back, bid time return, 56.  
 the word of Caesar, 87.  
 when it is past, but as, 593.
- Yesterdays, cheerful, 423.  
 have lighted fools, 100.  
 look backwards with a smile, 263.
- Yew, hails me to yonder, 148.
- Yielded, and by her, 188.  
 with coy submission, 188.
- Yielding marble of her snowy breast,  
 173.
- Yoke, Flanders hath received our, 175.  
 of bullocks at Stamford fair, 64.
- Yorick, alas poor, I knew him, 119.
- York, this sun of, 69.  
 't is on the Tweed, 271.
- You meaner beauties of the night, 143.
- Young and now am old, 592.  
 and so fair, 514.  
 as beautiful and soft as young, 264.  
 body with so old head, 39.  
 both were, 483.  
 desire, nurse of, 354.
- Young disease, 270.  
 Fancy's rays, 385.  
 fellows will be young, 354.  
 I have been, and now am old, 592.  
 idea how to shoot, teach the, 301.  
 idle wild and, 445.  
 if he be caught, 317.  
 if ladies be but, and fair, 43.  
 if all the world and love were, 13.  
 ladies making nets, 246.  
 man's fancy lightly turns, 548.  
 men think old men fools, 15.  
 men's vision, 222.  
 must torture his invention, 245.  
 Obadiah David Josias, 585.  
 so wise so, never live long, 71.  
 Timothy learnt sin to thy, 585.  
 to be, was very heaven, 423.  
 when my bosom was, 444.  
 whom the gods love die, 488.
- Young-eyed cherubins, 41.
- Younger than thyself, let thy love be,  
 50.
- Yunker, how like a, or a prodigal, 38.
- Yours, what's mine is, 27.
- Youth a happy, 417.  
 age 'twixt boy and, 449.  
 and I lived in 't together, 436.  
 and love, kiss of, 487.  
 bounds of freakish, 360.  
 crabbed age and, 135.  
 delusion of, 531.  
 did dress themselves, 63.  
 distressful stroke of my, 126.  
 eagle mewing her mighty, 211.  
 fiery vehemence of, 450.  
 flaming, virtue be as wax to, 116.  
 flourish in immortal, 250.  
 follies may cease with their, 319.  
 friends of my, where are they, 481.  
 'gainst time and age, 142.  
 home-keeping, 21.  
 in my hot, 487.  
 is a blunder, 530.  
 is vain and life is thorny, 433.  
 joy of, and health, 382.  
 lexicon of, 525.  
 morn and liquid dew of, 104.  
 now green in, 291.  
 of frolics an old age of cards, 274.  
 of labour with an age of ease, 340.  
 of primy nature, violet in the, 104.  
 of the realm, corrupted the, 63.  
 on the prow, 327.  
 plaything gives his, delight, 271.  
 promises of, 314.  
 rebellious liquors in my, 42.  
 rejoice in thy, 601.  
 remember thy Creator in, 601.  
 riband in the cap of, 118.  
 sheltered me in, 527.

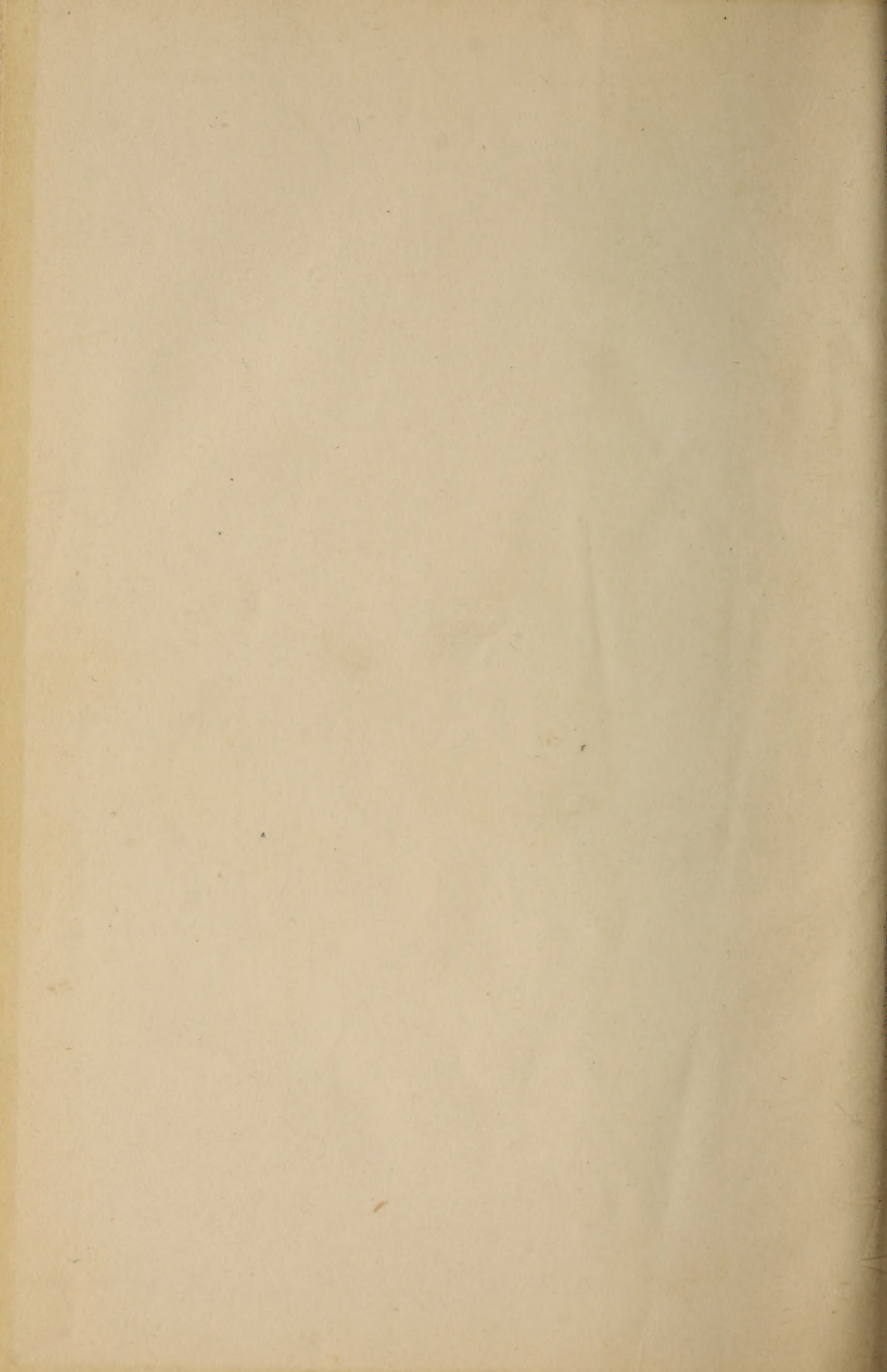
- Youth, some salt of our, 23.  
 spirit of, in everything, 136.  
 spirit of a, morning like the, 133.  
 summer of your, 't is now the, 323.  
 that fired the Ephesian dome, 247.  
 they had been friends in, 433.  
 time that takes in trust our, 14.  
 to many a, and many a maid, 205.  
 to whom was given, 405.  
 unknown to fame, 330.  
 vaward of our, in the, 63.  
 waneth by encreasing, 142.  
 we can have but to-day, 260.  
 we poets in our, 405.  
 wears the rose of, upon him, 133.  
 what he steals from her, 323.  
 whose fond heart, 510.  
 worm is in the bud of, 365.
- Youthful follies o'er, 452.  
 hose well saved, 44.  
 jollity, jest and, 204.  
 poets dream, such sights as, 205.
- Youthful poets fancy when they love,  
 258.  
 sports, joy of, 478.
- Yreken, ashen cold is fire, 3.
- Ywette, joly whistle wel, 3.
- Zaccheus he did climb the tree, 585.
- Zeal of God, 613.  
 heavenly race demands thy, 307.  
 served God with half the, 74.
- Zealand, New, traveller from, 521.
- Zealots fight, let graceless, 271.
- Zealous yet modest, 366.
- Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown, 566.
- Zembla or the Lord knows where, 271.
- Zenith, dropped from the, 181.  
 wisdom mounts her, 374.
- Zephyr gently blows, 278.  
 soft the, blows, 327.
- Zigzag manuscript, 361.
- Zurich's waters, margin of fair, 510.
- Zuyder Zee, traveller on the, 521.

1875











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